



E. A. M. Rownt.

ADRIAN GALILIO;

OR,

A SONG WRITER'S STORY.

BY

LADY BLOUNT.

“Poeta nascitur non fit.”

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PREFACE.

IT is usual to write a Preface to a Book, and so I feel constrained to honour this custom by writing a few unpretending sentences—as a little *Brochure*, or introductory prelude. The following work makes no claim to any especial merit. But I sincerely trust that the opinion of a Clergyman of the Church of England, who is also a Critic and an Editor—to whom I forwarded the MSS.—may be generally endorsed: and which is expressed as follows:

“I think it is both interesting and original.

“The Appendix, and some of the Songs which have been set to Music I am aware have been extensively published in papers and periodicals, and kindly received by many in different parts of the world.

“As they have served to give both pleasure and profit to readers in the past, I doubt not but that they will do so again when presented in a permanent form.

“If they profit any by causing them to think for themselves, and thus to some extent free themselves from shackles of conventional beliefs, such readers will, I am sure, be benefitted, and I think that your object will then be fully attained.”

INTRODUCTION.

Longer than others have been,
Measured by that's contained therein.

THIS might seem to be an applicable epithet to the closing of each successive year, but never more so than to A.D. 1894 : when lawlessness, Socialism, Anarchism, dynamitism, and many other "isms" are spreading strongly in most of the European countries, and are even making havoc with the boasted peace and security of the British Isles.

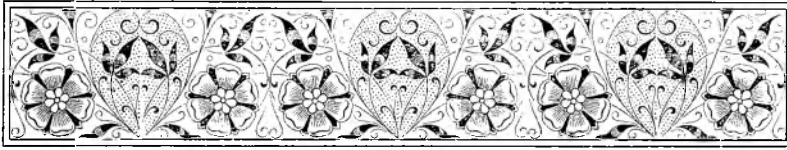
The above evil spirit has intoxicated some of the giant-minded, even the leaders of the nations who now seem bent upon the adoption of democracy, bloodshed, and destruction ; but it is nevertheless interesting to live at such an epoch, and behold, as it were, the turning point in the stream of time ; the balance of political power in the evolution of the world's history, the very disposing of the peoples.

Yet, in spite of the apparent eventfulness of this time, everything is progressing steadily as the pointers of a clock, and slowly sweeping round the appointed circuit of the ages.

The rich and upper classes, idle and overbearing, find their level, and the lower classes, industrious and persevering, wealthy with their hands of effort, slowly rise in the tide of human existence.

Surveying the past, we behold the fall of many powerful nations—Rome, to wit ; and who has not noted that the greatest of earthly events are at times ruled by "the turn of a hair."

Which, life or death? 'tis a gambler's chance ;
Yet unconcerned we spin and dance
On the brittle thread of circumstance.



CHAPTER I.

ADRIAN Galilio was born in 1853, of a noble family on his mother's side, who, partly of French origin and connected with a French family at La Haye, in Touraine, gave the lad his education at a Jesuit's college in that town. He acquired a considerable knowledge of Latin, Greek, and mathematics, with a touch of theology.

His father was an extraordinary man, self-made, who, while serving a farmer and shepherd for some years, accumulated sufficient money to start at the age of eighteen as a florist and greengrocer, but expended all his savings upon literature. When scarcely out of his teens his natural genius and ability brought him under the notice of two noblemen, one of whom, a duke, supplied the funds wherewith to carry out and float his inventions, which for a period of his life secured to him something of wealth, but perhaps more of fame.

However, Van Patrick Galilio possessed little or no religious principles, and left his only child to be brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, although having no faith in it himself.

Upon the completion of Adrian's education he took up his abode with his parents, who from the time of their marriage had settled in London, and it was then that Adrian Galilio's noble and heroic nature showed an existence which, from a worldly point of view, nullified all hope of success in his earthly career.

For conscience sake his one opportunity was flung to the winds. He had a grand prospect in the British Army, but, lover of peace that he was, he recoiled with an instinctive horror from the cruelty of bloodshed and warfare. Regarding the battlefield as a scene of depravity and brutality, his generous soul shrank from causing misery to his unhappy fellow creatures, for merely momentary gain or chance of worldly advantage and temporal fame, which, whether it be individual or national, is against the finer instincts of humanity.

Thus it appeared that he was suited for nothing, his only gift being music, which seemed useless. He knew not what to turn his hand to, and things were in this condition when his father died suddenly, leaving Adrian and his mother in an utter state of impecuniosity.

Want must permanently have been their portion, had not a wealthy relative of his mother's, by her first husband, offered them an asylum in his spacious and

well-appointed residence in Park Lane ; which only their poverty-stricken suffering prompted him to do. Adrian had caused this relative (who must here be introduced as Lord P.), deep offence through rejecting an offer of a commission in the Army. This act was overlooked and forgiven, yet so unfortunate a chain of circumstances ensued that it seemed as though happiness were not to result.

Lord P. was a newly-created peer and a self-made man, he having gained his title in recognition of civil services to his country, in maintaining its interests and rendering divers political services to England, both in France and Prussia, prior to, and during the war between these countries.

He was naturally a kind-hearted man, but it was proved as his greatness grew that other seeds were developing which would endanger the perfection of his character : pride, which has destroyed so many since "the angels fell by it," became daily more and more a ruling passion.

He made a notable exception to a beloved half-sister, a sweet and fascinating girl of eighteen, who had recently come to reside with Lord and Lady P., and to whom Adrian Galilio had given his first love.

A deep and passionate attachment had arisen between them, and reaching its zenith, to a large extent it embittered their future lives.

On Adrian announcing his intention to marry the girl, his lordship turned him away from the shelter of his roof, his anger being increased by a Miss St. Vincent, the daughter of an old Indian officer, Lord P.'s bosom friend. She was a lady of birth and talent, but without fortune, and in her frequent and prolonged visits to Park Lane she herself had fallen in love with Adrian Galilio.

CHAPTER II.

IT was a gay scene, that in Lord P.'s spacious and elegant drawing-room in Park Lane, on the evening prior to Adrian Galilio's departure, which was kept perfectly dark, as it was to be given out that he had been called suddenly abroad. But his presence was missed by the partakers of Lord P.'s hospitality, for the music which incessantly floated o'er the perfumed atmosphere was chiefly sustained by Lord P.'s sweet young half-sister, Mabelle Ideal, and Adrian, both of whom were highly-gifted musicians. A few of the guests departed with an evident air of disappointment, but many were still lingering, in the hope of hearing the gifted Miss Ideal play upon her beautiful harp.

His lordship was in the act of enquiring for Mabelle, when suddenly the slight, girlish form appeared, and lightly touching the responsive strings of her beloved instrument, there rose through the room a tender cadence of sound, born of a faultless and delicate execution, linked with a highly sensitive musical instinct,

A Last Farewell.

con espressine

Andante.

p

Ah! cru - el
List! list! I
Love, ere we

fate That will'd we met, love, Dooms now these lips to ring their knell, To say the word, the seal of
hear the sad-dest mu - sic, Like dis-tant bells, of soft-est swell, Pealing forth love when stern, stern
part, now and for ev - er, Oh, take the poi - son from the spell, The bit-ter thought you may for -

rall.

part - ing un - to my love, a last fare-well, Fare - well, fare-well, But
dut - y, Joins in the strain fare-well fare-well,
get me, When I have bid a last fare-well,

rall. *Leggiero tempo.*

con passione.

no, I ne-ver can for-get thee, Farewell, my love, A last, a long fare-

pp

ten.

pp

well, Fare-well, fare-well, Al-tho' I ne-ver shall for-get thee, This

cres.

cres.

break - - - ing heart would bid thee now fare - well.

rall.

Mabelle was passionately fond of music, and she loved her harp, but her nerves seemed terribly unstrung this evening. Every note trembled with an indescribable melancholy. She could scarcely control her feelings sufficiently to prevent their being perceived. Fain would she have refused to play, but so obliging a nature could not yield to self. Mabelle was the possessor of a disposition far too sweet and amiable to refuse to give pleasure or oblige in every way that lay in her power.

Therefore, quite forgetful of self, she acquiesced, and after rendering a solo in rapturous style, she accompanied a song by Adrian, with a harp obligato, as he had been called upon to sing. Ah! little his light-hearted listeners thought how poor Adrian at that very moment, amid that gay scene, with its surroundings of affluence and luxury, was being tutored in one of the bitterest lessons a human soul is capable of learning: so well expressed in the words of that well known song:

“The brow may wear a smile,
When the soul is sad within.”

However, Adrian produced a composition from his pocket, written by himself during the previous night when his fevered brain would not let him sleep, “To Mabelle,” which was both suited to the occasion, and to his downcast spirit. Placing it upon the music-stand before Mabelle, he sang with much feeling, in a very fine and clear tenor voice :

Ah! cruel fate,
That will'd we met, love,
Dooms now these lips to ring their knell,
To say the words, the seal of parting:
Unto my love a last farewell,
Farewell, farewell.
But, no, I never can forget thee,
Farewell, my love,
A last, a long farewell!
Farewell, farewell,
Although I never can forget thee,
This breaking heart would bid thee now farewell.
List, list! I hear the saddest music;
Like distant bells of softest swell
Pealing forth love when stern, stern duty,
Joins in the strain—farewell, farewell.
Love, ere we part, now and for ever,
Oh, take the poison from the spell,
The bitter thought you may forget me,
When I have bid a last farewell.

As Adrian concluded, with much pathos, he was too overpowered with intense emotion to notice the enthusiasm with which his song was received. But

one thought permeated his whole being. However, it was not solely to regain composure which caused him to move the copy of his composition from the music-stand and hand it to Mabelle, but rather to afford him the opportunity as he bent low to whisper in impassioned tones, "To Ma Belle."

There had been a large dinner party that evening, and the ladies having retired to the drawing-room early and the gentlemen not lingering over their wine, had also brought it to an earlier close. This, together with the fact that a slight indisposition caused Lady P. to keep her room, happened very opportunely, and after the departure of the guests afforded Mabelle the chance of taking "a last farewell" ere Adrian's departure.

The parting vows of these two young hearts, which were uttered on the balcony overlooking Hyde Park, were alone witnessed by the moon and stars. They were too touching to faithfully describe.

After a prolonged silence, Adrian burst forth passionately :

"Mabelle ! Mabelle ! and wherefore must we part ?"

A sob was Mabelle's only reply.

"The greatest joys are soonest past !"

Were these moments, moments of joy ? for they were soon past ! Nay, for although true that every second was precious to these two, and valued beyond all estimation, these moments rather contained exquisite agony, than joy. Such torture as can only be experienced by sensitive and deep natures.

An hour flew by as a second ! Mabelle broke the spell.

"We must be gone ; if we are perceived, it will but increase my brother's anger, and our persecutions."

"Oh, leave me not, my love, in doubt ; say, sweet Mabelle, say : in spite of all opposition, shall not the moon's soft rays here witness to the seal of thy love's faithful vow for mine ? For, in spite of my being cast off upon the world, to-morrow a beggar, I do not despair of getting employment ; and inspired with the hope of yet reaching my goal, I should not lack perseverance. For, could not Mabelle be happy with her Adrian in a humble cottage ?"

"Oh, sweet the thought, it would be heaven ; dear Adrian, be true. But must we part ? Nay, let us fly together. I have an ill foreboding—fear fills my soul !"

"Would that it were possible for us to fly together, dear love !" whispered Adrian, "but, alas ! it is not, for never would I wilfully subject Mabelle to privation and want ; she is too rare and tender a plant to bear rough treatment in such surroundings—and——"

"But, Adrian, dear Adrian," Mabelle rejoined, "I would gladly share your lot, whatsoever that may be——"

"Nay, dear one, I have no lot to share, and am a man, and can rough it ; whereas my little one could not——"

Here Adrian was interrupted by approaching footsteps which, however, died away, but it warned them that the dreaded moment had come, and with a renewal of their plighted vows, and arrangements for a mode of secret correspondence, with one long, fond embrace, they tore themselves apart.

But "Truth is stranger than fiction, and Love is stronger than death!"

Impassion'd love may fade away,
As fades each beauteous rose,
Yet one true heart, as silvery stream,
To thee for ever flows.

* * * * *

Adrift and friendless on the world, Adrian's only hope rested on his success in finding employment; but month after month passed wearily by, bringing nought but failure and disappointment, and at last, being in a state of actual want and utter despair, his health gave way.

Unable to stand out any longer, he wrote privately to Miss St. Vincent, telling her of his sad condition, and asking her, if possible, to apprise his mother of his whereabouts, and illness. But instead of her so doing, she came to him herself and nursed him through the long and painful illness which ensued; and not until his strength had almost returned did she communicate with Mrs. Galilio, as she was then forced to do, owing to her limited resources being exhausted.

His mother was only able to supply him with sufficient means and assistance to keep him from the workhouse, and this unknown to his uncle, and on condition that he would give up all thoughts of marrying her brother-in-law's young sister, as she fully endorsed his sentiments in the matter.

And so Adrian was forced into giving the reluctant promise, and being overpowered with gratitude towards Maud St. Vincent, as he felt that he owed his life to her, he decided to follow her advice, suddenly perceiving that she loved him; and so in course of time, from feelings of deep gratitude, he was finally induced and coerced by his over affectionate mother, and also by the lady herself, in an unguarded moment, to consent to a hasty marriage, which was contracted at the local registry office.

Misery was the outcome of this union from the very outset. But poverty did not long remain the sole cause of their unhappiness, for Adrian succeeded in procuring an engagement for three days each week to assist an Interpreter, for which he received good remuneration, and he also made a little more of his music; this together with his mother's help, and a small legacy which Maud had had left to her, provided for their necessities. Yet the presence of jealousy and an overbearing nature in Maud, and the absence of that deep affection which is so necessary, and alone conducive to happiness in Adrian, soon embittered the lives of both; and each being but little suited to the other, it rendered their existence a dull and undesirable monotony.

Alas ! for the family skeleton, but as it will be necessary to go into its origin and proportion to some extent in detail, its nature must, therefore, be unfolded in a future chapter.

Let this close with a sentence against marriages of convenience, or conventional unions, thoughtlessly brought about from mere mercenary motives. These are unreal in every sense but one—viz., that of slavery with its iron chain, from which emancipation (save in death) is hopeless. The ruling element in true and real marriage is—spiritual affinity—the essence of faith and durability, a heavenly growth, but rarely raised.

Wed not for gold, wed not for fame,
For both will die away ;
But wed for love, for love alone
Blooms in eternal day.

CHAPTER III.

“Humanum est errare.”

Unyielded hearts in weary sadness bend,
Unsought, because unknown, until they wend
In course of justice, ocean-wide and vast,
They're borne to port where kindred souls at last
Shall be conjoined.

MONSEIGNEUR Tollemache was a Roman Catholic Priest, intellectual looking, about forty, with the appearance of being much younger. He was a man of very striking aspect, with a wide and lofty brow, large and piercing eyes, and a mouth which expressed determination of character, ever varying in expression. With his perfect manners and scholarly attainments he was an universal favourite.

His religious fervour, and his keen theological reasoning powers had raised him to eminence in his vocation.

Faber suæ Fortunæ.

At the period Monseigneur is introduced to our readers he was in the very zenith of his glory—for the world has a peace to give to the worldly.

Some may ask, How is it possible for one to have a worldly peace who has retired therefrom, and given it up? In the case of Monseigneur Tollemache his origin will explain :—

In his infancy his parents were poor, and although “Protestants” they had sent him to a Roman Catholic poor school, it being the nearest at hand, and so the most convenient.

Time rolled on, and being an extraordinarily clever child, he attracted the attention of a generous-hearted man, who perceiving the ability of the boy, interested himself on his behalf, and finally arranged for him to be educated as a priest, partly on charity and as, what is termed, a "bunker," at one of the large Roman Catholic Colleges.

Suffice it here to say that his career, step by step, was one continuous advancement until we find him bearing the title of Monseigneur, and at the head of a fine Catholic College. But, alas! for earthly greatness whether it be inherited or attained. For too frequently its reign is but transient and it "passeth away."

And so it was through the rumoured interpolation of Cupid into Monseigneur Tollemache's heart. An attachment for Lady Alma, the wife of Sir William Alma, Bart., that he was quietly removed by the Bishop of the Diocese to be the private Chaplain to the Marquesse Nunez de St. Orion, of Vashti Castle.

This was not only a step down the ladder, but it also rendered an interview with the object of the Monseigneur's affections both difficult and dangerous. However, as stony boundaries cannot keep love outside, and what love dares do, that dares love attempt, these two contrived many rendezvous.

It was eventide as Father Tollemache paced to and fro on the smooth and mossy path of an unfrequented terrace within the castle domains. 'Twas a lovely spot overlooking a woodland with various openings which disclosed exquisite scenery.

In feverish suspense he had lingered watching the sun until it seemed to sink below the horizon. He became more and more restless as the appointed hour approached. But when the thrilling moment arrived and he once more beheld, and felt, the charm of Lady Alma's presence, his perturbed spirit was lull'd into a sweet and delicious calm.

CHAPTER IV.

"Truth is stranger than fiction
And love is stronger than death."

"I SMAR," whispered the Priest in tender accents, "My heart was sinking with fear lest you should not come." When Lady Alma was sufficiently composed she narrated the difficulties she had surmounted to secure the happiness of the present moment, and immediately introduced the topic of converse nearest both their hearts.

"Speak George," said Lady Alma, "and tell me all that you have been doing."

The Priest replied: "I am glad to tell you that many opportunities have been offered to me for studying since last we met, and that my happiness increases as I make progress; and I feel that I am becoming the possessor of the True Faith."

"Blessed be God for the divine aid which has been vouchsafed to you," cried Lady Alma.

"Amen," murmured the Priest, fervently, "and likewise for the angelic being who awoke me from that fearful sleep so like unto death."

"His Word," said Lady Alma "it was that awoke you from sleep, for you being alive to knowledge were not altogether dead."

"Ah," quoth the Priest, "but you were instrumental in bearing to me 'His Word.' For tho' the power of evil is great, yet the effect that the Bible has upon the mind of those who determine to make it their study, and their example for life, placing themselves willingly under its influence as a medium under a mesmerist, is greater."

Lady Alma said: "Did you notice the heading of my article?"

Though Shakespeare says that 'evil' remains,
While death too oft holds 'good' within its chains,
But death shall be destroyed and evil cease,
When good shall resurrected rise to reign in peace."

The Priest replied: "Yes, and your Scriptural (not the so-called 'scientific') account of Creation, that the earth is a stationary plane, having foundations, and that it will 'not be moved for ever.' That the Sun, Moon, and Stars were made to serve this earth alone, and that the heavens form a canopy, or tent to encircle it. But why do you not believe in the 'scientific' account of the origin of the Universe?"

Lady Alma answered, "Because modern 'science' does not correspond with certain facts of Nature, nor with the teaching of the Bible."

"Then what is your ladyship's belief regarding the Universe?"

"The same as that held by mankind for over 5000 years, that the earth is a plane surrounded by a vast ocean as a circumference.

"I ask, Is it reasonable, for a man to believe that which he does not understand, save this, that it contradicts, and chops at the root of his religion? Truth answers, 'No,' and also confesses it is not possible even if he prefers to believe it, *i.e.*, if the source of teaching is from his fellow man."

"I see," said the Priest, "and I perceive things in favour of your argument, for I noticed that you hold that the disappearing of a ship in the horizon, is due to the perspective line of vision of the beholder, and that this phenomenon, when properly understood, is a proof of the plane-earth teaching. But, however this may hold good—how is day and night formed if the world is not a globe? and again how is it that when there is a lunar eclipse the shadow is always round? It seems

impossible to me that Moses' teaching can be upheld in face of these things. I am not only convinced to the contrary, but I know that you yourself will find it so."

"In reply to your objections, the so-called shadow is not always round, it was once noticed to be of 'a dark, isosceles triangular shape;' but a straight object would give a curved shadow upon a sphere, as you may prove by holding a straight edge before an apple by gaslight.

"It has never been shown that the earth could possibly cast a shadow upon the moon: it has only been assumed. If the Earth cut off the sun's light from the moon, the moon ought to become quite dark during the eclipse; but it does not. Its light shines through the supposed shadow. 'Parallax' thought that a semi-opaque but dark moon came between the earth and the luminous moon, and so caused the lunar eclipses. Astronomers admit that there are dark bodies in the heavens. It may be that the moon is 'eclipsed' by getting into a mass of thick darkness which revolves around and over the earth in a direction opposite to the sun, this thick foggy atmosphere obscures the moon's rays but does not obliterate them. It cannot be admitted that the 'Earth's shadow' causes an eclipse because the sun and moon have been both seen above the horizon during the eclipse of the moon: and we know from other sources that these bodies revolve over a Plane Earth.

"Day and night are caused by a revolution of the sun over and around the Earth, the sun being neither high enough, nor large enough to shine over all the Earth, and it only shines over about half the Earth at the same time."

The Priest said: "Thanks for the able defence which you make on behalf of your cause, but it seems impossible to suddenly discard the teaching one has regarded as truth from childhood."

Lady Alma replied: "You are right, but I pray you to search this out for yourself, as it requires profound study, and much thought. However, I will repeat some questions which I have just written, to 'Scientists,' ere we leave the subject, as I have endeavoured to make them pointed, in hopes of meeting their objections. They run as follows, and are entitled:—

"THE 'WHY' AND 'BECAUSE.'"

A liberty great I beg leave to take,
 In a question or two I would humbly make,
 Though Scientists laugh they may have to quake,
 For they cannot stand questions at all;
 That the Earth is a globe all these learned folks say,
 A tearing and spinning through space far away,
 At hundreds and thousands of miles in a day,
 Like a bright, and big shining ball.

But pray will you tell me how æronauts see
 At high elevations as high as can be,
 A "wide concave surface?" which proves sir, to me
 That the Earth is *not* like a ball :
 Now Scientists think it the greatest assumption
 For any to have the audacity, bumpion,
 With mere common sense, or ordinary gumption,
 To question their "science" at all.

But tell us, dear "Scientist," if you are right,
 How it is old sailors have got such clear sight?
 To pierce beyond your curvature, quite,
 Some hundreds of feet, less or more?
 Should you ask for a proof of what I have said :
 You will find that "Cape Hatteras," so I have read,
 "At a distance of forty miles off, far ahead,
 Can be seen oftentimes to the shore."

Is the surface of water then flat, sir, all round?
 In practice it seems to be flat, but its found
 In *theory* curved, and all nature is bound
 To bow to the "Scientists" laws :
 And why points of the compass, if you can divine?
 Both northward and southward, and at the same time,
 If the centre's not north of a plane, all in line?
 Pray tell me the "why" and "because."

If the centre's the north, then the pole is a myth,
 And the north star is right in the centre's zenith,
 So the compass points level to centre forthwith,
 While the south is the circle all round :
 For a thousand miles flows the great Nile t'ward the sea
 And falls but a foot, so, betwixt you and me,
 The rivers are level as level can be,
 Disproving a spherical ground.

How is it, Sir Science "exact Science," so stated,
 The sun's distance in miles has so differently rated,
 From twenty-four millions to a hundred dilated,
 And even from less to much more?

Because this one distance, so very elastic,
 Is reckoned the "measuring rod"—how bombastic !
 To measure star distances vast and fantastic,
 Then why is it altered ? Wherefore ?

Pray how could the ancients foretell all eclipses,
 As well as the moderns, who say what the "dip" is,
 And even the planist explain where the ship is
 And bring it back (up?) with a glass?
 And how do folks live at the "Antipodes" station,
 All hanging heads downwards—Oh what a sensation !—
 And what's that stuff holding them fast, "Gravitation?"
 Is it solid, or liquid, or "gas?"

And why when canals and long tunnels are laid
 No allowance for curvature ever is made?
 Are builders, surveyors, and others afraid
 Of sliding right down the great ball?
 And why when a ship is seen leaving the shore
 Will she rise to the height of your eye, and no more,
 On mountain or plain *both behind and before*?—
 Perspectively proving no "fall."

However high o'er the sea level one tries,
 Still higher and higher horizons will rise,
 And always quite level in line with the eyes,
 But nowhere the curve of a globe :
 Galileo afforded no proof in his mission,
 When punished, alas ! by old Rome's Inquisition ;
 But he suffered for teaching a quite false position,
 So he put on a penitent's robe.

* * * *

The Law of the Lord is reliable, sure,
 The Creator's description is perfect and pure,
 And the Word of our God shall for ever endure
 While the wisdom of worldlings shall fall :
 And heaven's "above," saith the Lord most High,
 The earth is "beneath" the grand dome of the sky,
 And "under the Earth" is the "water," then why
 Believe in the infidel's "ball?"

“ Ismar, your verses are pretty and clever, to say the least. They inspire me with interest and anxiety in reference to this ‘ plane theory ’ of the earth. I am sure that if it commends itself to a lady of your judgment and discernment there must be something in it.

“ I must, however, confess that in spite of the earnest importunities of my much beloved pupil (who like my sister Ismar rejects the globular theory) I have hitherto passed it over somewhat contemptuously, but now I shall consider the matter with an unprejudiced mind. And I am determined to search diligently for the precious pearl—Truth.”

Lady Alma said : “ How much I should have liked to have known your pupil.”

The Priest answered, “ Ah ! yes, you would indeed, his congenial company and his affection were an irreparable loss to me until my solitary soul found true joy in your valued sympathy.”

“ The benefit is indeed mutual, but do you never see your pupil now ? ”

“ I have not seen him for some years ; but we correspond at intervals. Hush ! Did you not hear a sound ? ” As the priest spoke, there was a slight rustling in the trees, which struck them both with terror. Their conversation ceased, and it was some time ’ere they could regain their composure ; but a silence ensued which was charged with eloquence.

Father Tollemache broke the silence. “ Ismar, I feel that I cannot bear my trying situation any longer. I cannot continue to act the hypocrite ; and yet what step to take I know not. I am almost past hope. I would fly from my repulsive and empty profession, but I could not tear myself from you who are my very life. To be for ever parted I feel would be my death, and you, you are cruelly bound by the law of the land to another.”

Lady Alma replied : “ Neither can I bear my unhappy existence much longer. I have quite determined that I shall commit no sin in leaving one who is cruel to me, and a husband only in name. Therefore when you can escape so can I, and the law tie can be no barrier to our spiritual companionship as true brother and sister. For if I were free, George, you know our mutual belief regarding the highest order for both men and women. And that those alone who aspire to stand on Mount Zion, and be numbered with the Lamb, must lead the higher Christian life.”

“ The sweet communion of spirits is all that we desire. Have we not been instructed from Divine sources that the sweetest unity upon earth is the union of true souls, and the communion of Saints, and this doubtless was the Creator’s primal intention in creating a perfect man, *i.e.*, a man and woman conjoined in heart and soul, true to each other and one God.

“ This, alas ! *sin* has almost totally destroyed bringing in darkness and discord to reign supreme, in place of unity and light.”

Lady Alma answered, "Ah! yes, methinks, that yet Heaven's light will shine with greater force and power,

Revealing more, when God sees fit.
And wondrous things, as yet still unrevealed to man,
Will then appear, and union of true souls,
'Twi'x man and woman and a perfect oneness :
As was the primal thought intended at Creation :
A sure eternal love, each for the other as itself ;
Upon all truth, a certain ground for mutual happiness
and perfect joy."

"The American 'Koresch,'" the Priest said, "states that the Mystery of the Seals is this: 'It is such a unison as will constitute a biune, and perfect race of beings which will shortly appear on earth.'"

A sudden rustling among the trees was again unmistakably heard. "We are observed," said Lady Alma, as she drew nearer to the priest. The rustling increased, and Lady Alma would have fallen had not the priest supported her. He involuntarily pressed her hand to reassure her of his protection. The wood resounded, with the loud report of a gun, which simultaneously felled them both to the ground! Then all was silent!

CHAPTER V.

Buried in years, my love lies low,
Beneath a depth unknown,
Yet memory pens her epitaph,
Inscribed on living stone.

LADY Alma was the only child of Septimus Van Bianka, formerly one of the well-known firm of solicitors De la Rue, Coin Bianka and Coin, of Grays Inn.

Her mother, the daughter of an eminent physician named Bourscheidt, died leaving the child in infancy to the care of nurses and governesses, and when she developed into womanhood she possessed rare fascinations in a peculiar charm of manner and beauty, with wonderful intellectual capacities. Her dower was power and depth of soul. Encompassed with lovers she had many suitors, and before maturity, at the early age of seventeen, she was wedded to Sir Rosemary Alma a widower of about five and forty.

It were impossible to imagine a more unsuitable union, if such it could be called.

The Baronet had a cruel and tyrannical nature, and was exceedingly small-minded, and nothingless. The only traits of character he ever exhibited having been those detestable attributes of the rogue and gambler, and, although tall, aristocratic and straight featured, he rarely wore a pleasant expression on his countenance ; for his constitution seemed overcharged with harshness and abuse. Whereas intellectual joy, peace and love, formed part of Lady Alma's presence. Born under Venus's influence her happiness arose from natural springs within herself, otherwise it would not have sat upon her lovely countenance as it ever did with such sweetness and fascination.

The circumstances and surroundings of her life were exceedingly sad and all but unbearable.

The aim of Sir Alma's life was to torture and annoy everyone with whom he came in contact, but more particularly the Lady Alma. This had developed into a mania, never ceasing and incessant, and like water dripping drop by drop upon the nerves of the brain, from one year's end to another, from moon to moon, and from morn till night, ever and ever, his constant nagging abuse amounted to a sort of madness. It seems hard indeed that the law cannot protect the victims of such outrageous and wicked maniacs. The primal cause for the hatred which Sir Rosemary Alma evinced towards his wife was owing to his being a Roman Catholic while her ladyship was a staunch Protestant.

As the years went on this fact made him and the children by his first wife wholly divided from Lady Alma. If observed reading her Bible Lady Alma received jeers, and if she spoke of God or of the religious truths which had become so dear to her, she invariably received volleys of abuse, and at times she was even assaulted.

None save Roman Catholics eventually were permitted to pass the threshold of her home, and life would have been entirely unbearable had her ladyship not turned to God for help, for He never fails to help those who truly seek Him, and, as He had given her great literary talent, she found relief in her solitude, which increased in duration as the years rolled along, and particularly from a strange run of circumstances about the time this story opens, and the details of which, told in as few words as possible, are as follows :

Lady Alma's father had lived and died a staunch Protestant and was so entirely opposed to Roman Catholic teaching and influence as to even forbid his daughter to visit a Roman Catholic aunt and cousins in her girlhood. He had been very strict on this point, therefore she did not dare to tell him of her engagement to Sir Rosemary Alma, with whom she consented to elope. But as Sir Rosemary Alma could not persuade her to marry him in a Roman Catholic Church, he succeeded in overcoming her scruples by obtaining a Spanish Priest to officiate and perform the rites in a private drawing-room. Afterwards, this being pronounced illegal, they were married in the Church of England. Over fifteen years rolled

by, when a poem of Lady Alma's, which was reprinted in a local paper, excited the wrath of the Roman Catholic potentates, who were ever undermining and persecuting her in a stealthy manner, because of her inherent faith in Protestantism. And it seems this poem roused the Roman Catholic party to a red heat of anger and persecution.

Sir Rosemary Alma's confessor forbade him to reside with his wife, unless she would go through the marriage ceremony in a Roman Catholic Church, and further, he refused to grant Sir Rosemary Alma absolution from his sins until this marriage should be performed, or the parties thereto be separated.

Lady Alma emphatically and persistently refused to comply with this request, in spite of the Church allowing her husband to reside under the same roof for a week, while she reconsidered her decision ere they parted permanently. In the long run, however, the Church was partly beaten, as the priests thought it better to give Sir Rosemary Alma absolution, and permission to dwell with his wife. Nevertheless this served their purpose entirely, for Lady Alma, although under the same roof as her husband, was virtually alone. Having no relations, friends or even acquaintances, she had been forced from various motives to give up society, partly on account of her unfortunate position, and partly because it had become very unpalatable to her. Her heart yearned for pure and true affection. Destiny brought her into contact with Father Tollemache. It was during his periodical calls of duty that he became acquainted with the sweet and superior qualities which Lady Alma possessed, and he often witnessed the martyrdom to which she was subjected, and it grieved his true and tender heart. The persecution which she had suffered from his own Church was another cause of sincere grief to him. Gradually he became interested in her writings, which broadened his ideas and brought him very nigh unto the well-spring of Truth.

She had touched a sublime chord in his nature, which otherwise might never have been aroused. He now felt a joy within his soul, a holy calm which gave his life a totally different aspect. He could enjoy nature as he had never enjoyed her before, as daily he learnt to overcome the weight of every material thought, through true Christianity.

THE CHRISTIAN.

"All things are yours."

He claims no class alone,

"All things" are his vast dower,

From meanest peasant to the monarch's throne,

The man most popular, or the man unknown,

He owns them all!

Contented with his lot,

All nature now is his,

The palace, castle, and each humble cot

He sees, admires them all, yet covets not,

Heir to the world.

ADRIAN GALILIO ;

Above earth's mightiest king,
 All kingdoms his by right,
 Called forth to save the weak from despots might.
 To teach the nations, lead them to the light,
 And make men see.

The landscape he surveys,
 The setting sun's last beam,
 The beauteous ocean, or the running stream
 All quench his mental thirst, or change his dream,
 And feed his soul.

He gazes on mankind,
 Inspired with love his gaze,
 Beholds, and knows all classes, kinds, and ways,
 Men's thirst for gold, earth's baubles, and its praise,
 As poisoned streams.

The Stoic monarch scorns
 Mere worldly wealth and fame,
 And clamouring not for acreage, or name,
 He owns beyond the site of hill or plane,
 The things unseen !

For unity he prays,
 Scorns prejudice, and sect,
 Equality of right alone respects,
 Loves higher souls, as Christian life reflects
 Great spirits tune.

 CHAPTER VI.

Amicitia est gloria vitae.

Love's sacred living stream flows o'er,
 As angels guard its tide.
 Their footprints pencil on the shore,
 "Its course who shall divide?"

GEORGE Tollemache and Ismar loved each other with as true, pure, and deep an affection as is possible to conceive. The fact that he had been snubbed and unkindly treated by his "brethren," and her unhappy situation, rendered each lonely, apart from the other ; and their attachment being so deep, they were heedless of consequences and waved all conventionalities as on the first occasion they chanced to meet. So, when deprived of the opportunity of meeting at Lady Alma's, they arranged another place of rendezvous, loving perhaps "not wisely, but too well,"

Had not the "Church" in the first place persecuted Lady Alma for writing the truth, and in the second place served Father Tollemache similarly for protecting her as far as lay in his power, they would not have had to resort to stealth.

Then again caution was enforced upon them as the priest dare not divulge either in word or deed, that he conversed with true interest upon religion, save such gross religion as had held his soul in slavery. This brings us to the meeting described in the past chapter.

When Lady Alma recovered from her fainting condition and her memory slowly returned, the priest's housekeeper was standing by her side, but Father Tollemache himself had disappeared.

"Oh, where is he?" cried Lady Alma.

"Never mind where is he," said Florence Hinde, "my Lady, you'd better hasten home as quickly as possible to avoid suspicion."

"Is he dead? Oh, my breaking heart."

"No, he's not dead, but ——"

"Speak quickly ——"

"Well, Father O'Donovon and another person have carried him to the Mansion, and ——"

"I will hasten to his side."

"It's no use, you'll not be permitted to see him, my Lady."

Lady Alma, realizing her position, and seeing that it would be impossible for her to gain admittance to Father Tollemache's side, for a time seemed paralysed with anguish; suddenly she said,

"Well, will you bring me tidings, and I will await your return here?"

"I will promise to bring you tidings within a few hours, if you will endeavour to go home, my Lady, before you are discovered here."

Lady Alma consented to return, but she found it very difficult to walk. Although she had sustained no injury, personally, from the firearms, her nerves were in so shattered a condition that she could scarcely stand. However, as she prayed strength came, and she succeeded in reaching her house. It was almost midnight when her Ladyship reached her husband's abode, and all was still.

Her absence had not been noticed, as it was supposed in the kitchen that she was busy in her apartments writing, as was her custom; and might be that she had retired to rest without her wonted requirements. And it so happened that Sir Rosemary Alma had gone to stay with one of his profligate racy acquaintances.

Lady Alma would have found it impossible to gain admittance without disturbing the house had she not remembered that her boudoir was accessible. She had passed through it when leaving the house, and simply closed the door behind her without locking it, which fact the servants probably would not have discovered, and she found this to be the case. Hour after hour went by, and it seemed to Lady Alma as though years were passing, for she could find no relief from her

grief and agitation. Daylight dawned, and still no sign of Florence Hinde, and as the sun's yellow rays broke through the silence of the stilly morn upon her pale, yet beautiful, and anguished countenance, spirits unseen drawing near might have interpreted the expression of her face as being "past hope."

CHAPTER VII.

Strange music comes from rebels,
 With jarring bass and trebles,
 But stranger, ah ! from regions far—
 That from the wife of devils.

Imp. JESTER.

IT was generally understood that Father Tollemache's housekeeper was his orphan niece. He had maintained and educated her from early infancy, and it was to her that he had willed all his possessions. Alas for human nature and its frailty. Subsequent events revealed in Florence Hinde an evil, vicious disposition, of which the chief attributes were ingratitude and selfishness. Yet how ingenious was her apparent simplicity and with what care did she conceal her actual character. With a spirit of burning avarice she longed for the possession of her promised legacy, and watched the priest's every movement as a cat watches a mouse ; longing that she might spring upon her prey. There was virtually no love lost between Father Tollemache and his protégè. For although he little realized the fact it was the spirit of duty alone which bound him to Florence, and there was a natural antipathy between these two, mutual, if unexpressed.

Florence Hinde had watched the growth of friendship between Lady Alma and the priest with vindictiveness and spite, and it was she who had wilfully woven a web of wrong constructions, spread false reports, and made mischief with the Bishop of the Diocese and others.

Lord Glenwood's keeper, who had made love to Florence from mercenary motives, now assisted her in her endeavours to undermine the purposes of Father Tollemache in everything that might be conducive to the lengthening of his days. Perceiving the bond of sympathy so strongly existing between Lady Alma and the Priest, and noting the happy effect it had upon the latter, they put their heads together and resolved, come what might, to put an end to the friendship.

The keeper was a married man, but tired of a servant's life ; in his ambition he had secured the promise of Florence to elope with him whenever she could secure her legacy.

At such a time they had determined to leave England. Florence Hinde though not uncomely, was evidently devoid of the requisite charms to inspire the admiration of the opposite sex, and Mark Webb was almost the only man from whom she had received a flattering attention.

Her desire to secure him for herself ruled her every action. On the face of it both appeared to be "good Catholics," and they cunningly affected a holy horror at Father Tollemache's heretical attitude, caused entirely through the broadening of his views by Lady Alma. The Priest was far too open in his nature to conceal his doubts to those with whom he came in contact. It need hardly be stated that Mark Webb and Florence Hinde carefully concealed their attachment, and it was close to the spot where on the night in question the Priest awaited Lady Alma that they had stealthily met, and subsequently shadowed the Priest's, and Lady Alma's footsteps. As usual Mark Webb carried his gun and it was while playing the eaves-dropper that he heard from Father Tollemache's own lips the latter's determination to renounce the priesthood. Growling from beneath his teeth—"you shall not escape"—with a hideous grin, Webb took straight aim at the Priest from his unobserved position. For a moment all was silent, then Florence being the nearer crawled cautiously forward, followed by Mark, and the two, with united effort, carried the Priest to his house without being observed. Then Florence returning bent low at Lady Alma's side, and when the lady recovered from her swoon, and started to walk to her home, Florence Hinde wended her way to the bedside of Father Tollemache, where she found Mark Webb, as agreed.

"Is he breathing?" whispered Florence. "Yes, he still lives," muttered Mark Webb, his livid features working with suppressed passion. "The wound does not seem to be fatal. I dare'nt raise another report here or I'd soon do the job, but let us be gone and talk matters over in the outer room. Are all the doors and windows bolted and secure? I fear the missis will come to look me up as their suspicions are already aroused. Come, leave him for a few hours—he may kindly 'snuff it' in our absence."

For several hours the treacherous pair remained in deep converse, and daylight was fast approaching when their nerves received a fearful shock. Lo! the door slowly opened, and "Father" Tollemache stood before them covered in the blood which had flowed from his wound, with sunken eyes and wan face—altogether a gruesome sight. Before he could be perceived Mark Webb had the presence of mind to slip beneath the table. The Priest addressing Florence, asked what had happened, but before she could reply he staggered and fell against the doorpost, through weakness from loss of blood coupled with the pain of his exertion. This gave Florence time to regain her complacent demeanour. Assisting him back to his room, she made him assume a lying position. She then told him that Mark Webb and herself had found him shot and Lady Alma with him; and as she had not thought it a dangerous wound, she had not given the alarm, as it

would make a great scandal. For she assured him that if Mark Webb were put on his oath he would have to make an account of all that he had seen, which would necessitate most unpleasant disclosures.

“What disclosures could he make?” murmured Father Tollemache faintly.

“Why, the fact of your secret meeting with Lady Alma,” replied Florence.

“If it did not come out that her other lover shot you, she herself might be accused, and convicted of the crime. The circumstantial evidence would probably be damaging enough.”

“Lover! What mean you? Lady Alma! Impossible!”

“Oh! she’s been finely cheating you, she’s a splendid actress, and crafty too!”

Father Tollemache said, warmly—“It is false—I command you to utter nought against the Lady Alma.”

“Then who in the name of goodness would shoot you—save a jealous lover—think you? And forsooth, I know him by sight, and I know Sir Alma’s whereabouts, so that it was not he! However, as you doubt my word this letter may convince you”—handing him a love letter addressed to Lord G—— in Lady Alma’s handwriting and full of contemptuous derision of the Priest.

“Yes, it is surely her writing” murmured the Priest turning sickly pale, and imploring Florence to give him something to cool his parched lips, and when he had drunk of the water which she handed to him, overstrained, and exhausted he begged to be quiet for awhile, and lay back half-conscious for about an hour. Then he called upon Florence to help him to rise in order to examine his wounds, which were upon the left shoulder and arm. But he decided not to call in medical advice, from fear of implicating Lady Alma.

His mind was in a fearful maze respecting all that had occurred, and what Florence had narrated. He soon saw the extent of his wounds, and was assured in his own mind that they were not of a dangerous nature. With Florence’s aid he bandaged them up, and settled in bed, endeavouring to rest. This he found extremely difficult, on account of the anguish he was enduring in thinking of Lady Alma.

Within a few hours brain fever had set in, and ere long he had become completely unconscious; and thus he lay for several days, to all appearances at the point of death. Early in the morning Mark Webb returned and sat beside the unconscious Priest, while Florence set forth to see Lady Alma. She told her Ladyship that it had been impossible for her to bring news of the Priest on the previous night, or indeed a moment sooner than the present, and that he had been lying at the door of death all night, and had only, through God’s mercy, regained consciousness, to rally and confess his sins, to renounce his wicked betrayal of the only true faith, as being wholly due to an infamous love for one whose desire it was to seduce him from the Holy Catholic Church, and receiving Absolution, and extreme unction.

Here Lady Alma, utterly bewildered, refused to believe Florence Hinde's statements, and urged that if the priest had said anything of the kind it must perforce be on account of his delirium, and she added, "Oh, that I could speak to him."

"You'll never speak to him again in this world, for he's dead, he died embracing his crucifix, and reciting the Rosary, and here is a note which with his last breath he bid me deliver together with this, and to beg your Ladyship to read them with a prayerful desire that our blessed Lady will intercede for the forgiveness of your sins," cried Florence.

"Yes, certainly, this is from Father Tollemache," sobbed Lady Alma, "I know his handwriting." She read the note which only contained a few cold words; and the accompanying tract to "Our Lady of the Rosary," which ran as follows:—

"We earnestly exhort the Faithful to endeavour to practise the devotion of the Holy Rosary, and never to lose this habit, either in public or private, each in their own family."—Leo XIII.

The Encyclical, Sept., 1883.

PROMISES OF OUR LADY TO THOSE WHO DEVOUTLY RECITE THE ROSARY.

TO those who recite my Psalter, I promise my special protection. The Rosary will be a powerful weapon against the powers of hell; it will root out vices, destroy sin, and subjugate all heresies.

He who calls on me through the Rosary, shall not perish.

Whatever you ask through the Rosary, shall be granted.

Those who propagate my Rosary, shall be helped by me in all their necessities.

Devotion to my Rosary is a great sign of predestination.

Whoever recites the Rosary, devoutly meditating on its holy Mysteries, will not be cast down by troubles, nor perish by an unprovided death, but if he be a sinner, he shall be converted; if he is virtuous, he shall increase in grace, and become worthy of eternal life.

Those who are truly devout in reciting my Rosary, shall not die without the Sacraments.

I will deliver from Purgatory, in the space of a day, those devoted to my Rosary.

The true children of the Rosary shall enjoy a great joy in Heaven.

INDULGENCES.

All members of the Confraternity of the Rosary may gain by reciting the beads, 2,025 days' Indulgences for each Hail Mary. That makes 101,250 days for five decades, or 303,750 days for a Rosary.

After the Holy Eucharist, the Rosary is the most effectual means of helping the souls in Purgatory.

All the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary who, repenting of their sins, carry the beads about them, gains 40,000 days' indulgence once a day and 50 years' indulgence for saying the beads in the Church of the Confraternity, or in default of it, any other church or oratory.

In order to gain these indulgences it is necessary (1) to be inscribed on the Register kept by Dominicans; (2) to use beads blessed by a priest who has the special power; (3) to say the beads three times a week, meditating on the mysteries as well as we can.

"Ah! written in his death agony. Oh! fearful thought." With these words Lady Alma's heart seemed to turn into stone. She shrunk instinctively from Florence, and simply enquired if there was anything further to communicate.

“Yes,” said Florence, “with respect to the clause in the late Father Tollemache’s letter, warning you to fly for your life. Although I shall not perjure myself, I will promise to prevent information being given to the police for a few hours at least, so as to give you a chance of escape. The dear departed soul whose body you have killed, and for whom even now you can hear the slow bell tolling, forgives, so I, too, will be merciful.”

“I killed !” said Lady Alma.

“Prevarication is useless,” replied Florence, “but I don’t care to get folks hung. I’ll arrange that you may yet have time to get well away, and I’ll conceal the murder as much as possible ; but I must now be gone. I warn you to fly and leave no trace behind.”

Without another word Florence Hinde stepped out through the open casement of Lady Alma’s boudoir on to the lawn.

CHAPTER VIII.

QUICKLY retracing along the footpath and over the meadows, she smiled with a fiendish satisfaction as she heard the solemn death-bell toll in slow and regular beat for an old parishioner. Nevertheless her satisfaction was not altogether complete, for it seemed as though a demon echo were incessantly repeating Lady Alma’s last words, “I am innocent.”

Days passed wearily. The priest remained as if in a trance, until at length, one lovely evening, when the sun’s rays shone resplendently through the latticed window, he awoke, and it became evident to the dismay of Florence and Mark Webb that in spite of their wickedness and neglect, Father Tollemache’s health was gradually improving. The fearful crisis had evidently passed away. Father Tollemache, though feeble, was enabled to ask for what he desired, for the turn had come and, aided by a good constitution, his health and strength would soon have flowed back into the gentle veins had his soul but have been at rest regarding Ismar. Very much astonished was he to see that he had been removed to an apartment in the roof of the house, which might have been termed an attic, and which hitherto had not been used except as a lumber room. When he put the question to Florence why this had been done, he noticed something strange in her manner which it seemed to him she endeavoured to conceal. She stammered words to the effect that she and Mark thought it would be quieter in the upper part of the house, but the truth was Mark Webb and she had led every one on the wrong scent regarding Father Tollemache’s condition. However, he was rapidly making progress towards recovery, and on the morrow intended to sit up. But

during the evening, on awakening from a heavy slumber which had suddenly overtaken him, caused, as he thought, by a relapse, he felt strangely ill, scarcely being able to move a limb. Presently, he was able to speak, but found himself alone. All was silent. He called, but there came no reply. He called again, and at last in a semi-delirious state he left his bed, and half staggering and half crawling, reached the door. Alas! he found it locked. A cold sweat broke upon his brow as his suspicions of "foul play" arose. Helpless, he could do nothing, but decided to try and regain his bed, and praying for strength, he not only accomplished the task, but found a can of water which had accidentally remained since his last ablutions. He took a deep draught, refreshing his parched lips and burning mouth.

Hours passed away, when, as it seemed at the dead of night, the key turned slowly in the door, and a strange fearful figure entered stealthily, bearing a lantern. The shock was too great for the invalid. Father Tollemache, powerless to move a muscle or to speak, sank back once more with the pallor of death upon his worn face.

CHAPTER IX.

Uranus, *Love* opposes,
 For the marriage tie he knows is,
 A catch at man, or at his purse,
 Provisions for the women's curse,
 All wrapt in jam and roses.
 Imp. JESTER.

AS no real love existed between Adrian and his wife they never felt so happy as when separated. The former knew well enough that a life of dissipation such as was led by his unfortunate wife would soon terminate. Nature permits no idle interpolation of her laws.

Alas! how often is the marriage bond but the tawdry golden coupling link whereby the woman is bound to the man. But the tiny fetter which binds body unto body, claims no hold upon those subtle essences which we in rapture, born of woe, call the soul. It has been said that "Man is an animal by accident, a spirit by birthright."

Adrian Galilio's "golden fetter" proved to be no sweet binding influence upon his wife. Having no sympathy with her nature, he could not control her life, and slowly but surely she sank into the lower moral thoroughfares of existence. Death itself would have been preferable to the life she had been leading. Nevertheless, Adrian found sweet solace in his literary pursuits, and within the deeper recesses of his heart the image of Mabelle's gentle spirit lay cherished. An

estrangement had arisen between him and Maud, she having entered into an intrigue with a Marquis, one of those society butterflies who are ever seeking pastures new, and finding in every pretty face a fresh yet fleeting charm. Possessed of a handsome face, and endowed with pleasing manners, it was with this mentally debauched specimen of humanity that Maud Galilio became entangled. Her quick blood answered to his call, and ever the tide of life rose and fell within her, responsive to his touch. They mingled with the very dregs of society ; were seen on every race-course and lolled within the excited crowd around many a Continental "hell."

It was at Monte Carlo, while on a gambling tour, that the following painful circumstances occurred. The Marquis was of a jealous disposition, and Maud delighted in playing upon his weak point whenever she could see a chance. She passed much of her time in flirting with any man present ; her object seeming to be to fan the flame of jealousy into white heat. One night, after dining out with a Count Von Dragee, they drove back to their hotel, when suddenly the Marquis rudely snatched a note from Maud which he had observed her secreting in her bosom during dinner. He had waited this opportunity to secure its possession. Asking for an explanation, Maud asserted, truthfully enough, that it was from the Count Von Dragee, but that he had given it to her to convey to another.

Upon reaching their apartments in the hotel the Marquis read with suppressed heat :

" Had I ten times ten thousand pounds,
And thou wert only poor,
I'd lay my fortune at thy feet,
To make thy life secure."

Disbelieving the wretched woman's statement, jealousy and hatred within his fiery eyes, the Marquis's anger overcame his judgment, and in a paroxysm of fury he drew a revolver from his pocket and savagely shot dead the woman who had sacrificed so much for him. Then, with coarse deliberation, he turned with insult upon the Count, and with face bleared with malice challenged him to fight.

The Count, an adept in the use of fire-arms, having fought many a duel, was quick to respond, and without a second's deliberation the two repaired to a quiet corner of the grounds. A couple of shots were fired, then prone upon the ground lay the Marquis, with blood streaming from a fatal wound in the temple. In a few moments life was extinct.

The bodies of the ill-fated lovers lay in the Morgue for a couple of days, until the due formalities had been executed, and the Marquis's friends apprised of the matter. Then the worthless corpse was conveyed across the channel for interment.

" The white walls of Albion still claim her sons dishonoured though they be."

According to the announcements in the morning papers, it transpired that the Marquis had been accidentally shot on a hunting expedition in India. The

Marquis's remains were interred in the family vault, and a long procession followed the body to the grave. The funeral being impressive in grandeur and solemnity.

Adrian's wife no one claimed. Her lone body on an alien shore was consigned to the mother soil, and strangers tossed the crumbling earth upon the craped coffin which hid so frail an house of clay.

Tears were unshed, and there were no gentle hands to raise the slightest memorial above the narrow band of softly mounted grass. But the daisy grew upon the newly-made grave, (frail emblem of the joyous resurrection), and it grew without human culture, and the birds sang sweetly, and the trees sighed mournfully over it, as though it was not unconsecrated ground. And there came a whisper "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof."

CHAPTER X.

A great sensation prevailed throughout the city respecting the Marquis's death, and the real facts of the case at length coming out his murderer was brought up for trial. The Count found little difficulty in clearing himself of the charge, and he had the sympathy of the populace because of his dexterity in handling the weapons of death. Several witnesses affirmed that the deed was done in sheer self-defence, and one or two of these being men of high social standing, the judge was satisfied with the evidence and the prisoner acquitted. As far as possible the whole affair was very soon hushed up. But when the sad news reached Adrian it came upon him with a sudden shock, and at first he could but faintly realize what had occurred.

It was scarcely a couple of years since he had seen his mother's name in the death column of the "Times." They had become estranged chiefly through the unscrupulous machinations of Maud, and he had not seen his mother for a long time prior to her death, nor had he been made aware of her illness. Deprived through a chain of unfortunate circumstances of any regular employment, Adrian had been devoting himself entirely to his literary and musical compositions. Leading the life of a recluse, with strict economy he had just managed to exist upon his meagre savings. But these were dwindling down rapidly, and his utter loneliness, together with the depressing circumstances which had surrounded his whole past life seemed now brought to a climax. Utterly friendless he sank into a state of despondency. His mental sufferings were so great that at last it seemed as though a chronic melancholia were setting in, and it came upon him suddenly that it was imperative that some effort should be made to arouse the dormant

faculties. After much consideration he determined to try to get some of his manuscripts published; with this intention he had been preparing a few of these for inspection with a determination to visit one or two of the noted publishers on the morrow.

It was nearing midnight, and he felt peculiarly lonely. His thoughts wandered back to the past, and as he pictured those bygone days there came upon him, as an inspiration, the following :—

“ BYGONE DAYS.”

Bitter and sad regret
 Steal o'er me like a spell
 As o'er the sea of time I stand and gaze.
 Beneath the flowers of May,
 Lie forms now past away ;
 Hearts that were blithe and gay
 Lie buried in those bygone days.

Those bygone days,
 Those bygone days,
 Those dear old bygone days.

Mem'ry with magic wand
 Brings back each childish scene,
 Those we have lov'd and lost it now portrays.
 And framed about in space
 Ah! even now I trace
 A loving father's face
 Rise in the mist of bygone days.

Awake, kind echo, wake ;
 Back from the silent past,
 Those sweet and beauteous strains
 Oh ! Once more raise.
 Only one sweet refrain,
 In voice I loved the same,
 Oh ! let me hear again
 The music of those bygone days.

Who now is left behind
 Of firm and faithful mind ?
 All honour to the friend who constant stays,
 A faithful friend shall yet
 Relieve this fond regret,
 And when life's sun is set,
 We'll sing of dear old bygone days.

Then he wearily laid aside his writing and fell into a deep meditation. It seemed strange to him to think that he had not a friend in the world. And he sighed for sympathy, the sympathy of a noble soul, when lo ! he thought he saw someone sitting opposite to him. Another second and he beheld that it was his old master.

He longed to throw himself into the arms of his dearly beloved tutor, but felt riveted to his seat and could not move. Yet he was not alarmed but rather he felt a sweet and calm delight pass over him, which increased as he heard the same old voice :—

“Adrian : Adrian : hasten or you will be too late !”

Adrian gazing at the vacant seat, murmured, “I come : I come.”

* * * * *

The early dawn saw Adrian Galilio crossing London for the G.W. line.

CHAPTER XI.

Sub silento.

“Behold ! a woman standing, a woman passing fair,
Yet on her face is written, a look of blank despair.”

“I am innocent,” resounded on the air perchance to the disquietude of its impellant that cry may have been impressed by angelic instrumentality upon the Creator's vast phonograph.

Lady Alma viewing her position determined upon leaving Motley Court for ever. Therefore summoning all her strength with a sad heart she set about making the necessary arrangements for a hasty and unobserved departure. The evening arrived when her ladyship stepped out from her boudoir upon the newly mown turf, for the last time. Carefully closing the open casement she glided away. For some time she walked on in deep reverie, but arousing herself she quickened her steps, and, leaving the pathway, crept through an aperture in a thick hawthorn hedge, and stole across the stepping-stones of a babblish streamlet, and went slowly up a steep hill. She then crept through a wooded coppice and through another opening in the hedge. At length standing beneath the moon's rich yellow rays she found herself within the precincts of a graveyard.

It was to the Roman Catholic burial ground she had wended her steps, before setting forth upon her lonely career, in order to take a last look at the spot where she believed George Tollemache's remains were resting. She sank down gently on the moist soil, bowed down with the very heavy burden of a breaking heart. For several hours the stilly air was troubled by low and fearful spasmodic sobs.

Her grief was intense. Suddenly she heard a voice speaking to her. This acted like an electric shock, and brought her momentarily to a standing posture, when she saw to her great surprise a tall and handsome young man standing beside her.

“Oh pardon, Madam !” ejaculated the intruder, as he bowed with a graceful respect. “I beg ten thousand pardons for thus disturbing you, but the fact is I have mistaken my way in approaching the mansion and quite by chance I found myself among these tombs. I am grieved to witness your suffering, and venture to endeavour to arouse you from such violent paroxysms of grief, or I fear if you do not try to forget your sorrow you will be too overpowered to return, and it is growing late.”

With a strong effort Lady Alma succeeded in expressing her gratitude, and would have escaped had the gentleman not further detained her by enquiring the best way to the mansion, and in the course of other minor questions he enquired whether she could inform him where the Rev. G. Tollemache, whom he had come to visit resided, in the mansion or in a separate house? Lady Alma turning deadly pale replied that the priest, had been living in a separate house.

“Has he removed?” inquired the stranger, eagerly.

“I cannot give you further information about Father Tollemache, but I can direct you to the house,” replied Lady Alma.

“Oh, Madame, I pray you aid me as far as lies in your power. I am summoned to this good priest with all speed, and, moreover, I regard him very dearly, aye, even as a father; I have come to seek his aid in an hour of trial,” cried the stranger.

Lady Alma said, “Excuse my asking, but would you mind telling me your name.”

“With pleasure; my name is Galilio.”

“I am perplexed,” said Lady Alma, “when you say that you have been summoned in haste by Mr. Tollemache to come here. Who was the messenger? I know that you could not possibly have received a letter from him.”

“Indeed, but I have received a message,” said Galilio, “and it is imperative that I should lose no time in obeying his commands.”

Lady Alma said, “Pray when did you receive this message, and by whom was it conveyed?”

A thoughtful expression played for a moment on Adrian’s countenance as he, with some hesitancy, replied: “I regret that I am unable to give the exact hour when the message reached me, nor can I tell you who was the messenger, but I have not lost a moment in arriving here, therefore I beg you to aid me in accomplishing my task.”

Lady Alma perceived that there was some mystery, and she quickly decided to confide in and introduce herself to Adrian Galilio, and if necessary to unfold to him the circumstances attending Father Tollemache’s death, and how she had heard from Florence Hinde of the manner thereof,

A long and earnest conversation ensued between Adrian and Lady Alma, which resulted in the former making a solemn promise that, if happily he should find Father Tollemache living, he would not disclose that he had seen her ladyship nor mention her name in any case. Then they agreed that she should await Adrian's return to the same place. After conducting him to within sight of the house Lady Alma returned to await the report—"life or death." It was a trying ordeal to a soul so bent with care as was her's.

CHAPTER XII.

AS Adrian approached Father Tollemache's house he perceived a man entering at the front. He also noticed a side door which stood a little ajar. Passing through this, and creeping up a flight of stairs, then along a sort of corridor through a passage, and beyond into an adjacent lobby, at the further end of which he heard a sound of voices. He crept slowly along and observing a cupboard wherein he could quickly conceal himself, in the event of anyone putting in an appearance, he left the door open ready to receive him, and continued to the end of the passage whence the voices came. It was a hazardous position as he had to descend two or three stone steps before he could hear anything distinctly. However, having a desperate game to play, his firm purpose was not to be shaken, so after receding once or twice he succeeded in catching a few sentences which gave him a clue as to how matters stood. After playing the eavesdropper for about half-an-hour, hearing sounds from behind him, he hastily returned and secreted himself within the cupboard, only just in time to avoid being discovered. Heavy footsteps resounded through the passages and it was evident that several men were approaching. Just after they had passed the cupboard where Adrian was concealed, he heard them deposit a heavy weight upon the ground; and with an oath from one of the party the men passed on, and the sound of their footsteps died away.

Adrian quietly emerged from his place of concealment and returning to the same spot as before, from whence the sound of voices could still be heard, he gained more information than his most sanguine hopes could have expected. He gathered that Father Tollemache was up in an apartment in the left turret of the old Manor House, and that he was still alive, and that he was "safely" locked up in this room, with the key turned on the outside of the door, left thus without necessary attention to die a slow, and lingering death. He also learned that these demons in human form had administered one dose of poison, which had not had the desired effect, and that the Priest had rallied, but that they had been unable to obtain another dose.

One of the men brought the certificate of death in his pocket, and demanded £200 more than the primary agreement, and another expostulated that the value of the coffin was underestimated, then the whole party fell to coarse joking, filling their glasses again and again, and smoking "just to keep the pot a boiling till the old buffer will be kind enough to turn up his toes."

Florence Hinde was called upon to entertain the party with a song. Then at Mark Webb's request, one of Lady Alma's compositions was selected. "Sing that 'Latest Toast,' Ho!" cried Mark "its a good toon, and I 'ticular want Patrick to hear the himperdent bounce of that ere 'ussy. Just you notis the words Pat." —Florence Hinde now sang as requested :—

When ling'ring on time's mighty shore,
 We often view its coral strand,
 With pebbles strewn from days of yore,
 Like kindness, love, borne back to land.
 Rough winds have borne away in vain,
 Old Englands toasts : they come again,
 And may the universal toast,
 Make joining heart to heart its boast.

As "going up the hill" renown,
 Who would a friend meet coming down ;
 Such toasts contain a soft refray,
 And sweet the theme of bygone day.
 But still the latest toast we've seen,
 Is to Rome's Pope and England's Queen,
 Bid party spirit go its way.
 And Church and State still bear the sway.

Confusion tho' to demagogues,
 Whose speech bewilders and befogs,
 Let all who hate our land depart :
 "Our Queen and Country" is our Chart.
 But still the latest toast we've seen
 Is to Rome's Pope and Britain's Queen,
 While nobles of our land so gay,
 Vouchsafe this toast shall stand for aye.

But other nobles, nobler far,
 Without a garter or a star,
 Would never let free Britain fall,
 Beneath the hateful Papal pall.

A latent spirit hid from view,
A mighty spirit brave and true,
Would rise the cursèd foe to smite,
For home, and liberty and right.

“Dy’re ’ear that, Jerimy?” said Mark, with a hideous grin. “But ’ear’s a little boy’ll be even sides with my lady yet. And now just a step or two Flo.” After Florence had obliged with one or two skirt dances, they fell into a more serious tone of conversation. It was then agreed that if the Priest had not breathed his last an hour before daybreak, they should cast lots as to who should finish him off. Here Mark Webb suggested that the approaching hour of jollity should be increased by Florence producing a bottle or two of sparkling hock from the cellar.

This suggestion drove Adrian with all speed back to his place of concealment, but on his way, to his horror, he stumbled heavily against a box which the men had deposited on the ground, and for a few moments dreaded lest he had been heard. But the ruffians were too much engrossed in their wild glee to notice the sound.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADRIAN again sallied forth from his hiding place but now turning his steps in an opposite direction he searched about until he found a staircase that led up the house. Ascending this he reached a landing on the second floor, from which it seemed as though he could get no higher and his hopes were sinking when, after some time, he entered an apartment where in the faint moonlight he could just discern a dark lantern hung on the wall. Having some wax tapers in his pocket he struck a light. With the aid of the lantern he made much better progress and soon discovered a door which led to the stairs of the right turret and this being a guide helped him to discern that leading to the left on the opposite side. Softly ascending the broad steps and turning the key in the lock he entered, but, as related, before he could speak, the Priest lost consciousness. Long did Adrian bend over him in an endeavour to restore the lost vitality, for he was assured that the pulse of his beloved friend still beat, though slowly. Nevertheless his attention was fruitless, and ultimately he was obliged to leave the priests bedside and secure a hiding place, for the time was near at hand when he must, if possible, conceal himself once more.

Heavy tapestry curtains draped the turret windows and he determined to stand behind them. The next consideration was as to the possibility of saving his friend, and he had not arrived at any decision when the heavy thud of the ruffians ascending the turret stairs made his heart palpitate wildly as he placed himself behind the curtains. Before many moments had passed the door opened, and Adrian shuddered as he perceived through a hole in the tapestry that the men bore a coffin on their shoulders. Setting this down they had much parly and argument as to whether Father Tollemache were dead, as they all, villains as they were, shrunk from the idea of killing him.

One to whose lot this task did not fall, declared that he was alive, but Mark Webb (to whom the lot fell) said he was dead, and flew into a fury at being contradicted. Half intoxicated he became so abusive that the others had to give way, and finally they lifted the priest's body into the coffin and screwed it down saying, "He won't be alive for a great while in here, if he be not quite dead." Adrian had heard them previously agree upon leaving him there until the morning, as Florence had intimated that the state chamber was not quite prepared. So all agreeing to have a few hours sleep they descended the turret stairs, closing the door of the chamber without either noticing that the door was unlocked or that the key was gone.

Adrian (who had been waiting breathlessly to attack them even single handed, should they attempt violence upon Father Tollemache) now stole from behind the drapery, and as he turned the light of the lantern upon the ghastly scene he felt almost too paralysed for action. The screwdriver having been left upon the floor, he soon removed the coffin lid, and gently lifting Father Tollemache into the bed searched about the room until he found several weighty articles, fireirons, stones, an old gun, a marble slab, and several bricks and stones, which he wrenched from the old chimney. Wrapping each up separately, in some of the bed clothes, and paper, which lay in the corner, to prevent their rattling, and packing them closely in the coffin, he readjusted the screws, replaced the key in the outside of the door, and leaving all in order took the wasted form of the priest bodily in his arms, closed the door behind him, and slowly descending the stairs, made a clear escape without any interruption. Emergency lends strength, Adrian succeeded in conveying his heavy load to a spot where there was some soft turf; the spring-cart, which had evidently conveyed the coffin to the house was standing close by, the horse's nose bag was on, and the reins tied to a tree. Adrian rested not a minute but, letting down the tailboard of the cart, lifted in the priest with the tenderest possible care, and adjusting the blanket in which he was wrapped, placed a rug which he found in the cart over the breast for further covering. Carefully lifting his dear old friend's head he placed the seat cushion beneath it. Then removing the horse's nose bag, and unloosing the reins, he quickly sprang to the seat and drove rapidly in the direction that Lady Alma had pointed out to him as leading to the main road.

The sharp air had the effect of awaking the priest to a state of semi-consciousness, and he murmured a few incoherent words. After having driven a few miles in almost a straight direction they came to an inn by the roadside, pulling up a man came forward and looked out of a stable which was connected with the inn. It was still very early and Adrian found that no one was about save this man who was kept by the widowed Innkeeper to look after the stable and assist in outdoor work.

However, with the promise of a handsome reward, this good hostler's sympathetic and practical aid was soon enlisted.

The man was a bachelor, and slept in a room over the stable, and to this place he assisted Adrian to bear the Priest. Placing him in his bed, he set about to do all in his power to bring back warmth and life.

The room was scrupulously clean, and a clear fire was burning in the bright little grate, with a kettle of boiling water steaming upon the trivet. So Adrian left his patient in the care of this good man, with the understanding that he was not to tell anyone of his presence. He then drove the spring cart with all possible speed back to the spot where he had found it, and succeeded in getting safely away again.

Mark Webb and his wicked companions never knew that the horse's head had been untied from the spot to which they had secured it, for they did not awake from their heavy slumber till past eight o'clock, having in their excitement and debauchment forgotten all about the poor horse.

But to return to the bedside of Father Tollemache. The good hostler, who had formerly been a soldier and had seen active service, was a nurse of no mean capacity, and ere Adrian's return he had restored Father Tollemache to consciousness, and was administering some light refreshment to the invalid. Having been so much neglected during his illness the frequently administered doses of warm milk seemed to act as a grateful and miraculous restorative.

The Priest's delight at beholding his dear old pupil and friend had also a highly beneficial effect.

Adrian only left him once. He faithfully watched him day and night in the hostler's snug little cabin until wholly restored to health and vigour. But it was an understood thing that no reference was to be made to the circumstances of their situation until the Priest became quite strong, further than the fact that it appeared that divine power had used Adrian as the instrument whereby to save the life of Father Tollemache. But even this it was prudent should not be breathed before the kind hearted hostler.

Thus in due course the Priest's life was fully restored; and with this new lease of life came a thousand new aspirations.

"In life resteth hope," said George Tollemache, as he once more watched the glorious sunset from the open casement.

“Blest anchor of the soul :” ejaculated Adrian, and being full of the same spirit of buoyancy, which came of a desire that his patient’s fortitude should be maintained, he sang in strong fervent tones an impromptu Sea-song to “Hope.”

“THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL!”

There is a gallant Barque which glides along,
 And renders life a sweet and sunny dream,
 It smoothly bears us on the eddying tide,
 And lands us safely o’er life’s stream.
 What tho’, the billows roll, the sea runs high,
 The waves wash o’er in surging foam,
 This barque will still ply on her homeward course,
 Until she calmly sights her home.

Refrain—In Hope let all take sail ;
 In bark that ne’er shall fail ;
 For Hope defies the gale
 As on she plies :
 Blest anchor of the Soul
 Reaching beyond earth’s goal,
 And under high control,
 Its cables rise.

There is a precious pearl, a beauteous gem,
 So rare in hue, unmeasured in its girth,
 Whose glorious lustre pours a brilliant light,
 And lightens darkest spots on earth ;
 Not with this costly pearl of greatest price,
 Could ocean’s gem or diamond cope,
 And rich are they across whose path still shines,
 The clear resplendent rays of Hope.

Refrain—Hope, pearl of greatest worth,
 It gladdens all on earth,
 Of low or gentle birth—
 Simple or wise :
 Blest anchor of the Soul :
 Reaching beyond earth’s goal,
 And under high control,
 Its cables rise.

CHAPTER XIV.

BE STILL SAD HEART.

Yes, Nature is smiling, the sun shines forth,
 But ah ! its beauteous ray,
 Will never again seem bright to me,
 For a shadow has fallen across life's sea
 And my love is far away.

The moon still plays on the ocean's soft breast,
 As it played in the days of yore,
 But the waves are telling a doleful tale,
 And my heart seems breaking, my cheek grows pale,
 For my love I may see no more.

But listen ! afar there comes stealing a lay,
 Which brings holy calm to my soul,
 Yes ! still I can waken the glad refrain,
 A music which reaches beyond decay,
 We shall meet in the happier goal.

CHIME succeeded chime, and several long hours elapsed but Adrian returned not, to relieve Lady Alma's suspense: this seemed almost inexplicable, and finally giving up hope of his coming, she wended her way to a cottage where dwelt an old and trustworthy servant.

Lady Alma had arranged to stay here for a day or two prior to starting off in the wide wide world.

The faithful old soul who had waited for her Ladyship all through the long night, which was now far advanced, soon with trembling fingers prepared some warm refreshment, while Lady Alma, worn and exhausted, partook eagerly. Inscribed indelibly upon her heart were the words of Koresh, (Ed. of the "Flaming Sword," Chicago, Ill, U.S.A.) "How can one cultivate love to God, while he murders God's creatures to feed upon their corpses." Love to God evolves from the continual practice of love and kindness toward all forms of life. Therefore her meal was simple, yet, having great powers of resuscitation, she was soon restored.

Slowly the days passed, and Lady Alma often bent her footsteps to the Roman Catholic Cemetery in the vague hope of seeing Adrian, and of hearing some little news respecting the priest. It was the fifth day since that eventful night which had brought the couple so strangely together amid the silent relics of the dead, and although Lady Alma had continually visited the spot she had failed to encounter Adrian. And now came the last day she could possibly linger in the neighbourhood. Sadly she sauntered towards the burying place in one last sad expectation of meeting him. Lady Alma determined to remain within those melancholy precincts until the shades of even should fall. As she entered the Cemetery the doleful sound of the death-bell tolled in solemn iteration, awaking her to the fact that a funeral was approaching and cautiously she stepped behind some dense willow branches, where unnoticed she could see all that transpired.

The hearse halted quite close to her hiding place, and there was consequently nothing to be done but to remain concealed.

Thickly veiled by the dark leaves she would probably not be noticed ; and at any rate even if observed she could appear to be bending over a tomb and thus prevent discovery.

The coffin was borne close by her, and the mourners followed slowly. Several bystanders gathered around so that she had now no fear of detection. And she felt it would be wisest to remain where she was.

The perfume from the incense filled the air, and the mournful Latinisms of the Priest floated by with mournful cadence.

Lady Alma stooped heavily upon the damp grass only half conscious of the dreary monotonies of the burial service, when suddenly clear and incisive, arose the resonant voice of the officiating Bishop : "Absolve, we beseech thee, O Lord, the soul of thy servant George from all the bonds of his sins."

Pale as death the poor lady arose from her kneeling posture, and clutching nervously at the sobbing willows, which rose and fell in the gloom, hurried from the spot.

During Lady Alma's absence, the news of George Tollemache's death and burial being rumoured in the village, her old servant heard the report and anxiously awaited the return of her beloved mistress, to impart the information. And it seemed that her Ladyship was endowed with supernatural fortitude to set forth and fight for the new existence.

Late that evening she started for the great Metropolis, and in spite of the sadness of her heart, sustained a calm demeanour such as can only be exhibited by the soul which knows its own fixed purpose.

After the supposed remains of Monseigneur Tollemache were buried, Mark Webb set to work, first in directing Florence how to proceed in collecting the entire property belonging to the Priest, and next in keeping his threat of revenge to Lady Alma. He sent Florence to inform Sir Rosemary Alma that they could give circumstantial evidence sufficient to enable him to procure a divorce from her ladyship, if he so desired.

The Baronet took a great liking to Florence Hinde, and agreed to pay her, and also Mark Webb, handsomely should the divorce be obtained, and immediately took proceedings.

Lady Alma was speedily traced, and given due notice of the impending action. When the case came on it caused a great sensation, so remarkable were the circumstances, and the witnesses spoke so strongly against the Lady Alma that Sir Rosemary Alma had little difficulty in obtaining the divorce.

CHAPTER XV.

NOW it so happened that Adrian also sallied forth to find Lady Alma upon that same morning on which the supposed body of Monseigneur Tollemache was consigned to the grave. Until now he had deemed it neither prudent nor safe to leave his patients bedside. Cautiously he made enquiries both at Motley Mansion, and every likely quarter, yet could he find no possible clue to Lady Alma's whereabouts, and at length he was sadly compelled to abandon his endeavours. But during his search he found his way to the spot where they had parted, and thence wandered onward to take another survey of Vashli Castle, and the priest's late abode. Just as he was entering a long avenue of trees, he was surprised to find several people congregated, and halting he ventured to enquire the cause.

"And sure it is the Rev. Father Tollemache, as is to be buried to-day is it not? and his body is now a coming this way," replied the Irish woman of whom he enquired.

This led to further remarks, and the good woman made several, both useful and amusing, disclosures; not being in the least aware that she was rendering a service to the questioner.

As the procession came by, with the coffin buried beneath the floral tributes, she pointed out the Bishop, whom she informed Adrian had come to officiate. And the chief mourner, who was the priest's niece, she said "had come into a nice little bit" from her uncle, adding—"An well, the poor dear creature deserves rewardin, as she jeopardised her own dear life in tending him with loving care to the last moment of his life: and the poor dear soul her own self even had to lay him out, an he was more than a natural father to her, for he was a spiritual father, and now she's left a lone cratur in all this wicked world."

Adrian begged the poor woman to cease weeping, and enquired how the good priest came by his death.

"Och, and it was a dreadful case of Scarlet Faver yer honer, he warn't bad many hours: An he went off like the snuff of a candle, before Extreme Unction could be administered for the good of his soul, and it wur so werulent that no one could go a nigh him."

Adrian however learned nothing respecting Lady Alma, and as he was anxious about his patient he gave up his quest, and hastily returned to the bedside of his dear charge, who soon recovered under his care.

It was the eve of Adrian Galilio, and George Tollemache's, departure from the Inn, and from each other.

"Bye the bye, I carried out your wish, and composed a 'political' song on 1886, but unfortunately I lost it in a pocket book the night that I rescued you from the clutches of those barbarians," laughed Adrian. For in order to dispel their grief at parting they kept chatting.

“I am sorry,” replied the Priest.

“The worst of it is, I fear I must have dropped it in the room where I found you, and if so, it may contain information for Florence Hinde.”

The Priest said “Indeed I trust not, but have you no other copy”? “No, but I’ll see if I can remember it, for I feel sure I can get on with the beginning, as I was recalling it to memory last night, so here goes. It is entitled:—‘Political Proverbs,’ A.D. 1886.”

With proverbs one, two, three, or more,
 Within my song I wish to mix,
 I write about the year that’s oe’r,
 Eventful Eighteen eighty-six.
 Longer than others it has been,
 Measured by that’s contained therein.
 In history’s annals of import vast,
 But all times no time when times past.

Chorus.—Then shout hurrah for the year that is past, boys,
 Though pol’iticians can change in their name,
 A Conservative’s now what a Whig used to be,
 And a Tory when found, is the same.

Regarding our late Premier—
 A man possess’d of GIFTS so rare ;
 With fascinating voice—and air,
 Deteriorate his worth—who dare ?
 Yet tho’ our Leader’s charged with zest,
 Some cannot all his words digest !
 Such men who’re to the *proverb* wed—
 “A still tongue makes a wise man’s head.”

Chorus.—Let’s shout an hurrah for old Gladstone, my boys,
 And shout it as loud as you can :
 We’ll love him because of the days now long past,
 When he was a Conservative man.

I cannot speak in terms too high
 Of one who England’s saviour’s been ;
 No language can his deeds descry,
 You all I’m sure, know who I mean :
 A noble man of noble birth,
 I pray his post full long he’ll keep ;
 His words are few but great their worth,
 ’Tis true “still waters run most deep.”

Political Proverbs, A.D. 1886.

With proverbs, one, two, three, or more, Within my

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a rest for two measures, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

song I wish to mix, It is a - bout the year that's o'er, Event - ful eigh - teen eigh - ty - six; Longer than

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line and piano accompaniment maintain the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics continue across the system, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

oth - ers it has been Measured by that's contained therein In History's an - nals of import vast, But all time s

The third system concludes the musical score on this page. The vocal line and piano accompaniment continue with the same musical characteristics. The lyrics end with a space after the final word, suggesting the text continues on the next page.

CHORUS.

no time, when time's past. Then shout an Hur-rah for the year that is past, boys, Tho'

cres. *ff*

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of the chorus. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part features triplet figures in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *cres.* and *ff*.

pol-i-ti-cians change in their name, A Con-ser-vative's now what a Whig used to be,

Detailed description: This system contains the second line of the chorus. The vocal line continues in the same key and time signature. The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic pattern established in the first system.

1st TIME. 2nd TIME.

A To-ry, if found, is the same. Aye . . . A To-ry, if found, is the same. . . .

Detailed description: This system contains the third line of the chorus, which is repeated twice. The first time is marked '1st TIME.' and the second time is marked '2nd TIME.'. The piano accompaniment includes a series of 'V' markings above the notes, likely indicating vibrato or a specific performance technique.

D.C.
Last time.

Detailed description: This system contains the final line of the chorus, which is a double bar line followed by a repeat sign and the instruction 'D.C.' (Da Capo). The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a fermata over the last few notes. The instruction 'Last time.' is written below the piano part.

Chorus.—Then shout hurrah for Lord Hartingdon, boys,
 Shout loud as when his Gee won,
 With the Manchester cup we'll wish him good luck,
 In skittles he's ceased to see any fun.

A vote of thanks is due you'll see
 To Brighton Marriott, and R.P.
 For starting in the drapers mind
 Reversible goods of every kind;
 'Twas said the former had a bet,
 Before R. P. a place he'd get;
 But if he did, what was the sin?
 For truly "let them laugh who win."

Chorus.—Then shout an hurrah for Marriott my boys,
 The same for the young Robert Peel;
 For in common they both were not at all loth,
 To sacrifice wisdom to weal.

John Bright's a man you'll all Hurrah,
 Of Chamberlain, the same aye, aye!
 Tho' Stafford stood much in the way,
 Longheaded Randolph must have sway;
 The former they Lord Iddesleigh made,
 A Baron old he'd best have stayed,
 Small honour now to be a Peer,
 Except to those who brew good beer!—"good"!

Chorus.—Let's shout hurrah then for Bright my boys,
 And shout for Chamberlain too:
 And a shout of course for Lord R. and Lord I.
 Pray, "which is the best of the two"?

Poor Parnell's grief we knew too well,
 But out of place in this to tell;
 Tho' evidence against him went,
 Say don't you think Dilke's innocent:
 The Home Rule Bill I must bring up,
 Tho' men devised to serve bad ends,
 "There's many a slip twixt lip and cup";
 True Irish are our greatest friends.

Chorus.—Then shout hurrah for old Ireland boys,
 "Forget and forgive" if we can:
 The very best motto that ever was made,
 For English or Irishman.

For our Prime Minister, a word,
 Not least, tho' in this song he's last:
 For him I'll say he's truly loyal,
 As he has proved in time long past.
 My heart beats faster as I ask,
 For one cheer more and then I've done,
 For patriot brave (Disraeli), your kindly thought
 For our late leader, last but one:

Chorus.—Then shout hurrah for Salisbury, boys,
 And shout out loud as you can:
 And a shout for heroes unnoticed herein,
 For each good and true honest man.

Chorus.—For our old Union Jack an hurrah British boys!
 For our Queen and our Colonies too;
 Without them our Empire would dwindle and die,
 Which all British subjects would rue.

Another hurrah for old England my boys,
 The land of the brave and the true:
 And humbly I'll ask for a cheer for myself,
 And one for the Author too!

“There, I recollect it pretty well, how do you like it?”

“Oh immensely, do not fail to let me have it written down; will you? For I shall certainly publish it, because it is not only a monstrous shame that the world should be deprived of so grand a composition, but it would rejoice my heart to hand this never to be forgotten and striking political attitude of dear old A.D. '86 down to posterity, and wrapt in fine melody too! It is altogether a grand song! 1886! Dear me how time flies. It is like a moving panorama! and now we are about to part.”

They both dreaded to say “Good bye”; but we must yield to the inevitable. In the first place it was absolutely necessary that the priest should get right away as soon as possible in order to escape recognition.

Adrian had disclosed everything, save ought relative to Lady Alma, and the priest's first determination was that he should be henceforth lost to “the cloth” for ever. It was his intention to devote himself to the task of finding a long lost brother, who could claim all his property from the wicked and designing Florence Hinde and the malicious Mark Webb.

Many were the reasons which made him shrink from bringing them to merited justice; nevertheless he determined to spare no pains in order to deprive them of their ill-gained booty. His greatest trial lay in the fact of Lady Alma's supposed

infidelity, as it had never occurred to him that her letter could be a forgery. Much would have been cleared had Lady Alma's name not been strictly avoided by George Tollemache and Adrian, but the latter was bound to silence by promise, and he also regarded his friend's silence with deep respect. So it was arranged that Tollemache, after seeing a London Solicitor, should reside in some Continental town, and as for Adrian he for the present would continue to devote his time to the study of music and verse. For although George Tollemache rendered some little financial aid, money was at present the great difficulty with both. But it was agreed that whenever the chance occurred Adrian should permanently live with the priest, as they were devotedly attached to one another, feeling that they had been brought together by Divine providence.

* * * * *

Late on the morrow Adrian once more found himself in the apartments from which he had just two months ago received the mysterious summons. But we must now follow the fortunes of George Tollemache, speeding away in the express train *en route* for Paris.

The London Solicitor to whom he applied was an old acquaintance, and gladly took up the case of his friend, advancing sufficient capital wherewith to proceed. Within the course of a couple of weeks perseverance was rewarded.

CHAPTER XVI.

GR^EAT was George Tollemache's surprise to find that his brother, whom he had not seen for many years, was now a wealthy man, and created a Baronet. He was now Sir Anthony Tollemache.

Sir Anthony was delighted at seeing his brother, and expressed his pleasure upon hearing that he had forsaken the priesthood, he having been brought up in a totally different school from that of George, was entirely opposed to Roman Catholicism. After being driven about in different schools of "thought" he had at last drifted into Agnosticism. Nevertheless, according to the general acceptance he was a shrewd and clever man. Never having married it was rumoured that he had been crossed in love. But, whether or not, the subject was always tabooed. He very soon put into full play all requisite steps for obtaining George's property, which was considerable, as the Priest had been left several legacies, and the whole fortune and large landed property of the Baroness de St. Augustine Pringtemp, he having been a great favourite of hers, and also her spiritual adviser and confessor. There was no difficulty in "proving" Sir Anthony's claim and the property was soon secured, and to prevent further trouble it was sold and converted into cash and George Tollemache took up his residence with his brother in Paris.

Sir Anthony Tollemache, who was suffering from a paralytic affection, felt his brother's appearance not only to be a great boon, but considered that it was brought about by a "lucky star," as George said, rather than through some special interposition of Providence. George having no other friend in the world but Adrian, gladly devoted himself entirely to his newly found and illustrious brother. The only drawback being that Sir Anthony would not hear of Adrian coming, and even offered determined opposition to George's suggestion that he should send for the young fellow. The fact that he was a jealously constituted man made him act so, and he argued that it was a fearful mistake to prevent young people from fighting for themselves, and making their own way in the world.

George Tollemache was therefore compelled to be content with merely corresponding with Adrian ; but he had the pleasure from time to time of helping him financially, by which means Adrian was enabled to push his works to success. And success succeeded success in a marvellously short period. But it was not ordained that things were to continue so for very long. One morning Sir Anthony Tollemache was taken with a severe stroke which terminated fatally.

George Tollemache succeeded to the Baronetcy, and became according to the deceased brother's Will "Sir *Anthony* Tollemache, Bart." He also came into his brother's large fortune. For some time the beautiful residence in the Champs Elysee, Paris, seemed lonely, but a reaction came.

The new Sir Anthony was very popular, and was sought after by the leaders of society, and the leaders of the demagogue, and he became a great leader of the democracy, and having imbibed many of his brother's democratic ideas, he leaned towards scepticism, and theosophy. His faith in his once idealized Ismar was crushed, and through the effects of so many shocks to his system, his soul had sunk lower and lower. And so Sir Anthony led a gay, thoughtless life, surrounded with every luxury and sought after by a privileged few, a very king of to-day. But he was not happy, in fact the only truly rational vein in his present life, was found in his correspondence with Adrian.

One of these very interesting epistles from the latter reached the Baronet at a moment when his satiety for Parisian gaiety and frivolity was at a climax, and it proved to act as a turning point in the lives of many.

CHAPTER XVII.

MY DEAR SIR ANTHONY,—This is to acknowledge with gratitude your welcome Epistle and enclosure, and to let you know that I have at last completed the Operetta, so that if you will permit me I can now fix the 21st inst. for my promised visit. I must again tell you not to impute

my having so long deferred my coming to any lack of affection towards you, for could I have my hearts desire I should ever be with you. But since through compulsion we were parted many important duties have been laid upon me which I dare not neglect, knowing that I am enrolled by Divine choice for this task. Else my dear friend (aye dearer than I can portray in words), I should have come to you according to your request immediately after your late brother's death. I will not go further into details respecting my Operetta, but as I have already told you I have great hope of it being the crowning success of my literary career. Paris I opine is the most suitable place for its production. Delighted am I to hear that you admire the parts I forwarded recently, and as I remarked to you in my last, "To Providence I am indebted for Madam Bianka's friendship and valuable assistance." In fact this Lady is the cause of its production, nor could I have achieved its completion had it not been for her assistance. It seems also that "fortune favours," for she has business in Paris and has made arrangements to stay there in order to help me with the production. I trust that I am not too sanguine in feeling assured that you will take up this work of mine and aid me in reaching the height of my ambition. If success should be mine, my soul will bow in grateful humility to you and Madam Bianka for having so kindly helped me forward to its attainment.

With regard to Theosophy it will be better for us to talk rather than write upon this subject. Nevertheless I am at a loss to know how your new creed can have afforded comfort in suffering and affliction, unless it is another name for God. Theosophy I know puts this question: "What is God?" This knowledge I maintain can only be gained through Christianity. You ask in your's if the sun's rising E.S.E. and setting W.S.W. in New Zealand during their summer months, disproves the plane earth teaching? and also whether a planist could calculate when an eclipse of the sun or moon will occur. It seems a strange coincidence, but I replied to the latter questions in a letter which was printed yesterday in an English evening paper. I'll send it on. As regards your first question I may mention that the motion of the heavenly bodies has nothing to do with the surface shape of the earth. How can it have? Your exposition upon "gravitation" is delightful. Truly indeed, as you say, scientifically we know not what causes a stone thrown into the air to fall back again, but we know that it does fall back—it may be true that: the cause of the falling of the stone is the attraction of gravitation, but this does not give us any information.

In reply to the question, What is gravitation? We can only answer, it is something which causes bodies to attract one another, and by the use of the term "Gravitation" we give a name to something about which we know nothing beyond the effect it is supposed to produce.

I note your remark to the effect that there is some power which we cannot trace or recognise but which holds substances together. May we not recognise

it as the power of God? I am particularly anxious that we may talk this matter over. Let me hear from you as soon as possible; and with a thousand happy remembrances,

I am, yours ever,

ADRIAN GALILIO.

To Sir George Anthony Tollemache, Bart.

P.S.—Kindly read my printed letter enclosed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(Printed letter enclosed by Adrian to Sir Anthony.)

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BATH CHRONICLE."

SIR,—I read an article in the columns of your valuable paper referring to the Plane Earth teaching. In it I noticed that you printed a letter of mine, and mentioned my name in connection therewith.

I venture therefore to ask you to be so kind as to insert this reply to some objections from the Globularists which appear in the same article.

In the first place, whether A.T. is or is not a good mathematician, is not at all to the point. Truth, and even astronomical truth, is not founded on any mere system of mathematics. All systems should be founded on Truth, and should be supported by facts.

Now it is a notable fact that men of only moderate education have made many wonderful inventions and discoveries. This is not perhaps solely due to inherent ability, but is the outcome of their surroundings, the intelligent observation of an unprejudiced mind, and the capacity of grasping common sense truths. I could produce a wonderful list of such men, and among the list many who have, as the saying goes, "risen from nothing," and made large fortunes.

However, I shall be happy to meet the opponent Major-General—on both his ideal platforms, viz., the true "Geometrical" and "Mathematical." But it must be remembered that the raising of immense numerical calculations out of o. is the essence of jugglery: and we can apply Mathematics to either facts or fancies. Our aim should be "the Truth," integral, unalloyed Truth. Yet, "Integral Truth tho' cut and torn apart, dissected, injured; till diminished low. Illused and bartered in the 'Churches' Mart, is now dishonoured but it yet shall go!"

The Copernican system was founded in the dark ages, and its founder (in common with Sir Isaac Newton, regarding his proffered hypothesis) did not claim that it was irrefutable or true. The dark ages, with its mysticisms and juggleries, have passed, and the thinking division of God's creatures, who are proportionately

increasing numerically, with the ever-swelling tide of knowledge, go forward. These, both individually and in masses, will have all

Dense teaching cremated,
Of which the World's sated,
For jugglery's fated.

But these three questions are asked :—

First, if Planeists can explain how it is that at the time the sun is rising in India it is setting in America?

Second, If by measuring altitudes of the sun, Planeists can navigate a ship from England to Australia?

Third, If Planeists can calculate to an instant of time when an eclipse of the sun or moon will occur?

Major-Gen. D. states that when these questions can be solved upon the Plane Earth theory: "then perhaps he might find it useful to discuss the matter."

Replying thereto, I will take these questions in reverse order; and in answering No. 3 I would ask the Major-Gen.—Pray, how could the ancients foretell eclipses as well as the moderns?

Eclipses are foretold not by any abstruse system of mathematics, but by observing the order of their sequence; so that an intelligent man who observes the cycle of sequences, or set of eclipses, may easily predict the same set of eclipses in the next cycle.

The majority of people think that because eclipses are now accurately predicted by globulists, that this modern system of astronomy must therefore be true. But a recent daily paper has disclosed the fact that all eclipses are calculated from eclipse tables which define definite eclipse cycles, and that the accuracy of eclipse prediction is *not* due to any theory of astronomy.

In a recent report I read the following:—"Astronomers ascertain the exact day on which an eclipse of the sun or moon will take place in the following manner: For eclipses of the sun, charts are designed for an observer supposed to be located at the centre of the earth at the time of the new moon, i.e., the conjunction of our satellite with the sun, is calculated. . . . The moon and sun charts show that on the average, in the course of eighteen years and ten days, seventy eclipses can be observed, of which twenty-nine are moon eclipses, and forty-one solar eclipses." This period is termed an eclipse cycle and the periods have nothing whatever to do with astronomy. Eclipses were calculated for over 5,000 years before the founders of the present popular system existed.

With respect to question No. 2, I may say that measuring the meridian altitudes of the sun is not finding out or measuring the shape of the earth. If so, then,

How is it, Sir, Science, "Exact Science," so stated,
The sun's distance in miles has so differently rated;
From twenty-four millions to a hundred dilated,
And even from less to much more?

Similar remarks reply to question No. 1. We can discuss the phenomena of sunrise and sunset after the primary question is solved.

Do we live on a whirling Globe? Other questions are so much dust in the eyes. But I may throw out a hint for those who are really seeking to know and who desire to explain natural phenomena, that sunset is due to perspective and the refraction of light as it falls obliquely upon the atmosphere, and can be fully accounted for over a plane earth, sea, &c.

I cannot now answer these questions more fully, or should soon fill half your columns.

Trusting, however, to your kindness to insert these cursory remarks in defence of a derided, though I believe a true, system of Cosmogony,

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

ADRIAN GALILIO.

Sir Anthony, who was elated at the prospect of once more seeing his beloved Galilio, replied to the above by return of post, and then awaited Adrian's arrival with eager anticipation.

CHAPTER XIX.

STILL I LOVE THEE.

Where ethereal realms unfold,
Shaped in strange fantastic mould
Regions charming to behold ;
Still I love thee.

Tho' all human hope be gone,
Magic power at golden dawn,
Whispers oft in spirit form,
Still I love thee.

Far from maddening crowd or near,
Rich transparent tints appear,
Shapes in diamond ciphers clear ;
Still I love thee.

LUXURY does not necessarily ensure happiness, nor wealth peace. Each day widened the breach that had arisen between Lord P. and Mabelle, and they gradually drifted towards estrangement. Ever since his lordship had embittered two loving hearts Mabelle had felt a keen desire to leave his house, and strife is ever the more to be deplored when it exists between members of a family residing beneath one roof. Despite the long weary nights, which for the unhappy Mabelle were frequently wholly bereft of sleep, hope still held high dominion over her soul, and in her anguish she yet deemed that some fairer future awaited her,

Consequently the news of Adrian's marriage came as a great shock to a system already undermined by continued mental distress. Her heart grew chill with despair too deep for tears, and life indeed seemed to hold no further hope. With the intense affection which can only spring from a soul sensitive with the very touch of God she had believed implicitly in Adrian's good faith, and now that he had failed her, the one human idol of her life lay shattered. "O cruel heart, she changed her tone, and cruel love, whose end is scorn, is this the end to be left alone, to live forgotten and die forlorn?"

Henceforth no human being could be trusted. More than one of the great lords of the land had already offered hand and heart to Mabelle, yet without success, as the love of a true heart is unchangeable, nor is it possible for any earthly allure-ment to charm it away from its constancy.

Mabelle made a vow never to wed, though through her estrangement with Lord P. she had come to be treated merely on sufferance, and was almost regarded as an interloper. But she knew not what to do nor whither to go, nor could she decide until compulsion became the mother of necessity as to her destiny. For it must be stated that soon after the death of Adrian's mother, Lord P.'s wife, who had been very delicate was taken suddenly ill and died, and in consequence, the house was broken up.

His lordship had been outliving his income for very long, and was now in sad financial straits. His married career had been far from happy, therefore he felt it a great relief to cross the channel and depart from his native land. After bidding adieu to her brother, Mabelle left her girlhood's home, which was so sadly rich with the memories of the happy hours of long ago. Being possessed of little money, she felt obliged to make a speedy settlement regarding her future movements, and carefully scanned column after column of advertisements in the different papers. At length there appeared in the *Times* an advertisement for a lady adapted to fill the post of a nurse, application to be made immediately to a French Hospital. To this she replied, feeling it would afford her extreme hap-piness to devote her life to the relief of the suffering of others. The reply was favourable, so she resolved to embark again on the troubled sea of life as an "hospital nurse."

After a short training, she acquitted herself so ably and made such speedy advancement that she secured a first-class certificate. Critical cases were entrusted to her care, the physicians and students showing much appreciation of her methods; one or two perceiving that she possessed un-mistakeable skill, took great delight in imparting to her all such information as might be of service. Being a good Latin scholar, and intensely observant, she made rapid progress. Acute rheumatism and paralysis became her special study, and she was therefore selected to watch and attend the most distressing cases of this nature. During the nursing of an illustrious patient who was thus stricken, through strict attention, and keen

observation, she made a wonderful cure. This increased her reputation not only with the Medical Staff in Paris, but also with the patient above referred to, whose life (speaking in a human sense) she doubtlessly prolonged. When starting upon a professional career Mabelle became Miss Ideal Hope, and as such she was known to her illustrious patient—Sir Anthony Tollemache.

It was the evening of a day in the early part of which his sufferings had been intense, but by the skilful application of an Asiatic oil relief had come, and as the twilight shadows gradually darkened the room, he slowly realised that his pain was decreasing.

As the baronet, like King Saul, found that music helped to charm away the pain his much esteemed nurse swept the strings of her harp, producing such exquisite strains of dreamy melody that he speedily became lulled into a state resembling semi-hypnotism, when she slowly ceased playing. Nurse Ideal's mind was much exercised regarding the remarkable effect of the oil, and she dwelt upon its properties, wondering why it should not be recommended by the Faculty. Much had she learnt with respect to this oil from a Prussian doctor, who became a casual visitor at the Hospital, and as it was both difficult and expensive to obtain he had presented her with a small quantity for trial and experiment ; but she had found that it afforded so much relief that she had used the whole of it before she had sufficient time for experimenting to her entire satisfaction, and although she had made this her great study she knew not where to obtain a fresh supply, as the Doctor had left France, and no one knew his whereabouts. But that very morning Sir Anthony had most strangely afforded her a clue. This came about when he was in great agony, the whole supply of Mabelle's oil being exhausted. Suddenly it came to the Baronet's mind that he possessed an oil which came from the interior of Asia some years back, given, when he was suffering from a similar attack to the present, by his brother, who had sent it in order to relieve the pain, saying, that it was regarded as being a wonderful discovery. However, it had never been used, but had been carefully preserved in an old chest, a kind souvenir of his brother from whom he had received no communication for years. Whereupon the old chest being produced, and the small phial brought to light, Mabelle was rejoiced to find that it was the same oil as that which the Prussian doctor had presented to her. She had great faith in its valuable properties, and having studied analysis, was determined to resolve the liquid into its component parts.

Sir Anthony aroused from his stupor free from pain, and there being no relapse Mabelle's constant attention was no longer required ; she therefore found an early opportunity to carry out her intention, and by dint of much perseverance, and some friendly aid, found that the results exceeded her expectations ; she determined that the oil might be injected through artificial pores into the skin, nearest to the part affected, by what is known as sub-cutaneous injection. From observation she was convinced that its power would be efficacious in curing those diseases in

which the affection arose through location of different extraneous and uncongenial poisonous elements in different parts of the body. For many months she had herself been a sufferer from frequent attacks of headache, which had now become chronic, she therefore first tried the injection of the oil upon herself, the pain immediately ceased and within a few hours her full energy and splendid flow of spirits returned. The poisonous germ was expelled from the system. This plan evidently far superseded the old and systematic "driving in" method.

Marvellous was the prompt relief afforded by Mabelle's treatment, and her gratification was intensified when she found that its application relieved and cured a great variety of complaints due to the same general causes. Doubtless had this discovery been adopted by a legally qualified medical man its use would have speedily become universal, on account of its superiority over orthodox treatment, and the generally accepted drugs. However, it eventually gained a professionally accepted reputation, and the victory was the more easily scored as it was generally understood by the Hospital Staff, with which Nurse Ideal was connected, that she was not a stranger to the principle of Physics, Physiology, Anatomy, etc., all of which had been her study. But, alas! this elixir oil ran short, nor was it procurable until after the decease of the first Sir Anthony Tollemache.

Heart disease was the illness which caused his death, and he was carefully attended to the last by his faithful nurse. For this help he evinced a lively gratitude, and made her a legacy of a £1,000, a tithe of which was to be devoted in circulating lines which the wonderful nurse wrote whilst he was under her care:

Though Vivisector's knife would fain,
 Life's silver thread discover,
 True science yet shall conquer pain,
 And prejudice shall smother.

Through presence of extraneous germs,
 Disease is oft detected.
 Abnormal, foreign elements,
 Locate in parts affected.

The symptoms these, and sequences,
 Congestion, inflammation,
 Disorganization, pain,
 Heat and discoloration.

From element morbidic springs
 Scarletina (no assumption),
 Bacillus, tuberculosis,
 Pulmonary consumption.

ADRIAN GALILIO ;

The bacterium doth produce
 The Cholera Asiatic,
 The micrococcus erysipelas,
 Which kills when called "lymphatic."

Relapsing fever's poison germs,
 Unlike unto diphtheria ;
 The former's caused by spirillæ,
 The latter by bacteria.

*These poison germs should by some means
 Be through the pores ejected,
 When every symptom soon would fade,
 As may be then expected.*

Twelve morbid elements are these—
 Marsh Misam, first in line ;
 With fever intermittent runs
 A course, who can define ?

Foul sewer gas may "typhus" bring,
 Its breath all men should spurn ;
 In "venom" hydrophobia lives,
 In "virus" small-pox germ.

That acid "lactic" doth produce
 A pain that's termed rheumatic,
 While "uric" acid bringeth gout
 Uncertain and erratic.

* * * *

Mabelle mourned for Anthony Tollemache,
 And nature bells
 In sorrow rang,
 As years roll'd bye,
 With many a pang.

In soft refray,
 By day and night,
 Dear memory wept
 A spirit's flight.



ADRIAN STARTLED BY A PROCESSION IN LONDON, ANNOUNCING MADAME BIANKA'S LECTURES.

CHAPTER XX.
LECTURE ON COSMOGONY.

ODE TO WISDOM.

Fond hearts may droop and fade,
While fiery love decays ;
The loveliest eastern sky
May darken as we gaze.

Refrain—But Wisdom's a friend, everlasting and true,
Age-lasting and true,
And better than gold ;
The fear of Jehovah, its root and its stem,
Pure for ever, beyond and of old ;
Dear constant companion on land or on sea,
Thou'rt part of our God, no guile is in thee ;
He gave thee to Solomon—eternal thy chart,
When all else proves fickle
Thou wilt not depart.

Earth's love is as a tale,
Though true—but like a flower ;
And though with vows expressed,
Both fade in winter hour.

Refrain—But Wisdom's a friend, everlasting and true, &c.

Nations may rise and fall,
Their demagogues prove blind ;
Men of a thousand moods
Be borne on wave or winde.

Refrain—But Wisdom's a friend, everlasting and true, &c.

THE London season was at its height, and the world seemed busy ; nevertheless, the attention of many a passer-by was drawn towards a row of men, in strange garb, who paraded the West-end on this lovely spring morn, with the “terrestrial ball” fixed upon their shoulders in the place of their heads. They were bearing a flaming sword, from which four fiery words shone forth, “Is Earth a Globe?” and on the boards which they carried was the announcement that Madame Bianka would lecture that evening at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, upon the above subject at 8 p.m., to be followed each alternate evening by the undermentioned subjects :

1. “The Laws of Mathematics” : how they may be applied to any theory true or false.
2. Gravitation : Its Mystery.
3. What is a Degree of Latitude and Longitude ?
4. Perspective ; or “Ships at Sea.” Why the fact that the masts of a ship approaching the shore are seen before the hull, is no proof that the world is a globe.
5. Galileo : His history, and how the Catholic Church has formerly rejected these modern theories as being “philosophically false, absurd, and formerly heretical.”
6. The Founders of the Globular Theory : Who were they ? Did they claim their teaching to be irrefutable ?

7. True Science and its Consistency.
8. The Sun, Moon, and Stars.
9. Is Water Level? A foundation fact.
10. How did the Ancients foretell Eclipses?
What saith the Scriptures? Is the Earth a Globe?
Relevant questions answered after the lecture.

Thinking London was set in a ferment. The hour for the lecture arrived, and it was magnificently attended. Even members of the Royal family were present ; and when Madame Bianka, as a prelude to her address, rendered most charmingly one of her exquisite musical compositions, an unprejudiced observer might have seen that she had made a good impression. With intense pathos she sang, "The Glory of God."

"THE GLORY OF GOD."

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament shows His power ;
In their Maker, God, let the nations trust
As their shield, their strength, and tower.
He speaks to mankind in nature ;
In the stars He writes His word—
Day unto day
They utter their great Creator's love,
Though His voice be never heard.

Refrain—Let us trust in Jehovah, for He will deliver us,
Let us rest in His love and take Him for our guide,
For His mercy endureth for ever and ever ;
For each of His creatures the Lord will provide.

The "pillars" of the earth are the Lord's,
He hath set the world thereon ;
He established it fast, that it cannot be moved,
For the Word of our God is strong !
It shall "not be moved for ever,"
Though ages may pass away.
He spake the Word,
Who rolls the sun in His course along ;
And who dare that word gainsay ?

Refrain—Let us trust in Jehovah, for He will uphold us,
And His word in the heart giveth life like a fire ;
He is slow unto anger, and nigh those who call on Him,
And to each one who seeks He will grant his desire.

As a canopy spread o'er the earth's outstretched plane
 Is the firmament, or the sky ;
 It divides the waters beneath from those
 Above its grand dome on high.
 And the lights in perfect order all
 Fulfil their appointed way ;
 They revolve o'er the earth
 For signs, and seasons, for days and years,
 And to rule by night and day.

Refrain—Let us trust in Jehovah, His word shall not fail us,
 By His word in six days were all things first made ;
 It is life unto man, who lives not by bread only,
 And firm as the earth's great foundation He laid.

Prolonged applause followed, and bowing low to the audience, Madame proceeded with her lecture, in a clear and fascinating voice.

IS THE EARTH A WHIRLING GLOBE?

Is the earth a whirling globe? This is the subject of my lecture to-night. Let us proceed to investigate the proffered ground for regarding it as such. Let us now steadily affix, as it were, a strongly unprejudiced telescope to our mind's eye, in order to observe if there be any reasonable proof that the earth is, or is not, a Globe. The shaking to and fro of a tangible telescope may not matter very considerably, if the earth on which it is fixed is moving at the rate of about nineteen miles a second. Yet not so with Nature's true telescope on an immovable structure with solid foundations.

First, let us turn to see if, according to the Bible, God did create the earth moveable? The answer here must be, No, for most assuredly it states that He laid its "foundations" that it should "not be moved for ever," or until the ages. Again, "the world also is established that it cannot be moved." We find that the Scriptures abound in such like statements as the above. They are too numerous for us now to fully exhaust. But modern astronomers discredit the Mosaic account of Creation ; some do so openly, but all do so virtually. And the following quoted sentence will give their attitude generally:—

"As regards the Nebular Hypothesis, it has more evidence in its favour than the tradition handed down by Moses. For instance, how is it possible apart from the Globular theory to conceive infinite space? How can we think of space having bounds? It is impossible. Try to suppose an end or bound to space in any direction whatever, and you will perceive that nothing could be a barrier to space, and, that any supposed end or bound would but make a place from which, think as you like, there would still be space beyond. So, therefore, space has no bounds, as it is inconceivable otherwise. Yet unlimited space is inconceivable.

The human mind cannot comprehend anything that has not a beginning and an end. Save it be in the shape of a circular line. Nevertheless, astronomers suppose the sky to be boundless space. The Lord Jehovah asked Job: 'Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth?' By pagan Aristotelian measurement, about 300 B.C., the globe's circumference was fixed at 5,000 of our miles, and, by that of the Greek Eratosthenes, fifty years later, it was calculated at 32,000 of our miles.

"The plan of measurement adopted by the latter was by determining from the heavens the difference of latitude between two places upon the same meridian, and then calculating the distance on the earth between them, and the same mode of measurement is now in vogue. This mode supposes the sky for the purpose, as a concave or hollow globe, encircling the earth at a distance equably. And they determine a 'degree' measured thereon represents the same on earth. Nevertheless, the International Geodetic Association is far from being satisfied with their measurement of 'degrees!' And Dr. G. Neumayer (Hamburg), when dealing with the 'scientific' exploration of the Arctic regions at the Sixth International Congress, London, A.D. 1895, said: 'Any conclusion which may be drawn from records of meteorological and hydrographical data, at present in existence, must of necessity be incomplete and fallacious, and it is of importance to furnish accurate geodetic data, to determine the figure of our Globe.'"

So, evidently, the lord "Science" has not perceived the breadth of the earth as yet. But if he, or his Pater, seeks true geodetic data:—

If his name should be 'cute,'

Bible teaching will suit.

To give a true and unprejudiced account of any religious system, a man must once have believed it, or he will give a superficial view of it; and he must have ceased to believe in it or he will be prejudiced. In quoting the above from M. Renan, I can use the words of H. M. Prior (who was twenty years a minister of one of the seven Catholic Apostolic Churches in London) on opening the account of his experience thereon. He said: "I am in this position. Yet in my case, not in regard to sectarian or denominational Churches alone, but also with respect to orthodox astronomy. I formerly believed in theoretical astronomy, but now I renounce it, as being contrary both to facts and reason and the Holy Scriptures."

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; for He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods."—Psa. xxiv. 2.

Those words give strength to the arguments of the sceptics against the authority of the Bible, so long as the popular teaching is upheld both by themselves and Christians.

Is it possible for modern astronomers to prove that their description of the world corresponds with that given in the Bible? It is not, and many of these openly assert that the Bible errs on this subject, and they set up Newton as a greater authority than Moses or Christ, as the following quotation proves:—

“We must protest against the admixture of so grave a suggestion as that of giving God the lie. Moses had given his crude ideas (!) as to the age of the world, and modern philosophers and scientists have clearly an equal right to give their deductions and opinions, especially as they produce evidence, in which department Moses was very much at a disadvantage.” But they who deny Moses also deny Jesus Christ, according to His own authority, and we cannot consistently accept New Testament teaching while denying Old Testament doctrine. I remember a conversation I had some years ago with a man whom I judged to be an Atheist, or a Deist. He had been listening to preaching on the obtaining of the future life alone through Jesus Christ, and this sceptic told me that his principal, or sole, reason for doubting the preacher's statements was grounded upon the fact (?) that the book from which he took them was in direct opposition to science. He further said that he was a student of science, and the opinions and discoveries of great and learned men, and therefore the Scriptures would not do for him, as the two, Science and the Bible, did not fit agreeably together. This shows how lamentable it is for a Christian blindly to yield to the claims of Science. In regard to Christianity, the sceptic said that the masses believed in it, for the reason that they either had no power of thinking themselves, or they did not exercise this power, for they accept as truth, without enquiry, just whatever any theological teacher tells them, who is under the impression that he is above his fellows in knowledge, or who desires some little notoriety.

But is not this the case to a large extent in science as well as in religion? Sceptics profess to believe in science as well as astronomy, although they possess no practical knowledge thereon, just because some great man teaches these things, and the masses about them are brought up to believe them. So that Science in all its branches has its unthinking votaries as well as Religion.

This man's faith was blindly fixed in the accepted or orthodox doctrines of what is termed “Science,” especially astronomy, and everything in his mind was made to succumb to his prejudice and unreasoning faith in astronomical speculations, without questioning the astronomers.

I asked him if God had not created the stars. He said no, but that according to Laplace the Sun had formed itself out of primitive nebulae, and that this was the case with myriads of other starry globes, including the earth, all of which being huge sparks, had been shot off the great fire-wheel of the sun, like sparks from a grinding-stone in rapid rotation. The sun's immense distance accounting for its apparently small size, and its apparently small size being due to its supposed great distance. So they reason in a circle, and infidels as well as unthinking Christians believe them.

This Sceptic said that he “believed” that the sun was one million four hundred and nine thousand, seven hundred and twenty-five times the size of the earth, and that both these bodies in common with hundreds and millions of other globes

were formed by condensation from vapour as raindrops are formed in the clouds. As if anything excellent could make itself !

He supposed they had done this of themselves, or by some mysterious process, described as the "laws of nature." The difference being that these "raindrops" required millions and millions of years for their formation.

Men talk glibly of these immense periods in the formation of the so-called crust of our earth, and they say that it must have taken millions of years for the crust of the globe to form and cool. But what reason have the masses for believing this so-called scientific theory, rather than the grand and simple account of creation as given in the Bible? None.

Christ by His miracles proved Himself to be from God, and Christ endorsed the Mosaic account of the universe. But sceptics are as blindly prejudiced in their unthinking scientific beliefs as the masses were in the dark ages, in their unscriptural and theological beliefs.

The Copernican system which was founded in the dark ages was not set forth as being irrefutable, but based upon hypothesis, and Sir Isaac Newton launched his teaching, merely as problems and suggestions; but time has somehow rolled them into accepted "facts." And thus vast numerical calculations are based upon o, or without a fact number.

Is it reasonable for a man to believe a science which he does not understand? No, it is not only unreasonable, but it is an impossibility, even though he professes to do so, if the source of teaching is from his fellow man. But it is otherwise with God's teaching, a man can neither solve nor determine the eternal purposes of God, further than the Almighty has revealed them in the Bible; this is universally admitted. All men can study nature or natural phenomena, as it contains nothing of a private nature. The young are taught both science and the globular theory, which contradicts the Bible. A good proportion of children would discover this discrepancy, were they not befogged with outlandish terms, and scientific buffoonery, invented by shrewd calculators and "long-headed" scientists, false to the Word, and false to fact.

With calm demeanour quoting their strange exploit,
Dole out assumption's dream, clothe it as fact adroit.

That the earth was a stationary plane was the belief of mankind for over 5,000 years before the Newtonian theory was accepted. The most ancient writings about the universe and its nature, describe the earth as a plane, surrounded by a gigantic ocean as a circumference. Thus it would be as possible to circumnavigate the earth, as it is to sail around an island. Now sailing around an island does not prove the island to be a globe, why then should the sailing around the earth prove it to be a globe?

Let us turn from all these teachings of men, whether they be of Newton, Herschell, Laplace, Arminius, Calvin, or Luther, and let us turn to Nature, and

the Word of God, for our instruction. Let us not turn away from the good old Book for the ever-changing theories of so-called "Science."

Let us have facts too, and facts will be found ever to be in harmony with the Word of God, though not with the absurd fancies of men. I will here mention two facts, established by careful experiments, which prove that the Earth is a stationary plane :—

(1) That the Earth is a stationary Plane.

The surface water of the Bedford Canal, running through what is known as the Bedford Level, in the County of Cambridge, has been many times carefully surveyed for six miles, and more. Dr. Rowbottom (Parallax) of London, a medical gentleman of good practice and repute, spent much time in testing the surface of its waters.

"A boat with a flag-staff and a flag standing five feet above the water was directed to sail from a place called Welche's Dam (a well-known ferry passage), to another place called Welney Bridge. These two points are six statute miles apart. The observer, with a good telescope, was standing in the water, with the eye not exceeding eight inches above the surface. The flag and the boat *were clearly visible throughout the whole distance.*

"From this experiment it was concluded that the water does not decline from the line of sight. As the altitude of the eye of the observer was eight inches, the highest point, or the horizon, or summit of the arc, would be at one mile from the place of observation ; from which point the surface of the water would curve downwards, and at the end of the remaining five miles would be 16ft. 8in. *below the horizon.* The top of the flag, being 5ft. high, would have sunk gradually out of sight, and at the end of six miles would have been 11ft. 8in. *below the eye line.*

"From this observation it follows that the surface of standing water is not convex, and therefore, *the Earth is NOT a Globe.*

"On the contrary, this simple experiment is all sufficient to demonstrate that the surface of the water is parallel to the line of sight, and is therefore HORIZONTAL ; and that the Earth cannot possibly be other than a Plane."

(2) Experiments have also been tried to test whether the earth has any of the supposed terrible motions attributed to it by the astronomers. I can only refer here to one series, though there are many others.

A cannon was fixed perpendicularly upright in the ground, and a ball with a specific charge was shot up into the air, of course quite perpendicularly. Now if the earth were rushing through space at the awful rate of about nineteen miles per second, as the astronomers affirm, the ball while up in the air, would lose some of its motion, and so be left behind, falling to the ground again at a considerable distance to the rear of the cannon. But the ball, instead of behaving as it ought to do, were it subject to the hypothetical motion referred to, frequently dropped quite close to the cannon, more than once even striking it again.

These experiments proved that the earth has no such motion as that attributed to it. The stationary condition of the earth may also be seen in the fact, that the clouds often lie languidly on the air, and sometimes even move in a contrary direction to that which they ought to move in, were they subject to the rushing of a sphere like the astronomers' whirling ball.

Look at these facts and there are many more such, and read these facts in the light of a little common sense and criticism.

It is impossible for one who really thinks to accept both the speculations of Astronomy and the Scriptures. We therefore stand by the Bible account of the universe, as it harmonises with all real facts and appearances of Nature. As for the human fancies and astronomical speculations let them be discarded before we give up our trust in the Word of God, Who made the world and who promises, Eternal life to all who believe in His Son.

There is nothing in Scripture showing that there are other worlds, but to the contrary ; for God made the Sun, Moon, and Stars to serve this earth, as it is written : "And God made two great lights ; the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night. He made the stars also" : "And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth, and to rule the day and night, and to divide the light from the darkness ; and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day." Now note—"In the beginning God created all, the Heavens and the Earth."

After this Moses gives account of what God created on the first, second, and third days of creation ; but not until the fourth day were the Sun, Moon, and Stars created ; and the Maker's purpose in creating them is given, viz., to divide the day from the night, for signs, for seasons, for days and years ; and to give light upon the earth. Therefore I would ask the unprejudiced and candid listener to answer to him or herself, the following question :—

If perfectly unacquainted with the teaching of modern Astronomy, would such far-fetched and preposterous notions ever enter the mind, that the earth is a whirling globe, consisting of less than one third land, and over two-thirds of water, tearing away through space at a thousand miles per minute ; which is contrary to all reason and experience and fact, water being level and not convex. It is also contrary to the Bible which tells us that the Earth is out-stretched like a plane, having foundations, and that it should "not be moved for ever." See Isa. xlii, 5 ; Jer. xxxi. 37, and Psa. civ. 5. In the days of our youth, some of us were told much about the heavenly bodies, and we were taught that our earth is a planet, moving and rotating round the sun with its attendant the moon at the rate of about 1,100 miles a minute, with its orbit completed once in the course of 365 days.

The sun being said to be one million three hundred and eighty thousand times larger than the earth, it was calculated that we are about ninety-five millions of miles distant ; but different Astronomers, have differed from time to time, and

disagreed one from another, in the matter of just a few millions of miles. But with all due respect to our teachers, whom we may love or respect, do we believe it at all?

The phrase lingers, "it is calculated," and the thought comes (if not in so many words), How is it possible to start a numerical calculation from 0, or without a root and real fact and number; and we wonder, as others *will* wonder, where they got their starting point. A unit, we know, is requisite before tens, hundreds, and thousands can be reached, let alone millions and billions; and at times, not being able to put thoughts into words, we oft get tired of wondering and give it up. But these calculators have no true basis for finding the root number for their prodigious calculations. Neither the Bible nor Nature supplies one fact as a basis for their speculations. Nor is there one word in the Scriptures upholding the Globular theory, its only support being "Science," and some "science," says an inspired writer, is "falsely so called."

The root word of Science, *scio*, means "I know." But God's word says that they (the professors of science) do not know (Rom. i. 22, 25). This is further proved by their teaching being often contradictory among themselves, as well as being contrary to the written Word, from which Word we may learn (Gen. i. 7, 9) that the Creator made a firmament which He called Heaven, and divided the waters thereby; for God said, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let dry land appear," therefore the firmament, heavenly bodies, and dry land, or earth, are most certainly placed between the divided "waters."

Isaiah xli. 22 (R.V.) gives the shape of the world, note the *World*, not the earth, for earth is *land*, and is variously shaped, but God's prophet gave the shape of the world as a circle, the description of the heavens as a stretched out curtain, or a tent. Job xxvi. 10 (R.V.) describes the outer circle of the world as being beyond reach of the sun's light. A circle can be round and flat too.

In Psalm cxxxvi. 7, 9, we read that "God made great lights; the sun to rule the day, the moon to rule the night," thus showing that they were created to serve this earth alone, and in comparison with which they are evidently very small. But their size, together with their distance from the earth, who can accurately decide? No one could, neither by rule or calculation, nor in any way, unless God reveals it. See Jer. xxxi. 37. Nothing can be produced out of nothing, therefore orthodox astronomy is erroneous, it being the outcome of mere hypothesis and the mythical production of those (after the fashion of the spirit possessed by the builders of the Tower of Babel) desirous of going beyond their reach, and in starting these theories they set them forth as mere problems and suggestions. But now many years are supposed to have rolled them into accepted and solid "facts," but they are such "facts" as all truth-seekers and Christians would do well to reject. Such ought to accept nothing that differs from the Bible account

of Creation, to the glory and honour of Jehovah, our God. But some may say, Is not the plane teaching principally upheld through a persistent belief in the literal English in some Bible texts? Neither the "Holy men of old," nor the apostles and prophets were influenced by the "literal English." Yet they, in the power of Inspiration, taught that Earth was a motionless Plane, and the ancient languages agree therewith.

Is it good logic to proffer argumentatively, in upholding the globular theory, that as many of the Bible expressions are symbolic, perhaps those favouring the plane earth teaching may also be symbolic! As all Scripture statements are not symbolic, it ought in common honesty to be shown that those Scripture passages teaching that the earth is a motionless plane are only figurative. Besides, as already intimated, we know that the earth is a plane from the fact that the surface of water is LEVEL. Thus we rest our belief in this, not on the Scriptures alone, though these of themselves ought to be sufficient for a true Christian. Quite lately, I have received letters from two correspondents, in which they ask me what the shape of the earth has to do with salvation? To the first enquirer, who had himself been dwelling upon the subject in preaching, I answered: I know nothing of greater importance than bringing to the light error which nullifies the truth of the Bible (as does the orthodox and popular teaching in astronomy), but if you do not think it advisable to bring it forward, why do you do so? To my second enquirer, who had introduced the earth as a globe, in an article which he had written for publication, I quoted my letter in answer to the first correspondent, adding that it was quite natural that Christian globe theorists should be desirous of avoiding this subject when they come in contact with Christian opponents; the former not having one word of Scripture to uphold them, their argument must of necessity fall through.

In a paper called the *Morning Post*, of last Friday, a letter appeared from one who deems planists conceited for assuming that all this great universe has been designed for man's special benefit. And it says, "Laplace gave his idea of how the world or Universe was formed."

Then, after complaining in sneering terms at planists for preferring to believe in the teachings recorded by Moses, it states: "In considering these two accounts, do not let modern astronomy be blamed if neither can be proved." It would be a hard task for geologists, globularists, and commentators to reconcile their theories with such passages as Gen. i.; Job xxviii.; Psa. xxiv., civ., cxxxvi., &c.; and 2 Peter iii. 5, &c. There are few scientists who attempt any reconciliation. For the most part they scornfully ignore Genesis and the Scriptures generally. Commentators are mostly silent, but when driven into a corner they uphold Newton; otherwise it is a notable fact that they pass over all passages relating to true Cosmogony without comment.

Planists stand alone against four divisions of globularists, all of which are in opposition to one another, and the other three.

1. Those who hold that the sun, moon, and stars revolve around the earth, these may be classed as Ptolemaists.

2. Those holding that the sun is the centre of the revolving planets, governed by something called "Gravitation," these are Copernicans.

3. Those who hold that the planets are whirling around without that which is termed gravity. These are a sub-division of Copernicans.

4. There are those who believe that the earth is a hollow globe, and that we inhabit its inner portion. These last are the "Koreshanites" of America. They teach that the sun we see is merely a projection on the air from a central or real sun, and that the daily rotation of this central sun causes the orbital sweep of the projection. Their system seems to be the farthest rebound from Newtonianism, but they do not deal with the great fact that the surface of standing *water is level*, and this is the sheet anchor of the planists.

Until the observations of "Parallax," the great planist, are overthrown, let us believe the evidence of our senses that the earth is a vast plane over which the smaller heavenly bodies circulate at various heights,—but none more than some few thousand miles.

Now in the face of the testimony already given, it is evident that the Bible is irreconcilable with modern astronomical teaching. We ought, therefore, to give up faith in one or the other. We cannot, as T. Payne says, "believe both." But before a Christian is required to give up the Bible teaching, he has a right to demand proof of the globular theory. Upon what fact is it founded? Copernicus admits it is not founded upon fact, but merely upon hypothesis or supposition.

Sir John Herschell says, "We shall take for granted, from the outset, the Copernican system of the world;" and Copernicus himself admits that his theory of the universe is founded upon hypothesis, or assumption. He says, "It is not necessary that hypotheses should be true, or even probable; it is sufficient that they lead to results of calculation which agree with calculation. Neither let any one so far as hypotheses are concerned, expect anything certain from astronomy, since that science can afford nothing of the kind. The hypothesis of terrestrial motion was nothing but an hypothesis, valuable only so far as it explained phenomena, and not considered with reference to absolute truth or falsehood." Therefore, quoting Chamber's "Encyclopædia": "Consider whether when Copernicus wrote he held the doctrine of the earth's motion as a mere hypothesis, and as absolutely true to facts" (p. 119).

Now this being the case, planists, quite apart from the Holy Scriptures, have the advantage of the globularists, for they found their teaching upon the demonstrated fact that the surface of standing water is level. For the evidence of this I must refer you to "Parallax's" book, entitled "Is the Earth a Globe?" This grand work has never been answered, although "Parallax" publicly challenged Mr. Proctor to debate. Hence the Christian who loses faith in the Bible state-

ments respecting Creation is very inconsistent. Let such ask for confirmation of the infidel's theory, and demand, too, a proof founded on some fact in Nature, and not upon a plausible hypothesis. Now, until such fact can be given, and further, until our basis fact (water level) can be disproved, let us stand by the Word of Him Who made all things, and Who has embodied the fiat in His Law, which says, "Heaven above, Earth beneath, and Water under the Earth."

CHAPTER XXI.

AFTER the lecture many questions were handed up, and were subsequently printed with the answers. (See appendix.)

Madame gained a reputation which was unequalled by any lady in the United Kingdom, or the States of America.

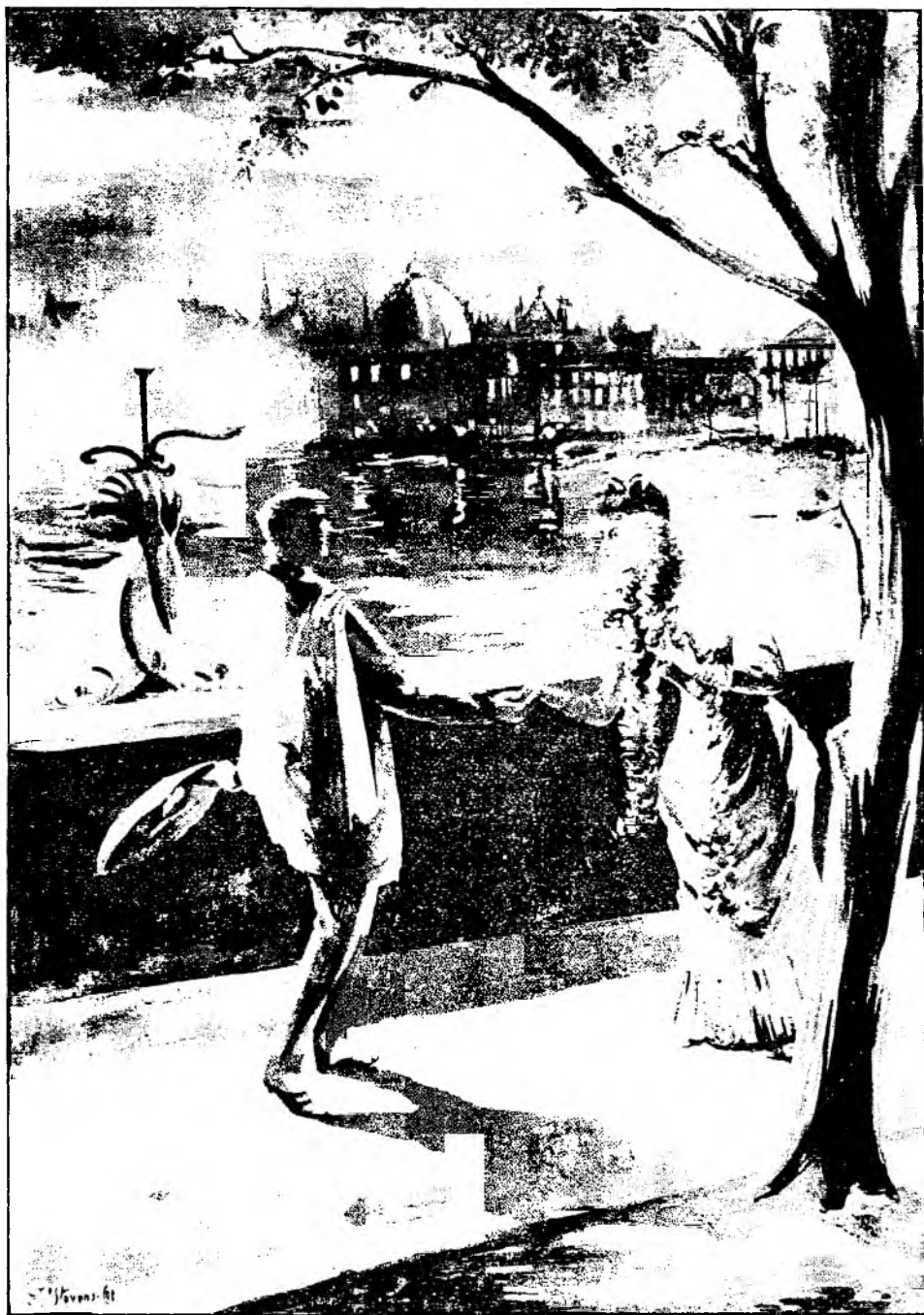
The high scientific examinations she had passed enabled her to prove her ability, and in controversy she was unique, so she rapidly became famous.

One night, upon reaching her temporary residence, after her lecture, she received a message to the effect that a gentleman would deem it a great favour if she would give him an audience. If she would thus favour him he would not detain her long.

At first she refused, but his entreaties became so fervent that she at length, although much agitated (thinking that it must be Sir Rosemary Alma) gave way. However, her fear turned into joy when she beheld Adrian Galilio! It need hardly be said that both were delighted to meet again, and had much interesting and important information to impart to one another. It transpired that Adrian had attended the lecture, having seen the wonderful globe-headed men parading Regent Street, and what was his astonishment upon seeing "Madame Bianka" walk on to the platform, and to recognise no other than Lady Alma! For long the two chatted pleasantly over subjects which were mutually agreeable.

Adrian, while openly admiring her lecturing abilities, was charmed, too, with the gifted manner in which her ladyship discoursed thereon. Her soft melodious voice had the ring of good faith, which only becomes resonant when tempered by the firm unflinching bands of Truth.

The subject of the lecture had appealed with much force to his soul. But in addition to this the beauty of her ladyship's musical compositions, and the sweet unaffected way in which they had been rendered, touched him deeply. Adrian was elated, and upon explaining some of his own difficulties with regard to his compositions, it was arranged that they should go through the manuscript



ADRIAN MEETING MADAME BIANKA ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE.

together. For Madame Bianka was resolved to do all in her power to assist George Tollemache's friend and pupil.

When first Madam heard that George Tollemache was still living, the relief seemed too great, yet she still deemed it best that Adrian should not disclose her whereabouts, nor mention her name in any manner. But when the whole strange story was disclosed she realised with joy that her great sorrow was uplifted; her heart once more was filled with gladness, and she rendered thanks to God with a truly grateful heart for "His mercy—which endureth for ever."

CHAPTER XXII.

TO the splendid capital of Paris upon fancy's wing let us here take flight. Whilst the sweet music from the Cathedral bells of Notre Dame was suffusing the evening air with slow vibrant peals of melody, two figures might have been seen upon the banks of the Seine, watching the Moon's soft beams dance upon the rippling current. The atmosphere was not perfectly clear, there was a soft silvery mist rendering hazy the glory of the evening.

"It was that beautiful uncertain weather,
When gloom and glory melt together."

At times these two seemed charmed by the wonder of the scene, and lost in silent reverie. Then they crossed and recrossed the Magdala Bridge in deep and earnest conversation. A dead silence ensued, which was broken by the words,

"Alas! I had the desire once."

"The desire for what, Adrian?"

"The desire for Immortality; it is a gift."

"Then why, 'Alas!'"

"For it oft wanes low. My faith is not strong as yours, and at times the question—matured through sorrow from my childhood and ripened by my very existence—frames itself: 'Why am I here? what is the object of my life? and for what am I living? Am I without guidance, treading my way to an eternal existence; perchance to the Infernal regions?' Then comes to my mind the sonnet by Soane, to a departing soul:

'Mourn not, mourn not this fleeting son of clay,
Conglomerate atoms joined but for a day,
But rather mark with reverential awe,
The silent march of universal law.'

Stand back ye priests of whatsoever kind,
 Mock not his failing strength with croaking cries,—
 Of resurrection penalties, and lies ;
 Let sweet oblivion lull him into rest,
 Till, like a babe, upon his Mother's breast,
 He calmly sleeps.'

“And I question if after all this is not a truism?”

“Too well (his companion rejoined), I know doubts and fearful forebodings will come again, and again, to all Truth-seekers ; but take my advice and never let it rest at that, but keep on questioning ever.

From youth to age, from morn till day has waned,
 Nor cease to seek with all thy soul for proof,
 And rest not till the knowledge thou hast gained,
 And clearly solved the problem,
 ‘What is Truth?’

“I pray you heed this advice, or, after achieving much, you will fail to prove ‘steadfast to the end.’”

“You need not intreat,” said Adrian. “Nay, for this has been our mutual contract from the beginning, but—Hark! the clock is chiming the hour, I must hasten to Sir Anthony's. Will you accompany me?”

“No, it is better not ; tomorrow I shall see him, but I will not say adieu, as we shall meet at supper, that is if you are not detained late with the Baronet ; and are not better engaged?”

“Egad,—that were not possible my dear friend ; the warmth of your friendship has seemed to raise new life within me, and how can I repay my debt of gratitude to you?”

“I am already recompensed if I your service do, but I am getting over anxious to know your success with Sir Anthony, and I fear that you may not reach him punctually. 'Tis now the appointed hour, so we must part awhile.”

“Know the rendezvous? Yes, Madame, I know, and may you have good news. This poor heart beats with hope! Little the Baronet knows, how much rests upon his decision! and little he dreams!”

“Remember, be on guard.”

“I will, but, dearest on earth, my very GuardianAngel, I must now say ‘farewell ;’ and right happy am I that I need not follow Shakespeare in saying :—

‘Till it be morrow,’

‘As parting is (not to me) sweet sorrow.’

For, without fail, we meet to-night to try over those airs,—Au Revoir.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Liberty, Equality and Fraternity,
(The Triple Alliance.)
 Sweet "Liberty" mourns like a dove,
 "Equality" where is it found?
 "Fraternity," sweet brother love,
 Lies buried oft beneath the ground.

““
ASTREA,' by Jupiter, yea, verily I am charmed and enraptured with the melodies of your Operetta, but why (*pardonnez-moi*) introduce such wild and nonsensical fancies into the words?"

"Ah, you refer to the Prince's song. Well I must plead 'guilty,' and my only defence is a 'Poet's License.'"

"However that may be, I must have a fresh setting of words, or I cannot take it up."

"Speak not so harshly against the words, and I pray you on their account not to reject the Operetta, as I cannot consent to readapt them, and, indeed, why need I do so as they are based upon no mere 'sensational fancy,' but rather upon my fixed opinion and firm faith. You yourself own that the melodies are taking, and good in quality, which is everything; for with the general public the sentiment of the words goes for nothing. Why in some of the churches they would sing a hymn to Beelzebub if the words were carefully put, and the music taking."

"Galilio! Galilio," said Sir Anthony, "what next? Do explain your meaning. Another of your wild fancies, no doubt."

"A very easy way for you to settle differences, Anthony, but assuredly as you ignorantly call upon 'Jupiter' to witness your surprise, it is certain that he affects your being with his benign influence."

"Really, Galilio! you are surpassing yourself, for although you were never slow to introduce your absurd notions and ridiculous fads, still you have never before ventured to introduce the superstitions and sorceries, which are simply the teachings of the barbarous—as indeed are your absurd thoughts on Astronomy. For it is to Ptolemy, the mathematician of Alexandria, or his ancestors that you attribute your true system of the world?"

"To neither of these, nor to any heathen nation do I attribute the source of this knowledge," replied Galilio.

"Bravo Galilio, you've out-reached yourself now, for I'll read you your own words of yesterday, *re* Callisthenes, which as you asked me to look well into this earth question (yet no question to me) I just jotted down in shorthand. And this clearly traces your theories to the Babylonians."

Sir Anthony reads: "Callisthenes being suspected of conspiracy by Alexander, to whom he was companion, was caused by this prince to be placed in an iron cage, with a dog as sole companion, after having his nose, ears and lips cut off. However, he fortunately forwarded to Aristotle revelations concerning Astronomy—which he had found preserved at Babylon, recorded upon tables of baked clay—

prior to Lysimachus, a disciple of the philosophers, out of compassion giving him poison, B.C. 328, for which Alexander delivered Lysimachus to a lion, which he conquered, and for his bravery recovered the Monarch's favour."

"Do you dispute this?"

"No," said Adrian. "For how could I, as I narrated it in your hearing as an historical fact; but I do dispute that the heathen nations are the source of the knowledge of Astronomy, or what was formerly called Astrology."

"My dear fellow, how could you get anything prior to this, for your narrative carries back to nearly 3000 B.C.?"

"The knowledge of astronomy, or rather as it was then called Astrology, was imparted to man before nations existed. Josephus states that astrology was practised by the Antediluvians, who had it from Adam, who received his information from God Himself. He further states that Seth, having received instructions in its principles from Adam, foreseeing the flood, engraved the rudiments of the science upon two permanent pillars of stone, and the remains of those pillars, he (Josephus) had himself seen. He also relates that the science was taught by Enos and Noah, who preserved it to the days of Abraham. Eusebius informs us that Abraham was thoroughly versed in the Chaldean astrology (it then being one and the same thing as astronomy), and Aristotle says that the Chaldean Magi were prior to the Egyptian priests, who were contemporaneous with Moses."

"All right old boy" said Sir Anthony, "I'll give you 'best' this time, although you've scarcely acted fairly, as you have broken the conditions and got on to Bible traditions."

"Forsooth," replied Adrian, "is this the way you carry out practically your boasted love of freedom and the sentiments of your motto 'Liberty, equality and brotherhood?' which surely cannot admit such cruel exactment on your part as to forbid my quoting historical facts, not from the Bible alone but from Josephus the historian?"

"I am sorry," said Sir Anthony, "as not for the world would I be known to violate the sentiment of my revered motto, it has become part of my very being—inspires me with life, hope and vigour, and is indelibly inscribed (placing his hand upon his heart) upon this mortal soul."

"You are forgiven," said Adrian, "and very freely, if I have further inspired you to look into this matter."

"Impossible, Liberty—Liberty—I am already over inspired."

"Bravo," said Adrian, "I admire your pluck, unless perchance you follow that despot the Marquis of D. and his infant son's policy."

"What policy was theirs?"

"Why the Marquis, although a red hot Conservative, was here about the time of the Franco-German War, and his little four year old son thinking that a peacock was going to attack him cried 'Viva la Republic,' thinking that it would melt the fury of even a French animal; and when the Commune was declared in

Paris, his father with wild gesticulations, shouted the same at every street corner in Paris; and, upon being taxed by Prince—and little V. with his inconsistency, his only defence was, ‘My dear Prince, I’ve nothing to lose, and there may be something to gain!’”

“Shame on him,” said Sir Anthony. “But this is not to the point, for in spite of your waywardness, which I forgive, you know my innate love for liberty. Liberty, Fraternity—”

“Stop” cried Adrian, “I refer not to the Social Question.”

“More’s the pity. Pardonnez moi, but, alas, the sweet spirit of patriotism and over delight at once more beholding my dear old Galilio, bore me ‘on wings.’ But, of course, I recollect you were referring to the globe.”

“Nay, rather, to the plane, for knowing by your patriotic nature how zealous a supporter would be won, if you were proselyted, I am over-anxious (even beyond the production of my Operetta) to win you over to the Plane truth. Is that plain?”

“Ah! I like your fun!” said Sir Anthony. “It is plain, beyond a doubt! but ‘truth’ do you call it?”

“Yet not so plain to me, so I’ll promise (for I confess that you have rekindled my interest in the shape of the earth), if we cannot settle the question ere your departure, we’ll often correspond on the subject. Would it be troubling you too much, and would your time allow?”

“Trouble, my dear Anthony, don’t mention it; shall be only too delighted.”

“Well said; although I hope that we may never part till death. I’ll jot the bargain on my brain. But to business. Let me study the operetta thoroughly, and see if I can anyhow stand the words, and if so, I’ll do my best to bring it out. But promise not to let anything stand in the way of our meeting to-morrow evening; and remember to bring that other 1886 song, as I am most anxious to have it all to myself on English politics (dear old England)—I love my native land. But this I am convinced would suit the public taste, so I’ll try it again, and see if it runs smoothly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Beneath the rippling of the eddying tide,
When shadow clouds the moon her beams o’ercast,
A sweet small voice in soothing tones replied,
“Hope on, thy soul shall rise above life’s wayward stream,
At last, at last.”

NOT content “to bloom unseen upon a desert wild,” the Abbé was “un homme du monde,” who had embraced the priesthood as the only pathway from the village of obscurity to the city of Distinction.

The “holy order” embraces men who have sprung from every condition of life, but the adoption of the broadcloth effects as little change in their character

as it does in their physique. "The man's a man for all that." It is the holy flame Divine which alone fans the love of God into their eyes and makes their virtues heavenly.

Now the Abbé owed his success not to rank or birth, nor to his cloth, but rather to the grace with which he lived his life. Genuine, sensitive, sincere, with a profound love of the beautiful, and a deep admiration (though but little faith) in the Bible. His imagination, however, could not conceive the hope of Immortality and in the recesses of his heart he looked for no future life. Notwithstanding this, he reached Durand's on this Sunday evening to make up the even number of four at Sir Anthony's unique little supper party. Quite intoxicated with his late eloquence in describing the excruciating tortures of an eternal hell, he caused men to seek to the confessional and women to swoon! The Abbé was filled with delight as he perceived the deep impression he had made with his powerful but now neglected theological dogma. Hoping to see his praises on the morrow in the pages of the different Parisian papers, he quaffed a sparkling draught of Voltaire as he took his seat at the table.

An attachment which needed not the aid of divers sentimental vows to ensure its support existed between the Abbé and Sir A—. They were both rarely constituted men and understood one another.

The Baronet was in high spirits to-night, as he was once again to behold Ismar, but it was an understood thing that they should not at present claim any former acquaintance; Adrian had arranged this at Madame Bianka's request. For through the medium of Adrian's letters Madame Bianka had become cognisant of George Tollemache's having fallen away into a semi-state of unbelief, which was a worse blow to her than when she had heard of his death. Notwithstanding the intense pain caused by his having believed Florence Hinde's false and wicked calumny against herself, her great desire and hope was that he might be saved from the snare into which he had fallen. Nevertheless, she deemed it best to conceal her feelings as much as possible from Adrian.

Sir Anthony was the first to speak: "Art ever late at spiritual fête, Mon chere Ami? If so I pity your flock."

This awoke the Abbé from his dream to the recollection that he had not made due apologies, and greetings to his host! Therefore arising and shaking his friend warmly by the hand, he pleaded he had unwittingly promised an earlier hour than had proved possible as he had been detained after the sermon, and bowing gravely he craved that his misdemeanour should be overlooked.

At this juncture Adrian and Madame were announced, and after Madame was formally introduced to both the host and the Abbé, by Adrian, all seated themselves, and the different delicacies which constituted the *recherche* supper, were served in their respective courses. Rare old wine, a speciality which Sir A.

produced only on such occasions, was brought out. Animated conversation followed the Abbé's portrayal of his evening sermon.

The Baronet affecting to understand that the Abbé had been detained in aiding to restore the ladies to consciousness,—said: "My dear Abbé, I think that you are expected to overstep your duties, and if I were in your place I should say that you were only 'engaged as a devil doger.'"

"C'est impossible mon ami; Courage, Le diable est mort. In fact, I believe that the Devil does not exist," cried the Abbé.

"Remember your sermon, my good Abbé, only delivered a few hours ago!"

"True," replied the Abbé, "but then I spoke as a priest according to the doctrines of the Holy Mother Church, to which I am bound, and it is my duty to uphold to the people her every teaching, but now I am speaking my true sentiments as a man, for here I can safely unburden my mind; my soul needs no mask from you, my dear Anthony. Yet, I must candidly admit, that I did not premeditate an avowal. But I cannot withdraw it, the devil does not exist."

"What," said Sir Anthony: "The devil does not exist? Pardonnez moi, mon chere Abbé, but I have seen him!"

"Madness!" cried the excited Abbé, "unless indeed you are jesting?"

"I assure you I am not jesting," said Sir Anthony, "at a very extraordinary sèance I saw his Satanic majesty, yea, and many other marvellous apparitions."

"What spirits are these?" asked Madame, who had hitherto been silent.

"All sorts of spirits, some are those who *profess* to have lived on earth in human form like ours, and these, Adam, the Prophets, Patriarchs, Apostles, including Jesus Christ, are they who mostly appear; on special occasions his majesty the devil only appears. And where, my good Abbé, do you say the latter comes from, if not from hell?"

"I am perplexed at it all," replied the prelate, "as I do not believe in this absurd spiritualism, or in the reality of its phenomena. I know that *Sheol*, which is translated 'hell,' means the grave."

"Ah! yes," rejoined Madame, "but not so is Tartarus! this word only occurs once in the Bible, and that is in 2 Peter ii. 4, where we read, 'God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment.' I am assured, and am prepared to prove it is from thence evil spirits arise."

The Abbé rose, and bowing very low, said: "My dear, and very honoured lady, I take your challenge to prove it, and in the first place ask is this the abode, think you, of departed spirits of the human family?"

"No, not Tartarus, for there is another term for the word 'hell' in the New Testament, namely Hades, which, in common with that of Sheol, in the Old Testament, means the unseen world, and where the dead are deposited until

the resurrection. And as we ought not to confound death with life, apart from the resurrection from the dead there is no hope."

"Oh, pardon," said the Abbé, "but I can easily correct you now from a theological standpoint, and can prove that there is life in death; and it is a remarkable coincidence that this is the very subject, for a private discourse, which I have undertaken to deliver on Wednesday evening, in order to refute a widely circulated and erroneous pamphlet by someone signing himself M.G. on this all important subject. May I ask all here to be present, and I shall feel greatly honoured if Madame will favour me also, and let us again sup together after my discourse, in order that I may receive your personal criticisms, or congratulations. Shall it be so? I pray you to all accept my earnest invitation to sup with me, either here, or at the palace? Madame shall decide." It was unanimously agreed that Durand's should be the favoured place selected, as they all loved liberty, and there they felt at their ease.

Madame here drew attention to the fact that time was advancing, and ere departing she wanted the subject of Adrian's Operetta discussed, as since what had passed that night she was very anxious for its production in Paris.

Sir Anthony said, "The primary object for our meeting to-night was to discuss the possibility of producing this Operetta."

"Excuse me," said the Abbé but before going into the matter, I would like to ask this question, where is Tartarus; in aerial regions or in the earth's centre?"

Adrian replied, "Most scholars agree with the following ancient quotations from a learned writer who says: 'That is called Tartarus, which is lowest in anything; whether in the earth or in water or in air;' and the Scriptures (Eph. ii. 2.) speak of wicked spirits in aerial regions; and it seems Tartarus really is in a physical sense 'the bounds of this material creation,' or 'the great depths of the air.' Others assert that it is under the earth, and though I cannot yet accept this, yet I must confess the Apostle seems to favour it, for he says they were '*cast down to Tartarus.*'"

"Ten thousand thanks," said the Abbé, "this gives me another point, for my Wednesday's discourse, I am grateful indeed."

"Indeed you are welcome, for your statement that Tartarus may be in the earth's centre, is a suggestive idea to me also."

The Abbé replied, "Now to business, what about the Operetta?"

Sir Anthony said, "This is the question 'to be or not to be' whether it is wise to venture on this bold attempt, rests not alone with me. I could not, nay dare not, hope safely to land it single handed. Not that I doubt Adrian's successful debut, nor the fine quality of the Operetta music, but the *subject* may raise an uproar, and the immense influence and expense required seems more than I alone can pull through. But, Adrian, sing to the Abbé that star song, there's a good fellow," cried Sir Anthony, "would Madame oblige by accompanying on the piano?"

Adrian immediately responded, giving several other selections from the most telling parts of his compositions. The Abbé was charmed, and as Adrian ceased, arose, overpowered with emotion, and in tones of passionate admiration, said "If it costs me my life's blood this exquisite composition shall be produced. I am enraptured! Enough, Adrian. Sir Anthony and I will, with a strong arm, sweep away all difficulties. I am determined it shall be produced,—and in *Paris* this very season!"

Adrian's heart beat with gladness, and he was too overpowered for a few seconds to utter a word. But with the return of composure, came a flow of words expressive of sincere gratitude, in which his faithful helper and friend, Madame, joined, as she was as rejoiced as Adrian himself, that the Operetta was to be produced.

"I will now give out our fixtures," said Sir Anthony.

"Next Sunday three weeks is the day fixed for Madame Rinolde's grand reception; but we can arrange about my picking you all up in my brougham, on Wednesday next, when we shall meet here to make final arrangements for the production of the Operetta. Is it not so, mon chere Abbé?"

"God forbid, dear Anthony," said the Abbé. "I must decline attending this seance. It is an infernal deception."

"Nay, consider," replied Sir Anthony, "would not God have you know the truth respecting the personality of Satan, which you now deny?"

"Emphatically, no!" retorted the Abbé, "for, verily, it can be but an optical delusion, and this so-called phenomena is probably caused by some electrical force! However, if I could think otherwise I would overcome my repugnance and attend."

Sir Anthony here suggested that no evil power could injure a true servant of the Holy Mother Church; this, together with Madame's and Adrian's avowed determination to attend the seance, overcame the Abbé's resolutions, and in trembling accents he at last assented. And reminding them all that but one evening intervened before that on which his discourse would take place; after which they would (d.v.) again sup together. His carriage being announced, the party separated, each to his respective abode, in body, if not in spirit.

* * * * *

When Madame Bianka entered the portico of her temporary residence, in spite of the lateness of the hour a messenger had arrived with a note, and on breaking the seal of the dainty epistle, she read—

Impassioned love may fade away,
As fades the beauteous rose,
But one true heart in living stream,
To thee for ever flows.

* * * * *

Sir Anthony Tollemache had a restless night, pacing his chamber for hours, and in the morning his hand shook, as he opened one of his letters. "Ah! the same dear handwriting," he ejaculated. It contained a few short lines, which Sir Anthony committed to heart before he waited to open another letter or to break his fast. And he never forgot them.

"AMITIÉ."

"How sweet is friendship's gentle power,
 When *constant, faithful, kind, and pure* ;
 It aids us in life's darkest hour,
 And gives the soul grace to endure.

For there are those who can be true,
 And those we yet may safely trust ;
 Let it be so with me and you,
 Until we slumber in the dust.

And when awaked we'll bless the friend,
 Who first bestowed this love divine ;
 For "charity shall never end."
 Is not this grace both yours and mine?"—ZETETES.

* * * * *

Then let us trust in Jesu's Name,
 In Spirit, Word, and even Letter,
 Conjoin'd in heart, we'll pass the plane
 Of "*well*"—and *climb* the mountain "*better*."

CHAPTER XXV.

MANY guests attended the Abbé's discourse, the details of which are as follows :—

"Dear Friends,—According to my promise, I shall now endeavour to-night to uproot the errors set forth in a pamphlet, which, owing to its wide circulation, is sowing untruth in the minds of the people of our great City. I am very proud to have the attention of some of the greatest minds of which Paris can boast. Therefore, I hope that the fruit of my discourse will be a splendid ingathering unto the Holy Mother Church, into whose faith some here have promised to be included, if fully persuaded that there is a hell and consciousness in death. However, our meeting being simply a private one, I shall adhere

strictly to the agreement, and shall only deal with this subject argumentatively, disclaiming reference to other doctrines. The subject of our discourse is 'The Rich Man and Lazarus.' This is the title of a pernicious pamphlet which has been put into my hands by zealous, but misguided, Protestants.

"This passage—Luke xvi. 19 and following verses—is an unsurmountably difficult portion of the Scriptures, to those unlearned folk, who are endeavouring to establish the belief, that death is a continued sleep, until the resurrection of the body. Some men spare no pains in endeavouring to conform the words of inspired Writ, and all things to that faith which they uphold, no matter if they be reasonable or not. They stealthily suppress all that does not support their doctrine, and elaborate and diminish liberally in order to carry out their cherished projects. But this is not wise in any case, and more particularly as regards Biblical teaching, for if not quite clear, the only line of wisdom is to acknowledge that we do not understand. Perhaps 'M.G.' (the writer of the tract in question) is the best man that could have been found to handle this subject, in support of what is called Conditional Immortality teaching; nevertheless, all the ability in the world cannot alter or explain away facts. To my mind the mistake which he makes in his argument is in endeavouring to make this part of Scripture agree with other parts, when it should be *vice versa*. Our reliance in Christianity is based upon Christ and His written words, which are found recorded in the Gospels, and if it be necessary to square and controvert these at the commencement, it shakes the very root of our faith; besides, as you know, the Holy Catholic Church teaches the consciousness of the dead in Purgatory. That death is mentioned in the Bible as being a sleep is a notable fact, but this is no proof that it is a continued sleep. Imagine, for instance, beings in another world, hearing of one on this earth as being asleep. It need not necessarily imply that he should sleep from his birth until his death, yet if not fully acquainted with man's state of being, those in other regions might so infer; but, if we accept Jesus Christ as the Son of God, we have more knowledge, for we have His teachings and words, and, unless their historical record is incorrect, all professed Christians are bound to accept them as the very truth,—both in *statement* and in *figure*, or they must reject them as being wholly unreliable. Can Christians deem it possible that our Lord could use untrue figures for His illustrations? as, if they are simply fabulous, there exists no basis for reliance in His teaching! Luke xvi. 19-31 states that the beggar died; but mentions not his burial, although that probably followed; for although he would not have the respect paid to his dead body as did the rich man in what is termed a 'burial,' yet, doubtless, he was interred. To accept the idea that the Lord's meaning was that Lazarus was bodily carried to Abraham's bosom is contrary to anything that has ever occurred. Or to throw it forward until the Resurrection of the dead makes utter nonsense of the whole parable. It states that the rich man also died, and doubtless the burial of his remains was a grand affair. The bodies of these two are both dead, and buried in

fessed Atheist. Nevertheless, his mind had been greatly impressed by the discourse, and he joined in the animated converse that ensued. "That there is a Supreme Spiritual Being, or Creator, no man can deny," said Sir Anthony.

Adrian replied, "If we have any spiritual conception let us be definite in speaking of our Maker, the Lord Jehovah, God."

"You refer to the God of the Bible," retorted the Prince.

"Yea, verily," replied Adrian.

"Then, I must defend the good judgment of my dear friend, as the Bible is clearly proved to be incorrect, both logically and scientifically," laughed the Prince. "However we may differ in opinion, it is a fact that the dear Abbé's eloquent address to-night has awakened in me the knowledge that within the soul exists inherent aspirations to a higher state of being and a nobler life."

"But," suggested Adrian, "the conception of a higher spiritual nature far exceeds its power to act."

"The spiritual mind soars high," thoughtfully observed Madam, "realizing that 'God is love.'"

"God is love," scornfully exclaimed the Prince, "then how do you reconcile your 'God of love,' the Great, Good Pacific, with Him of whom it is stated that He shall burn the vast majority of mankind for all eternity in hell; also 'many are called but few are chosen;' 'straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it;' 'He that believeth not shall be damned.' No one can gainsay that Biblically qualified believers are in the minority."

"In spiritual things man must be spiritually instructed," interpolated the Abbé.

"Surely, then," said the Prince, "I will candidly confess that I, too, was deeply impressed by your discourse this evening, my good Abbé. You touched a chord in my soul which had not vibrated for years. But, nevertheless, science has demonstrated that the Bible is false; will you not admit that?"

"Is it possible that the soul can be enlightened in things divine and supernatural by means of mundane science?" remarked Madame, her large dark eyes lightening with earnest thought; "but when simplicity, sincerity, and, sweeter than all, a godly humility, has cleansed our hearts, then, with clear eyes and unclouded, we may look toward the sacrificial Godhead and behold therein our redemption."

"Ah! no," said the Prince, "tell me not that. The Bible was never intended as a scientific revelation, but simply as a poetical effusion. It is a pity that they burnt Bruno before discovering that the Bible is poetry only, and not intended to be used as a scientific guide."

"The wisdom of this world is not of God," sagely remarked Adrian.

"But," said the Prince, "the first chapter of Genesis discloses a scientific misconception, in stating that God divided the light from the darkness, divided the waters and separated them from the land, and ordered the earth to bring forth

the grass, the herb, the fruit, the trees, and this all before He made the sun, without the light and heat of which, the living organisms could not exist!"

"Not without light," interrupted Adrian, "for God created light on the first day. He also caused vegetation to spring forth, even before creating the sun. We all know that light exists independently of the sun, yet apart from that, with God 'all things are possible.'"

"I envy your complacent credulity," said the Prince, "for my part, I could not put such faith in a book written by fallible and erring men, who might therein deceive. Besides, why try to reconcile our Science with a story so absurd as the Bible account of Creation?"

"Simply because *true science* proves the Bible to be true," cried Adrian, earnestly; "and to what better source can we turn for information thereon than the Creator's own account of His Work?"

"This world's history is indelibly written by the finger of Nature on the rocks themselves," retorted the Prince. "Read your sermons in stones, and learn the secrets of existence.

"What is Nature? do you ask? I implore you to consider the structure of stratified rocks, divided as they are into three classes: 1st, the Paleozoic; 2nd, Mesozoic; and 3rd, the Cainozoic; or, Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary, some of which, such as the Laurentian, are over 30,000 feet in thickness. Is it not evident to an unprejudiced mind, in spite of the Bible six days story, that untold millions of ages must have been requisite for their development and solidification?"

"The Holy Bible does not contradict this," responded Adrian, "for the first words therein say, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth'; or, rather, a more correct rendering is 'the Planets and the Earth.' But we are not told when that beginning was. Then it goes on to state how the Lord God formed the universe within the space of six days.

"The Rev. Cyrus E. Brooks' explanation of Gen. i. and ii. will perhaps clearly convey my contention regarding the Creation, for he expresses my own beliefs:— 'We agree with the finest *Christian* Scientists whose loyalty to the Word of God is beyond dispute—that Gen. i. 1, is separated by a long term of years from the events recorded in the following verses.

"That the Hebrew word used in the first verse 'created' implies a *perfect creation* of fauna, flora, and rational life.

"That another creation is referred to in the *second verse*, later in time than the first verse, where a different word is used—not calling *into being*, but making, re-forming, fashioning and re-clothing with fauna, flora, and rational life a prior world.

"In addition to the above contention of Christian Scientists—not those 'falsely so-called' we, ourselves, believe that Gen. i. speaks of an earlier creation

than does Gen. ii. In Gen. i. Man was called into being on the *sixth* day; male and female being created and blessed *together*; these were commanded to 'multiply and replenish (re-fill) the earth'—showing that rational life had previously existed on it. Then follows in Gen. ii. the sanctifying of the seventh day, and then the formation of *a man*, Adam; and also of an enclosed garden, in Eden, where God put the man He had formed. Then He laid His will upon *the man*, and uttered His prohibition as to the tree of life. *After* which God pities his lonely state and evolves *out of Adam* a wife, Eve. To *this pair* no such command was given as to being fruitful and multiplying as was given in the previous case,—so far from this Eve's conception (as it relates to fruitfulness) was *part of the curse*, and seems not to have been any part of the Divine purpose in creation, *for them*.

“Wherefore, I conclude—speaking for myself personally—that in Gen. i. we have the creation of an earlier and inferior race, commanded and designed to multiply rapidly and fill the earth and govern the lesser creatures. And Gen. ii. supplies a further link in the progressive chain of creation.”

“Well, you certainly put a fresh construction on what I have said,” admitted the Prince; “but here we are at the restaurant. Let us not fail to avail ourselves of the first opportunity of discussing this subject more fully, for my interest is awakened, and I perceive that you are a keen debater.”

As time had imperceptibly flown away the party was late, so it was arranged that Adrian, assisted by Madame Bianka, should go through as much of the Operetta as possible. During supper there was much interesting conversation and full arrangements were made for the production of the Operetta in Paris.

The Prince, who had been requested by the Abbé to arrange for the Operetta to appear on a Sunday, evinced surprise that neither Adrian nor Madame objected to “Sabbath” performances. And his surprise increased when Madame Bianka replied,

“You are not wrong in your surmises, Prince Laida, as I trust that we may never break the commandment of Jehovah by working upon the Sabbath. For He ‘rested on the *seventh* day and hallowed it.’ Therefore we feel that we are doing no wrong in the sight of God, as Sunday *is not the Sabbath*.”

The following Sunday three weeks was the date on which the Prince had secured the Opera House, and, strangely, it happened that this was the very date fixed for the seance. However, as the latter did not commence till nearly midnight the two did not clash. The *recherche* repast was soon discussed, and the lovely strains of the Operetta commenced.

Star-dream.

Moderato.

First system of the piano introduction. The right hand (R. H.) plays a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand (L. H.) plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked *Moderato*.

Second system of the piano introduction. The right hand continues with chords and single notes, and the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Moderato*.

First system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Charm'd en - rap - tur'd in". The piano accompaniment features a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

Second system of the vocal entry and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "phan - ta - sy's spell, Lone, in the still night, ah! fond - ly I dwell;". The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic accompaniment.

Spellbound I gaze on the wou-der-ful stars, The ra-di'nt Ve-nus and fi-e-ry

Mars; When list! list, on the still night, sweet nu-sic and clear, The notes of the

dim.

night-ingale steal on my ear, Thy soul yearns for wis-dom, Soar swift to heav-en's

bow'r, and I will give thee the key of as-tral pow'r.

Low, Low, on the still night Falls

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major with a key signature of one flat (F major) and a common time signature. It contains the lyrics "Low, Low, on the still night Falls". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

mu - sic soft as a dove, Ve - nus, Ve - nus, beau - ti -

The second system continues the musical score with three staves. The vocal line contains the lyrics "mu - sic soft as a dove, Ve - nus, Ve - nus, beau - ti -". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

ful ve - nus reigns a - bove, Low, Low, on the still night Falls

The third system consists of three staves. The vocal line contains the lyrics "ful ve - nus reigns a - bove, Low, Low, on the still night Falls". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

mu - sic soft as a dove, Ve - - nus, Ve - - nus,

The fourth system consists of three staves. The vocal line contains the lyrics "mu - sic soft as a dove, Ve - - nus, Ve - - nus,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

beautiful star of love.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with the lyrics "beautiful star of love." written below it. The piano accompaniment is shown on two staves below, with the right hand playing a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand playing a bass line with some chords.

The second system of the musical score consists of two staves for piano accompaniment. The right hand continues the rhythmic pattern from the first system, while the left hand plays a steady bass line with occasional chords. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



CHAPTER XXVII.

[BOOK OF THE WORDS.]

THE GRAND SERIOUS OPERETTA;
ASTREA; OR THE WITNESS OF STARS.

(In Five Acts.)

ACT I.

(Enter PRINCE.)

To earth I have just returned,
I've just now read the stars,
And Venus, bright as ever burned,
Enflamed by the power of Mars.
For love will ever hold me in her chain.
A dream song, may perchance relieve the pain.

(The Prince sings song, entitled "Star-dream.")

STAR-DREAM.

Charmed, enraptured in phantasy's spell
Love in the still night, ah! fondly I dwell;
Spell-bound I gaze on the beautiful stars,
The radiant Venus and fiery Mars;
When list, list on the still night
Sweet music and clear,
The notes of the nightingale
Steal on my ear.
Come now to me, listen, 'neath heaven's own bower,
And I will give thee the key of Astral power.

Refrain—Low, low on the still night,
Soft music as from a dove;
Venus, Venus, beautiful Venus reigns above.
Low, low on the still night,
Soft music as from above,
Venus, Venus, beautiful star of Love.

Beautiful planets of mystical power,
Sweetly their influence flows every hour;
Mercury, actively governs the mind,
Jupiter's rays how beneficent, kind.

The seventh-day star,
 Saturn, often causes blight,
 His are those deep things which eschew the light.
 Fair Luna, and red Mars,
 Both brighten the sky
 Raising our hopes and our valour full high.

Tell me of all occult powers you know,
 Learning and wisdom how oft joined in woe;
 Tell of the fiery Mars, his war-like sheen,
 Of Saturn, and mystics, their vision so keen.
 The bright planet Jupiter, kind, jovial and true,
 Neptune, Uranus, tho' hidden from view;
 Sing 'neath the bright lights high in heaven above,
 And tell me the power opposed to sweet love?

Ah! wondrous stars,
 Their signs will not deceive.
 Electric in their force,
 Their rays my soul relieve.
 Their power extends
 Beyond earth's deepest dale;
 And soft descends,
 To nether vale.

Alas! then Saturn's rays, pierce, plague, and raise remorse,
 Henceforth I rise to meet their kind and tender force;
 For when upon the mind's eye they reflect,
 Their secret subtle power doth take effect;
 These agencies Divine, they haunt me ever,
 They influence every act, nought can escape them, never!

(Enter the SPIRIT JESTER.)

PRINCE— Why, Jester, laughing still as ever!

JESTER— I'm mimicing mankind so clever!

PRINCE— I hate them for their power of will,
 To change their minds, or hold them still!
 Enough, forsooth, my will soon brought thee
 Hence in swift obedience;
 Eh, Presto! instantaneous ere the seance
 Describe thy plans, detail each stage,
 For snaring man, in Christian Age?

JESTER— First, wide and far, shall rise division,
 To fog man's senses, cause derision.
 Then strong conceit shall fast increase,
 A trap affording no relief.
 This spirit, holding men so neat,
 Will raise a sect in every street.
 For plain I see, through spirit source,
 A battle field right down Time's course;
 Till the Angel shall the decree enforce,
 That "Time shall be no more."
 When Nations rise in power and sway,
 The spirit true, shall fly away.
 Full nineteen centuries shall run,
 Then slow and sure behold their doom.

PRINCE— Yes! Yes, I see, (fine policy),
 And through Time's telescope,
 And a spiritual line of Earthly kings,
 In whom the Nations hope!
 In the 17th century a germ,
 *A rare "Blue Stocking" and real "book worm"
 Alas! half crushed by a Pope.
 Still lives the blossom, learning, seer
 In wisdom "worldly" not too clear.

JESTER— What think'st thee Prince
 Shrewd men now say,
 (Those silly human kids)
 Jehovah (their God) played the Architect
 In building the Pyramids!
 And the Pyramids, mortals assert, were made
 For a sign to them in Old Time's decade,
 Forgetting appliances in those days,
 Were suited to Giants, and Giants ways!

PRINCE— Against their Maker, men shall turn,
 And strong "Delusion" Truth shall spurn;
 For this well focussed, and compact,
 Imprints untruth as solid fact.

*Although this Stanza makes special reference to Galileo—it also includes Copernicus and Newton—who lived in the 16th and 17th centuries respectively. (The "latter" died in 1727—last century) and it is only since this period that the Globular theory has been generally received by educated persons in Europe. For *over* 5000 years before their times educated men believed that the world was as it appears to be—*quite motionless*,

PRINCE— Spirits prepared throughout the ages,
 Shall do our Will at fitting stages ;
 Man's word against God's shall be accepted,
 And false Cosmogony erected ;
 That earth's a tiny whirling Globe
 Shall men set forth in learned robe,—
 Above concern that Moses erred,
 And Jesus verified His word,—
 Denying the earth's Creator.

JESTER— Stay, Prince, observe before Time's closed,
 Our Giant Will, shall be opposed ;
 Sneer not at the Zetetic band,
 Goliath fell by David's hand.
 I see a stone, it taketh aim,
 And hush, I hear its curious strain.

—[*Earth-not a Globe-Review.*]

Hypothesis quoted,
 All matter once floated
 In atoms wide roaming through "space ;"
 When a power, perhaps "Nether?"
 Pulled all down together,
 How it happened no mortal can trace !
 But dear me ! however,
 Could there then be a "Nether?"
 Or an upward or downward at all?
 With "atoms" dis-severed,
 Now gravity tethered,
 And shooting through space like a ball.
 This power of such fame,
 "Gravitation" by name,
 Pounced down on the atoms whilst strewing ;
 But further back gaze,
 O'er eternity's maze,
 What, *before*, was good Gravity doing?
 The gravity theory,
 When started, was clearly
 A fancy, which Newton had "run" ;
 Imagine the motion,
 This world mostly ocean,
 Once a cinder shot out from the sun !

The Nebular Hypothesis.

Words and Music by

LADY BLOUNT.



Con spirito.

Hy - po - the - sis quoted "All matter once floated In atoms wide roaming thro' space," When a pow - er p'haps "nether?" Pul'd
This pow - er of such fame, "Grav-i-ta-tion" by name, Pounced down on the a-toms while strew - ing ; But further back gaze, O'er
Like So - lar re - i - tation, In - he - rent ro - ta-tion Bent the "globe" whirling round, till full soon— Just picture the view—The



all down to - gether How it happen'd no mortal can trace ! . . . But, dear me! however Could there then be a "nether?" Or an
e - ter - ni - ty's maze. What *before* was good grav - i - ty do - ing? The grav - i - ty theory, When start - ed, was clearly A
sparks, how they flew ! And a beauty so bright made the moon ! . . . The sun, the great "Master," Sure ought to go faster Than the



D C. 2nd and 3rd Verse.

upward or downward at all? . . . With atoms dissevered, Now grav - i - ty tethered, And shooting through space like a ball.
fan - cy which New - ton had "run"; . . . Im - ag - ine the motion—This world, mostly ocean, Once a cinder shot out from the sun!
sparks; it sent backwards re - view - ing ; Yet globe and moon, too, Keep old Sol well in view, And play all around while pur - su - ing !



4th Verse with emphasis.

The glo-bite a-vers It took mil-lions of years For the earth to de-vel-op and cool, . . . sir, But

he who will try To give God the lie, Shall yet prove himself *but* a fool, . . . sir.
in the wrong,

Colla voce.

REFRAIN.

Sci-ence clad in Truth, Prac-tical and plain, Leads men to dis-card Theo-ries, empt-
So-called "science" states Mo-ses on-ly "err'd!" Yet our Lord and Christ Quot-ed Mo-ses,

vain ; Sil-ver's wit-ness bold ! El-e-ment, pure, tried ! Now transform'd to
word ; Look at Na-ture's robe, Prove through Wisdom's vein ; Is the earth a

gold! "Science" fal - si - fied!
globe Or a sta-tion-a-ry plane?

rall.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It contains the lyrics "gold! 'Science' fal - si - fied!" on the first line and "globe Or a sta-tion-a-ry plane?" on the second line. The second and third staves are piano accompaniment, with the second staff in a treble clef and the third in a bass clef. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The tempo marking "rall." is placed below the piano accompaniment.

The second system of the musical score consists of two staves, both in piano accompaniment. The top staff is in a treble clef and the bottom staff is in a bass clef. Both staves continue the accompaniment from the first system, with the left hand playing eighth notes and the right hand playing chords.



Like solar relation ;
 Inherent rotation,
 Sent the "Globe" whirling round, till full soon—
 Just picture the view—
 The sparks how they flew !
 And a beauty so bright made the Moon !

The Sun, the great "Master,"
 Should surely go faster
 Than the sparks it sent backwards, reviewing ;
 Yet "Globe," and Moon too,
 Keep old Sol well in view,
 And play all around while pursuing !

The Globite avers
 It took millions of years
 For the earth to develope and cool, Sir ;
 But he who will try
 To give God the lie,
 Shall yet prove himself but a fool, Sir.

JESTER—Truth-seekers are but deemed fanatics,
 For at the "Truth" the masses laugh !
 Three-fourths of these are idiots—*per* Carlyle's statics—
 Who live to sneer, to bluster, shout, and chaff.
 Hear how they shout with addled brain,
 "It's nought to me if earth's a plane
 Or whirling globe, it's all the same,
 So long as I am not to blame.
 Fol lol, de riddle, diddle, digo."

PRINCE D'AMOUR—The King shall yet be spoiled,
 His hateful power shall wane ;
 He's ever thwarted love's delight,
 And hates my very name !
 To ruin man, by his command,
 I wove love's subtle net, enchanted ;
 And tried its strength, as he desired,
 Impassioned, overproof, and fired !
 Now—love will ever hold me in her chain,
 Immortal, restless, sweet, undying pain !

(PRINCE D'AMOUR'S *Earth Song to his twin soul*):—

At the closing of the day,
When the sun has gone his way,
And the birds have ceased their lay,
I sigh for thee !

When the night gives place to morn,
In the early, early dawn,
Nature smiles, yet still forlorn,
I sigh for thee !

Nothing can true joy afford,
Love alone can tune each chord,
And through the ages, my adored,
I sigh for thee !

PRINCE—Alas ! through weary centuries, I ween,
My love to one has ever faithful been ;
For its kindred soul alone can love e'er burn acute,
And all save this, is a phantom dream—
A mere vain *substitute* !

JESTER— I know that man is evil,
For in sin he is conceived,
But to quaff off your own poison,
Prince, it can scarcely be believed !

(*The JESTER'S Song.*)

“AHA HA !” OR LOVE'S CONUNDRUM.

Aye, love is but an idle dream,
Aha, Ha ! aha, ha !
For things are never what they seem,
Aha, ha ! ha, ha, ha !

'Tis but a passion vain regret,
Aha, ha ! aha, ha !
And folly as you'll prove it yet,
Aha, ha ! ha, ha, ha !

So just to touch sentimental folk,
Aha, ha ! aha, ha !
Upon your love I'll make a joke,
Aha, ha ! ha, ha, ha !

Pray, why is love like sweetened ice?
 Aha, ha! aha, ha!
 Because it melts and is so nice,
 Aha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

Now, why's love like to curds and whey?
 Aha, ha! aha, ha!
 Because turns sour, all in a day!
 Aha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

Now, why's love like the stars, or moon?
 Aha, ha! aha, ha!
 Because it shines not after noon!
 Aha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

And why is love like scorching sun?
 Aha, ha! aha, ha!
 Because it burns its course to run,
 Aha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

But when is love like the Pleiades?
 Aha, ha! aha, ha!
 Because when high it goes to freeze,
 Aha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

Then why does love like flower unfold?
 Aha, ha! aha, ha!
 First scorched by heat, then chilled by cold!
 Aha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

But still I find the fate's decree,
 Aha, ha! aha, ha!
 That love shall live as long as me,
 Aha, ha! ha, ha, ha!

JESTER— Woman's love may be her curse,
 God's sentence makes it plain,
 When unto man, her husband,
 Subjected she became.

PRINCE— Were this love unto man
 From her nature dissected,
 Both perfect and lovely
 Her being's reflected.

JESTER— With its scorplings of jealousy, anguish, and pain,
As a moth courts its burning, with this love it's the same.

PRINCE— Impassioned love is wicked !
Who tries it is outwitted !
It is a spirit, Jester's toy,
A mouse for cats to torture—toy—
An evil that's permitted !

JESTER— Those torturous love-fangs
A man can unbind,
For he being mortal.
Can change his own mind.

But your torment's eternal—
An age-long lay ;
From night till morning,
And then all day !

I'm sorry for you,
And if perchance
Love maketh a war,
I'll poison my lance !

Or if all's true,
And men can fight,
Destroy the Imp
With dynamite !

(*Chorus by the JESTER and PRINCE.*)

And all the marriages in earth's vicinity,
Born of flesh, with flesh must end ;
But each *true* spirit has its *true* affinity,
Its kindred soul, and they two blend, and they two blend.

JESTER— One question, Prince, if not I'm rude in—
Are Adam's race on earth intruding ?

PRINCE— Men rejecting their God and Maker, as King,
Have suffered thereby, one and all ;
From which nought can save them, while sin reigns o'er sin,
Through a mere earthly monarch, a "Saul,"
This world of sin divides itself in classes !
Gold is its god, with foolish vain desire ;
Like ants, they tread each other down in masses,
Each for himself—fights, scrambles, higher—higher !

JESTER—
 Animalistic are man's deeds,
 Begotten like the swine he leads,
 Materialistic are his needs,
 His sport is death, and on it feeds !

PRINCE D'AMOUR—Vain jester, though our knowledge has a limit,
 Regard the man who Satan e'en did tempt ;
 His nature differs, and so there's something in it,
 The world in sin's begot, yet He's exempt.

Take heed, this Lord of life and power,
 Was not begot by man ;
 Immortal Life is His vast dower,
 The Universe His van.

The only difference in mankind
 Is that existing in the mind ;
 From matter gross some spirits rise
 Above mere human vain desire !

For matter killed, to spirit flies,
 And spirit quenched, as matter dies.
 The Lord, Christ Jesus' human form,
 Spirit begot, but human born.

Love tendrils shall immortally endure
 If celebrate, intangible, and pure !

* * * * *

(PRINCE D'AMOUR *Sings*)—

“FOR EVER.”

Oh, come, dear love, from yonder shore,
 Relieve this longing pain ;
 Love, linger not for gold or lore,
 But hasten as in days of yore ;
 Let Cupid's wings now bear thee o'er,
 Come to your love again.

Refrain—Tho' heart strings, *broken*, tune no more,
 And earthly ties may sever,
 Souls truly one shall reach a shore,
 Eternal—and for ever.

Refrain—'Mid plaintive strains of silent grief,
 This heart sighs, sad refrain,
 When lo ! I feel thy presence brief,
 Our souls are one, and sweet relief
 Thro' power unseen, around, beneath,
 Dear pristine hope I gain.

Love call, from magic source, I hear
 Resounding nature's strain ;
 Love wings are strong, they need not rest,
 And swift, in reaching east to west,
 Upheld by hope, they're ever blest ;
 Dear love, I come again.

JESTER— Oh, tell me, Prince, when Love so soft doth plead,
 Need'st thou come hence thy soul on it to feed ?
 I've heard that Cupid oft takes birth :
 Is Love thy mission now upon the Earth ?

PRINCE— O no ! but—*per the contra* :
 I mesmerise my victims,
 Then through their organs play,
 To speak and write and do my will
 In every form and way.

By supernatural flight
 To earth I'm now propelled,
 In " *personne* " for to-night,
 Men's doubts must be dispelled.

But now I hear
 A sweet, sweet melody, and clear !
 By magic whirl'd
 From far, far regions
 Of the under world !

Hence, Jester, swift to the seance we'll soar,
 For the hour is growing late.
 I shall not be summoned *in posse* any more,
 Till twice nine hundred and twelve times eight !

CHAPTER XXVIII.

STRAINS FROM THE UNDERWORLD.

SING with a mighty swell,
 Joy unto light is wed !
 Peace on the earth shall dwell,
 Death shall be captive led !
 Death—shall—be—Captive—led.—

I, Adam, sing with patriarchal choir,
 The lasting light, as promised, now has come,
 And prophets join—who sounded on Time's Lyre—
 Emancipation through this wondrous Sun !

Here, with our fathers plac'd
 Down in the depths of hell,
 Light is from us effaced ;
 Darkness, the fearful spell,
 Reigns here in terror black !

When, suddenly,
 A soft, sweet, brilliant light
 Spreads all around,
 In hues so radiant as a sun of gold !
 Dispelling gloom that ages long have bound ;
 And tints all lovely do their rays unfold,
 And they enlighten hell (Sheol.)—
 Enlighten hell !

Isaiah, Prophet, I,
 When on the earth alive,
 Surely did prophesy
 Light with the dark should strive.
 To lands beyond fair Jordan's rippling stream,
 Whose peoples walked in darkness as the grave,
 And those who dwelt in death's dark shadow-dream,
 I prophesied a Light should rise to save.

Seth—As I prayed in the ages past,
 “God spare my father's breath,”
 A beautiful Angel cast,
 The sting from the monster death.

And Michael bore a message from the Lord,
 That Adam—tho' he die—shall live again,
 For death shall yet be conquer'd by the Word—
 Its captives borne to Paradise in train !

Come to this joyous feast,
 Mercy and Hope combine,
 Piercing through ages vast,
 Reach us through Word Divine.
 Sing with a mighty swell,
 Joy unto Life is wed :
 Peace on the earth shall dwell,
 Death shall be captive led !

Chorus of Saints :

Man shall not live alone by bread,
 But by each word that God hath said.
 He who resuscitates his mind,
 By Heaven is supernaturally fed :
 While he who's spiritually blind
 Exists alone by human bread.
 Man shall not live alone by bread,
 But by each word his God hath said.
 Alas ! there is an earthly peace,
 Which like its bread decays ;
 Its charms alloyed by transient lease,
 Bring grief in many a phase.
 Man shall not live alone by bread,
 But by each word that God hath said.
 Jehovah grants Eternal Life,
 Gives food that Life to raise,
 And joyfully the nourished soul
 Breathes forth his Maker's Praise.
 Man shall not live alone by bread,
 But by each word that God hath said !

CHAPTER XXIX.

MADAME Bianka's address. Immortality Lost and Regained. Life
 "For ever and ever."

PRAYER :—"Almighty Jehovah, God of Abraham, Isaac, and
 Jacob. Not with great voice or many words we now address Thee. We ask that
 Thou wilt now, in Thy mercy, feed us with spiritual food.

"Wilt Thou raise those who are dead, from their animal condition to the
 desire spiritual, and give them, Our Father, the desire for Life Everlasting. O
 God, pardon our sins, and give us thy Holy Spirit. For Jesus Christ sake."

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

"And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." (Rev. xiv. 9-11.) "As regards this passage of Scripture, supposed to uphold the endless suffering of the lost, upon the term 'ever and ever' everything rests. It is an acknowledged fact that the Biblical 'for ever and ever' does not necessarily signify a never-ending duration of time. As the words 'for ever' do not, of necessity, bear this signification, it is evident they may not do so in this passage, and we must not contradict other scriptures, which teach that all wickedness and suffering and pain and death pass away. Let us take a few cases.

"Jonah, referring to his envelopment in the belly of the great fish, declares 'The earth with her bars was about me for ever.' (ii. 6.) Again, servants, we find we were bound to their masters 'for ever.' (Exod. xxi. 6.)

"The Aaronic priesthood (which ended in Christ) was stated to be for ever and ever or 'an everlasting priesthood.' (Exod. xl. 15.)

"The word which is translated 'for ever,' is also translated 'old,' as in Lam. iii. 6; Isa. lxiii. 3. In Isa. lxiv. 4, &c. it is translated 'since the beginning of the world.'" These examples of the use of the term to express 'limited duration,' are enough to prevent our throwing the whole weight of the most terrific doctrine taught, upon a single word, confessedly uncertain in its meaning and import. The reasons why we should not interpret the above passage, in opposition to the numerous declarations of the Scriptures, expressing the utter destruction of the impenitent, are as follows:—

"1st.—This declaration is not according to the ordinary preaching of the Gospel, such as was heard during the Gospel dispensation but a special message or threat. To learn the destiny of sinners, we must consult the ordinary language of Scripture.

"2nd.—Much of the book of Revelation is confessedly symbolic, and the diversity of opinion concerning its meaning, among numerous expositors, proves exclusively the difficulty of its interpretation.

"3rd.—This message being directed to a special class of sinners, viz., those who commit a special sin, or those who 'worship the beast,' none but those are included in its application.

"4th.—The torment is spoken of, as occurring during the continuation of 'day and night.' But in hell there can be no 'day,' and in heaven no 'night,' hence the circumstance locates the infliction to this world.

"5th.—It is spoken of as occurring at the same time as the worship of the beast.

"6th.—The prophets make use of similar language to describe national judgments, instead of individual torments. Thus Isaiah xxxiii. 9, 10, predicting the desolation of Idumea, says 'the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch; and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch;

it shall not be quenched night nor day, the smoke thereof shall go up for ever'—*i.e.*, for the age. All of which language is equally as strong as that in the passage under consideration. 'And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.' (Matt. xxv. 46.) This passage is thought by many to contain impregnable proof that the wicked are to be tormented in hell; but be it understood that the words 'everlasting and eternal' are both translated from the same Greek origin. The life of the saints being eternal it is alleged that the punishment of the wicked must be eternal also; for, as eternal life is to live for ever, so eternal death, or punishment, is to die for ever.

" 'Fear not him that can kill the body; but rather fear Him that can kill the soul.' (See Matt. x. 28.) In considering the meaning of the term 'punishment,' it is a mistake to regard this, as being synonymous with torment. Imprisonment, fine, confiscation, exile and death, may be termed punishments, although the person punished thereby may endure no torment; for torment is extreme pain, anguish, the utmost degree of misery, either of body or of mind.

" 'Accidentally, or of disease, a person may suffer all this, in which case it cannot properly be called punishment, though it be torment. Nor is a punishment always in proportion to the pain endured. For instance, death may be produced painlessly, by the administration of certain poisons; whereas the cutting of a hand, or the extraction of a tooth, would occasion more anguish; yet none would suppose the greatest suffering in this case to be the greatest punishment.

" 'The noblest prize to be gained is Immortality, which alone is to be found through the Christ; and the greatest punishment is the loss of this Eternal Life.

" 'The Greek text, from whence our translation of the word punishment is taken, does not mean 'torment,' but rather 'to curtail, to keep within bounds, hold in check, bridle, chasten, correct; so that the proper signification of the term in this case is to check, to punish, to chastise, to correct, *'to cut off.'*

" 'Our Saviour does not say sinners shall go into Eternal Torment, but into Eternal or Everlasting punishment, or cutting off. This is forcibly put by St. Paul in 2 Thess. i. 9: He says, 'they shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power.' This destruction is not to be eternal in its process. Dr. Whitley says: 'This fire may be called eternal, not that the bodies of the wicked shall be for ever burning in it, and never be consumed in it; since this cannot be done without a constant miracle; but because it shall so entirely consume their bodies, as that they shall never subsist again, but shall perish, body and soul, and be destroyed for ever by it.'

" 'Again, with reference to the word 'Eternal' it sometimes has the sense of being final, that this state of destruction is such that there is no recovery from it. Thus, if a man were destroyed for a year, and then restored, it would be punishment for a year; if for a hundred years, it would be a century of punishment: but

if he were destroyed, never to be restored throughout Eternity, it would be an eternal punishment.

“That such is to be the case we may learn in the Word of God, from beginning to end, as Heb. vi. 2, ‘Eternal judgment,’ from which we are not to infer that the judgment day is never to expire, but its result is an eternal judgment; so also punishment, where there is neither reprieve nor restoration, may fitly be called an eternal punishment. From this we may draw the following conclusions :—

“Firstly, That the wicked are not to be punished till the Day of Judgment.

“Secondly, That fire is the agent employed in their destruction.

“Thirdly, Their punishment is destruction.

“Fourthly, This destruction is Everlasting, which is not only according to the teaching of Paul, but, when the various scriptures are compared, a most perfect and wonderful harmony in teaching is disclosed.

“The Lake of Fire—‘And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into the lake of fire burning with brimstone.’ (Rev. xix. 20.)

“The above text was brought forward during the past week, by a Christian preacher and teacher of the people, as an excuse for his silence on two all important truths which he holds, viz., Eternal Life, being alone obtainable in and through Christ; and the final extinction of evil; on the plea that those who differ from him in these points (believing in eternal torment being the doom of the lost) have some support to their fire and brimstone theories in it.

“Now, if men who are enlightened, will offer such lame excuses for withholding their knowledge and ‘hiding their light under a bushel’ it accounts for Satan’s lie, ‘Ye shalt not surely die,’ being still accepted by the world as truth, and the popular error or belief of the inherent immortality of the soul being prevalent.

“Time will not allow me to dwell on the above passages of Scripture further than to state that it is my belief, that God’s Word will be fulfilled when death and evil are finally destroyed. In order to show the lamentable effect caused by error in the teaching on the one hand, and in the ‘not teaching’ on the other hand, I will quote the opening article in a very recent issue of the ‘Freethinker.’”

“SPURGEON AND HELL.”

“Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Peirson, and others of the great preacher’s friends, are all assuring us that he is in glory. Writing several days after his death, Mrs. Spurgeon said, ‘he has now been a week in heaven.’ It is natural that she should think so, and we do not wish to rob her of any consolation, nor do we suppose that this article will ever come under her notice. But is it not just possible that Spurgeon has gone to hell? And why should the question not be raised? We

mean no personal offence; we speak in the interest of justice and truth. Spurgeon was very glib in preaching about hell, and we do not know that he had a monopoly of that special line of business. He never flinched at the idea of millions of human beings writhing in everlasting torment; and why should it be blasphemy, or even incivility to wonder if he himself has gone to perdition? Predestination, as a Church of England article says, is wonderfully comforting to the elect?—that is to those who imagine themselves to be so. But what if they are mistaken? What, if a man, yea, a fancied saint may be damned without knowing it? God Almighty has not published lists of the elect. Many a Calvinistic Pharisee is perhaps a self-elected saint after all, and at the finish of his journey may find that he has been walking in the wrong direction.

“One of Spurgeon’s rooted notions was that unbelievers were sure of hell. They bore the mark, predestinate damnation, broad upon their foreheads. Now, at the bottom, this means that a man may be damned for believing wrongly. But how can anyone be sure that Spurgeon was absolutely right?

“The Baptists are only one division of the Christians. There are scores of other divisions. All cannot be right, and all may be wrong; even if one is entirely right, how do we know it is the Baptists! According to the law of probabilities, Spurgeon was very likely wrong, and if wrong belief, however sincere, entails damnation, it is quite possible that at 11-5 p.m. on Sunday, January 31st, Spurgeon entered hell instead of Heaven.

“How bodies are to burn without consuming, how a fire will last for ever, or how a good God could roast his children in it, are questions that Spurgeon did not stop to answer. He took the damnable doctrine of damnation as he found it. He knew it was relished by myriads of people; and it gave such a pungent flavour to a long sermon! His listeners were not terrified. Oh dear, no! Smith, the Newington greengrocer, was not alarmed; he twirled his thumbs, and said to himself ‘Spurgeon’s in fine form this morning.’

“Archdeacon Farrar protests against the fiery, everlasting hell, as the result of fear, superstition, ignorance, hate, and slavish letter-worship. He declares that he would resign all hope of immortality to save a single human being from the hell of Mr. Spurgeon,—not the hell of the New Testament? Does not Jesus speak of everlasting fire? Why seek to limit the duration of hell by some hocus-pocus of interpretation? It is idle to pretend that everlasting means something less than everlasting? If it means that in relation to hell, it must also mean it in relation to heaven.

“Dr. Farrar cannot have two different meanings for the same word in the same verse; and should he ever go to hell (he will pardon us the supposition), how much consolation would he derive from knowing that his doom was not ‘everlasting’ but only ‘eternal’? There was more honesty and straightforwardness in Mr. Spurgeon. He preached what the Bible taught him. He set forth a

hateful creed in its true colours. His presentation of Christianity will continue to satisfy those who belong to the past, but it will drive many others out of the fold of faith into the broad pastures of Freethought."—*The Freethinker*.

Madame Bianka continued: "I have heard from authentic sources that Mr. Spurgeon became silent on the subject of eternal torment during the closing years of his ministry, therefore I am convinced that he must have come to a knowledge of the grand truth of 'Life only in Christ,' for surely Mr. Spurgeon was an intelligent preacher.

"Yes, undoubtedly, this great preacher had found that 'For as in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive' must be taken literally, and that death did not mean life. And, also, that 'Since by man came death' (the 'second death') 'by man came also the resurrection of the dead' (unto life eternal). Yet, it seems sad, and even heartrending, that this servant of God did not take up the old theme in its true strain, which would have afforded him far greater power in bringing his unrivalled ability as a preacher to play upon the ears of the unconverted, and to melt the stony hearts of his listeners, to surrender, not to a Deity of exquisite torture, but to a God of love.

"An inexhaustible theme;
Sweetest refrain,
Resplendent glory;
Unfathomed love
And hope combined;
Found through the strain,
Bound round the story;
Free grace through Christ,
'The Life' entwined.

"At one of the leading English Roman Catholic Colleges for the sons of gentlemen, there has lately been a 'retreat,' a time when all the boys are compelled to lay aside their studies, and devote themselves entirely to meditation in silence, masses, and religious exercises.

"The following were two of the 'instruction subjects,' in the addresses of the priest who gave the retreat.

"THE NATURE OF HELL,' AND, 'HELL FIRE.'

"One of these was to have been delivered in the evening, but was put off until the morning, because it might frighten the boys, and prevent them from having a good night. He said that 'hell fire was unquenchable, and that he wished that his hearers could have a few moments there! He would picture it. Suppose that we could now see into hell, we should be able to see Martin Luther writhing in flames. He challenged anyone to contradict him, and said that no one

would have the pluck to do so. Very few, except Catholics, believed in a hell, and that Cardinal Manning did not before he became a Catholic.'

"This learned professor of Christianity has yet to learn that 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not *perish* but have everlasting life,' also that 'the wages of sin is death ; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

"Now I would draw your attention to the fact that the argument held forth by the modern 'freethinker' is true logic, according to 'orthodox' Christianity, and of the two men which I have quoted (the Freethinker and the Priest) the former is certainly not only the most kind-hearted, but also the most clear-headed. Yet, in common, both he and this priest of the Church of Rome have consigned two of our noblest men, in the cause of Christ, and service of God, to the flames of hell !

"Will this not arouse those whose minds are illuminated with 'the Truth' to come to the front in defence of God's character? for although, comparatively speaking, those holding to God's Word and Conditional Immortality will be outstripped in numbers by those adhering to 'orthodox' teaching, or inherent immortality, yet if all will be honest to 'their trust,' and not hide their 'talent' in fear of man, remembering 'a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump,' we shall, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for us, come off even more than conquerors, in uprooting this error.

"'CHAFF AND FIRE.'

"'He will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into His garner ; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.'" (Matt. iii. 12.) The common conception of this figurative prophecy is that the 'wheat' referred to are the redeemed in Christ, and the 'chaff,' those who have rejected Him, and I think that this is the right understanding, as the Scriptures nowhere teach that the germ, or first principle of Eternal Life is to be found in, or through any other source than the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom alone dwelleth immortality, and in whose shed blood alone forgiveness of sin can be obtained. 'The soul that sinneth it shall die.' An everlasting death ; therefore, unless cleansed in the blood, and accepted of God in Him, there is no hope ; as all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. Yet 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' But all who will not 'obey the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ will be punished with everlasting destruction.'

"All evil undoubtedly will become extinct and be destroyed, and we may understand that the fire will be unquenchable until it has done its work. As in Jeremiah xvii. 27, which tells in similar language of the destruction of Jerusalem ; 'But if ye will not hearken unto me to hallow the Sabbath day, and not to bear a burden, even entering in at the gates of Jerusalem on the Sabbath day, then I will

kindle a fire in the gates, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and it shall not be quenched.' See also Ezek. xx. 45-48.

How beautifully true both experience and observation prove the following inspired words to be. 'Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee.' The speaker feels to praise God for this experience, having witnessed the omnipotent power of the Almighty in bringing good out of evil. Yet not so with Satan's lie, first repeated to Eve in Eden. 'Ye shalt not surely die.' Which cannot be to the praise of God. And Satan has succeeded in his effort in spreading this lie, and the error has been received by the people, who have therefrom been led to believe that man is immortal, and that the sinner would live in Eternal misery; the character of God being made to look like that of a revengeful tyrant, who would cause all those who did not please Him to suffer torment and anguish, eternally writhing in flames, while He looked down on them with satisfaction.

"Satan's craft is very conspicuous in this, which has been the cause of a certain class hating God, and another class (a very large class, too) believing that the threatenings of God would not be fulfilled; it being beyond all human comprehension how a good and loving God could roast, to all eternity, beings of His own creation!

"Fancy pictures Satan's satisfaction in regard to those who profess the name of Christ, at the same time closely adhering to, and jealously upholding delusions, of which he himself is the author.

"It seems that those who persist in measuring God's character by the orthodox standard, either have very little knowledge of His loving kindness or they do not bring their reason and judgment into action. The brains of many of the popular teachers of the error of the immortality of the soul and endless misery become peculiarly fertile, and they describe hell with such minuteness of detail, in a manner which would be quite impossible without having visited that region; at least, so it would appear.

"Protestants have no excuse for so doing; while Roman Catholics confess that much of their teaching and information comes through tradition. But we must beware of the traditions of men, remembering our Lord's words to the Scribes and Pharisees, 'Why do ye also transgress the commandments of God by your traditions?'

"Quite lately a Roman Catholic, when observing that I was reading the Bible, laughed and jeered at me for so doing; at the same time taking up a Catholic Catechism. I answered, saying that the Bible being the Word of God, written by inspired men, was better and more desirable than anything that was written by uninspired men (who were liable to err) in order to introduce their own teachings.

"Whereupon my opponent, thinking he had caught me tripping, taxed me with accepting the traditions of the Roman Catholic Church, in the following.

(Quoted from 'Flander's Catechism on the Catholic Religion.' Published by Burns and Oates, London.)

“‘Is it enough to believe what is contained in the Holy Scriptures? No, we must also believe Tradition, *i.e.* those revealed truths which the Apostles preached, but did not commit to writing.

“‘If we consult the Bible only, without tradition, we ought to still keep the Holy Saturday with the Jews, instead of Sunday, and refrain from things strangled, and from blood. (Acts xxv. 20.)

“‘Moreover, we ought, with the Anabaptists, to let little children, who are incapable of being instructed, die without baptism, since Christ has commanded His Apostles to teach and then to baptize. (Matt. xxviii. 19.)’

“I concluded, by stating, that I was able to answer the above with boldness, and truth, as I held that the Seventh day is the true Sabbath, and that baptism is for those who have first believed into Christ. I accept not one of these alterations of God's Revealed Word. And I trace the errors in teaching the inherited Immortality of the soul and eternal suffering to have originated in and through the same source, *viz.*, Roman Catholic Tradition.

“‘THE SOULS UNDER THE ALTAR.’

“‘I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held.’ (Rev. xi. 9.)

“The scene here, like several others in this book, is evidently borrowed from the Jewish temple. It presents us with an altar of burnt offering, which stood just within the entrance of the court. But, instead of the appointed sacrifices, behold it streams with human blood! and instead of the bones of legal victims, behold the souls of Martyrs who have been sacrificed, not indeed of God, but for His cause. Victims to Jewish and Pagan cruelty, crying under the altar. Now, I understand this crying out just in the same way as in the case where God told Cain, ‘The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.’ The earth is God's altar, for we never read of it in heaven.

“Again, What is the soul? It is the life, and the Scriptures tell us also that the blood is the life. Isaiah says our Redeemer ‘poured out His soul unto death’! Now what did He pour out?—His blood!

“Hence, coming back to our text, it is the blood of the Saints that is (as it were) crying to God for retribution. How else could we understand it? Is it possible that we could picture to ourselves the earth as the altar, in some shape or form, with the disembodied Spirits of the just awaiting underneath, the resurrection?

“But for my part I cannot picture a disembodied spirit, believing that no such thing exists; either in or beyond our universe. When we read in God's Word of Angels appearing to men they appeared in the shape of men. In my

opinion the sleep until the resurrection will be to all alike, and on the awakening, it will appear as less than a moment of time.

“‘UNQUENCHABLE FIRE.’

“‘And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.’ (Mark ix. 43-48.) By this passage of Scripture are we not to understand that the wicked are doomed to never ending torment in fire? Certainly not for it is the fire that is described as unquenchable. (Hell.) Literally, the Gehenna of fire (verse 47). The ‘Ravine of Hinnom,’ also called ‘Tophet,’ (Isaiah xxx. 33; Jer. vii. 31), and described in Josh. xviii. 16, as on the South of Mount Zion. This is the figure used by our Lord to represent the punishment of the finally impenitent. That they will be destroyed by ‘eternal fire.’ (See Rev. xx. 9.) ‘The fire came down from God out of heaven and devoured them.’ Nor does the Scripture teach that this eternal fire possesses the miraculous power of preservation, but, on the contrary, that it consumes and devours.

“Sodom and Gomorrah were subject to this same ‘Eternal Fire,’ yet are not now burning, but they are consumed. Isaiah also used the same language in reference to the carcasses of those slain, the Chaldeans and Persians, as recorded in chap. lxvi. 24. ‘For their worm shall not die neither shall their fire be quenched.’ From this we may learn the ultimate destiny of Satan and his faithful ones; for nought that is evil is to live for ever. ‘They shall be as though they had not been.’ ‘What shall be the end of them that obey not the Gospel of God?’ They ‘shall die’ they ‘shall perish,’ be ‘cut off,’ be ‘destroyed’ be ‘consumed,’ be ‘burned up, root and branch.’ Their punishment taking place, not at death, but at the Coming of Christ. Thus saith the Scriptures. Therefore, the cherished idea of an inherited immortality is without foundation; endless life being alone obtainable through Jesus Christ. In the passage before us life is the blessing sought, and our Lord sets forth that to obtain this great gift, we must be prepared to make any sacrifice for the Gospel’s sake.

“When the young man came to Jesus to ask Him what he might do to gain Eternal life, our Lord did not tell him that he already possessed it. These were His words, ‘If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments.’ Yes,

“Keep the Commandments of God,
 Then shall thy peace as a river,
 For ever flow tranquilly on
 From Jesus, the Source and the Giver.
 Keep the Commandments of God,
 And then He will reckon to thee
 A righteousness countless and broad
 As the waves o’er the breadth of the sea.

Written by our great Creator :
 His finger wrote His Law *Above*
 Every word, and every letter,
 In His ten commands of love.
 Spoken by the great Redeemer,
 While He sojourned here in Time ;
 Echoed by His saints, Apostles,
 In their sacred Writ divine.

“ It seems to me that the Scriptures clearly state that man was originally created for immortality, and that the Creator’s purpose has not yet been frustrated. Death will yet be swallowed up in victory, and life and immortality reign. But man differs in deciding who will gain this immortality. God alone knows. Man comes to different conclusions regarding the true meaning of the Scriptures on the nature and duration of future punishment, but all men agree on one point, viz., that all must die. And it is according to the testimony of God, that He has given a second life for the world. All will be raised, but those who are redeemed in the first life will not be subject to the second death. The resurrection of the wicked is explained by some as a last means of grace, and final destruction may be only the fate of the most hardened.

“ Man with all his aspirations was intended for a higher state and a nobler life than the present.

“ Adam and Eve became mortal, or subject to the power of death, when they disobeyed their Creator. As Paul says, ‘ By one man sin entered into the world, and so death passed upon all men.’ (Rom. v. 12.)

“ But is the purpose of the universe fulfilled by his returning to the dust and shadows from whence He came? Is eating and drinking, sleeping and mere animalism, a product that can satisfy the intelligence manifested in nature’s structure? Is man alone, of all natural productions, peculiar in that his being reaches a stopping place? He feels the limitation of his powers. His conception far outstrips his greatest possible performance. He finds in himself a terrible inadequacy.

“ Without capacity he feels the loss of spiritual power, as related in Rom. vii. Man’s utmost limit is God’s beginning and Revelation completes the story of his lost estate, telling of the original type being made in God’s image, of the loss of spiritual life, and God’s provision for its return, ‘ For as in Adam all die even so in Christ shall be made alive,’ even in a bodily resurrection from the grave.”

CHAPTER XXX.

MADAME BIANKA'S striking address was followed by a rehearsal of the two sacred acts of the Operetta.

ACTS. III. AND IV.

SERIOUS AND VERY SACRED.

—
ACT III.

Enter the KING :—

Prepare ! receive a Prince,
Creation's Son and Heir !
A man of sorrow, fearing death !
And bent with earthly care.

PRINCE D'AMOUR—Thy will's complete,
But quick explain, for time is fleet,
This mystic, vast, eternal plan—
The Son of God, how is He man ?

THE KING— Like thee I am perplexed, for strange the course,
And tremble lest our dead He'll take perforce.
As some we should have kept, aye, some of worth,
Till they should rise to live again on earth.
Oh vengeance dire !
He hath done me many a wrong—
Sweet vengeance long deferred !
Those whom I blinded, maimed, and plagued
He healed them by His word.

PRINCE D'AMOUR—Who is this Prince of Might ?
He devils put to flight,
Restores our dead to life and breath,
And yet He feareth death !
Who is this Prince of Might ?

THE KING— This knowledge is deferred ;
Yes, boldly, I, proud Lucifer, declare :
I stirred the Jews in hatred to ensnare,
To tempt to torture, kill him ! Prince, you see ?
Henceforth He's subject both to you and me.

PRINCE D'AMOUR—

Not so, for

He's Almighty, tho' in human frame ;
 His miracles are wondrous and sublime,
 Both men and spirits tremble at His name !
 Endued with superhuman power, He is divine !
 Wise as a serpent, *He'd no fear of death,*
 For *surely death* is not *His due* or *wages* ;
 But *thee* He *deigns* to trap, and thus *ensnare*,
 To Thy *undoing*, to *eternal ages* !

THE KING—

Courage, my Prince,—
 Thou Captain o'er death's chain ;
 Thy words dishearten,
 Give me fear and pain !
 My power, and thine,
 O'er man is sure and fast ;
 It has no limit, is eternal, vast !

This man divine—you say you fear—is yours,—
 And, lo, He comes ;
 My Kingdom's sure, as the universe—
 The moon and the stars and the sun's !

PRINCE D'AMOUR—Not so, for tho' Earth's potentates

Are subject to my power,
 But not this wondrous Prince of Peace.
 You say He comes this hour ?
 Oh ! bring Him not to me,
 Your Majesty, I pray
 By all the power's that be
 You must His visit stay !
 I warn thee now, if here He enters in,
 He will release, unto our everlasting grief,
 Our prisoners bound in chains of Death and Sin,
 And those I'm holding fast for unbelief.

[*Sudden noise, like unto fearful thunder, causing great terror, and a mighty voice.*]

“Lift up your heads,”
 Ye gates, be ye lifted up ;
 Give way—the King of Glory shall come in ;
 Make way ! Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
 The Lord in battle strong !

Hist! Voice of thunder ;
 Light'ning, fearful, bright ;
 And rushing winds, relentless in their course.
 Go from my habitation, King, and fight
 This " King of Glory " and His mighty force !—
 Till thou thy kingdom save,
 And put thy foes to rout,
 Thou King, and warrior brave,
 I curse, and cast thee out.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ACT IV.

The PRINCE to his OFFICERS :

List to my mandate, officers :
 Equip ye all, and fight ;
 Close the brass gates of cruelty
 With bars of iron, tight!

DAVID and his SAINTS—

By all the wrath of ages—firm—
 Our spirits join in band,
 And thus thy mandate cruel we spurn—
 Deliverance is at hand !

DAVID— He hath broken the gates of brass, I cried,
 And cut the bars of iron.
 Oh ! praise ye the Lord, David prophesied,
 For He comes—the Lord of Zion.

“ Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory ? The Lord, strong and mighty ; the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, oh ye gates ; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory ? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.”

Dead men shall live again,
 Thus prophesied Isaiah ;
 Free from all sin and pain,
 Redeemed by living fire !

“Lift up your gates, Ye princes, be ye lifted up ; Give way—the King of Glory shall come in. Who is the King of Glory ? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory!”

He comes ! He comes !
 Soft—for He draweth near :
 The light expands !
 Impious Death doth fear.
 Her officers so vile,
 O'erpowered with terror cold !
 Appear consumed beneath
 This brilliant light of gold.
 Soft, soft !—He draweth nigh—
 He comes ! He comes !

* * * * *

“Open the gates, that the King of Glory may
 Come in.
 Give way, ye everlasting gates, give way—
 The King of Glory shall come in !”
 The King of Kings, Who once was slain,
 Hath conquered Death—Behold He lives !
 He hath saved mankind.
 Let saints proclaim !
 Eternal life He gives.

The living He hath redeemed,
 His wonders, ah ! who shall tell ;
 For ever, inscribe His victory—
 O'er death and Sheol (Hell).

Lift up your gates, ye princes,
 And wide their portals fling,
 For the King of Glory hence shall bear
 His Host on mighty wing,
 “To paradise”—To paradise !
 Come patriarchs, saints, and sing—
 “O grave, where is thy victory ?
 O death, where is thy sting ?”

“Who is the King of Glory ?
 The Lord of Hosts—He is the King of Glory—
 The Lord strong and powerful,
 The Lord mighty in battle ;

He is the King of Glory,
 He is the Lord of Heaven and Earth.
 Who is the King of Glory?
 The Lord of Hosts is He,"
 Jehovah strong and mighty,
 Who was and who will be ;
 The Son of God, Messiah,
 The King of Glory, He.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Gold, gold, gold, gold!
 Good or bad a thousand fold:
 How widely its agencies vary,
 To save, to ruin, to curse, to bless,
 As even its minted coins express."

MONTE CARLO! Brightly the lamps shone upon the heaving bosoms of ladies clad in gay apparel and the flushed faces and excited eyes of gentlemen in more sombre dress. The soft sweep of silk and satin mingled with the crisp rustle of notes and the sharp clink of gold.

"Gold! Gold! heavy to get and light to hold."

Fair indeed would have been the scene, but, to those who saw beneath the surface, Pain and Remorse accompany each fleeting fortune.

Among the gamblers sat Lord P., the tide of life in his veins, now "in luck," now out. But gradually his pile of gold lessened and a frown clouded his brow.

All eyes turned upon the Englishman, as he staked his last £500, a final attempt to change his ill-fortune. But the morning light dawned upon a ruined man! Without a pound in his pocket, and overburdened with disappointment he sat stricken with despair. Utterly friendless, his acquaintances in prosperity had forsaken him! "Gold" is the worldlings's god! And as Lord P. walked into the streets of Monte Carlo, fearful thoughts entered his heated brain! Impossible to pay his debts of honour, he could not face disgrace; then why not end all misery and snap the thread of life? Surely, thought he sadly, this would be less torture than slow starvation!

Filled with the resolve to destroy himself, he quickened his pace, when lo! he beheld a priest on the opposite side of the road. This gave him a shock! But

who was the man walking by the priest's side? A second glance—It cannot be—Yes—surely—he staggers—and gasps—“Adrian”!

A sudden impulse made him step over, and Adrian, casting the evil spirit “Malice” behind him, extended his hand and introduced Lord P. to the Abbé, as though nothing unpleasant had occurred between them.

Prince Laida had particularly desired to introduce the Operetta at Monte Carlo, as soon as possible after its production in Paris, therefore at his request, the Abbé and Adrian were paying a flying visit to that well-known resort, in order to make the necessary arrangements for its appearance; and not having been able to commence the rehearsal till nearly midnight, it was early morning ere Adrian and the Abbé started to walk back to the hotel at which they were staying. It was owing to this coincidence that Adrian and Lord P. were thus opportunely brought face to face. Lord P.'s haggard look touched Adrian's sympathetic soul, and as the former expressed a wish to communicate something of importance to Adrian; he accompanied him and the Abbé home.

When they reached the hotel the Abbé retired to rest and Adrian and Lord P. were left alone. Lord P.'s state of mind would not permit any parley, so begging Adrian's forgiveness of the past he stated in broken tones his intention to commit suicide, and admitted that the timely appearance of Adrian himself had only until now frustrated the idea. “My forgiveness was already yours, yours before you asked it, and as a seal take my purse,” cried Adrian, generously. This his lordship refused.

“But I beg you to give me your word of honour that you will from this moment expel all thought of self-destruction. It is not only the act of a madman but of a coward. It is sin against your Maker!”

The tears rolled down Lord P.'s cheeks. Tears of repentance and gratitude from a man who had never shed tears before! Sweet sympathy, like sunbeams, scattered the clouds of despair and dispelled the gloom. Lord P. promised to turn over a new leaf. He grasped Adrian's hand before departing, but Adrian would not let him go, persuading him to stay breakfast with him and the Abbé. He consented, and there was but just sufficient time for them to take a bath before breakfast. The repast greatly refreshed Lord P., and he became intensely interested in the Operetta which, during the repast, was the chief subject of discourse.

A new idea struck Adrian! Why could not his lordship take a part? He had a fine voice, and they were much in need of one more suitable performer. In two hours they were starting for Paris, and it was settled that Lord P. should accompany them.

He gladly accepted the offer to try over the part of the Spirit Jester, and it turned out that he proved fully capable of taking it, which, therefore, he personated

and the subject proved of so much interest that he quite forgot his former evil intentions.

Legions of Angels linger nigh,
To sympathy's sweet shore,
And as in peace its streams glide by,
To heaven their praises soar.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"Vox populi, vox Dei?"

The voyage of life, by man is spent,
In craft of varied form,
And strangely borne o'er many a sea
Each one must face the storm!
But he endowed by heaven's great power,
Is safe, tho' tempest tossed;
Love compensates rough elements
And counteth not the cost.

IT would not require the prophetic gift to teach that something of great interest was to transpire in the gay capital of France on a memorable night in the midst of its most joyous season; the memory of which is still cherished in the hearts of many. A new English Operetta was to be performed at one of the principal houses, and it was there that its Composer was to make his *débüt*.

The hoardings around the city were placarded with startling posters, announcing that Adrian Galilio, the noted young tenor, would appear that evening in his latest production,—“Astrea, or the Witness of the Stars.” And that, that world-famed author would sustain the leading part.

As the opening hour drew near crowds besieged the doors. Most of the seats having been booked far ahead, a large portion of those around the doors found, much to their disappointment, that they were unable to obtain admission. The house was crowded! At the drawing of the curtain the interior of the Opera house presented a gay and magnificent spectacle. Diamonds flashed gorgeously, beautiful eyes shone with delight, and the smile of anticipated pleasure sat upon each face, as Adrian's brilliant overture burst forth in sweet and voluptuous strains. But, as the Author wistfully gazed at that crowded assembly through a small crevice from behind the scenes, the great Searcher of hearts alone knew his feelings. Looking upon this scene of splendour, and recognising only one or two among the myriad faces, awaiting his appearance, how thoroughly Adrian comprehended the words of Solomon: “All is vanity,” and with what force he realised that the common run of humanity is but a mixture of “deceit.” The

transient nature of worldly fame dawned upon him, and he perceived clearly how though some tread as it were upon golden stairs, others can scarcely procure the true necessities of life.

How it behoves each poor wretched mortal to consider the real value of grandeur, pleasure, and worldly luxury ; which remains but for a season.

Truth—long and deeply sown in the heart of Adrian—seemed on this night awakened ; and his spirit becoming weary, he yearned for eternal laurels, and an everlasting crown rather than anything earthly. His was a soul that neither dimes, nor dollars, nor the applause of his fellow men could satisfy. He knew too well that the sympathetic, the kind and gentle of heart, the peaceful and those whose souls are supernaturally fed by the divine power, alone shall shine for evermore.

Ah ! perchance, not one member of that congregation of men and women could comprehend the thoughts and desires of their new star, whose mind was now being exercised in an extraordinary way, only just behind that curtain, while they were becoming so eager for it to be uplifted.

The mere excitement of the hour satisfied the multitude. To “Kill Time !” Murder Eternity ! thought Adrian, with a smile of contempt. Surely Carlyle is right ; the majority of mankind are but—

Adrian's reverie was suddenly broken by the sound of his own overture being softly played. Music was the joy of his soul, and invariably, as a sweet spell, soothed and calmed him into a dreamland of delight. But it now produced a new effect, it aroused his brain to action. He remembered that he had a fixed purpose to fulfil, and that to accomplish the same he must work, aye, and work hard.

“Forsooth,” he muttered, “what am I but a mere song-writer, a poor playwright, fashioned but to make of myself a tinkling cymbal, to gratify the taste of thoughtless thousands.”

But there was now no choice, he could only adapt the power wherewith he was endowed and use the tools which he possessed. And he was far too brave to forsake his duty. “Surely,” he thought, “the Sacred fire of my minstrelsy shall kindle within these foolish faces the divine flame of my own inspiration ; each heart shall throb in unison with my own ; they shall laugh, they shall weep ! the rapture of my music shall flow around their souls until the dead life shall rise, and faces flush, eyes shall sparkle, lips shall fall apart to the passionate rise and fall of my wedded thoughts” ! As the last notes of the overture died softly upon the air, came loud applause. The noise became deafening, and all eyes were turned towards the stage, as Adrian slowly appeared, clad in the magnificent attire of a prince.

There he stood, for the first time before the public, envied and admired by Kings and Princes, with an air of perfect composure, and as unconcerned as though he were a mere observer and not the observed of all eyes. He was the



ADRIAN'S DEBUT AT THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

coolest person in the house. He knew his own worth, and was well assured of the merits of his New Operetta, hence his composure, and again he was on guard against flattery.

The shouts subsided and the Operetta commenced. Adrian was in good form, and the house rang with applause. His acting was superb, and he played upon the feelings of the audience with a power which was unprecedented. From convulsions of laughter, they were brought to tears. Enthusiasm reigned. Adrian was recalled again and again. Yet, alas! a void was in his heart that applause could never fill. Nevertheless his acting was natural, nor were the intense feelings which he exhibited in his pathetic songs assumed. The following which he sang with extraordinary pathos, brought him a threefold recall:—

THE VISION'S PAST.

I've heard you say in days gone bye,
 You loved no other one but me,
 And does your love remain unchanged?
 For faithful I have been to thee!
 It must not be! I'll think no more,—
 "The vision's past," The dream is o'er.

Refrain—It may not be! It cannot be!
 The dream is o'er, The vision's past;
 It may not be! It cannot be!
 The vision's past, I'll think no more.

Your voice comes back again to-night,
 Wild thoughts of days long past away,
 Ah! plainly I can see your face,
 As though it were but yesterday;
 I pray thee tell would'st thou recall
 The heart that loved thee best of all?

Refrain—It may not be, It cannot be, etc.

Fleet on, thou sweet yet idle dream,
 Of meeting those I've wept in this,
 Hopes quenched in an abyss of years,
 Except to meet in world of bliss.
 Yet, still I'll ask, would'st thou reclaim
 The heart that loves thee still the same?

Refrain—It may not be, It cannot be, etc.

It would have scarce been possible to surpass the author's ability in rendering vividly the extreme beauty, in its various phrases, of his wonderful plot. Wonderful, indeed ! for it accomplished a purpose,—it sowed the seed of thought.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Vivid ! Realistic ;
Occult, yet visible
Dreams, daylight phantoms,
Vanishing away ;
Souls ever yearning,
Nature ever responding,
Nurtures on soft breast,
Secret in its sway.

Vivid, earth fighting,
Enchanting, delighting,
Reason propelling,
Gross doubts expelling,
Angels are telling
O'er spirit's vast sea !

THE DRIVE TO THE SÉANCE.

“THE nature of man's material and consequent destiny debars not his contact with spiritual and occult powers ; and his liability to be affected therefrom, more or less, according to his spirituality. The existence of these powers, though secret and hidden, and to many unknown, has ever been admitted by Initiates,” said Sir Anthony to the Abbé, as he opened the window of his brougham to tell his coachman to drive faster.

The Abbé smiled, and replied, “Nothing on earth could bring me to believe in the existence of a personal and superhuman Devil. But I feel agitated, and half regret that I have come.”

“Oh, pray for strength, Monsieur,” said Madame, “it behoves us to ‘prove all things.’”

The sweet music of Madame's voice acted as a charm upon Sir Anthony, and the Abbé, regaining his composure, said, “My dear Madame, I have not ceased praying and fasting since I made the appointment.”

“But the trial is great,” rejoined Adrian. “I am convinced that these spirit manifestations are not always trickery, and that they are not produced by natural laws ; therefore I am determined, if possible, to fathom the *modus operandi* of these wonderful spiritualistic manifestations.”

"I am rejoiced," cried Sir Anthony, "that you wish to investigate this matter, Adrian; and sincerely trust that your most sanguine expectation will be realised."

"Why encourage your friend in your own master-passion?" asked the Abbé; "you do not really believe these things yourself further than as being probably a cunningly devised system of deception."

"My dear Abbé, the tone of your hasty judgment and its precipitate assumption will change when you behold the manifestation of these spiritual truths."

"Doubtless, the illusions are marvellous, but Truth—spiritual truth—I look to from another source," said the Abbé.

Here Adrian suggested that he deemed it impossible that so many of these spiritualists, as are said to exist, comprising all classes of mankind, can be holding together solely to deceive the world, or one another. "For what power could supply the divided, or the mutual and yet apparently united energy required to uphold it in its successful *debüt* if not the power of truth, and an underlying current of reality?"

Madame :— Deem not that men best win
 Their aim and goal
 Because their soul
 Hath God-ward faith therein !

Sir Anthony said : "That truism, my dear Madame, you must have pilfered from the Urim or Thummim of the Abbé's vestment. Forgive me, if it be wicked to speak the truth, but truth is 'Immortal.'"

"Aye," said the Abbé, "and spiritual truth cannot be quenched."

"So, therefore," replied Sir Anthony, "it must be in the upholding of theology that a holy minister of the Church of Rome is compelled to employ his every faculty with dexterity in order to support it. For he has a weakling and a 'mortal,' to succour. Of Truth the worldling wearies, and some men hatch wild *theories* ;

 "And cleric-trained-up nurses,
 Right glad to fill their purses,
 Train mankind from his youth
 In spiritual untruth !"

"But," said the Abbé, "these are merely very disagreeable assumptions, as you would find it difficult to prove that the Holy Catholic Church either can err, or ever has erred."

Sir Anthony replied : "I evidently regard this matter from a different standpoint to my respected Seigneur, as what is now termed theology, in general and particular, seems very degenerate stuff. And evidently your officers of the Church are not endued with that power which they should claim according to the right of succession—as even one of your noted Popes boasted !

“ ‘You see, we cannot say as Peter did of old,’ said Innocent the Fourth, one day, ‘Silver I’ve none, nor gold.’ ‘No,’ replied Thomas Aquinas, who was a learned scholar, ‘nor can you bid the dead to rise, and tell the lame to follow !’ And I do at once prove that the Holy Roman Church does err ! as you, who are one of its representatives, deny the personality of Satan, and I’ve seen him ; hence it’s a personal knowledge with me that at least one Papal leader errs !”

The Abbé, who was equal to the occasion, said : “ Nay, your statement rather upholds the Holy Mother Church, while it contradicts my personal conviction only.”

“ Patience and perseverance,” said Madame, “ in seeking the very truth at all hazards will alone overcome all difficulties. Truth untrammelled will cost us a heavy price, but let the Truth be our aim whatever that price may be, and I am assured that Divine power alone can lead us to discern and fully value it.”

Adrian : “ Integral Truth, though torn and cut apart,
 Dissected, injured, and diminished low,
 Illused, and bartered in the Church’s mart ;
 Is it dishonoured? Truth shall yet answer, No.”

The long, but pleasant, drive here terminated, the destination being reached, and Sir Anthony cried, “ Here we are,” as the carriage entered the courtyard, and stopped sharply opposite the grand entrance, but closely followed by the brougham which bore the Prince Laida, Lord P., and a Lady.

CHAPTER XXXV.

With wondrous weapons some men fight,
Observed from regions stellar ;
They merely don religion white,
And raise its umbrella.

Imp. SARCASM.

FIFTH AND LAST ACT IN THE OPERETTA.

(Introduction to the Séance.)

“ **E**VIL Spirits cannot harm an officer of God’s Holy Catholic Church,” thoughtfully whispered Sir Anthony into the Abbé’s ear, affording him sufficient strength to alight from the carriage without falling, and restore him from a sinking tremour which soon would have reduced him to helplessness, as he felt even past fainting, and he involuntarily made the sign of the cross as he stumbled up some steps ; so wild were his feelings that he knew nothing until he found himself, together with his party, in a large and elegant saloon which was exquisitely decorated, perfumed, and illuminated with lovely floral decorations and electricity. Sir Anthony guided him by the arm, followed

by Madame and Adrian towards the lovely hostess; who, after the necessary introductions, received them with much courtesy and kind attention. This had an inspiring effect upon the Abbé's shattered nerves; it was consoling to think that one was not in the infernal regions! a thousand thoughts passed through his mind like lightning, swift and fast, as he gazed at the dazzling assembly consisting of the *élite* of Paris.

As he meditated Prince Bonamere laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder, saying with a grave and impressive smile, "Most Holy Father, Mon cher Abbé."

"Prince," said the Abbé, "judge me not harshly for my presence here to-night; I do not believe that any real phenomena are seen at these *séances*, no sane person could, but I have overcome a long standing prejudice in order to investigate."

"Bravo!" cried the Prince, "this is really a good idea. Nevertheless, I must say that I have witnessed very many *séances* (see 'Spiritualism Unveiled,' by Miles Grant,) and beheld marvellous and *real* manifestations from the land of spirits, and yet I still lay a just claim to sanity. But follow it out as you propose, and you will see for yourself."

"The creative spirit of the dominant passion of most men is to be evoked to-night, Adrian," said Sir Anthony.

"And what spirit is this?" enquired Madame.

"Oh, Madame, it is the most ravishing," replied the Prince, with a deep sigh; "it is Love!"

"It truly is," said Madame, "the greatest, and most realistic unseen power we have on earth!"

As Madame uttered these words sweet strains of soft music suddenly stole on their ears, which brought instant cessation to the gay converse. The brilliant light gradually faded, and, accompanied by the sound of rushing waters, a beautiful crystal stage-like throne unfolded itself apparently at the far end of the spacious saloon.

A lovely figure, half reclining upon a lounge of exquisite flowers, was no other than the hostess. A supernatural electrical magnetic spirit-essence seemed to pervade the atmosphere.

Prince Bonamere broke the silence—"Most honoured and beautiful of mediums, endowed with power both charming and marvellous, exquisitely connecting the seen with the unseen, the known with the unknown, the lands of spirits with the dense and material world, I pray that thou wilt beseech the good spirits to satisfy the souls here to-night who are languishing for their help and presence. We also beseech thee to unfold thyself to one whom we desire shall be added to thy adorable service, and show him that his very thoughts are known in the regions of spirit-land."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SÈANCE.

Adrian Galilio, stand forth and hear,
 Thy thoughts described by spirits clear,
 In thy soul poetic, these thoughts are read,
 Is life worth living? I will ask the dead.

Adrian — who stepped forward, well-nigh overpowered with emotion—
 murmured “It is true.”

Now list, said the spirit, in low melodious tones,
 Thy thoughts on man's woes, I'll interpret them all,
 Like the scent of a rose.

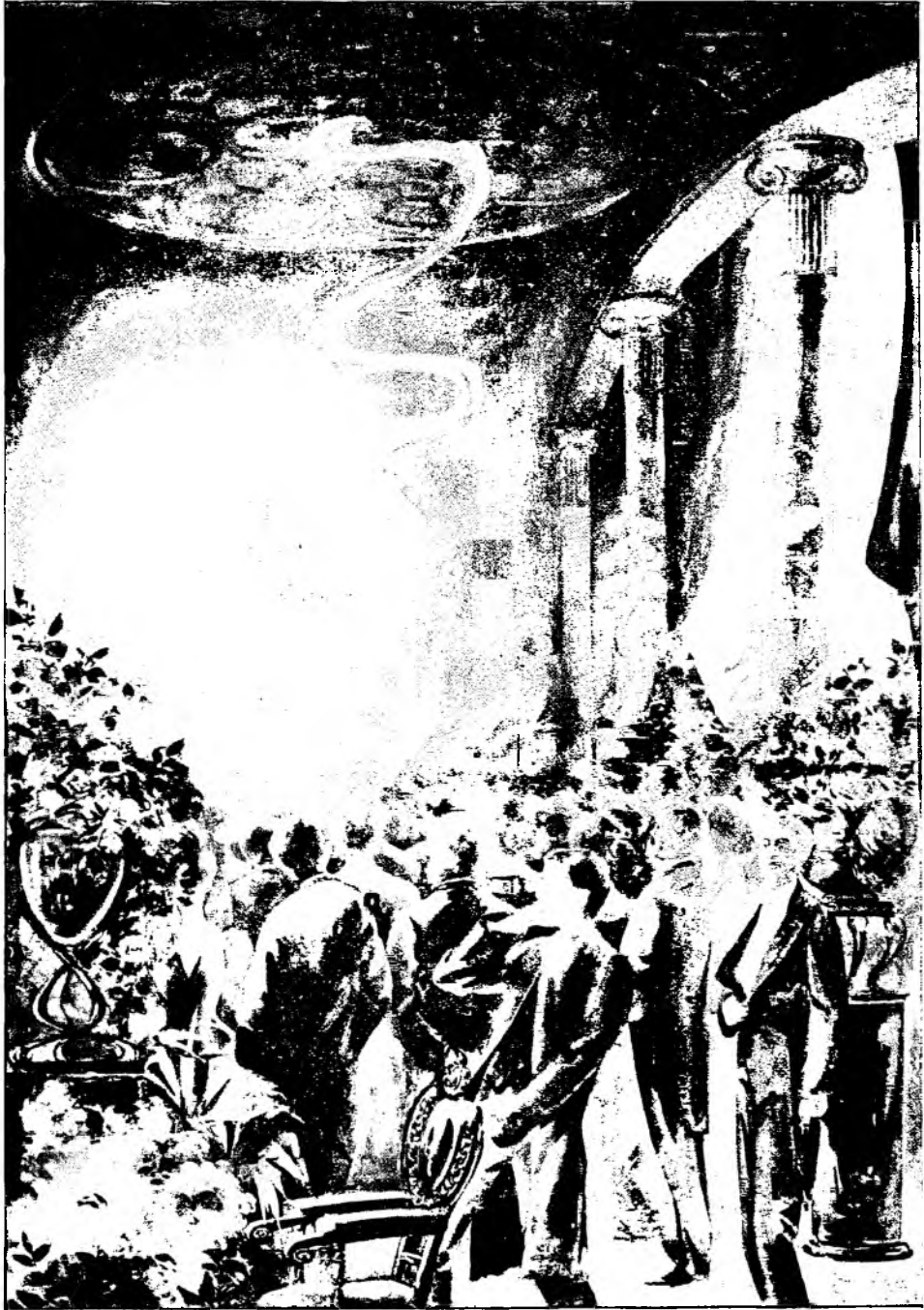
Is life worth living? this your soul impressed,
 As you gazed at the sun sinking low in the west,
 And on fancy's fleet wings nigh to spirits you flew,
 Till you had all conditions of mankind in view,
 Just to ask them,—Is life worth living?

Is life worth living? you questioned a child,
 She answered, “not always on earth,” and she smiled;
 A youth and maiden in spirit then replied,
 That success in fortune and love must decide,
 Time would unfold, Is life worth living?

Proud lady and gay,
 Once sought for and worshipped for charms of a day;
 Old Time, that sad robber, beyond earth's control,
 Strips early all beauty, save that of the soul,—
 Void this one charm,—Is life worth living?

Strong man tell us now,
 Who toiled and laboured, by the sweat of your brow,
 Is your reply still the same, as once expressed,
 “Too tired to live, and I'm sighing for rest,”—
 I was weary,—Was life worth living?

Was life worth living, its three score and ten?
 You asked then of thousands of weak aged men;
 From each and from all the answers the same,
 “Too strangely is life interwoven with pain,
 From youth till age,”—Was life worth living?



ADRIAN AND THE ABBE AT THE SEANCE.

Was life worth living, great statesman and leader?
 Was mere "mob favour" a lasting spirit feeder?
 If not, whence that effort incessantly seen?
 He whispered, "It satisfied not, 'twas a dream
 Made of vapour."

Was life worth living, say proud Emperor, pray?
 With all your great power, and despotic sway?
 Alas! for earth's glory, for sad the reply—
 "I've proved all was vanity under the sky,
 And I question," Was life worth living?

Speak out, thou Poet, Bard,
 And Philosopher, answer this problem deep and hard,
 Let thy spirit now linger to analyse fame,
 By Euclid's subtle axiom, which proves lines the same
 For nought earthly.

Was life worth living? speak, now, millionaire,
 Did gold make thee happy or free from all care?
 Oh! no, for tho' poverty's dull load is great,
 To God must the rich man account for his freight,—
 And, if condemned!

Was life worth living? former Atheist, relate,
 Had not a law placed thee in mortal estate,
 And had'st thou not gambolled o'er Time's fleet expanse,
 Say, what hast thou lost, now thou'rt wrapt in death's trance,
 Without hope?

Was life worth living? when dead here, in time,
 To ethereal beauty, and glory sublime;
 Speak souls—who continued through life's weary way,
 Content, just like cattle, to eat, drink, sleep, and play—
 Answer clearly.

Life's not worth living, save with noble aim,
 Man must live to do good, else he'll live but in vain,
 If he thirsts not for knowledge, with a Godward desire,
 And for Life Everlasting, too low he'll aspire,
 Let all men reflect, Is life worth living?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Love's spirit now draws nigh,
 It spreads o'er all the earth,
 His twin soul's substitute so shy!
 Comes too, in form of "mirth!"
 To kill two birds with one sharp stone,
 And keep their rendezvous, they've flown,
 Deigning to enter earthly portal,
 Reflecting love, *a la mode*, as mortal :
 Men's thoughts and acts they use, ad. lib.
 To prove that the spirit's not a fib!
 A sudden flash is seen,
 A fairy cuisine
 Doth in splendour unfurl
 In palace of earl (supernatural).
 It dazzles the gaze,
 There are footmen and page
 And the maidens on stage !
 A fairy scene with all,
 Is this fairy servant's ball?
 The butler's fine looks, and the cook's
 Most renowned all around,
 For their tact in fine acting.
 And their teaching and preaching,
 For knowledge universal,
 In science and dancing
 And racing and logic,
 Theology and Chronology,
 Singing and music, painting to prosody
 Of course there's rareosity, not so strange
 Tho' quite true ! not a few
 Of the Nobles, and grand,
 Joined the plebeians
 Hand in hand
 In the dance, and gladly taught,
 What they caught, In their presence so calm,
 Fascination, with charm.
 Attending their balls, masquerading !

(*The Curtain uprises.*)

A scene elevating—Serio-comic withal,
 E'er the supper and ball.

Dramatis Personæ:—GILES and COOK (MRS. SMITH)

(All Impromptu.)

GILES— Look at the past, love, and see
 Amid woodland's fairy flowers,
 I, a priest, a countess thee,
 Roaming in Plato's bowers;
 Delightful passions of the inner mind,
 When pure and sweet too oft to evil blind.
 Now to Butler I've descended
 That love may be defended.

SMITH— And I with joy have blended
 The name of "Smith" with Cook—

GILES— Our souls were joined by nature's comic spell,
 (Theologic food combined).

SMITH— With scent of fairy dell.
 Ah! yet methinks,
 Heaven's light will shine
 With greater force and power,
 Revealing more when God sees fit,
 And wondrous things, as yet all unrevealed to man,
 Will then appear!
 True union of souls.
 'Twixt man and woman; A perfect oneness
 As was the primal thought and first intent, at their creation.
 A sure eternal love, each for the other as itself,
 Upon a sure and certain ground
 For mutual peace and perfect joy.

(The SMITH and GILES Duet.)

Oh! Mrs. Smith you've won my heart;
 Pray Giles don't go away,
 Oh! Mrs. Smith why should we part?
 Nay Giles we must not, stay!

We met each other on the sea,
 Just where we can't recall;
 If not off England's coast 'twas that
 The men of old named Gaul.

Oh! Mrs. Smith you've won my heart;
 Pray Giles don't take it back;
 Oh! Mrs. Smith why should we part;
 Nay Giles, pray, don't retract.

We love each other yet on earth,
 Our love we may not tell!
 One hope remains says Swedenborg,
 In his Elysian dell!

Oh! Mrs. Smith this heart is thine;
 Nay Giles, don't let it go;
 Oh! Mrs. Smith, sweet name sublime;
 Aye Giles, I love you, so.

Oh! Mrs. Smith give me thine hand;
 Nay, Giles, don't let it go;
 Oh! Mrs. Smith, is love a strand,
 Or will it ever flow?

(Followed by " Love's Waves," Duet by SMITH and GILES.)

When we two stood together on the shore,
 And gazed in silence o'er the beauteous sea,
 We watched the swelling waves come breaking near,
 Until our bosoms heaved in sympathy ;
 Our hands were clasped, heedless of storm or harm,
 We felt a sweetness like a holy calm.

Behind the fleecy clouds, the moon shone forth,
 Conjoined with Jupiter in benefic ray,
 An influence sweet, seemed trembling o'er the earth,
 While stately ships went gliding t'wards the bay ;
 At last we spake, and both the same confessed,
 The wavelets murmured to the sands they kissed.

Those wooing waves, so silvery and white,
 'Twas like a vision, or a fairy scene,
 We felt entranced with purest strange delight,
 Nor thought of what might be, or might have been.
 For love was weaving over both his spell,
 While innocent, we fancied all was well.

But time was gliding like the ships hard bye,
 And brought the mandate that we soon must part.
 The horn resounded like a wailing cry,
 And pierced two souls—(conjoiing heart to heart.)
 The waves are murmuring in a plaintive strain,
 Until my love comes back across the main.

(GILES and MRS. SMITH here dance a most elegant and realistic skirt dance, somewhat similar, but as far superior to the "Can-Can" as the heavens are higher than the earth.)

* * * * *

The vision changed, eh Presto, swift—was seen
 A myriad dancing forms, in fancy sheen,
 Mid perfumed fountains, golden tinted, bright,
 Full beautiful, and changeful, in electric light.

To gloom the light fades,
 Rise demons, wild, lurid,
 In millions of shades,
 And liquid fire, furied.

In hellish joy, twelve figures bent
 With smiling triumph, of a friends content,
 And hands clasp'd all in prayer !
 They circle as their hair they tear.

Thou God of Evil, who all evil made,
 Come King of cruelty, and of vile desire,
 Father of sin, and desolations aid,
 Prince of "destruction" and eternal fire,
 Lord of despair, Abbaddon come,
 Let us not pray in vain.

Now hideous sound, harsh, fierce and demony,
 Sunk in wild terror, piercing, hideous, keen,
 Cut nerve on edge, in throes of agony,
 Condensed in torture, as a fiendish dream.

Come Father of sin, and desolation's fire,
 Come Prince of destruction and eternal pain,
 Come King of cruelty and all vile desires,
 Lord of despair, Let us not pray in vain !

The circle kneel with piercing wails and cries,
 All hail thou King of hell, thou answerest prayer,—
 Ah! there he stands with glittering piercing eyes,
 Steeled with a hopeless, and a wild despair !

Strange fallen beauty, marr'd his Angelic form.
 The fearful brand stamped on his brow was “doomed.”
 He vanished with a bitter look of scorn.
 Then all was silent—and the Abbé swooned !—

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The greatest minds conceive,
 Beauty in things unseen.

SIR ANTHONY TOLLEMACHE had sent a ticket of the Operetta to nurse Ideal Hope, and had also arranged for her to witness the s \grave{e} ance afterwards. Therefore when the Abbé fell senseless to the ground her aid was immediately sought, for he appeared to be dead.

It was while she was kneeling by the side of the unconscious prelate that Adrian again beheld her to be Mabelle Ideal. At first he thought it must be a dream, yet when he ejaculated her name, and once more met the gaze of her soft eyes, he was convinced that it was indeed a reality. Although Mabelle had been much agitated during the evening at so unexpectedly seeing Adrian on the stage of the Opera house, and also deeply moved by the Operetta, she had sufficiently recovered her composure to act discreetly.

Appearing not to have heard him speak to her, she requested Adrian to kindly aid her in having the Abbé conveyed from the saloon to the carriage, and they drove away together with the unconscious man. Although they were both much agitated, their nerves being over-wrought by the effect of the s \grave{e} ance, each gave a detailed sketch of the past years as the carriage rolled slowly along the Boulevards. Mabelle told Adrian that his Operetta had made an impression upon her soul that would never be effaced.

Having now reached Sir Anthony's, the coachman was asked to halt, as the Abbé's mansion was a considerable distance further. Sir Anthony, who had galloped on in advance, together with Prince Laida and Lord P, opened the carriage door directly it halted, and they tenderly bore the sufferer to a magnificent sleeping apartment in Sir Anthony's residence, where all possible attention was speedily and affectionately rendered. The following morning, however, found the Abbé still unconscious, and burning with fever.

In the course of a few days he commenced to rally, for the danger had passed. And with nurse Ideal Hope's skilful attention he soon became fully convalescent. It was the evening prior to the date on which the Operetta Company was to depart from Paris to fulfil their engagement at Monte Carlo, and it had been arranged that the Abbé should accompany the party in order to recruit his strength, and his interest also was keen in the Operetta's career.

Nurse Ideal Hope had promised that she would not forsake her patient until he was safely back in Paris. She was giving instructions regarding the luggage, when there came a light tap at the door of the apartment, and Sir Anthony and Lord P. entered.

This was a sad dilemma, for although she had heard from Adrian some of the circumstances which led her brother to appear on the stage at the Opera House, she had not as yet seen him to speak to, so she endeavoured to escape unobserved. But this he would not permit, and with expressions of delight at finding his long lost sister he insisted upon embracing her with affectionate impetuosity; further concealment as to her identity was now useless, and warm were the congratulations which Sir Anthony Tollemache, and the Abbé showered upon the noble Mabelle. With gratitude and tears combined she acknowledged their kindness, and then begged that her absence might be excused, as it was a lovely moonlight evening, and she felt that a stroll on the terrace would refresh her, having of late been so closely confined in consequence of the Abbé's illness.

Adrian, who had entered the room unperceived, followed Mabelle from the apartment, and joining her in the corridor, accompanied her to the terrace,—where they strolled together, and conversed for several hours.

If thou canst cipher—stars above, describe their language—Was it love? Yes it was love! It was raised and registered in heaven from out the Altar of the inner soul, where love conjoins in purity and holiness.

* * * * *

“I am afraid that our memorable adventure was too much for me, my dear Anthony,” said the Abbé.

“And no wonder, for I myself have been almost overpowered with nervous exhaustion ever since that night” replied the Baronet. The very thought of the sèance brought a cold shiver over the Abbé and he seemed to be chilled with horror. No further reference was therefore made to the subject until he was wholly restored to health and vigour.

This was the first night that the Abbé had been deemed strong enough to join the dinner party, and as it was fast approaching the hour he retired to dress.

On the morrow the Opera company reached their destination safely, but Lady Alma had received a shock, for amongst the notices of Wills in an English paper, was that of Sir Rosemary Alma, Bart., deceased, which had been proved, and a claim put in by the widow!

This was all very startling, but they decided to telegraph immediately to England to stop procedure ; and in the course of a few days they received tidings from Sir Anthony's solicitor to the effect that a Florence Hinde had married the late Sir Rosemary Alma, on a certain date given, and requesting a telegram immediately, with leave of action to be entered against Florence Hinde and Mark Webb for conspiracy, &c.

The telegram was sent, so the action was duly entered and proceedings stayed. In the meantime, kind and thoughtful attention and true sympathy afforded relief to Lady Alma, who was thus solaced in her sad and unfortunate position.

The Operetta made a great sensation at Monte Carlo, as it was a surprising success, and the profits were so large that it seemed that they were really coining money.

The Abbé was entirely restored to health. Lord P. settled up his accounts, and they all returned to Paris, much invigorated by their tour.

When Sir Anthony's dinner-bell rang, on the evening of their return, it brought together one of the most interesting parties that it is possible to conceive. Sir Anthony Tollemache led the way with Lady Alma, and Adrian took in Mabelle, followed by the dear old Abbé, Prince Laida, and Lord P.

It was with a serious air that Sir Anthony asked the Abbé to say grace ! The different courses were hurriedly passed over, as the generous-hearted host had intimated that it was now his turn to speak, and he meant to take the opportunity, as he had some good news to tell all. As every one was anxious to hear what he had to say, they soon returned to the drawing-room, and awaited with much expectancy his news.

They were not kept long in suspense, for the Baronet lost no time in starting to communicate that which he had promised to disclose. He commenced by saying that he was about to set forth on a tour, and wanted to ask who would accompany him. But as he could not expect any of them could reply to his request before they knew where he was bound for, he would give his route and destination. He was bound to Zion, and the road he hoped to traverse, though not a new one, seemed to have been long forsaken. And he went on to say that the events of the last few weeks would transform his life and turn his whole future career.

"In starting," said he, "I discard the glittering robes of Agnosticism for sackcloth and ashes." And here the Baronet gave an ungarnished but graphic and detailed sketch of his past life. And this without any omission, as he had previously received Lady Alma's sanction to do so. He then dwelt upon how he had come to perceive the importance in God's sight that the inhabitants of the earth should no longer be deceived regarding its shape ; and likewise the form and purposes of the whole world.

And in conclusion he begged them all (without delay) to consider this important truth—"important" because many, through the currently recorded Astrono-

mical theories, were made sceptical of Bible teaching, and through not believing in God, these had no hope of eternal life.

As for himself, he was starting at once on his journey, and setting off through the Gate of Prayer, and he did not want to leave any behind. Immediately after he had uttered these words he prayed, and so impassioned and earnest were his pleadings that not one was left behind. Though some had been "wrecked," not one was lost, all were saved! "Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship."

"And so it came to pass, that they all escaped safe to land." There was a grand marriage, and this perfect number became one body in the Lord. "In whom they lived and moved and had their being." And they did mighty work, for they had all things in common, and went about doing good; with songs of praise,

Yet not the burden of the sweetest lay,
Or what we term a low and soft refrain;
Will e'er express that hearty song of praise,
That ever seemed the Psalmist's noble aim.

Not the mere number of the words we say,
Vain repetitions uttered o'er and o'er;
When lifting up our souls in prayer to God,
Will e'er ensure them reaching Heaven's bright shore.

Not in a fast from nature's mortal food,
Consists the power to cleanse the soul from sin;
Before *Christ's great atonement to our God,
Mere fasting never could God's favour win.

Not in a soul bow'd down in blank despair,
In tears as numerous as the drops of rain,
Or grief that e'en would break life's golden bowl,
Alone fulfils the words, "Ye must be born again."

Nor man-made creed can save a mortal soul,
Nor doctrine raise the fallen and the dead;
But faith in God alone draws fire from heaven,
Sweet peace and life, if by His Spirit fed.

All that remains to be told is, that although Lady Alma was very loth to bring Florence Hinde and Mark Webb to justice; after one of the most remarkable

* Isaiah lviii. 5-6.

cases that was ever brought before a court of law, she eventually recovered her property and her rights. Nevertheless, her ladyship provided for these two, in whom there was a remarkable change.

And tho' no fashion could adorn
A hideous shape to lovely form,
Or make a thorn a rose !

A mighty "Salvationist,"
A "Solomon Eagle" raised in power,
Inspired by heaven at fitting hour,
Had sown the good seed.

And Florence Hinde and Mark Webb were transformed ! The wife of the latter being dead, Lady Alma proposed that they should marry.

But they chose the eternal Marriage Supper of Him in whose Name they cried, "Peccavi."*



* "Even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto *all* and upon *all* them that believe : for there is no difference : *For all have Sinned*, and come short of the Glory of God."—Rom. iii. 22, 23.

APPENDIX.

Reprinted from "*The Earth—not a globe—Review.*"
(The Journal of the Universal Zetetic Society.)

By LADY BLOUNT.

To those who assert that "the Bible was not given to teach science," we earnestly commend the following Questions and Answers to their prayerful consideration, and be it remembered that the Scripture quotations are not the words of men, but the Holy Spirit.—ED.

How did God create the world?

"The Lord by wisdom founded the earth; by understanding hath He established the heavens." Prov. iii. 9.

"He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it *stood fast.*" Ps. xxxiii. 9.

What did God create on the first day?

"Light, which God called day," and He divided the light from the darkness, which He called night. Hence light was made *before* the sun.

What did God make on the second day?

The firmament, or a strong and solid expanse overhead, made to divide the waters which were above the firmament, from the waters which were below the firmament.

What proof is there that the word "firmament" has this meaning? Job describes it as the sky, which is "strong and as a molten looking-glass." Job. xxxvii. 18.

Its purpose also shows this as it has to support the waters which are "above" the firmament. Gen. i. 7.

At the time of the Flood some of these waters came down upon the earth, for the windows of heaven were re-opened. Gen. vii. 11.

What did God make on the third day?

He gathered the waters together unto one place, which He called "seas," and made dry land appear, which He called "earth," and the grass, the herbs, and the trees all yielding fruit after their kind.

Thus the land only is called "Earth" in the Bible.

Did God create the earth as a moveable or rotating planet?

No; He laid its "foundations" that IT should not be moved for ever, or until the ages.

"The world also is established that it cannot be moved." Ps. xciii. 1.

"He commanded, and IT STOOD FAST." Ps. xxxiii. 9.

What experiments have been tried to prove the earth is stationary?

Cannon balls have been fired perpendicularly and they have fallen again into and near the cannon, thus practically confirming the evidence of our senses that the earth does not rotate at all.

To what may we liken the earth?

We may liken it to a vast, comparatively flat and floating vessel, fastened by its foundations as with an anchor.

The earth, says Dr. Rowbotham, is a vast floating island, buoyed up by the waters, and held in its place by long spurs of land shooting into the icy barriers of the southern circumference.

"For He hath founded it upon the sea, and established it upon the floods." Ps. xxiv. 2.

What did God make on the fourth day?

The Sun and the Moon and the Stars, to divide the day from the night, and to be for signs and for seasons, and for days and years.

These are smaller "lights" only, and are all intended for this world.

God said: "Let there be lights in the firmament of the heavens to give light upon the Earth: and it was so." Gen. i. 14, 15.

Have the stars ever been used by man?

Yes, prophets and wise men of old understood them and were guided by them at the birth of Jesus.

We are also told that the stars shall fall from heaven and the sun be turned into darkness before the great day of judgment. Joel ii. 10-31.

Of what shape is the earth and sea taken together?

On the surface it appears to be round and flat—not spherical—for we read: "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grass-hoppers; that stretched out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to 'dwell in.'" Is. xl. 22.

Again, "He that created the heavens and stretched them out, He spread forth the earth." Isa. xlii. 5.

(Then it must be a plane and *not* "this terrestrial ball," as Christians sing to God on Sundays.—*Ed. E. R.*)

In how many days were all things created?

In six literal days of 24 hours each. "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and ALL *that in them is*, and rested the *Seventh day*; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it." Ex. xx. 11.

As the Seventh Day Sabbath was a literal day of 24 hours, so also must the other days have been literal days of 24 hours each.

What power holds substances together?

The power of God! Heb. i. 3; Jer. x. 12, and li. 15.

The scientists call it "co-hesion," but this is only a sort of conjuring word, for *what* is "co-hesion?"

If this power which holds substances together were to cease to operate, what would be the result?

This is beyond the comprehension of man, but according to human judgment all substances would be decomposed into the elements of which they are composed, the earth would crumble to pieces, water would disappear into gases, and likewise all created things would perish, for "in God we live, and move, and have our being."

Did Newton profess to have discovered the nature of this wonderful "power of God" which holds substances together?

Yes; and he termed it the "law of gravitation," but this phrase does not give any information, for if we ask, "What is gravitation?" we are only told that it is some power which causes all bodies to attract one another! Besides, it is not true that all bodies do attract each other! Iron does *not* attract wood, stubble does *not* attract gold.

How and when did Newton introduce his teaching?

Newton was born A.D. 1642. He introduced his teaching by way of hypotheses.

The law of gravitation lay smothered,
And was discovered—
Not through the Church,
Nor through the Chapel,
But an apple!

So we're taught in the schools by the seers.

The earth, they say,
 Was formed by this notion,
 And put in motion,
 By crystalization and wild revolution,
 With some evolution—
 While gravity helped for millions of years.

Is it possible for modern Astronomers to prove that their description of the world corresponds with that given in the Bible?

No, and many of them openly assert that the Bible errs on this subject, and they set up Newton as a greater authority than Moses or Christ, as the following quotation proves:—

We must protest against the admixture of so grave a suggestion as that of giving God the lie. Moses has given his crude ideas (!!) as to the age of the world, but modern philosophers and scientists have clearly an equal right to give their deductions and opinions, especially as they produce evidence in which department Moses was very much at a disadvantage.—*The Muses*, December, 1895.

But it may be remarked that they who deny Moses also deny Jesus Christ, according to His own authority, and we cannot consistently accept N. T. teaching while denying or rejecting the Old Testament teaching, for holy men of old spake as they were moved (lit. guided) by the Holy Spirit; and Jesus Christ spake and acted by the same Holy Spirit.

Is modern science consistent with the dictates of common-sense?

No; they are like oil and vinegar; they will not mingle, for common-sense gains by experience, and soon uproots shallow and speculative fancies.

It chanced one day two notables,
 Well versed in mystic lore,
 "Experience" and "Science"—
 Both rested on Time's shore.

The noble Earl, "Lord Science," named,
 Deigned courtesy to show,
 And thus addressed "Experience,"
 "All that you see—I know."

The Knight, "Experience," replied,
 "My lord, I'll own you've read
 And studied hard from youth to age,
 From birth to hoary head.

"Yet while you're prematurely old,
 There's this twixt you and me—
 I now can boast in youth and health,
 More than you 'know' I see."

Is it reasonable for a man to believe a "science" which he does not understand?

No; it is not only unreasonable, but it is impossible, if the source of teaching is from his fellow-men.

But it is otherwise with God's dealings. Man can neither solve nor determine the eternal purposes of God further than the Almighty has revealed in the Holy Scriptures, as is generally admitted.

Thus all men can study nature or natural phenomena as it contains nothing of a private character; the young are taught both the Bible and science.

The globular theory contradicts the Bible and common-sense. A good proportion of children (even of tender years) would discover this discrepancy were they not befogged with outlandish and self-stultifying terms, figures, and buffoonery, invented by shrewd calculators and long-headed scientists, false to the Word of God who with calm demeanour quote their strange exploits. That the earth is a stationary plane was the belief of mankind for over 5,500 years.

The most ancient writings in the universe describe the earth as a plane, surrounded by a gigantic ocean as a circumference.

Thus it is as possible to circumnavigate the earth as it is to sail around an island.

Do all the nations now accept the globular theory?

No; India and China do not generally accept it, and thousands of intelligent Europeans utterly reject it.

What causes a stone when thrown in the air to fall to the ground?

Its own weight. There are no accountable reasons, or laws, why flies on the ceiling, feathers, light substances, birds, balloons, &c., in the air do not fall as they ought to were the "law of gravitation" actually in operation.

Referring to the first chapter of Heb., verse 3, it would be well to note the literal rendering of verse 2, as it throws a light respecting the word "worlds," which is found in no other passage, but which should be translated God: "In the last of these days spoke unto us, by a Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, on account of whom also He constituted "the ages." (Emphatic Diaglott.)

How is it that when sailing due East or West we come round to the same place?

This would be an impossibility on a globe, if (as Globulists believe) due East and West were *straight lines*.

But we can sail around the whole earth in the same way that we can sail around an island.

The mariner's compass points to the north centre, and as a vessel sails around a great circle, the instrument is ever directed to the same point while it also lies horizontal—which it could not do on a globe—hence, in the behaviour of the mariner's compass we have a good proof of the plane teaching.

Does not the Sun's asserted rising E.S.E. and setting W.S.W. in New Zealand during their summer months disprove the plane teaching?

No; for the motion of the heavenly bodies has nothing to do with the surface shape of the earth, no more than the light of a chandelier has to do with the shape of a room, or a floor.

Is not the plane teaching principally upheld through a persistent belief in the literal English in the Bible texts?

Neither the holy men of old, nor the Apostles and Prophets, were influenced by the literal English of our translation, yet they, in the power of Inspiration, taught that the earth was a motionless Plane, and the ancient languages agree therewith.

Is it not logical to proffer argumentatively in upholding the globular theory that as many of the Bible expressions are symbolic, perhaps those favouring the plane earth teaching may also be symbolic?

As all Scripture statements are not symbolic, it ought, in common honesty, to be shown that those Scriptures, teaching that the earth is a motionless plane, are only figurative.

Besides we know the earth is a plane from the fact that the surface of all water at rest is level, horizontal, flat.

Thus we rest not our belief in this on the Scriptures *alone*, though these of themselves *are* sufficient for a true Christian.

Do not the theories of Modern Astronomy discredit the account of creation?

Yes; they contradict the teaching of Moses (which Christ endorsed) in saying that the stars are "worlds."

The Bible never speaks of but one world, or cosmos; and it calls the stars mere "lights," and the sun a "greater light," and the moon another and independent light. Now it is absurd to make a "light," or a lamp, one million four hundred and nine thousand and four hundred times the size of the place to be lighted!

Astronomy also contradicts the Word of God in calling the moon an opaque or dark body, for the Bible clearly states that God made *two* "great lights," the sun and moon, while astronomy affirms that the moon is only a reflector of the sun's light!

Besides, moonshine is very different in its nature to sunshine, and the moon has been seen shining with a dull red glow even when totally eclipsed.

How should we look upon human wisdom when it conflicts with Divine?

With distrust; for theoretical "Science" is merely speculation.

The Creator is surely wiser than the creature; and "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." 1 Cor. iii. 19.

What then should we do?

Reverently study His Works, and His Word, so that we may gain wisdom and learn to trust Him better, and obtain that Eternal Life which He has promised through the Messiah to all them that love Him.

Would it not be a hard task for Geologists, Globularists, and Commentators to reconcile their theories with Gen. i.; Job xxxviii., etc.; Psa. xxiv., cxxxvi., civ., and Pet. iii. 5, ii.?

There are few Scientists who dare attempt any reconciliation. For the most part they scornfully ignore Genesis.

Commentators are mostly silent, and when driven into a corner they uphold Newton, otherwise it is a notable fact that they pass over all passages relating to true cosmogony without comment.

Why attach so much importance to this question of the earth's shape?

Because it proves the Bible to be true; because the endless life which God promises to be spent with Christ (when He returns) is to be upon the renewed earth. Matt. v. 5; vi. 10; and Rev. v. 10.

Is the fact that the masts of a ship approaching the shore are seen before the hull any proof that the earth is a globe?

None whatever; because this is explainable by the laws of perspective, and after the ship has wholly disappeared from the vision of the naked eye, it can in calm weather often be restored to view by a good telescope.

Where is the end of light and darkness?

At the great southern circumference—where the "waters are compassed with bounds, until the day and night come to an end." See Job xxvi. 10.

Of what do these boundaries of the southern seas consist?

They are solid walls of ice—even great cliffs which the Almighty set as "bars and doors"—and said to the sea "hitherto shall thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Job xxxviii. 11; and here Job also says, "The face of the deep is frozen." Verse 30.

What is the general form of the Universe according to the Holy Scriptures?

We are told in the Holy Writings, as also we verily know from observation, that the earth, or land, rests upon the waters of the great deep—

And the Heavens are spread out as a canopy above like a "tent."

Job, in speaking of the mighty works of God, said: "Who shut up the sea

with doors when it brake forth, and when I made the clouds a garment thereof— and thick darkness a swaddling band for it." Job. xxxviii. 9, 10.

Does the sun's light travel in straight lines?

No; it converges, and by the refrangibility of the whole bulk of its rays it circles the earth.

The cause of this disposition to refraction is attributable to the rays passing through media of different density in the atmosphere which is said to be greater in the south and less in the north.

How is the astral phenomena explained?

Some think it due to reflection, chiefly emanating from the central point or north centre; say rather that the stars were made by the Creator to go in their courses to lighten and influence different parts of the earth.

But it is quite possible to know the shape of the earth without understanding all about star motions, some of which are very intricate. See Jud. v. 20, and Deut. iv. 19.

How is it that when there is a lunar eclipse the shadow is always round?

The so-called shadow is *not* always round. It was once noticed of a triangular shape. But a straight object will give a curved shadow upon a sphere, as you may see by holding a straight edge before an apple by gas-light.

But it has never been shown that the earth could possibly cast a shadow on the moon. If the earth cut off the light from the moon, the moon ought to be quite dark during the eclipse, but it is not dark, *its light* shines through the supposed shadow! "Parallax" thought that a semi-opaque but dark moon came between us and the luminous moon, and so caused the lunar eclipse.

Astronomers admit that there are dark bodies in the sky.

The moon's "eclipse" may be caused by its getting into a mass of "thick darkness" which revolves around and over the earth in "opposition" to the sun.

This thick, dry, foggy atmosphere would obscure the moon's rays, but does not obliterate them. Whatever explanation is accepted we cannot admit the idea of the earth's shadow, because sun and moon have both been seen *above* the horizon during the eclipse of the moon, and we know from other sources that these bodies circle over a plane earth. Sir Henry Holland in his "Recollections of past life," 2nd Edition, page 305 (quoted in "The Story of the Solar System"), referring to the fact of both sun and moon being above the horizon when an eclipse of the moon occurred, says, "This spectacle requires, however, a combination of circumstances rarely occurring—a perfectly clear eastern and western horizon, and an entirely level intervening surface, such as that of the sea, or the African desert." Sir Henry Holland thus bears witness to the fact that water is level.

"On the 20th of April, 1837, the moon rose eclipsed before the sun had set." Story of the Solar System, page 84. This entirely demolishes the idea that it is the shadow of the earth which eclipses the moon.

How is day and night caused if the world is not a globe?

Day and night are caused by the revolution of the sun over and around the earth. The sun is neither high enough nor large enough to shine over all the earth, but only over about half of it at once, the atmosphere deflecting the sun's rays from the earth when they fall very obliquely, so that darkness follows in those parts until the sun comes round again and nearer.

What proof is there that water is "horizontal?"

"Parallax" proved again and again that the surface water of the Bedford Canal is *absolutely level*.

How far off can ships be seen at sea?

From 10 to 20 miles, according to the height of the observers and the clearness of the atmosphere. Lights have been seen further off than that. The flame of the Clare Island light can be seen in clear weather, a distance of 31 statute miles. And the Barra Head lighthouse is visible at a distance of 38 miles.

(See "Admiralty List of Lights," 1893.)

Is this consistent with the globular theory?

No; as according to the globular theory the "dip" would prevent such lights being seen.

Do the calculations which have been made by Astronomers agree with the globular theory?

They do not; for instance, it would be but half the distance round the earth 45 degrees south of the equator if the earth were a Globe.

Are appearances in favour of the globular theory, or the flat earth teaching.

The latter, even as is acknowledged by Astronomers themselves!

Ought we not to believe the evidence of our senses?

Yes; unless we have palpable proof to the contrary.

Is there any evidence in support of the supposed motion of the earth?

Not the slightest. No practical proof of these terrible motions is ever offered by the Astronomers.

Would there not be some sensible effects of the tremendous motions attributed to the earth?

Certainly; if such motions existed. Smoke, vapour, clouds, etc., would undoubtedly rush to the rear, whereas they FLOAT in different directions; or rest quite still, proving there are no such motions.

Do Navigators use a model globe to navigate with?

No; they used to, but now their charts are drawn out from Mercator's projection portraying the ocean's surface as being *absolutely horizontal!*

Why has this change been made?

Because it is proved practically to be the best guide to steer by.

It is evident that the earth can only be circumnavigated on one course in the extreme south. There the dangers of icebergs of magnitudes never met with in the north, and darkness for the greater part of the year would render such an expedition *costly, dangerous, and of long duration.*

Parallax proves that south of the equator the degrees of longitude increase—"For example—we find that the actual length of a degree of longitude at the latitude of Sydney is twelve miles longer than by the globular supposition."

What is there beyond the southern circumferential boundary?

Man has failed to penetrate beyond this boundary, as hitherto the Almighty has not permitted him to do so, therefore, it is unknown what is beyond!

If modern science is a failure why has it answered so perfectly for the last two to three hundred years, and why have so many important discoveries been made?

We must distinguish between practical science and theoretical. Practical science has been useful in many ways, but theoretical science, or scientific guesswork has changed many times during the last 300 years. Take for instance the varied distance given "scientifically" for the sun's distance.

Take also the "science" of chemistry, which up to quite lately taught that the *elements* could not be changed from one to another, and now we hear of silver which was said to be an element being changed into gold!

What is an "Element"?

An "Element" is a substance that cannot be further decomposed. Silver has been universally regarded as an "Element" until just lately; but since it has been discovered that it is possible to convert Silver into Gold by a very severe process of hammering, it can no longer be regarded as a simple "Element."

In fact the metamorphosis of Silver has caused doubt whether other so-called "Elements" may not also be transmutable, so that the old dream of the *Alchemists* is after all not so absurd as we moderns have thought it to be.

Further inventions may prove that other metals are also transmutable.

Are not Fire, Air, Earth, and Water Elements?

They are termed "Elements," but they are not Elements in a chemical sense. *Fire* is the combustion of Hydrogen and Oxygen; *Air* consists of Nitrogen, and Oxygen (5^N to 1^O) and Carbonic Acid, or Carb. Anlyd—etc. *Water* is composed of Hydrogen and Oxygen (2^H to 1^O), and the *Earth* contains all the elements known, for everything comes out of the Earth.

How does the zetetic teaching explain specific gravity?

Simply by *weight*, various bodies having various weights.

If gravity does not exist why is not 1 lb. of feathers equal to 1 lb. of iron—bulk for bulk.

Because their substances or "atoms" do not lie as close.

What is a degree?

So called "degrees" are determined by supposing the sky for the purpose as a *concave* or hollow globe encircling the earth at a distance equably—and they determine a "degree" measured thereon represents the same on earth! Nevertheless "degrees" have nothing to do with the shape of the earth.

What causes the Currents?

Currents both of Air and Water are caused by variations of temperature.

Hot air or hot water ascends because it is lighter than cold.

Cold air or water becoming heavier, descends, and so sets up a motion or current. For instance the hot water of the Gulf Streams, etc., comes to the surface and the cold water from the Northern regions flows Southward and under to supply the place of the warm water which flows near the surface across the Atlantic towards the Western coast of Europe. Thus making the climate of England warmer than it would otherwise be.

Has the Globular theory been always received without question?

No, many men in Newton's time refused his hypotheses, and few really scientific men will even now pronounce positively that the earth is absolutely a globe.

They suggest it rather than affirm it.

Are there not solid proofs that the earth is a whirling globe?

No there are not, and apart from the fact that there is a total lack of any real evidence of the globular theory, and the confessions of Astronomers that the idea is based upon supposition and hypothesis; practical experiments and the Bible both prove unmistakably, that the earth has no diurnal motion.

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