MARY MELVILLE THE PSYCHIC

Flora MacDonald

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—BY—

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INTRODUCTION.

WM. NEWTON BARNHARDT, M.B.

How wonderfully has knowledge grown since Columbus discovered America! The recognition of the fact that this earth is round secured to civilization a continent—a New World. By a proper understanding and exercise of psychic force, mankind will attain a new condition. Man has taken infinite pains to perfect everything but himself. He has swept the horizon of his nature with his mental telescope, but has neglected the cognizance of the observatory on which he stands. The facts of consciousness and psychic life have been too visionary or insignificant compared with the hard, tangible facts of this materialistic nature and sensuous life. But there is hope for him in the future.

We are living in a marvellous age, a period of constant change and rapid progress. The present marks a transition to still higher and better conditions. The march of progress has wrought wonderful changes in both the material and social conditions of all civilized countries. The uttermost parts of the earth have been connected by railways and steamships. The facilities for the

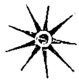
distribution of wealth and intelligence have been amazingly increased. Steam and electricity are uniting the whole world into one great brotherhood. The heir of the ages is gradually but effectually annihilating space and time.

The present advanced civilization is the result of a changed attitude of man to the hidden forces of nature. He has awakened to the fact that nature is his servant, if he will but open his consciousness to her immutable and inexorable laws. But this change of view has been gradual and difficult.

Many things that we feel are indispensable to the life of our present civilization, and are blessings to mankind, were not at first received with the kindly disposition that now awaits them. They had to fight their way into the present economy and use, against the bitterest enmity and most forceful opposition. It would require a complete history of the progress of education, industrial art and mechanical invention, to show the determined and organized opposition to new thought that has existed all along the ages. It will be enough to say that Confucius and Buddha, Socrates and Dante, Shakespeare and Burns, Columbus, Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Galvani, Franklin, Stephenson, Morse, and many other great men who sacrificed position, wealth and fame to carry out their ideas for truth's sake, were not as much thought of in their own day as they are now. The lives of these men should be

sufficient to remind us that great discoveries usually come from very obscure sources and unexpected channels.

"A Psychic" is an exceedingly fitting theme for literary treatment on the eve of the twentieth century. More especially is this so when the subject is discussed in a truthful and coordinated manner, free from the mysticisms, the distortions and perversions that are so common in many of the attempts to use psychic facts and experiences as a basis for literary entertainment. We are convinced that a perusal of the following pages will enable earnest searchers for truth among psychic phenomena to discover a new generalization which, though it does not yet bear the academic stamp, will be recognized in ages to come as one of the most illustrious triumphs of this wonderful century. Mary Melville has attained a glorious immortality. During her earthly career she functioned in the sphere of the cosmic consciousness and her name is imperishably engraved in the history of human progress.



A FOREWORD.

B. F. Austin, B.A., B.D.

The accomplished lady, whose wonderful nar-naratative is now before us, had a unique task and in accomplishing it has marked out a new path in modern fiction.

The task was the portrayal of a life full of beauty and poetry, full of sorrow and suffering, a life of vast accomplishments in a brief span, and a life rendered doubly interesting to us, both by marvellous outgleams of psychic power, and by its early tragic close.

Through several generations the stream of family history is briefly and skilfully traced by the Authoress, until interest is made to centre in the Child Psychic, whose simple record as here given illustrates and confirms the adage, "Truth is stranger than Fiction."

Living, as the Heroine of this Story does, in the memory of thousands, who, as friends, admirers, fellow-students or teachers, were personally cognizant of her psychic powers and astonishing deeds, the story goes forth in the form of fiction—the names of persons and places being but thinly disguised—and as fiction it will

be accepted by multitudes ; yet in all essential features, it is a genuine biography of a real and wonderful life.

Many who have not become acquainted with the marvellous phenomena of the mental realm in our day, through the reports of the Society of Psychic Research or the writings of Crookes, Wallace, Flammarion and Zollner, and have not come into personal acquaintance with the Psychics of to-day, will, perhaps, fail to recognize the possible truth of "Mary Melville, The Psychic."

To such readers we would say that the marvellous features of the story now before us, find abundant illustration and confirmation in the Bible and in the attested experiences of patient and careful scientific investigators of our own age.

They form the basic facts in the origin of all religions, the so-called miracles being resolvable in a last analysis into manifestations of psychic power in strictest accord with law, however arbitrary they may appear to the ignorant.

Two facts will press for recognition upon every honest, fearless investigator along this line: the similarity of the miracles of all religions to the psychic phenomena of to-day, and the vast development of psychic power in our own age. Mary Melville's life was prophetic of the New Era of Psychic Unfoldment upon which the human race is now entering. What she did, multitudes will yet accomplish and the hour is not far distant when humanity will be forced to recognize the

latent powers of the human soul in Clairvoyance, Psycometry, Soul Flight, Telepathy, Prophecy, and in transcending the apparent barriers of time and sense.

That Mary Melville, like the Hebrew Children of old, could come into contact with fire and not be burned, that she could and did frequently read the thoughts of her fellow men, that she did in trance condition become cognizant of persons, places and events at a distance, that she passed most difficult examinations for which she had made no preparation, and, as a result of one such examination, was elected vice-president of a mathematical society at the Centennial Exposition, representing many of the best mathematicians of Europe and America, and made a remarkable inspirational address at their meeting—these are all historic facts.

This volume, we are persuaded, has a higher object than mere entertainment Doubtless it will both richly entertain and deeply interest its readers but its loftier mission will be to teach all men that the same wondrous powers lie hidden in every soul which shone out so brilliantly in "Mary Melville, The Psychic."

MARY MELVILLE,

THE PSYCHIC.

CHAPTER I.

A CREED FOR OTHERS.

> "But Lord remember me and mine,
> Wi' mercys temp'ral and divine."—BURNS.

Robert MacDonald and Robert MacTavish were born and bred in Calvinism.

Predestination and infant damnation were in their bones and marrow, and it was "a'right."

They came to this country with their young families, with the intention of being what the country had yet no use for—gentleman farmers.

They purchased farms on the opposite sides of the road near the flourishing little town of Pickering, but they would have made much better theologians than farmers, and it was not an uncom-

mon thing to see their horses standing in the middle of a partly ploughed field for hours at a time, while the two Roberts discussed the five points of Calvinism in the corner of thae rail fence.

An elderly sister of Robert MacTavish, whom the children all call Aunt Bell, used to exclaim, "Hoot-Toot, Hoot-Toot, Robert's a'ways loosin' his body savin' his soul," and Mrs. MacTavish would acquiesce: "O yes, he's a'ways at it, and if it was na for my wee bit o' money, we'd a' be out o' house and hame." And still the sun would pour down on the horses, but what did it signify when they were discussing so important a text as, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved but he that believeth not shall be damned." Of course infants could not be expected to believe, but their parents believed for them, and must see that they were baptized. Jonathan Edwards was a most excellent authority, and he had even gone so far as to inlay the floor of hell with the tender bones of unbaptized infants.

"Ah weel it's an awfu' thing, an awfu' thing Robert, but it's the Lord's will, and a' our children are baptized."

"Yees, yees," answered Robert MacDonald, "a' except the last bairn, and she is no strang enough to take to the kirk yet, but we'll see to it in a near by day."

But the near by day came and found a little white coffin in the parlor. The two Roberts clasped hands in silent sympathy but said nothing.

Grief had fallen on the household, and now only warmest friendship bound the two families.

The Rev. Neil MacNaran had been away from his kirk, but was returning and would be in the pulpit for the burial service.

The little speck of clay in its quiet cradle was laid in front of the pulpit, and Robert MacTavish was near the front, one of the chief mourners.

With solemn sonorous clearing of the throat, Rev. Neil began: "Dear brethren and sisters, death is an awful thing, once it's icy finger has chilled the pulsing life blood all is over. If we are baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and are one of God's elect, we can appear before the judgment bar, and receive our reward, and sing praises to His Holy Name throughout all eternity.

But if we have not been baptized, it is written

brethren, in the Holy Book these awful words. "He that is not baptized shall be damned." And under the circumstances I cannot see what consolation I can extend to our dear brother. His child, his innocent little babe, white and cold before us has not received the Holy Baptism of the Church."

A frightened look passed round the congregation.

Poor Robert MacDonald's head was bowed very low and one could hear a groan, and here and there a woman sob: "Lord have mercy on us."

Robert MacTavish's face was getting stern and pale, and one might think he was squeezing something in his hand his grip was so tight.

There was a hush, for Robert was standing, and it might have been seen that he had a foot-stool in his hand.

"And do you mean to insinuate Neil MacNaran, that Robert MacDonald's wee girlie, hardly a month old, has gone to hell?"

"I'm no saying," said the Rev. Neil, "but I can give Mr. MacDonald no consolation."

"Then take that," said MacTavish, and he hurled the foot-stool at the Rev. Neil's head, and

walking forward, picked up the coffin and carried it out of the church.

It so happened that the Rev. Father O'Donohue and Hugh O'Brien, the school teacher, were driving past and halted to see what the disturbance was about. Robert MacTavish explained the situation, and told of his determination to bury the infant himself.

Father O'Donohue thought it was a pity that the child should not have a proper burial, and said it was not in hell at all, but in a place prepared for it, and as he did not describe the particular kind of place, it was at least more acceptable than fire and brimstone; so it was finally agreed that the priest should bury the child.

The two Roberts met that evening and decided that whatever they might become, they could no longer be Presbyterians.

"Nay, nay; it's against a' reason that a merciful God could damn the wee innocent, that just looked up so pitiful and wound itself about our hearts, and then left us. Nay, nay, Robert, if there's ony angels that wee lassie's one."

"If there's ony angels, yes; and if there's ony God. Robert I'm thinking we don't know much

about it. We've talked and we've argued, and we know what Calvin said, and what Knox said, and we know all the Bible says, but what do we know, and what do we think? I'm beginning to think that Thomas Paine was na so far astray."

"Be still Robert MacTavish and don't disgrace the house you belong to. Is it an infidel you'd follow?"

"It's no infidel, and it's no Paine, but it's just common sense. I'm thinking we've been led by the nose lang enough, and I'll listen no more to Neil MacNaran. I'm no denying the Word of God, but wrong interpretation is put upon it."

"I'm not saying what I am, Robert MacDonald, but I'll pray and do you pray, and some day we'll begin to build on a solid foundation."

It was hard work to keep the two Roberts apart, and the women folks had to work hard with their butter and eggs and poultry to supply the wants of their families. But what was the question of family supplies, when the question of destiny was unsettled in the minds of the heads of the house.

Bibles modern and Bibles ancient, church creeds and free thought arguments, occupied their time

and thoughts for many months.

Father O'Donohue's house was a convenient meeting place, and his library, with authors on all fine theological points, was there for ready reference.

Hugh O'Brien, too, was on hand and argued well in favor of the Church of Rome, and so it came to pass, that about six months after the burial, the two Roberts were walking home one moonlight night. There was fall ploughing to be done, and there were vegetables to be put in the root houses for the winter, but they had no time for such work as this.

"Now Robert MacDonald," for Robert MacTavish generally settled the questions of debate, "You may say as you like but it's the ony way out o' it."

"It seems verra like it, verra like it. It's no reasonable that a people should gang to Heaven, and it's no reasonable that a people should gang to hell, and it's the only way out o' it."

"I dinna like the word Robert."

"I dinna like it myself, but if we put the saint in heaven, and the murderer in hell, there must be some place for the between folks till they get to

be saints, and so Robert we ha' to take purgatory or naething."

"I dinna like the idea of being an infidel, and I dinna like the idea of being a Papist, Robert."

"Weel, weel, we must soon decide, the Bishop comes soon, and Father O'Donohue has been very kind, and Hugh O'Brien has used some strong arguments, and it would be strange, Robert, for us to be infidels, and nothing to pray to at a.' We've been so used to praying, and it's been such a comfort to us, and a' the difference is we're just given more of a chance, after a' purgatory might be a very comfortable place, and it might be best to stop there, for we might no be able to stand the dazzling brightness o' heaven a' at once."

"Vera weel, Robert, vera weel, I dinna like the name o' Papist, but it's better than thinking the wee thing, with it's pitiful blue eyes, could be in hell."

When the Bishop came excitement ran high, for Roman Catholicism had gained a victory, and the two heretofore bigoted Calvinists and Scotchmen, Robert MacDonald and Robert MacTavish, joined the Catholic Church.

But the women folks hung out, and so war was

declared in the homes of MacDonald and MacTavish.

They did not see the real reason for the change. It was not a case of dogma or of creed, but simply proved a grand truth, that above and beyond all superstition of the past, above and beyond all tradition and all religion, is the innate love for justice in the human heart; and the pleading blue eyes of an innocent infant were a stronger influence in the favor of mercy and justice than all the arguments of bibles, preachers or priest.

CHAPTER II.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

"Unto a few the power seems given
To catch a strange prophetic vision."

Judge Melville sat in a stiff backed chair, before a straight backed desk, in a stiffly furnished dining room. He had not been Judge very long, but he was the same painfully conventional, civilly polite man as Judge Melville, that he was as lawyer Melville.

He had always been rather delicate so his wife never allowed him to be troubled with any domestic affairs. What money he made he gave to her and it was she, and she alone, who brought up the large family of eleven boys and two girls. She was strong and clever, shrewd and industrious.

It was ten o'clock and Sunday evening. The Judge still savored of church, having all his blacks on, and the prayer book and Bible in a little case on the table. Mrs. Melville sat darning stockings.

The Judge wheeled round from the desk, glanced uneasily at the window, went over to it and pulled the blind a trifle lower, although it covered the window before.

"Mary," said the Judge, "do you think it absolutely necessary to darn those garments to-night?"

"I do not know that it is absolutely necessary, Samuel, but I can more conveniently darn them now than to-morrow."

"Now Mary, I never said I objected exactly, but supposing anyone should drop in, it would necessitate a shuffle, and hiding the basket, besides an embarrassed feeling as though one were a sort of a criminal."

"No, Samuel, there would be no shuffling at all, I would simply sit and darn. It is convenient for me to do it. I am in no way guilty of transgressing any law, moral or divine. Lastly it's no one's business but my own."

"Yes Mary, that's all very well, but we belong to a community where certain observances are held to be correct, and if we do not conform to to these things, we must expect to be criticised, and incidentally our social position affected."

"Now listen Samuel. For years I have respected you and your ideas. Personally I have no use for the High Church of England, if I lean to any

church, it is the Universalist, for I can conceive of no lasting religion that is not based on universal salvation. You and your children have gone to church, while I have always stayed at home and helped get dinner. That was all right, but when I commit the terrible crime of darning a pair of stockings, it had to be hushed up and the curtains drawn for fear the household would be disgraced.

I hid the basket, and the needle and thread were instantly put away if anyone came, but now I do not need to bother. My position as Mrs. Judge Melville is secure, and much will be tolerated from the wife of the County Judge, that would have been riddled into pieces if done by lawyer Melville's wife.

"I believe that one day is quite as sacred as another, and that while I am well and strong, and a dozen children to be clothed and fed, there is no day too good in which to work and to do what I feel like doing."

"Well, well, Mary, we won't quarrel about it. You have always had your own way, and always will, and while I cannot give up the church of my fathers, I can see much reason in your ideas about church and religion, though if you took my advice

you would say less before the children, for the other day, I found George (and he is not more than thirteen) arguing with the Rector about the virtue of Pontius Pilate, saying that he deserved as much credit as Christ for the salvation of the world, for if he had not crucified Christ, Christ would have had no chance to show what a martyr He could be, and the murderer was quite as neccessary as the crucified."

"I see no harm in the boy expressing what he thought, and let me whisper something to you, George knows more than many who have seen double, yes five times his years. George is a strange boy, but let him alone with his ideas, the religion of his forefathers, nor of his father, and perhaps not his mother, is going to be good enough for him, and I hope not. I would like to see my boys and girls a step in advance of me. I would like to see their reason for believing any creed, in advance of the reason I could give. Yes, and if they see anything in the church they object to, I would like to see them strong enough to step out and denounce it."

"Yes, and lose every chance they might have of becoming respectable citizens," said the Judge.

"If they cannot be respectable citizens by telling their honest convictions, I would rather see them beaten in the race."

"Well, well, Mary, we won't descend to quarreling about it, and that reminds me that when I was walking out this morning, I passed Robert MacTavish's, and such a time! I think the entire family were all talking at once, and quarreling at the top of their voices. You know Robert has at last persuaded Mrs. MacTavish to join the Catholic Church with him, and though she held out for a year, now that she has joined, the children have no peace ot their lives. The two young ones are easily led, but Elizabeth, that bright, pretty girl about twelve years of age, will not join, nor any of the older ones.

His sister, old Bell MacTavish, came out as I was passing, and as she opened the door, I heard Robert say, 'It's the only way out o' it,' and the elder daughter said, 'Father you're a fool, and never was anything else, and now that the Church of Rome has got you, you'd like to be a devil too; but I'm too old to be hoodwinked into counting beads and dipping my hands into holy water.'

"Hoot-toot, child, hoot-toot. You know naething aboot it, naething aboot it."

"Bla-bla-bla, we're on the streets o' Glasgow," said old Bell as a parting salute.

"Good morning Judge Melville, I hope the whole town of Picking has not heard the awfu' rows they have, and the mair religion they get, the bigger deevils they are, and I'm sair sic o' it a,' sair sic o' it.

"O no, Miss MacTavish," said I, "the town of Picking is two miles away, and has not very good hearing, unless the wind is in its favor."

Mary, religion is certainly a curse to the MacTavishes and MacDonalds, though I believe the MacDonalds have all joined except the oldest son, and he has left home and gone to the Western States, declaring himself disgusted with churches in general, and the Presbyterian and Catholic Churches in particular. Now I hope we have enough common sense to live peacefully together, and whatever difference of opinion we may have, let it make no difference to our kindly feelings for each other; and let the children never hear us discussing religion at all."

"Very well, Samuel, I'll go and set the pan-

cakes for breakfast, and you had better go to bed. To-morrow you must be at the office, and with your long walk to-day you must be tired."

Mrs. Melville went to the kitchen to stir the pancake batter. She lit a candle, and was startled to find George sitting besides the fire place in his night-dress. "Why George, what are you doing here?"

"Well mother, I thought I'd just come down and tell you, but do not say anything about it. Emily's either going to die or something, for I saw her all in white beside her own bed, and she looked so happy and lovely, that I believe she's going to be an angel."

"Nonsense, George, you were probably half asleep, and just imagined you saw something."

"No mother, I was not asleep at all. I didn't even have both boots off, just see now if something don't happen."

"You remember mother, the night Bess, the cow, died, I saw a light out by the barn."

"Don't be silly, George, and go to bed."

George went to bed, but a few nights after when Mrs. Melville heard a croupy cough come

from the bed where Emily slept, she had a strange fear that perhaps George had seen something.

And when nothing could be done to stop the dreadful choking and death cut off the lovely young girl, Mrs. Melville, between her tears, would whisper to herself:

"Why shouldn't George argue with the Rector? He knows so much more than most of us, and he's such a strange boy, such a strange boy."

CHAPTER III.

AN EXAMINATION.

> And still they gazed,
> And still the wonder grew.—GOLDSMITH.

In the early forties, the school system was very different from what it is to-day.

In the public school examination, the trustees were among the examiners and frequently they knew little or nothing, but contrived to obtain questions which were considered suitable for asking pupils expecting to take certificates, and they would award first, second, or third class certificates, according to the brilliancy with which the questions were answered. These examinations were important events, and as a rule the leading men of the town attended them.

The Judge, the Rector, and the Priest had chairs on the platform, and occasionally were asked to question a candidate.

On this particular examination day excitement ran high, for Elizabeth MacTavish, only sixteen years of age, was trying for a first class certificate. Many criticized her presumption, but more were pleased as she was a favorite with old and young.

George Melville now eighteen, had just returned from Toronto, where he had taken a first class certificate from the Normal School, and a gold medal as well.

He had accepted the position of Head Master of the Grammar School, and was consequently among the important personages on the platform this examination day.

The pupils one after another were examined, and bashfully did their best, which was too often poor enough.

Elizabeth MacTavish had been entertaining herself by printing in ink letters on the back of a linen coat, whose owner sat in front of her, "Rooms to let in the upper storey," when she was asked to stand up.

Her blue eyes danced with merriment, her cheeks became rosier than usual, and it was with difficulty that she restraned herself from giggling out loud. She was asked to take a copy of the old English reader and read from page 10 to 15.

She read in a clear, strong voice, and made no mistakes, but almost disgraced herself by laughing outright while reading a most solemn sentence. She then went over the rules in the arith-

metic and grammar, did remarkably well in history and geography, and moderately well in writing.

Father O'Donohue was specially pleased, and proposed that whatever certificate was granted, that she also be given a prize for the excellent manner in which she had answered all questions put to her.

The chairman of the trustees said, that while it was in the power of the inspector to grant whatever certificate he saw fit, he would suggest that Miss MacTavish was certainly entitled to a first.

The inspector said: "The pleasure of making a young handsome girl happy had not been his good fortune since his wedding day, but that it was now his privilege to award an honor never given to a lady in the county of Pt. Everett, that of a first class certificate, with the power to teach in the said county. He would also take it upon himself to add that the suggestion of Father Donohue should be carried out, and that subscriptions would be taken, and a suitable prize purchased for such a deserving pupil."

George Melville, as Head Master, was called on for a few remarks. He was still a strange

boy, though over six feet high. The refined classical face flushed slightly, he coughed a little to clear his throat and muttered something about being pleased that the county was able to turn out such a worthy pupil, and that his earnest wish was that the career of Miss MacTavish as a teacher, would be as successful as it had been as a pupil.

While he was talking, Elizabeth did not look up, for she was sewing the backs of two linen coats together, and the bashful owners were too confused to say anything. All the pupils behind were smiling, and when young Melville sat down he was much embarrassed by a suppressed laugh coming from the back of the school.

An old, bald-headed Scotchman, no other than Mrs. MacTavish's brother, Matthew Lochlone, was next to take the platform, and he said:

"I'm vera proud of ma neice this day, she's awfu' gay, but she had a'ways a guid heart, and I would ask Judge Melville to forget a wee bit that he is no a lawyer, and draw up the writin's, for I'm givin' my neice Elizabeth, the two hundred acre farm on the low shore front, and a liklier bit o' land is not in the country."

This called forth prolonged cheering, and the old man could say no more, but when the examination was dismissed, congratulations were loud and long, and it was with difficulty that Elizabeth at last escaped, and when she did, it was to meet George Melville over in the pines and go for a stroll with him.

"Well George, what do you think of it? Oh you needn't tell me, I know well enough what you think and what you know. You know that a lot of numskulls asked questions that they did not know much about, and I answered those I did not know with the same confidence as those I did know, and all because you looked so deuced wise.

Well, everyone cannot be a prodigy like you are, and no one wants to be either. You make me tired, with the abominable wisdom you possess, and take you all round, you are a very uncomfortable person to know. I know I do not deserve all the credit I got, but I hate you because you know it, and pity me, so there!"

They had reached a quiet shady spot, and he asked her to sit down on a fallen tree and collect herself.

"Oh, it's all very well to collect myself, I detest

your pity, and besides, nobody wants your congratulations any way."

"Elizabeth, don't you think you are very rash, and that you would do well to put a bridle on that unruly tongue of yours? I will admit that your examiners did not know a great deal, but I will say that many of the questions you thought you did not know, were more cleverly answered than those you knew off by heart from the text book. Elizabeth, after all the public are wise critics, and they only did you justice. You are without doubt the cleverest girl in the county. In fact so clever that when I am twenty-one I want you to be my wife."

"George, your wife? What are you saying? Why of all things, a first-class certificate, a prize, a farm, and a proposal all in one day? The first three I'll accept, the last is simply too absurd to contemplate. Me, a harum-scarum, wild romp, who would rather climb a tree than hem a kerchief, who would rather swim across the bay than get supper. No, George. I may not have much sense, but I have enough to know that you are as far above me as the stars are above the earth.'

He caught her by the arm, and a calm deliber-

ate look was on his face. "I'll not take "no"for an answer. I swear I will have you. I may be stiff and reserved, and you may romp the country over, but when you are tired, putting gum on old men's bald heads, and frogs in young men's pockets, you will find me waiting for you.

In the meantime be as merry as you like. Heaven forbid that I should ever cause a sigh where there is now only rippling laughter."

He left her at the outskirts of the town and walked slowly home.

She hurried along the country road, and met Joseph Melville, an older brother.

"Good afternoon, Elizabeth, I hear you are quite the conquering hero, a sort of intellectual Joan of Arc, so to speak."

"Did you, indeed, Mr. Sharp Shooter? I can beat you running from here to MacDonald's cow pasture." And away they went. Reaching the goal, they sat down on a large stone and laughed in the veriest glee.

"Say, Joe," said Elizabeth, when they got their breath, "you could not guess that I got a proposal of marriage. Never mind who. You don't know him any way, besides it don't matter for I'm

not going to marry him."

"It's well for the fellow's brains that you are not, for Betsy, I've made up my mind to marry you myself, and I'd blow any man's brains out that came between us."

"So you're going to marry me, are you? And what will I be doing, while you are going through the interesting ceremony?

So Joe, if this is what you call a proposal, here are both hands and a hearty refusal. Of course you are only joking, and so am I, and we'll always be jolly good friends. Come out and see us soon. Good-bye," and away she went like a whirlwind.

"Well, if that don't beat the devil. A refusal; and half the girls in the town tagging after me. I wonder who the other fellow was. I believe she likes him, whoever he is. I wish I hadn't been such a fool. She's set up with herself to-day, and thinks no one good enough for her, but just wait, I'll have her yet," and Joseph Melville, handsome and educated, and in a good position, walked back to Picking, less jovial than he had come out.

Elizabeth had not reached her own gate when no one less than Henry Melville, older than George, but younger than Joseph, sang out,

"Hello Betsy, I hear you are in high luck. The gods always favor the fair, and I don't blame them. You know Bess, all my poetry has been written to you, and when rhymes failed I sang you love songs."

"Yes Hank, and you might have saved your breath and pencils, though to be honest, I believe I'm more comfortable with you than with any of the boys."

"Why of course you are Bess, and laying all jokes aside, I came here on purpose to meet you, and ask you a very serious question. Father has bought a farm for me, and I want you to marry me, and settle down. I've told you all about my love dozens of times, and now the best thing we can do is to get married."

"It is certainly very accommodating of you," said Elizabeth, "to fix things up so comfortably for me, but I'm not marrying just yet. I'm going to teach school, and if I were not you'd be the last man unshot that I'd have. How is that for a poetical refusal? But what nonsense, Hank! You a farmer. Why, you'd be in town playing cricket most of the time. And just imagine me settled down, absurdity of absurdities! Good-bye,

Hank, come up to-morrow, and I'll have a game of ball with you; but if we are to be friends, remember I'm not on the marry," and away she ran nto the house .

It was to old Aunt Bell she told her secrets.

"Now you'll never breathe a word of it, Aunt Bell, if I tell you, Hank Melville proposed to me, and of course I refused him."

"Why lassie, he's a vera likely man, indeed vera bonny."

"Joe Melville proposed to me, and of course I refused him."

"You're clean wild, lassie, clean wild. Joseph Melville is the talk of the place as the best match."

"George Melville proposed to me to-day, and Aunt Bell I refused him, but if he ever asks me again, I'm going to have him. His quiet face will haunt me until I accept him. He has such a strange power over me."

"But you're no a bit alike lassie, and you'd no be happy."

Elizabeth burst out crying, "well I don't care if I wouldn't. I'd rather be unhappy

with him, than be happy with anyone else."

And so ended an eventful day in the life of Elizabeth MacTavish.

CHAPTER IV.

BOARDING ROUND.

"The glorious strength that youth imparts."
LONGFELLOW.

Elizabeth MacTavish, school marm in the fourth concession of the old Low Shore road, about four miles from Picking, and boarding around.

A queer experience she had of it, but such a perfect diplomat was she, that she remained a favorite with all. The better-off class of farmers vied with each other in the elaborate entertaining of the school missus, and the poorest made things worse than was really necessary, and the weeks Elizabeth was at such homes she turned seamstress, and made the childrens' clothes after hours.

It was a mixed school, Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Quakers were all catered to.

Elizabeth went to whatever church came handy as she said, but was generally looked upon as a Catholic or a Presbyterian.

She was a general favorite with all, the old men, young men and boys, and all the old women, young women and girls.

She had a joke and a laughable story for the old men. The young men tried to make love to her, but one and all were kept at a distance.

"Some day," she said to herself, "George Melville will propose again, and then I'll accept him. Till then I'll teach school, and help at home as much as I can.

Father is so foolish, he never considers that girls need any clothes. He and Bob MacDonald have joined the Catholic Church, but they are no more anchored than they were. They will argue religion with their last breath.

I'm afraid poor old Father Donohue has his own time with them, and is kept busy looking up authorities on apostolic succession, the real presence etc.

I wonder what I am anyway?

There is no use talking to father or mother, and old Aunt Bell will swear by Calvin, though she don't know much about him, and she's nothing like him for she would not hurt a flea.

I try to talk with George Melville, but he does not want to talk about religion, and yet if I do mention anything he is so sarcastic, and knows so much better than anyoneel se. I wonder if he is

ever going to propose again.

He is just twenty-one now, and he said he wanted me when he was of age.

I wish I did not care anything about him anyway, and I'll go with Hank, and Joe, and Jack Davis, and half a dozen others, and let him see that I'm not bothering my head about him.

Of course he's gentlemanly and refined, and a fine scholar, but he is the most uncomfortable friend I've got. At the neck-tie social the other night, I was just having a joke by tying old Parsons to his chair, when he happened along, and spoilt my whole evening by saying very mildly:

"I'm surprised to see you amused by anything so childish."

I'm very glad though I answered him as I did, "Are you indeed? Well I'm surprised that anyone so wise as you are should be at a neck-tie social at all." And after all I was foolish enough to refuse every one else, and let him drive me home.

It was a lovely moon-light night, and he talked about the shining, shimmering metallic glint of the moonlight reflecting on the water, of the fleeting, fleecy clouds, of the stars and planets, the myriads

of constellations that help to make up the universe, and then he wanted to know if the God who made it all, found time to plant a little Roman Church on this little earth with an infallible head who had it in his power to send people to heaven or hell. "Hell," he said, "was a blasphemous word to utter in connection with a wise, and just and merciful God."

That little hit on the Catholic Church, I know was meant for me. Well, I don't care anything about the Catholic Church, but my father knows just as much as his father, and I'm not going to have the church he belongs to insulted, so there now!

Well I hope to goodness my application for the position of assistant in Picking Grammar School will be accepted. I am tired of sewing for half a dozen families, and after I help a little at home, and buy a piece or two of home-spun flannel for the children who haven't a dress fit to come to school in, and an odd piece af finery for myself, I declare I haven't a cent left. But what's the odds?

I believe I'll send a valentine to Judge Melville. What fun! Say, if he knew his three pick sons

had all proposed to me in one day, and I refused them all!

I'm going to board at Davis's next week, and I'll let Jack make love to me, up to the proposing point, but no further. I suppose they'll have three kinds of pie on the table every meal. Mrs. Davis must set up nights trying to think up new stuffing for pies. Eat, drink and be merry, for week after next I'll be down at old Simpkins, and I never knew them to have either butter or sugar. Fat pork, potatoes and brown bread, with stewed dried berries Sunday night for tea!

Now if I only get Picking Grammar school, boarding round will be stopped, and—and—and I'll see George every day!"

CHAPTER V.

THE MARRIAGE.

" Two may be born the whole, wide world apart."

Elizabeth MacTavish had been assistant teacher in the Picking Grammar School for about six months, and had given such satisfaction that she was engaged for a year. She was clever and bright, and a remarkable teacher.

No one questioned that George Melville stood head and shoulders above any teacher they had ever had, and in higher Mathematics, Astronomy, Geology, Chemistry, many of the older scholars of the province had to take a back seat; but as a teacher of the young ideas, he himself had to award the palm to Elizabeth.

It was near Christmas, and the evenings were very long. Twilight began before school doors closed at four o'clock.

Elizabeth had not seen as much of George as she expected. He was a hard student, and often after school, when he might have walked with her to her boarding house, he sat deeply interested in some geometrical problem.

Betsy never needed to go home alone, however, and if she felt that George was not as attentive as he might have been, she never showed it, but became merrier than ever.

One evening, however, she concluded to go into the head master's room, manufacturing some excuse about reports.

"Well, George, have you time to talk to me for five minutes, or are you too interested in that problem before you? Why, what are you trying to do? Or is my intellectual development away below what would be required to comprehend it?

"Oh, I don't know as it is, Elizabeth, and what I am working at is only a dream," replied George.

"You often have dreams, don't you?" said she. "And you are always poking around this old school after hours. I should think you would get enough of it."

"Strange to say I like it," George replied, "and like it best when I am alone here. I am able while at this desk, sitting in this chair, to do better work than any place else. It was not so at first, but now I seem so perfectly at home, and in such perfect harmony with my surroundings,

that I am able to accomplish ten times more here than I can in any other place.

Now do you know, there must be some reason for this. If we could only see the unseen forces that are at work, we would find that a fixed law governs our intellectual development, with just as much unity of purpose as water is always found when two parts of hydrogen and one part of oxygen meet.

Last night, I sat here till after six o'clock, and just as I was about to leave, I had a most delightful experience. It took, perhaps, the form of a vision.

Just over there by that largest blackboard, the whole side of the wall became a soft phosphorescent light. I looked for some time, and Elizabeth I saw you and myself standing at an altar being married, then all went dark, and I made up my mind it was time I asked you if you were now ready to marry me."

Elizabeth looked about her nervously. She did not like the idea of visions, there was a ghostly sound about it, but she did not doubt for one moment that George had seen just what he told her.

"Well George," said she, "if it's my fate to marry you, I suppose I may as well consent, and I'll also tell you that I dislike many of your ways, and among the things I dislike the most, is you know too much.

The Rector says you know the Bible better than he does, and he would rather beard the lion in his den, than to tackle you in an argument.

Father O'Donohue says you are a dangerous citizen, and are knocking the faith from under many a good church member."

"No, Elizabeth," he said, "I do not know too much, nor half enough, and as for destroying one's faith, I hope I will always have sense enough to stand against that monstrous doctrine of Eternal Damnation. It does not matter who preaches it, it is a blot on the escutcheon of any deity, be he heathen or Christian."

"But, George, that doctrine is popular, and everybody believes it, and people only call you an infidel, and say mean things about you, and if I were you, I'd keep strange views to myself."

"Well, I'll keep them to myself to-night, but you haven't answered my question, when are you going to marry me?"

"I don't know, when do you want me to?"

"I think to-morrow night would be a good time," said George. "The next day the holidays begin, and we could have our honey-moon over before school began again. Of course you would not teach any longer."

"Listen, George," she said, "I'll marry you to-morrow night, but I've taken this school for a year, and I'll stick to my bargain. No one need know we are married, and it will be so romantic and such fun. But who is going to marry us?"

"I saw the Rev. Mr. Mairs this morning, and we can be married privately, at his home, with a strange guest of his as witness."

"So you arranged all about the wedding before you knew whether I'd have you or not. Do you know, George, I believe we'll quarrel like sixty, and I think Aunt Bell was right, when she said I would not be happy with you.

Still I would not be satisfied if I did not get you. So since you have asked me, I'll marry you, and let me tell you that you are the poorest specimen of a lover any poor girl ever had to put up with."

George took the hint, and for the first time in

her life, Betsy knew the ecstacy of being kissed by the man she loved.

It was nearly a year later that Mrs. Judge Melville gave invitations to a quilting bee. These were social events. The women folks worked at a quilt from two o'clock till nearly six, when the men began to arrive, and after supper a dance was in vogue.

The Catholic and Church of England people danced, but the Methodist, Baptist, and Presbyterians as a rule played forfeits, in which the forfeit was usually that somebody should kiss somebody else, though why this form of amusement was more pious than gliding about to music, was more than George could understand.

Betsy being a good sewer but coming late helped with a quilt that was nearly finished, and being, as the company thought, the only unmarried one at the quilt, it was pitched over her head according to the custom of the times, which would, it was believed, insure her being married before the year was out. So it was thrown over her with a laugh and a joke.

Betsy pitched the quilt in the air, just as George walked in and caught it. Surely this was signifi-

cant, and marriage became a topic of conversation.

A few were in the kitchen helping Mrs. Melville, and one remarked it would be a pity to see George married to a Catholic.

"Pity, indeed I should say so," added Mrs. Melville, "and let me say that no son of mine will ever follow any girl into the Roman Catholic Church."

This was said in a voice loud enough for Elizabeth to hear, and she knew it was meant for her.

She called George to one side.

"Did you hear what your mother just said? Well, my year of teaching will be up next month. You want me to live with you then, and I want to say to you right here, that if I ever live with you, I will first be married in public by a Roman Catholic priest, in a Roman Catholic Church. I don't care anything about the church, but I won't be insulted by your mother, and we'll see there her sons will go."

George at first attempted to argue the point. "Now see here, Elizabeth, this is all a piece of petty childishness, and I am sure your better sense will show you what a foolish stand you are taking

"and is very liberal and broad minded in her views, and if she does not agree with me on all points, it is perhaps because she has not seen as I have.

Mother, say no more about it. Destiny has decreed that I must marry Elizabeth MacTavish. I do not know why, but I have had a revelation that something great, in some way, will be the result."

A strange influence seemed over mother and son.

The candle had burnt itself out, and they sat in a dim light, cast only by the smouldering logs in the fire-place.

George was in complete darkness, being by the side of the fire-place, but Mrs. Melville's face was visible.

How still and quiet, how weird and solemn, everything seemed!

They sat for many minutes. When Mrs. Melville looked in the direction of her son she saw a pnosphorescent halo around his head, and his face quite light from its reflection.

"George, you are right," said Mrs. Melville, "something unusual will be the result of this

marriage, and I will not object, but you won't ask me to go to that church."

"I will ask nothing, mother," replied George. "I only know that I am glad to be alive, and to feel before me an eternity for development and growth, and after all, Catholics and Protestants have creeds of a musty past, which will no more withstand the search-light of scientific investigation and the onward march of advanced thought, than did Joshua's astronomy.

And still we only have results from cause, and nothing but knowledge, both of the material world and the unseen world of cause, will ever banish bigotry and superstition.

It seems strange that while improvement is lauded along almost any line—mechanics, art, literature—a corner is placed upon religion, and emblazoned on every church door seems, "He who enters here shall not change, neither broaden nor grow."

While development seems the natural order of things, religion must stand still. The brain that had no conception of the rotation of the earth, the brain that knew naught of the attraction of gravity, is not enough of a brain to mould my

ideas about the origin and destiny of my soul.

Imagine a Nero telling a Newton what kind of a God to pray to! Imagine an ignorant bigot telling Tom Paine what he must do to be saved!

I married Elizabeth MacTavish a year ago in the Methodist parsonage. She raised no objections. Since then trivial personalities have crept in which have developed in her a desire for revenge, but were I to object to being married by a priest, it would show a spirit hardly in harmony with the liberal views I profess.

For my own part a declaration before anyone in legal authority, would be as satisfactory a marriage to me as all the ceremonies in christendom."

He spoke in a soft melodious voice, and as he finished the halo disappeared, and he was again in darkness.

But that night was not soon to be forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.

MARY'S BIRTH.

"Here and there we find a babe
 That's Royal born by right divine."

"Unto us a child is given."

The nine-day wonder of the MacTavish-Melville wedding, had settled into an established fact.

Elizabeth laughed and joked, and danced, and made fun of George with his dreams and his ideas, which, if uttered at all, were against some established belief or custom.

He would probably be called a devoted husband, but much of his leisure was spent in solving problems in algebra, trying to square the circle, or discover perpetual motion.

Elizabeth to make up for any sentiment she might naturally have expected from him, read Burns and Moore, and when the weather permitted spent much of the time in the woods, enjoying there a delightful freedom, now chasing a squirrel, or climbing a tree to get a better view of the surrounding country, which was beautifully picturesque.

The town of Picking was situated on a lovely bay, and backed by a wood covered hill, which

was dignified by the name of McCalum's Mountain, and it was often on a lovely afternoon that Elizabeth Melville might be found in the highest branch of a giant maple, attentively viewing the bay, dotted here and there with clumps of wooded islands, and reading 'Highland Mary,' or 'Holy Willie's Prayer.' A great and almost overpowering happiness would then steal over her, and it was then that George would wonder at her beauty, and seemed waiting, waiting, with a conscious knowledge that something would enter his life which would materalize all his wonderful dreams.

He was anxious, too, for Elizabeth was hardly as quiet or subdued as he would have wished, and she seldom started out that he did not caution her to be careful.

It was early in May, scarcely a year since he followed Elizabeth into the Roman Catholic Church. An early spring had melted all the snow and ice, and even now the foliage was budding on tree and shrub, and the woods were brilliant with sweet and fragrant flowers, and all the air seemed singing an anthem of rejoicing.

Is there such a thing as soulless material? Lifeless matter? We get to know the very rocks

we meet, and the trees and flowers frown or welcome us according to their moods or ours—which?

A night the very gods might happily have been abroad, so perfect. The chirp of the cricket, the croak of the frog, the little new crescent, and myriads of stars. The bay nestled in around coves and bluffs, and the smooth water was like a still calm mirror reflecting the wonders of the spacious firmament.

George was restless and so, after seeing that Elizabeth was asleep, and telling the nurse that he would not go far away from the house, he wandered through a little stretch of woods to the bluff on the bay shore, and sat down, thinking what a wonderful problem life was—the everlasting why and wherefore. The specks of stars that hardly glimmered in the distance might be worlds with beings far in advance of earth's humanity, and others might be fiery balls just beginning to cool, and others yet with wiggling life only beginning. He ran along the ages, and so far much was clear. The plastic protoplasm, the feeling life, the man in the dugout, and then, up, up, up, brain cell after brain cell developing, the brow

broadening, the face refining till reason, now our eternal birthright dawned, and Confucius, Buddha, Plato, Aristotle, Cæsar, on, on, on, Shakespeare, Newton, Burns, Huxley, Darwin—what a birthright! And George became entranced—translated, as he ran them over, and seemed to live their lives, seemed to breathe the inspiration they had breathed, nor did he know of time. A night the gods were out, and he was holding converse with them.

But what is this? The stars are fading, the small crescent has long since disappeared, what can it be? A thin golden streak on the eastern horizon, and the voice of the nurse calling "Mr. Melville, Mr. Melville, for the Lord's sake, is the man drowned or murthered, or taken leave of his siven senses, for hiven's sake come this way if ye hear me," and George came as in a dream.

The nurse dragged him through the woods and into the house, saying, "Now stand there by that kitchen stove, and I'll show you something that'll turn ye spacheless for a month or more," and she disappeared, returning in a few minutes with the smallest bit of humanity you ever saw. It lay comfortably on one of the nurse's great palms.

"Did ye ever see the likes of it? It doesn't go the pound and a half be the big stillards, and a small bit over by the small ones, though I'll sware, I've heafted many a one pound loaf that's nigh as heavy.

But look at it, look at that forehead, and the eyes, it knows every one of us."

"Yes, yes, yes, but goodness me, where's some clothes for it? And how is Elizabeth?" George asked.

"Clothes for it, a pocket handkerchief covers it up, and I be afeared to lay a finger on thim arms for fear they'd snap. By the powers, Father Donohue 'ud be feared to sprinkle a drop of water on it."

"Father O'Donohue 'll be spared the trouble," said George, "and if I can help it no church with with their wretched gloomy doctrines will ever cast a spell over it's life."

But Elizabeth was calling, "George bring that baby here." And George, nurse and baby went to Elizabeth's bedside.

George was nervous and anxious, but there was no occasion. Elizabeth never looked or felt better, she had never known an hour's sickness in

her life, she had run and jumped, climbed trees, gone swimming, and now a little new life had come, and only a great happiness with it.

She laughed at George's anxious look, and said, "Why don't you kiss the child, and not stand there as if demented?"

The news went like wild fire through town and country, and from far and near the people came to see the smallest speck of humauity they had ever seen.

It was not a month old, when it become the subject of much discussion.

The MacTavishes thought they should surely have the naming of it, because it was a girl, and took after it's mother.

The Melvilles declared their right to name it, and it was finally decided to put the name to a vote.

George wanted her called Mary, because it was his mother's name, and he llked it.

Mrs. MacTavish wanted her called Mary after the blessed Virgin, and as George had won most of his family over to call her Mary, and as Mrs. MacTavish had talkəd her family into the same view, when the ballots were read nearly every

one had the name of Mary, so by almost a unanimous vote, Mary Melville was named, and George rose equal to the occasion, and the two families drank to the health of the wee specimen of humanity, which even now had a peculiarly strong personality.

A question of christening was mentioned, but George said quietly, "I do not wish to have any ceremony performed over my child, till she is old enough to have sense and reason for herself. Then if she wishes to join a heathen Chinaman's order, she may do so, but she shall not be marked as yet."

A few days later, old Aunt Bell said "The wee darling should have more fresh air," and she would take it for a walk herself. So she set off and wended her way to the house of the Rev. Neil MacNaran, and there with the ceremony of the Presbyterian Church, the child was duly christened Mary.

"It's like this," said Aunt Bell to herself, "If Calvin's right. he's right, and it 'ud no do to run chances with the wee angel."

It was only a Sunday later when old nurse O'Grady was very anxious to take the blessed thing

for a bit of the early morning air, just for its health, and arrived at the Catholic Church, just as Father O'Donohue had finished early mass. Mrs. MacTavish was there too, and with all due pomp and ceremony the sweet, blue-eyed darling had the golden curls sprinkled, and was again christened Mary.

These two christenings were profound secrets for years to come. Mary was hardly three months old, and Elizabeth had been strolling through the mountain woods with her, when she met the Rector's wife, who took such a fancy to Mary, that she begged her to come to the Rectory and visit for a short time. While there she contrived to get Mary away from Elizabeth, and when they left the Rectory, Mary had had the benefit of an Episcopalion baptism. And so three churches had a particular interest in the little wonder, and many were the predictions for her future.

When Mary was six months old, George came home from school with a big Newfoundland dog, the pet of the family. He bounded up to Mary, who sat tied in a high chair, and put his big head in her lap. George, fearing lest the dog might push her over said, "go away doggie," when to his amazement and surprise Mary said, "no, doggie, stay," and looked so wise and knowing that George was completely nonplussed. But this was only the beginning.

Chapter VII.

GEORGE RESIGNS.

> The upright, honest hearted man,
> Who tries to do the best he can,
> Need never fear the church's ban,
> Or Hell's damnation:
> For God will need no special plan
> For his salvation.—Burns.

George had been head master of the Picking Grammar School for ten years. His reputation as a scholar and a gentleman was established, old and young respected him.

Discussions had frequently taken place between the trustees as to the advisability of retaining him as a teacher of their coming men and women, since, from an orthodox point of view, he was not a proper person to influence their religious views, but if a Presbyterian trustee was the first to oppose him, a Methodist would be sure to stand up for him, declaring that he frequently found him in his rambles by the bay shore with an open Bible in his hand, which was more than could be said of the church deacons.

He read a chapter out of the Bible each morning on the opening of school, and repeated the Lord's Prayer each evening on dismissing the school, and Friday afternoon the pupils read to-

gether the Ten Commandments. This was all the religious observances that could be expected of a teacher, and more than that they had no right to ask.

It was admitted that the Rector would walk out of his way to avoid an argument with him, and the Priest occasionally denounced him.

On one occasion the Rector and Father O'Donohue were discussing him. "It's simply this, said the Priest, "if your young people are put directly under the influence of a teacher whose ideas are infidel and heterodox, what can we expect of the next generation?"

"That's just what I have said," replied the Rector, "but no one can help liking the young man, and I'd hardly say he was an infidel, for he talks of another sphere where progress will possibly be more rapid than here, and on my soul, Father O'Donohue, his conversations are so pleasing and his arguments so convincing, that I am afraid to meet him.

The last time we were discussing the infallibility of the Bible and the divinity of Christ, he asked me when and by whom the Bible was written, and I could not say. Nobody ever saw the original

writings, so the whole affair was handed down from father to son for generations, and now it has reached us, he asked me if I would be willing in a common court of law to swear on what I held sacred that I believed it to be infallible.

As to Christ's divinity, he said if a divine being were the whole universe, mind and matter, then everything in it was surely divine, and if there was a Christ, he was probably divine along with the rest, and he saw no room for a devil unless it were a divine devil.

Now, just imagine such blasphemous talk, and yet he said it with an angelic voice, and looked like some sage or philosopher."

"Now Mr. Lake," he said, "let there be no ill feelings. If what I have said be true, it will live, for in the onward march of science and religion, that which is false will as assuredly go under, as the pitch pine splint and the tallow dip had to give way to gas and electric light.

If I have a soul to save, and to believe in the infallibility of the Bible is going to save it, it certainly is of more importance to me than to any one else that I do believe, but if after reading it and studying its origin, I conscientiously come to

the conclusion that it does not matter whether I believe it infallible or not, and that which appeals to my reason as good in it I accept as such, and that which appeals to me as absurd I reject, am I to be condemned by a man of education like yourself, for expressing my honest convictions?

I admire you, Mr. Lake, for the influence you may have for good in the community, I admire your charity, I even sympathize, said he, with your weaknees for fat horses, (here the Priest laughed, for he, too, loved a good horse) but when you consent to become a parrot and repeat an unintelligible lot of stuff Sunday after Sunday, and claim for it infallibility, then I stand against you."

Now that speech of his about my being a parrot I do not like, and yet, is there not truth in it?" asked the Rector.

"Yes, and about the horses," said the Priest, laughingly, "that seemed to hit the nail on the head. Ha, ha, ha! You Protestants take things too seriously. Now why can't you go in for a jolly good time, and say as many prayers as you are told to, and go to church and be respectable, and not bother your head about the rest? Why,

what with the confessional and the masses and all the rest, I might be in an insane asylum if I took religion too seriously."

"That's where I predict George Melville will end if he keeps on," said the Rector, "I tell you he thinks too much. He told me the other day that he believed it quite possible for a person to see and tell what someone was doing in another country. He makes the most rash statements, and when opposed, asks you if it would be harder to believe his statements than the whale story, or if his testimony is not as good as that of Matthew, Mark, Luke or John. Now just think of that! Think of his confidence. His testimony as good as John's! Well, well, well, but do you know, he must be an excellent teacher, and his pupils seem to reverence him, and look upon him as an ideal man.

The school ranks first in the Province, and I hear he has never used a whip or a strap during his whole course of teaching."

"Spare the rod and spoil the child, was the golden rule we used to live by," said the Priest, "I can well remember having to go out into the woods as many as four and five times in the week

and cut blue birch gads to be used over my own back, and they were generally broken over it too, for when the next misdemeanor occurred, a fresh blue birch had to be cut. But, Mr. Lake, we had better drop this discussion of George Melville, for if we keep on, instead of condemning him as an infidel dog, we will have eulogized him into a hero and philanthropist. Come in and have a glass of wine with me, and trust St. Peter will treat us all better than we deserve."

"Ha, ha," laughed Mr. Lake, "you are a practical philosopher, Father O'Donohue, and we'll avoid George Melville's policy of thinking too much, besides your wine is good," and they disappeared into the Priest's house.

It was not necessary for many more discussions as to the advisability of keeping George Melville as the head master of the Grammar School.

About this time there began to break out in a county north of Picking, "the gold fever." William Hardstone was the most prominent man interested in the excitement. He had met George Melville on a visit to Picking, and concluded he was just the man with whom to form a partnership, and it would be but a short time before they

would be multi-millionaires of the country.

"Billy Hardstone," as he was called, had many specimens whose assay ran rich in gold, and George's elastic imagination soon stretched the specimens of gold bearing quartz into gold bricks, and gold bricks into glittering coin, not for selfish hoarding, but to scatter broadcast for education, for travel, etc., and then he could carry out his plans to manufacture the model which was to prove to the world "Perpetual Motion" possible. And Mary, beautiful golden haired Mary, now a darling cherub six years old! The three other little Melvilles did not count, for Mary was the little goddess throughout the whole county.

She should be dressed like a little princess, not that finery amounted to much, but he loved to see her dressed prettily, and as she grew up, she should have all the advantages that money could give.

When he spoke of his plans to Elizabeth, she said: "Now listen, George, this is probably some cock and bull story. You'll give up your position here, and drag your family over the country, and probably return to Picking anxious to take the school again, You're no business man, George.

I never knew of your making a deal in your life but that you got the worst of the bargain. Take my advice and stay here."

"Yes," said George, "and drudge a life out teaching, when I could make enough in a year or two to make us independent. I dislike teaching, especially as there are so few capable scholars. Mary knows more than half the girls and boys ten and twelve years old."

"O, that's because she is your daughter. You'd naturally expect something phenomenal," said Elizabeth.

"I wonder why you always oppose schemes of mine, Elizabeth," said George.

"Simply because I never knew you to undertake anything in a business line that you did not make a failure of. You're a good scholar, a typical student, and a successful teacher. So let well enough alone. But there's not a bit of use of my talking, I know you'll give up the school, and go back amongst the rocks, and probably dig a good sized hole, and feel like jumping in after it is dug."

"We propose doing everything on a large scale," said George. "The Hon. William Hard-

stone is a man of influence at Ottawa, and can secure the best properties. He is going to spend $50,000 in the scheme, and agrees to let me in as equal partner if I can raise $10,000 and manage the business. Such a chance is seldom thrown in a man's way. It would simply be suicidal to refuse."

"And where are you going to get the ten thousand dollars?" asked Elizabeth.

"Well, I've been thinking it will be wise for you to accept Newman's offer of $12,000 for that farm your uncle gave you. Then I could go into the thing like a man, and with much more dignity than if I borrowed the money and mortgaged my interest. The balance will keep you and the children up to the time we sell out our interest, and we will then move to some large American city where the children can have advantages we can't get here."

The proposal of parting with her farm almost staggered Elizabeth, but she felt it was already gone. Not without a struggle, however, for though she always gave in, and George did as he pleased, she never failed to strongly oppose

him in the beginning, and warn him of his sure failure, and as George once admitted, her prophetic vision was marvelous.

When the next meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Picking High School took place the most important discussion was the resignation of George Melville.

Chapter VIII.

WAS IT THE DEVIL?

> " While yet a child,
> And all unknown to fame."

And the farm was sold.

Two years later, we find vast changes in the mountainous regions of North Haston.

Where before an odd squatter's cabin dotted the corduroy roadside, which led back to some lumber camp, now on the banks of the River Maydon, at the entrance to the mountain district, nestled the flourishing village of Beleau.

The firm of Hardstone & Melville owned the church, which was of the Methodist body, owned the school-house, owned the town hall, owned the houses, owned the stores, owned the post-office, and owned the hotel, as well as all the men that inhabited them.

Two crushing mills were working day and night, crushing the hard quartz rock.

The five thousand acre tract of land owned by the above company, had on it many mines, and

the mines and forest were being worked. Sixty thousand dollars made quite a showing in these improvements, and the company had credit for ten times that sum, and shares in the Hardstone-Melville property advanced rapidly.

George Melville as general manager proved himself phenomenally capable, but they had reckoned without their host. The art of smelting and dividing ore then was not what it is to-day, and after much business had been done, they woke up to the hard, cruel fact, that for every four dollars worth of gold they secured, it cost them in expenses at least five dollars. Stocks began to go down. The outlay had been tremendous. The dreamers awoke. The bubble burst.

But success had tarried long enough with them to make Mr. Hardstone a well-known man, and if business failed he had at least a political field open to him, and to run for Parliament again was his trump card.

He expected the co-operation of George Melville, who was quite willing to work for him tooth and nail.

"It's like this, George, there's a few things against my getting in," said William Hardstone.

"I'll run the Reform Ticket, for this county is Reform, but as Sir John is in power, I'll slide over to the Tory ranks, and be elected Senator as one of the oldest political workers, and as one who has helped develop the resources of the country.

Now this mining business is dead for the present, and if I get solid at Ottawa I'll look up something for you.

I've always stood for religion and temperance, but the majority of voters want whiskey, so I suppose I'll have to go down in my pocket and pay the whiskey bills, and give a little temperance lecture in all the school-houses in the county."

"Is there not something a trifle revolting in the idea of gaining a position under false colors?" said George Melville to his partner. "You want the whiskey vote, so you'll pay the whiskey bills. You want the temperance vote, so you'll talk temperance. You want the Catholic vote, so you'll give five hundred dollars to the Church. Don't you think after all, that you'll pay a big price, even for a Senatorship?"

"Listen, Melville," said Hardstone. "I've put up with your fine points of conscience long enough. You've paid every miner full pay when

we could have reduced their wages by one third. What might have been saved from the wreck, you have paid over to creditors. If you keep on, we will be a pair of beggars. Now if I get to be a Senator, I'll at least have that to depend on, and could render you some assistance, but with your fine ideas you'll be left without house or home."

"I do not compare lands or buildings with my ideas at all," said Melville. "My ideas are myself, and I prize them more than all the lands of North America.

If when I finish this career here, I have only what could be deeded away on paper, I would consider my life poorly spent."

"Oh, bosh," said his partner. "Get money and influence, and then do all the good you want to. Build a church, endow a college to educate ministers, or any other good deed you like. But first get in a position to do good. But the idea of your preaching to me! Why, I've never heard you talk, but what the church came under your criticism."

"I criticise that damnable doctrine of eternal hell," said Melville. "I criticise this instantaneous salvation, which seems to me a sort of hypo-

critical insanity. I can see that people develope and grow, and as they learn the laws of life, they have a better understanding of being good. The things that edify and please us as children, do not satisfy us now, and as we grow in understanding, we find that good must come to the many, or there is no real good to us. I could not have enriched myself out of the mines without paying the miners well for the work they did.

I am glad I came into this business, even though it has proved a failure, for I begin to understand the value of wealth.

Had I the wealth of a Crœsus I could only eat three meals a day. I could only wear one suit of clothes at a time. And I could not see more beautiful colors in a sun-set than I do now."

"George, you're a fool, but I'll not argue with you. I'm going to run for Parliament, and you can gaze at the colors of a sun-set," said Hardstone.

When the elections were over, it was "The Hon. William Hardstone" who went to Ottawa to represent the county.

Some months later George received this letter.

MR. GEORGE MELVILLE.

Dear Sir,—

Your application for position of some kind in the civil service received. I am aware of your capabilities as an accountant, as a surveyor and mineralogist, but we are opposed to your religious views. Could you see your way clear to join a church, I might use my influence. Otherwise I would only injure my own chances of success by helping you.

That letter containing cheque to pay whiskey bills of election, you will kindly burn, as well as this. Think over what I have said. Give up dreaming, and remember, the colors of a sun-set will pay neither butcher nor baker, and you have quite a family to support.

Yours faithfully,

W. HARDSTONE, M.P.

It was after all the children had been put to bed, that George drew the letter out of his pocket and handed it to Elizabeth. "There's an answer from my letter to Hardstone. What do you think of that for a rascally, cowardly proposal? A man tbat does not know the first principles of common

justice, suggests to me to join a church, in which he knows I do not believe, in order to be a respectable citizen, and become fit to take a position in the civil service at Ottawa. Why, I'd rather live on potatoes and salt, than comply with such a request," said Melville.

Elizabeth had read the letter, and looked too full for utterance. At last she spoke, "Well George, I do not know where you expect to land. You dragged us from a comfortable home in Picking, threw up a good position, and came here all against my wishes. So far we have not wanted for anything. The fact is, too much money has been thrown away, and you have given to every one of your family that wanted it.

Now my money's gone, just as I told you, sunk in those rocks. I see nothing for it, but for you to use some policy and take a position at Ottawa, or try and get back your school."

"I never intend to teach again,' George replied, "and I have by no means given up hope in the mines. In fact I have a plan which will put us on our feet. I have no intention of going to Ottawa to be told what to think by men whose

ethical principles are on a level with those of Hardstone.

I think this country is rich in gold, and a few months' prospecting might disclose mines that could be worked by a free milling process, and be made to pay. I have an interest in some property north of here, and by moving on it, and doing a little lumber business, I think we will manage all right till I discover something better.

The children are small, and I know of no healthier place than the pine woods to give them a start in building a strong constitution. When they are older we can move to some city."

Elizabeth rebelled, prophesied all kinds of calamities. She did not like being banished away from all civilization, miles from a doctor or a post-office. "A queer place," she said, "to bring a lovely girl like Mary."

But George won the day, and Elizabeth found herself surrounded by bare necessaries, in a story and a half log house, in the midst of a strip of pines, bordered on either side with bald, marble rocky hills.

George spent his time prospecting, selling a little timber, trading horses, etc., but most of his time was devoted to teaching Mary.

They would wander through the woods together, and sit down on a fallen tree or large stone, where often with only a piece of birch bark and a lead pencil, he would teach her mathematics, far in advance of her years.

Often he would start to solve a problem to find she would tell him the answer before he had more than begun its solution. He would read a chapter of history to her, and days afterwards she would repeat page after page, word for word.

He was sometimes almost frightened at the phenomenal mentality she displayed. When only twelve years of age she suggested that she should be allowed to go to the county town, and write for a third class certificate. This novel proposition was finally accepted.

George proposed that she should go the day previous to her examination, so they arose before day break to drive the fifteen miles to Beleau, from there to take the stage to the county town.

Old Nurse O'Grady was up, and got them some breakfast. They had finished and Mary, getting up to cross to the other side of the room, an incident occurred which frightened the nurse out of her wits, and made George wonder.

The chair Mary had been sitting on was a common pine one, and when she walked across the room the chair moved after her, stopping only when she stopped.

"For the love of hivin—do you see that? The divil must be in that chair, or under that chair, or in this house," cried the nurse.

"Hush," said George, "don't disturb the rest of the family. There's some reason we do not understand which would explain all this. Say nothing about it till we get back."

Mary laughed and said, "Why, that same chair has often moved when I got off it, but never before so far as at this time.

Isn't it lots of fun, father? I always know about it; once I told it to stop and it stopped just as I spoke. Wait till I show you." And she put the chair back, sat on it, and again got up and started across the room, the chair moving slowly after her, "Stop," she said laughingly, and it stopped. "Thank you," she said, and it tipped to one side, as much as to say, "You're welcome."

Nurse O'Grady was shaking like an aspen leaf.

George was silent and thoughtful. Mary laughed, put on her hat, and went out into the night, to start her career in this old, old world.

George walked behind, and as Mary climbed into the buggy, he saw beside her a beautiful soft yellow light. Ah, thought he, if we could only know the causes that produce these wonderful results, how much wiser we would be! How much broader our mental horizon! We must try and find out. Mary is certainly a wonderful girl.

CHAPTER IX.

A PRODIGY.

Aspiration is the moral lever,
Raising the earnest spirit to it's destined height."—
DOTEN.

To every one's surprise, (even to George himself, it came as a revelation), Mary, the little, golden-haired child, came out ahead when the papers were examined.

When George asked her about answering certain questions, that he could not see how she could possibly know, she said: "Well, father, I'd just start to write, and it would all come. I did not have even to think, and once I almost fell asleep, but when I seemed to wake I had written pages, and on that paper I got one hundred per cent. Do you know, father, I sometimes start to read a book, and as soon as I start a page, I know all that's on it.

You remember telling me to read Mark Anthony's speech in Julius Cæsar. Well, I opened the book and began, when the book seemed to close in my hands, and yet I read the speech. See now, if I cannot remember it." She started, and with one or two mistakes, recited it from beginning to end.

George glanced at her completely puzzled and dumbfounded.

What manner of child was she? He had not gotten over his surprise about the chair, and here was another quite as remarkable. What force or power moved the chair? Was it magnetic power she possessed which influenced matter, or was the power somewhere else, and only able to act in conjunction with her or in his presence? Was the power a blind force, or was it an intelligent one, able to explain itself?

George was a remarkable scholar and student, but he had never been able to write an examination on a subject he had not read up.

What strange something did Mary possess that he did not?

Was it a case of an advance step in the evolution of the brain, and was she only a personality in advance of what the race was coming to? Or was she a sensitive organism acted upon by intelligence beyond her—or—or. Oh, for an explanation of the mystery.

He watched anxiously, earnestly, continually, and every few days she would surprise him by some marvellous display of knowledge. So en-

grossed was he in her, that we fear that Elizabeth and the six other children were often never thought of for hours. He woke wondering about Mary, he went to bed wondering about Mary.

He began experimenting with the chair. It would follow Mary all about the room. It seemed to answer questions perfectly and intelligently, and to feel merry or sad.

It was in the winter, when an eminent divine (whose sermons were read throughout the length and breadth of the land) came and stopped with George.

Dr. World was one of the popular preachers who were slightly in advance of the generality of orthodox ministers. He did not preach hell more than once in six months, and then under protest, but the deacons insisted that the Scripture should be preached in all its purity.

How many there seem to be whose undeveloped intellects are in such close touch with the lower instincts of the hyena, serpent and wild cat, that they can actually take keen enjoyment in the idea that if some one else does not travel in the wake of the ideas which their partly developed brains have evolved, they will be burnt by an avenging God.

But those who have climbed the mountain side of knowledge can look down, and not even blame, for "they know not what they do," and still a useful lesson is learned. The adept on the heights sees in the one who would burn him up, but an illustration of the origin of species. He sees the evolutionary process working, the hyena not dead though in a human form. But he can be very optimistic, for behold, many are on the incline up, and more to follow. The old fiendish doctrine of hell is dying, the hyena and the wild cat are being strangled, and hope takes up the banner with Eternal Progression emblazoned across its open folds.

A few more decades, a century at most, and in Christendom a queer story will be told, of how the Christian of former times used to teach his small child of a lake of fire and brimstone, where the poor little naked soul would burn to all eternity, and then it will be explained that these Christians formed the missing link between superstition and reason, and perhaps had to be, till reason should be evolved and placed upon a throne never again to topple.

George had more respect for Dr. World than for any other preacher he knew, and decided to discuss Mary with him. He spoke of her remarkable memory, of the phenomenal feat of passing the examination without even having read some of the subjects, and at last, after careful consideration, he told the story of the chair.

The Doctor was very much interested, and Mary laughingly gave an exhibition of her power.

She hummed a little dancing jig, and the chair kept perfect time while she was at a distance of three feet from it. When she had finished her song she said "good-night," and it leaned towards her, then it leaned towards George, and he said, "good-night." It then leaned towards Dr. World, and as he did not make any remark, Mary said, "say good-night to it, Dr. World, and thank it for its courtesy."

"I don't like this thing," said the Doctor, "there's something uncanny about it." And with this speech, the chair flew through the air and struck the Doctor on the knee.

George looked concerned, the Doctor looked frightened, and Mary laughed. "You see it likes

people to be polite." But as soon as Mary had disappeared upstairs, the chair was as harmless as any other chair.

"Now, Doctor, what do you think of it, and how do you explain it? What force makes the chair move? Is it her magnetism that influences it, and, when once magnetized, is it acted on at will by her? Or is it a power or intelligence outside of her, for it certainly shows intelligence?"

"Well, Mr. Melville, to be candid about the affair, I feel that the whole thing is more diabolic than anything else. I can think of no other solution, than that it is the work of the Devil, pure and simple, and I would certainly do all in my power to stop such an exhibition of his work."

George looked pitifully at him. "So, Dr. World, with all your advanced theology, with all your broad-mindedness, you settle this important, this remarkable phenomenon, by simply stating it is the work of the Devil." Thus ever has the Church taken it's stand, when it stumbled against anything it could not comprehend, it has been the work of the Devil. I had expected better things of you. I had expected that you would experi-

ment, question her, question the chair, discuss the matter, and hoped it would be possible that between us we might come to some conclusion, or at least formulate some theory as to its cause. I want to say right here, that if that is your opinion, I have no respect for it. If that is your opinion I want to say that his Satanic Majesty is able to perform feats, which you, with all your faith, larger or smaller than a grain of mustard seed, are unable to do. Doctor World I would consider your conclusion an insult to the innocence of childhood, were I not so completly filled with pity, that a man, supposed to have reasoning faculties, would make such a statement. I will only say, I am sorry you are so well versed in the Devil's works, as to be able to recognize them at a glance. But pardon me, Dr. World, I do not wish to descend to being bitter. I do not wish to have the slightest ill feeling personally. I thought to meet you as a scholar, as a student, but forgot that you were hemmed in by the traditions of the past. I forgot that while any man is creed-bound, his opinions are limited by that creed. We will not discuss any further this peculiar power, which she possesses, but will take a walk in the

pine woods. If I am indignant, if I am troubled, I find a soothing influence from the trees, especially the pines, they seem more sympathetic than other trees."

The Doctor was quiet, but one could see that he was nervous, and not altogether pleased with being in such close proximity, if not to the Devil, at least to the Devil's works.

As the two men walked silently through the pine woods, George's mind was earnestly trying to solve the mystery of Mary's personality. What a little goddess she seemed to him. She was the epitome of all combined attractions, innocent, beautiful darling, playing with a dog or cat, or chasing a squirrel, and then solving some difficult problem in geometry, next wisely contrasting Shakespere and Burns. In his intentness of thought, he forgot the Doctor, forgot the woods, forgot all that might be observed with the objective sense, and was travelling on thought waves, and being illumined, little by little he seemed to see a connection between the happenings of her life; little by little he seemed to feel it was destined that through Mary he would yet receive wonderful truths that would explain what seemed

such a conglomeration of inconsistencies in this world.

So he did not hear the Doctor remark, "What is this light ahead of us?" and when the Doctor seized him and called out in fright, "For God's sake explain this wonderful thing," he asked bewildered, "Why, Doctor, what wonderful thing? What do you mean?"

"Why, what are all these lights, and what do you mean by all this diabolism? Your whole person was enveloped in a play of hellish light."

George said, "Tell me about it, Doctor. I have been told before that my person lighted up occasionally, another case of some power or force we do not understand, acting according to laws we are unacquainted with."

"And you can talk calmly about this thing," said the Doctor, "I'll tell you I would not stay in your house another night. I have been deceived in you, I wish to know no more of you, only I warn you that no good can come of such work. No good can come of it."

The Doctor sat up for the rest of the night, and left early in the morning, telling George he did not even want to see or hear tell of him again.

A few days later George wrote the following letter to the Doctor:

DEAR DOCTOR WORLD;

I have thought much over your strange conduct. I let my little daughter demonstrate her strange power, thinking you might help me to solve the problem of its cause, that we might perhaps grasp some important truths relative to our being, and give to posterity a more natural explanation of our creation and destiny than that given to us by our ancestors. I had hoped to be met like a brother seeking knowledge. Instead of that, I am insulted by you. Instead of reasoning and a broad charity, I am met with unreasoning credulity and narrow bigotry. But I shall not complain. It is only another chapter ended differently from what I had hoped. The next may end better, and let me say that if you live twenty-five years longer, I prophecy that you will find the best intellects in the scientific world putting their brains and energy into investigating this marvellous power. And many of them, perhaps, will not have the opportunity that was offered you to study it. Since you do not wish to know me, let me say that this little, old earth is

still large enough that we need not meet, but should chance throw us on the same road, there will probably be room for us to pass without touching.

Pitying only your conception of things,

I am,

Yours,

George Melville.

CHAPTER X.

WAS IT SPIRITS?

> "Sermons in stones,
> And good in everything."

For many weeks after Dr. World's visit, George was much pre-occupied, not that he was ever very merry. When Mary climbed around him with her silvery laugh, he quietly smiled, smoothed the lovely golden hair, and again became thoughtful.

Elizabeth and nurse O'Grady had their hands full with all the children, in a cluttered-up little house. Elizabeth never ceased to rebel and bemoan her fate, but if George heard her he did not show it, but occasionally when she had found fault till he had to reply, he would say, "Why, there are thousands of people cooped up in cities who would give half their lives to be in a beautiful pine woods such as this is."

Mary would always take her father's part. "Don't be cross with him, he's so kind and nice, and he is all the world to me," she would say.

"Oh, yes, he's all the world to you, and you're all the world to him, and it's a pity the pair of you were not bound between the covers of an algebra, or some other book; the rest of the

children would fare pretty slim if left to your care."

"Don't be cross, mother, and I'll mend every stocking that has a hole in it."

"Lord luv the choild, indeed, he may well be good to her, and so may we all, for the loikes of her you've never seen before nor since."

Mary would start very bravely to darn the stockings, but when only a few were done, one would find a book slipped in her lap, and a page or two read between the stitches. Then she would slip away and perhaps find her father building a fire under a little assay furnace in the woods, and help him crush a piece of mineral to put in the crucible. Then the two were in their element, separating the minerals, and learning nature's secrets. Oh, how happy they were! Nothing was too small for their admiration, a beech-nut would form the subject of a conversation for an hour—that little shell folding in its three-sided embrace a small bit of sweet-meat which held in embryo a spreading beech tree. They studied the dry withered leaves at their feet, slowly decaying to give nourishment to other life, found in nature nothing still but constant change.

The hardened rock and mineral that seemed so steadfast to its condition, was even now in a state of molten liquid in the little crucible. Then they would turn it into the conical mould, and wait until it would cool and form once more a solid, but with the mineral separated. And well repaid were they, if but a tiny speck of gold were in the top end of the cone.

George had discovered what he thought to be a fissure vein, and had made many satisfactory assays. He had written to his brother Henry to bring Joe and a man and come back, and should the vein prove to be large, they might form some plan to get it worked.

Soon the men arrived, and never did men enjoy themselves more. It was a luxury to be out in the pine woods, splendid in their green verdure and in such contrast with the snow and the bold rocks. Every one was well, and ate well, and slept well. The very air seemed bracing and crisp, and the smell of the pines exhilirating.

Mary was like a splendid doll with a lot of children. She was always with her father and the men, and would frequently astonish them, by telling before hand exactly what a certain piece of mineral would assay.

One day they were all at dinner, when to the surprise of every one, Mary said, " Say, Uncle Joe, you wanted to marry my mother once, and so did you, Uncle Henry." A confused look passed around the table, and George said, " You must not be silly, Mary. Who ever told you such a thing ? "

" Mary !" said her mother.

" Nobody ever told me, but I saw it all just now, and they all asked you to marry them the same day," replied Mary.

" Mary, keep still with such nonsense," said George.

But Uncle Joe said, " No, let the child alone. I guess she's struck it right, George, for half the fellows in town wanted Bess."

Elizabeth burst out laughing, and then changing her mood said, " Yes, and a pretty goose I made of myself by taking the one I did; all my money gone, seven children about my heels, and stuck way back in this God-forsaken hole."

"Lord luv ye," said nurse O'Grady, " haven't ye got Mary, sure ye can't expect everything."

George questioned Mary closely later in the day, but was convinced that she had never heard a

word mentioned of what she had told. George knew it was true, but that did not bother him in the least. What he wondered about, was Mary's ability to tell what had happened before she was born. Where or how did she get her information? What would all her wonderful gifts lead to?

The man that Joe and Henry Melville had brought with them, was quite a character in the town of Picking. Old Ben he was usually called, though he was no more than forty-five, but as he seldom cut his hair or trimmed his beard, he appeared older. His special gift was to find lost cattle, and to stop blood, either in man or beast. If a bull had gored any of the cattle, and they were in danger of bleeding too much, old Ben was shouted to, "Ben, stop the blood," and forthwith the blood would stop. If a child cut itself, Ben was hunted up, and dozens could testify that the moment he was asked to stop the blood, that instant the blood stopped. Stray cows, horses or sheep, were Ben's specialties, and it was very singular if he sought them and did not return with the lost animals. When asked how he found them, his only answer was, "the speerits" told me where to look, and when ques-

tioned about the blood, would always say, "The speerits stopped it for me; me and the speerits is great friends."

As a rule, people accepted the fact that he could stop blood, and find lost cattle, but considered him slightly crazy, and his explanation about the spirits, was taken as a sure sign of his insanity.

George Melville was the only one who marvelled at his strange gift, and oftened questioned him closely as to how the information seemed to come. George had not accepted the spirit theory of Andrew Jackson Davis, though since he had no special theory of his own to explain it, he found himself very slow in denying the possible correctness of Davis' view. Some people went so far as to assert that he was in league with the Devil, and that his Satanic Majesty left his gloomy abode and imparted direct information to Ben.

There was nothing whatever devilish about the information imparted, however, so, even though it were asserted by those who might be supposed to be an authority on such a subject, Ben had so far escaped being arraigned before a judge or jury.

It seems queer that all down the ages, when anyone has been able to demonstrate or accom-

plish what has no authority in any text book, he has been condemned, and instead of a divine origin being attributed to his cleverness, the Devil has always been given the credit. Perhaps this accounts for the Devil having such a number of followers—he is able to do so many fascinating things!

The four men worked with picks and shovels, did a little blasting, dug several good sized holes, and put in a splendid winter. The snow came early in November, and the sleighing was good till the middle of March. With one or two thaws, the winter was clear, cold and crisp.

Never had bread tasted so good; never such buck-wheat pan-cakes, so light and wholesome; never was pork so sweet. An ideal winter, and all happy, even Elizabeth, who generally scolded if George was within hearing, did more laughing than scolding.

Funny were the stories told. Old Ben could rehearse all the ridiculous things that had happened in Picking, for thirty years back.

Hank could tell a good story about the Rector preaching against racing, and how when you attempted to pass him on a good road, he was

never slow to bet a new hat, or the winter's feed for his horse, that he would reach the turn of the road first, and he generally did, for the Rector's gray, it was rumored, had a record, and made too, while owned by him. Hank did not tell this to depreciate the Rector, but rather to show people that the Rector was not so slow after all, and had more in him than the submissive parrot propensities that George attributed to him.

In the long winter evenings, after the children were all in bed excepting Mary, chat flowed easily and well. The Melville brothers were all clever debaters, and Ben was no fool, if he did act the part well. Elizabeth saw the absurd side of everything, and if occasionally George told of his wonderful hopes and plans for the future, Elizabeth would say: "Yes, this is where your marvellous schemes landed us so far."

One afternoon Mary had been out with her father prospecting. She carried a little mining axe with her, and tripping her toe on a projecting root, fell and cut her wrist on the axe. The blood spurted with such force, and flowed so freely, that George was sure an artery had been cut, and was fearful she would bleed too much.

He thought of Ben, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Ben, stop the blood." Ben heard him and shouted, "All right," when to George's surprise the wrist immediately stopped bleeding.

That evening they were all sitting about the big, old farm cook-stove, with its low damper in front, and high oven on the back, a cosy stove, where people could tuck themselves about, and stow away their feet in fine warm nooks. The big high oven at the back used to be Hank's special spot, where he would amuse himself opening and shutting the door, till Elizabeth would get tired of the clicking and throw something at him, which would start a merry bantering. All were silent this evening, for Mary's wrist hurt her, and anything the matter with Mary affected the whole household. The table had been drawn up near the stove, and they formed a circle about it. Presently Mary jumped up saying, "I can't sit on that chair any longer. It wants to say something," and as she got up, it started tilting first to one side, then to the other. Ben had never seen an exhibition of the chair's singular movements and was indeed nonplussed. Nurse O'Grady had seen it so frequently, that she had at

last concluded it was not such a bad thing after all; in fact, she always felt better after the chair had been moving about. "At foirst," said she, "I thought it was the divil, but what would the divil be doing wid an angel like Mary?"

It was Ben who proposed asking the chair questions to obtain information about the mines, when George said, "I have questioned it and there seems to be an intelligence acting through it, but whatever it may be, it is not infallible, for since I have arranged with it to answer "yes" and "no" with raps, I find the information not necessarily reliable, although it frequently gives me information that astonishes me."

Ben proposed that they should all sit around it, and see if it were not a "spirit" moving the chair. Strange to say, the chair acted differently than usual, and when Ben asked if the spirit of his Uncle Dan moved the chair, it expressed approval by moving close to him and tipping a merry little jig.

"Now, Uncle Dan, let's see what you can do with the chair," said Dan. The chair moved back to the middle of the circle, and began slowly to rise. They all watched it with breathless inter-

est till it reached the board ceiling, and there remained. George got up to let it down gently, in case it should drop, but he found his strength not equal to pulling it down. Then the three men tried, and it was not till Mary went under it, and reaching up her little hand, asked it to come down, that it began to descend. She then made an excuse about being tired, and went to bed. But the men sat long into the night discussing it, Ben insisting that it was the "speerit" of his Uncle Dan.

For a long time after, when it was proposed that they should experiment with the chair, Mary did not wish to, declaring that there was something about that night that she did not like.

The four men, however, found out that the chair could be made to move slightly with them sitting around it, and first placing their hands upon it. Ben always insisted that he knew the minute the "speerits" were at work, and would usually close his eyes, and wait with all reverence for demonstrations. One evening when they were out of coal oil and sitting in the dark, Ben remarked, "The speerits is powerful about here to-night. I feel my hair moving." He had not noticed that

Hank's foot was on the back round of the chair. His eyes were closed and he waited until Hank gave a more vigorous shove and tapped Ben on the head with a stick.

"Oh," said Ben, "they're powerful to-night, one of them teched me on the head."

Hank proposed he should ask the spirit to lift him up chair and all and when he did, Hank and Joe took hold of the chair, and raising it up a few feet and letting it drop, Ben scrambled up saying, "I tell you, boys, them speerits is powerful to-night, terrible powerful, it mightent be wise to let them tamper too much with a fellow. Old Uncle Dan had a grudge against my father, and perhaps he'll try to pay it off on me."

Elizabeth and nurse O'Grady and even George, were convulsed with laughter. Ben was so earnest that it never occurred to him as possible that anyone would play a practical joke when so sacred a thing as "speerits" was under discussion. George saw the farcical side of the thing, and feeling that any serious investigation would now be out of the question, the experiments ceased. Occasionally, however, Ben would insist that the "speerits were a bothering of him," and he had

to let them have their fling, or he would get no peace.

And George, refined and sensitive, would on occasions wander away into the depths of the pines, and under their soothing influences, with the wind sighing mournful anthems through their frozen needles, stand in awe, and wonder at the majesty of being and at the marvellous revelations that seemed to come to him, giving him reasons why things are as they are, and a consciousness of knowledge not written in books, a consciousness of the vast sea of information in nature's huge reservoir, a conscious relationship and sympathy with the giant pines, with the tender undergrowth, with the soft white snow, and even with the hard granite rock. The pomp of Cæsar, the splendor of the courts of kings, the wealth of a Crœsus dwindled into nothing as he grasped that larger wealth of knowledge and emotion and the unity of design and the unity of law in nature and realized the great gift of being a conscious entity, with fields of splendid truths before him in all directions, that would well repay the explorer all he might risk to find their hidden secrets.

Could Father O'Donohue, could the Rector, could Dr. World have seen him on such an occa-

sion, with his whole being translated, uplifted in touch with nature's divine truths, and reading revelations in his inner consciousness, would they have called him an infidel? Could they have thought him dangerous to a community, who found sermons in stones, and good in everything, who only wished to know the truth, who realized that revelation had not stopped over eighteen hundred years ago, but that each century had had its inspired writers, its inspired thinkers, and inventors?

Inspired they must have been because in advance of current ideas and opinions of the time. Inspired because some higher truths were exquisitely expressed by them. Inspired because a divine idea had been caught on brain cells newly evolved, and the possessor of such a brain had been able to so translate the idea that he who ran might read.

George was conscious of frequently being inspired, or in touch with some intelligence beyond his ordinary capabilities, but he was seldom able to translate or give expression to the inspiration.

Mary was in advance of him, for the moment

she seemed to come in conscious union with this outside knowledge, she was able to impart it, either verbally or on paper.

There was just the difference between Mary and George that there is between talent and genius.

CHAPTER XI.

SHE WENT OUT.

> "Of all the wonders in the universe,
> The climax—grand finale—is the brain."

But the spring came, and Henry, Joe and Ben began to talk of going. They had dug holes, assays had been encouraging, but with no capital to work with, even the fissure vein was not of much account. One and all were delighted with their winter's experience, and Ben could leave with an interesting story about Mary added to his already liberal stock. He stayed out one night, and the story he told in the morning, was that he had been treed by wolves, and only for the "speerits" encouraging him, he would have died of fright and weariness, for he had to stand on the one limb, and hang on another with his hands, the tree being of such a shape that it was impossible to sit down on one of the branches.

George was at a standstill. If he had had money enough, he would have gone to the States, to get some American capitalists interested. Elizabeth had a few hundred dollars left of the wreck, but she insisted that not a cent of it should go into any more wild speculations.

What was to be done? Mary was at the age when she she should have the advantages of a college education, and the children should go to school.

The dream of a large American city, where the children should have all possible advantages, vanished, and George proposed that they should move to Bellview, the county town. There was a good university there which Mary could enter, and good schools for the other children.

The "Prince of Wales University" was meagerly endowed, and was denominational, turning out Methodist ministers, "warranted strictly orthodox," but as George Melville said, "warranted not to think."

A chapel in connection used to have several services during each winter, when many would experience a "change of heart," and become mysteriously saved. As a rule they back-slid in time to be saved over again at the next revival, and there was far more merit in back-sliding and being saved over, than in a continual state of salvation.

It was in the spring the Melvilles moved bag and baggage to Bellview, with, to say the least,

very little baggage. It had not been of much importance that there were no carpets, or pictures, or luxuries in the pine woods, but entering a goodly sized town, everything in the home now seemed scarce and poor. Elizabeth had kept her bedding and table linen and dishes, but had very little else to show that she had once been comfortable. She was afraid to take a house with rent falling due every month. She had not money enough to purchase much of a house, but what she had she determined to use in buying, as she said, a cover for her children. A small frame house very near the "Prince of Wales University," was for sale and Elizabeth bought it.

George liked neither the locality nor the building, but as there was no assured income, his objections were overcome. "I'll at least know that myself and children, will not be turned on the street," said Elizabeth.

George with his usual hopeful way of looking at things, did not think there was much danger. If the mines really flattened out, he had many things at his finger ends with which he could earn a living.

It was not till September that Mary started to college, she was then fifteen.

The beautiful, bright, golden-haired darling, what a little fairy she was, hardly five feet tall, very slight, with long wavey hair, which she wore loose down her back, only kept from her face with a black velvet band, which contrasted splendidly with her hair's sunny brightness. Who could dream that she would stand beside old professors and work out difficult problems in advanced mathematics? One was not astonished if he saw her playing ring-around-a-rosey with the children, but to see her in a class-room, the blue eyes became darker, a more intense look was in their wonderous depths, the broad square forehead seemed that of a sage, instead of a child.

The Rev. Dr. Juliet was more than once at a loss to explain her phenomenal cleverness, but what was perhaps equally strange was the fact that she was not always phenomenal, in fact there was an occassional day when she did not respond at all to the questions asked her. A timid nervousness seemed present on these days and she did not talk well. This was not so if she could write, for the moment her pencil or pen was on

paper, she was able to write almost anything that was asked her.

Dr. Juliet taught the juniors literature. Poe's "Raven" was under discussion, and Mary had been peculiarly fascinated with its weird pathos and rhythmical meter. After leaving the class-room, "The raven never flitting," kept ringing in Mary's ears. That evening Dr. Juliet had invited a number of his pupils to a little conversazione, to be held in the college. Mary was there. One after another chattered to Mary, and every answer she gave, every question she asked, everything she said, was all given fluently and easily, but in the rhythm and meter of "The Raven." Mary had never before shown any particular poetic talent, and Dr. Juliet was simply amazed. As the company proposed leaving for home, Mary wove the whole evening's proceedings into the same poetic form and rhythm, and Dr. Juliet often said, it was the most beautiful diction, and sweet poetic fancy he had ever listened to, and he would have given much to have had a verbatim report of it. The following day, it would have been very labored had she attempted to parody "The Raven."

George hearing about it, questioned her closely. "Well, father," she said, "it was like this. My mind seemed to have become saturated with "The Raven." It wound itself round and round me and then when I thought of anything else, it took the same meter itself. My mind felt like a measure with the feet marked on it, and no matter what I thought of that night, it had to be measured with that same rule."

George discussed it with the Doctor. "Its simply a phenomenon I cannot explain," said Dr. Juliet.

"It would seem," said George, "as though certain brain cells in operation produced certain rhythmical measures, and the cells only were worked that produced "The Raven" jingle. The consciousness of reason and expression also worked, but the cells producing "The Raven" were supernormally developed from being played upon so much during the day, and whatever other thought was generated, it was forced into line by the strongly inflamed "Raven" cells coming from her experiences that night. After sleeping, the cells contracted, the inflamation of phenomenal development went back, perhaps never to be

played upon to the same extent during her entire life."

Dr. Juliet did not commit himself. He was not sure he followed George's reasoning, and if he did, it might not agree with the written authorities on the brain cell question. He prefered to defer debate, and remarked, "The ways of the Almighty are most wonderful. There may be some wise and good purpose in the Lord's permitting her to do this marvellous thing." When any one's conversation ended in the philosophical remark, "That it was the Lord's will," George generally made an excuse to wander off and moralize on the inconsistences of things that were all attributed to the "Lord's will."

If a few innocent boys and girls were by the lovely glassy bay, and taking a canoe paddled over its smooth surface, and a storm came up and upset the fragile bark, and the boys and girls were drowned, it was "The Lord's will," as many thought, probably to show other boys and girls how wicked it was to go on the water on Sunday. If rain came and destroyed the crops just as they were ripe, it was "The Lord's will," and if wind and weather was favorable, and all

crops had been carefully harvested, it was "The Lord's will." If Mary had been an idiot, some one would have said it was the Lord's will with just as much reason as Dr. Juliet used when he attributed her phenomenal cleverness to "The Lord's will."

It was the end of Mary's first year at college. The examinations were on, and Mary had asked permission to try a year ahead of her class. Many thought this presumption, and one of the professors remarked that because her father was ever at her back, she should not have special privileges over other students.

Dr. Juliet, however, warded off objections, and allowed Mary to write with the second year pupils. He informed her there were subjects she had not read up, and gave her a list. He would be glad to see her succeed, for he was strangely fascinated with the brilliant child.

He was just enough advanced in his views to recognize in Mary, a something far beyond himself. Her cleverness reflected credit upon him, but that was not the reason he desired so earnestly her success.

In a class, Dr. Juliet was terse and clever. If Mary Melville was one of that class, he was witty and brilliant. She seemed to supply just the needed assistance to bring out the very best that was in him, and he finished a class lecture in which she was a pupil with such a keen satisfaction, feeling that he had acquitted himself nobly, that he invariably was on excellent terms with himself, and consequently with those about him for hours afterwards.

On one occasion, a professor from another University was his guest for a few days, and out of courtesy Dr. Juliet had invited him into an occasional class. It so happened that Mary had not been in attendance for a few days, which greatly disconcerted Dr. Juliet. Before the professor left, however, he had the privilege of attending a literary class, and Mary Melville was there. Burns was the poet under discussion. Dr. Juliet, very dignified, cleared his throat, hemmed and hawed, and began the class in a stiff strained manner. His opening remarks were:—

"We have for consideration to-day the Poet Burns. We will not consider him as a man as

we would be obliged criticize too harshly, but simply as a poet."

"Surely," said Mary, "if he were a success as a poet, he could not have been a failure as a man. To be a success as a poet, means that he has thrilled the souls of thousands by his lofty sentiments, that he has carried them into elysian fields to bask in a world of his creation adorned with his shining metaphors and similes, that he has lifted them out of the dull monotony of life and made every fibre of their being vibrate in unison with the splendid possibilites of the beyond, and has made idealistic imagery appear more real than absolute necessities, and thereby made people happy."

"Ah, Miss Melville," said Dr. Juliet, "this opens up some very leading questions as to what success means or is." His stiffness disappeared, his coat was thrown open, and he who was seldom more than a good speaker, even rose to the sublime heights of oratory. And before the class finished, the visiting professor congratulated himself on the intellectual feast he had been treated to, though the lesson had taken the form of a discussion between Mary Melville and Dr. Juliet.

How many more might be astonishingly brilliant, did they only come in contact with conditions that brought out the best in them!

The Saturday before the examination which began on Monday, Mary started reading about five o'clock. She had a queer fashion of sitting on a sofa or bed curled up like a tailor, with the book on the level on which she sat, bending over with her hands wrapped in her hair, and holding the side of her head. She had been called to supper, but did not want any.

"George," said Elizabeth, "that child is going to be ruined. She does not eat enough to keep a sparrow alive, and if she has not her nose in a book or scribbling some problem with you, she's flying around the country like something wild. Yesterday she was playing marbles with a lot of little boys on her way home from college, and when Dr. Juliet passed, she told him she could beat him and give him two marbles more as a starter."

George smiled. "Well, really, Elizabeth, I can see nothing very strange in that. If there is anything in the laws of heredity, I usually have my nose in a book, and if I remebmber, you did

not even despise marbles. I am glad she can occasionally throw away serious thoughts and ideas, for she had too many for her years, and play marbles or turn somersaults or any other perfectly childish prank."

At ten o'clock the light still burned in Mary's room, she was the one member of the family who had the luxury of a room to herself.

"George," said Elizabeth, "go and tell Mary to go to bed, and tell her, I'll burn every book in the house if I see her studying after ten o'clock."

George went into her room, and found her as we have described, sitting tailor fashion with a copy of Euclid on the bed in front of her.

"Mary, dear, haven't you done enough studying for to-night? You had better come and have a cup of hot tea and something to eat, and go to bed."

There was no answer. Surely she must have fallen asleep. George shook her by the shoulders to wake her, but she did not waken. He tapped her on the back, but she did not move. Her hands still clasped her head. He straightened out her limbs, and took her hands out of her hair.

He never dreamed of death, but he could not understand her condition. He felt no pulse, but he knew she was alive. He loosened her clothes, placed her under blankets, and told Elizabeth he would sleep with Mary, as she was not very well, and went back and sat besides her all night. He held the little, pale white hand in his and smoothed the broad forehead, occasionally speaking soft loving words. He knew she was asleep. It was something more than sleep, and less than death.

Morning came, but there was no change. He went down stairs, and said, "Mary had not a very good night, and she must not be disturbed." After taking a cup of tea, and only pretending to eat something, he went back to her side, never leaving her for a minute till dinner was ready, when he went down, and said, he would take some dinner up stairs for Mary, and they would eat together, but he did not want her disturbed. He never touched a bite, but sat holding her hands all the afternoon. The time did not seem long, nor did he feel so very much alarmed, just a strange, wonderful feeling, and another surprise in connection with Mary, some fresh revela-

tion to add to his chain of experiences, which was lengthening link by link. Some day he hoped to be able to put the links together, and say, "Now is the chain complete."

About five o'clock he felt the little hand move, and he looked at the quiet face, and the childish blue eyes opened. She laughed a little silvery laugh, and said, "Have I been gone, father? Poor old Euclid! I was just ending the fourth book when I got tired and closed my eyes, and then I went out, out of my body, out of the house, and away, way off, and Euclid can't teach me any more. I have been shown figures in such marvellous combinations, circles, cones, squares have been twisted and turned, till I know their relation to each other from a thousand standpoints. Ah, father, I wish you had been with me. It was such a grand thing to see and to know things as they are. To see that all our works, all our endeavors, are along progressive lines, to terminate never, but to get nearer and nearer to a state of perfect harmony, and perfect beauty. Oh, the music of the spheres! Oh, the beauties of the vari-colored and ever changing pictures of a universe! But, father, I have so much to learn.

I worked out but a few of the wonderful problems, but I shall never stop till I get circles, cones, globes and triangles all in perfect order, and be able to handle them in all their varied relations and combinations. I have played with them as I would with chess men, marshalling them about and winning, always winning such wonderful results. Do you know, father, there are so many things one can really and positively know, and yet not be able to tell about and demonstrate."

"Yes, Mary, dear," replied George, "I know what you mean, but you had better get up, and come down stairs and get your supper. You need not say anything about your trip, but talk to me about it as much as you like. What do you think about starting your examinations to-morrow, you know there is much you have not even looked over?"

"Father, I've looked it all over, not by reading it, or seeing it, but I have felt it all, and I am not at all alarmed about the result." And well might she speak as she did. There was not a paper she wrote upon, on which she did not receive from 97 to 100 per cent.

Dr. Juliet moralized and wondered, and pupils even suggested plugging, but the facts were there nevertheless, and Mary Melville's was a record never before on the college books, or, in fact, on the books of any other University in the Province.

Chapter XII.

JUST A MAGNET.

"Things are seldom what they seem."
"The sun only appears to rise."

It always seems as though there must have been a few clever women in the olden times who could out-do St. Paul in an argument, which probably accounts for his desiring that they should keep quiet. It is astonishing what a number of disciples he has had all down the ages, for we find men even at the dawn of the twentieth century advising that women should keep silent. And why must they keep silent? Because they have not brains enough to talk rationally or sensibly? University doors were closed against them, and the "Lords of Creation" not only declared that they were incapable of receiving a higher education, but insisted that they should not have even a chance to show what they could do. Here and there a brave pioneer demanded to stand beside her brother, and show what quality the white and grey matter of her brain was. Queen's University, Kingston, had had one intruder, and many were the insults she had to put up with for the crime of wanting to know as much as men were allowed to know. Toronto University, also, and

now the Prince of Wales University followed suit.

Little Mary Melville had asked to be admitted to attend lectures with the third year men. Dr. Juliet looked grave; even the Bishop of the church was consulted. Prof. Wrong was in favor of admitting her but he was a brilliant scholar and looked forward with pleasure to having her for a pupil. Prof. Baton and several others fought against it, but after debating and discussing, it was decided that she should have the privilege of attending lectures, side by side with men who actually stood six feet in their stocking feet. Now just think how small the poor fellows must have felt to have a little girl hardly five feet high standing beside them.

To be charitable, however, the individual can hardly be blamed for the customs of a period or a nation, and the students as a rule were kind and polite to the little, fair-haired prodigy.

Prof. Wrong was simply delighted with her, and Dr. Juliet was almost afraid of her. On she travelled, every few days astonishing some one by doing some especially clever thing.

She was in the ladies' side of the college one

day, and the Preceptress, who was teaching a class in drawing, received a message to absent herself from the class-room for a time, and asked Mary if she would kindly act in her place, and keep order while she was out. Mary took the chair. Now, drawing was a subject Mary had never bothered with, and beyond geometrical figures or maps, she had no experience. A very clever girl along artistic lines was drawing from still-life the figure of Venus-de-Milo. She knew that Mary was no artist, but wishing to embarrass her, she asked if she would assist her, as she could not get the head to suit her. Mary went to her, took a rubber and completely erased whatever lines had been drawn for the head. She then sketched it quickly in and shaded every feature. High lights were left and shadows dispersed. When she finished she laid down the pencil, walked back to the platform and sat down. One pupil after another came round and all were struck with admiration for the clever drawing.

The Preceptress came back, and on her way through the class-room stopped to criticize Miss C.'s work. "Why, what an excellent head! why, it is splendid. I am astonished, simply aston-

ished. Miss Melville, come here and see my pupil's work." Mary came down. "Why," said Miss C., "this is not my work, it is Miss Melville's."

"Why, Mary, I never knew you could draw." "Neither did I," said Mary, "and probably won't do any more." "But, really, Mary, you are a genius; you should certainly follow it up," said the Preceptress. "No," said Mary, "It is not in my line at all. It was simply an accident that I sketched that head. Miss C. asked me to do it, thinking that I could not. I wanted to show her that I could, so I just did it. No, I won't do any more sketching."

Some admired Mary, more were jealous. Most girls of Mary's age were fond of dress and finery, and many considered Mary anything but stylish. A plain serge or lustre frock was generally Mary's toilet, but she could not look plain for her wealth of sunny hair with the band of black velvet, always gowned her gorgeously. One never expected to see her apart from that band of black velvet. It in some way became part of her personality. It seemed as decided a contrast to her lovely hair as she was to her associates.

In the class-room, she often sat perfectly silent, trying not in any way to obtrude herself or her ideas; but invariably before a class was finished she was the positive pole of the magnet, attracting everyone within range of her influence, and the old, gray-haired professors would listen with rapt admiration to her splendid logic, her apt reasoning, her quick wit.

On occasions she would influence her listeners with such earnest enthusiasm, and then apparently come back from elysian fields of thought to which she had led them, and note with objective sense the solemn, earnest faces. It would strike her as perfectly ridiculous that she, just a little girl, should so claim the serious attention of scholarly men, that she would jump up laughing that silvery laugh, mellow and rippling, and some of the men would laugh with her, while others seemed annoyed.

Prof. Wrong was undoubtedly the cleverest on the University staff, and it was conceded that as a linguist he stood among the first in the Dominion. It was Mary's remarkable memory that had especially won his admiration; and Greek, Latin, French and German, as well as Italian and Span-

ish, seemed to come as easy to her as ordinary nursery rhymes did to the majority of children.

The Greek verbs were Dr. Wrong's specials, and when he succeeded in having a pupil master, if but in part, their mysteries, he was happy. But Mary in a few weeks could even tell him something about Greek verbs, which she handled more easily and fluently than he hid. But, although up to this time Prof. Wrong had had a corner on Greek verbs, he frankly admitted to Mary that he could teach her no more, and told her his admiration for her genius was beyond expression. He would, whenever possible and opportunity permitted, delay her in the corridors, on the stairs, in the college lawn, or often at her own gate, and chat with her. There was no ques-rion that she admired him more than she did any-one she had ever met, excepting her father. She told him one day, that had she not been so for-tunate as to have her own father, who she declared knew more than anyone she had ever met, she would have been glad to have had Pro-fessor Wrong for a father.

"Well, Mary, it is impossible that I should be your father, but I will be as dear a friend as you

will allow me to be, and some day, Mary, who knows, we may be more fond of each other than it were possible for a father and daughter to be, even though I do not know as much as he."

"Now, Prof. Wrong, do not misunderstand me. I do not, for a moment, say or think that father is a better scholar than you, in fact he does not know much about foreign languages, but to me he knows more, his reasons for things suit me, and yet he almost breaks my heart, just on mother's account. He does not realize the need of money." The tears glistened in the sunny blue eyes just a moment; she brushed them aside and said: "Have you heard the news, Moody and Sankey are going to be in the big Methodist Church all next week."

"I do not suppose, Mary, that you'd bother going. I hardly think you'd be a subject for their so-called conversion."

"Still, Professor, the fact that they do convert people remains a fact. They make people turn over a new leaf, often give up drinking and living debauched lives, and at least become better citizens. Where and when they do this, they are to be commended, but of course I do not think that

the reason they give for this change is at all correct. They attribute it all to the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus, which is only a relic of the heathen idea that sacrifice in the form of spilling of blood is necessary to salvation. You remember last year, when the revival services were being held in the chapel, the first night or two did not make much impression on the audience, but as Dr. Juliet, the Bishop and Dr. World got working real hard, and became very enthusiastic themselves, others caught the enthusiasm.

Suggestion after suggestion was sent forth and adopted, till the attendance of that little church became an effervescing, feverish mass, ready to shout "Hallelujah," to whatever was said by a leader.

For instance, Dr. World would lead: "Dear Lord, we are all vile miserable sinners." "Amen —Praise the Lord," would be the response. "We are not worthy that thou, from thine high estate, should notice us." "Amen!—Praise the Lord." "But through thy precious blood we are cleansed from all sin." From the Bishop, "Amen!—Amen!" "Now this sort of thing certainly affected the people—why? I think I

shall be able to explain. I think I will go to the Moody and Sankey meetings. One can hardly turn round without learning some new phase of truth."

And she went, sitting away back in the church near the door. She listened to Mr. Moody exhorting the people to be saved, and if they were not saved they would certainly be damned.

At first he coaxed and pleaded, telling mournful tales of the dying words of some penitent sinner, of the little child pleading with a drunken father, and the nervous sensitives all around the church, were moved to tears. Here and there a weak woman tottered up to the penitent form, and confessed herself to be a miserable sinner, when, poor soul, her main sin in life was, probably, that she had sacrificed herself, her strength, her personality for the benefit of others, and now, weak and tottering, she was an easily psychologized victim to Mr. Moody's suggestion that she was a poor miserable sinner. When these tactics were exhausted he would attack from another vantage ground, saying how much better, more reasonable, t was to be good than bad, how much more sensible with the prospects of eternal hap-

piness in a city whose streets were paved with gold. This suggestion would appeal to another class, and a few braver victims would land on the penitent benches, with a look which said, "we're going to walk those golden streets." But Mr. Moody's heavy guns were yet to be fired.

"If you don't come, and won't come, you and you alone, must bear the penalty. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. How many to-day are in the hot, seething flames of eternal hell who would be glad of this opportunity, glad for a drop of cold water to moisten their parched tongues, who cannot even cry for mercy. Let me implore you. Let me entreat you. Let me warn you. The Devil is standing beside you saying "wait," but the voice of Almighty God says "come." Jesus Christ bleeding on the cross, says "come"."

And this volley appealed to a few more. Sometimes a noted tough would wend his way to the penitent bench.

> "The fear of hell's
> The hang-man's whip,
> To keep the rogues in order,"

said Mary to herself. Monday, Tuesday, Wed-

nesday and Thursday, Mary had gone early and stayed late.

"Mary," said her father, "don't you think you are very foolish to attend these meetings? Fanaticism and excitement of this kind, can result in no lasting benefit to mankind. People who cannot do right for right's sake, will do wrong when they get the chance. People must be educated up to moral standards of justice, and learn through actual knowledge that to do wrong must hurt themselves. Broken laws, either physical or mental, will result in suffering. I will not say these men do no good, and I expect Mr. Sankey's singing must be entertaining, but for you to go night after night, seems to me very useless."

"I wondered, father, that you had not spoken before; but I had an object in view. I wanted to see just how people were influenced. Both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey are strong personalities, and I really think they have faith in their mission. Last night I saw how they swayed the audience, but I had an idea that if I were on the platform, I could have influenced far more than they did. For instance, on three or four occasions people started to the penitent bench, and when half way

there, I brought them back to their seats. I am going to-morrow night, and as soon as I see any-one start forward, I am going to make them sit down. Now, never mind, father, this is an experiment I wish to make, and if I succeed, I will go again Saturday night, and instead of working against the evangelists, I will help them."

Friday night Mr. Moody began to speak, but it was hard work. Occasionally a penitent would attempt to speak, then sit down. Mr. Sankey sang, but his singing was labored and he failed to inspire enthusiasm in the audience. When the meeting broke up, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were two discouraged men. It was as though they had reached a limit, and their power ceased to impress their hearers.

Saturday night the church was packed, it being their last evening.

The atmosphere seemed different, enthusiasm ran high almost from the first. When the meeting was about half over, many were surprised to see Mary Melville get up and go forward. She did not kneel on any of the penitent benches, but went on the platform beside the speakers.

There was a death-like silence; many seemed

to stop breathing, as Mary spoke. "I came up," she said, "to help the evangelists who have been so earnest in their endeavors to bring you people forward. I would now like to see their efforts rewarded." She put out her little white hands, and the whole vast audience arose, as though her finger tips were a magnet, and the people so many needles.

Shouts of, "Praise the Lord," and "Amen," rang through the church. Mr. Moody slapped his hands and shouted, and Mr. Sankey sang. Many crowded to the temporary platform, and then took off any piece of jewelry they had on their persons. Others gave money. Never in their history had they had such a meeting, and when Mary tried to leave the church, it was with much difficulty that she managed to escape.

When she told her father the result of her experiment, he said, "Yes, but, Mary, people will say you are a convert. While it may be a satisfaction to you to know that your strong personality and will power, together with your ability, could command an unseen physic force and lift a vast audience, how few, if any, will understand anything of the laws governing such a result!

Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey are ignorant of their own influence, and attribute all results to the power of Jesus."

"Do you know, father, I felt myself pulling those people just the way I used to feel myself pulling that chair about."

The next day, Mr. Moody called on. Mary Melville, but George saw him. "You have a wonderful daughter, Mr. Melville, and she should be a power for good," said Mr. Moody.

"She is not only a power for good," said George, "but she demonstrates a truth which will not be understood for years. She is able to demonstrate the fact that there is force, irresistible, unchangeable, all knowing, or to use your phraseology, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, pervading all space, and acting on matter which also fills all space. Humanity is the highest manifestation of individualized matter. The brain is an instrument being acted upon by this force, and bringing knowledge to our consciousness. According to the brain development will be the knowledge received. She has demonstrated the possession of brain development probably a century in advance of her time; but down all the ages

there has always been a pioneer of every epoch of advance thought. But people of to-day cannot and will not know her worth. I am, however, not at all anxious that she should appear before the public. She is so young, and not strong enough physically to be bothered the way she would be sure to be, if she should make an exhibition of her powers. I shall try and hush this affair up, and you and Mr. Sankey can take all the credit of the strange results of the meeting."

"Yes, but Mr. Melville, do you not attribute it to the power of Jesus? and that he only used her as an instrument?" said Mr. Moody.

"Mr. Moody, excuse me, I know your school of thought, and it will be impossible for you to see things as I see them, till you have travelled along the same road that I have, and obtained the same views. I do not blame you, you are doing what you believe to be the uplifting of mankind, but you will never obtain that result till you teach men not to be dependent on anyone, be he Jesus Christ, Buddha, Confucius, or Mahomet, but to develop their own powers, their own individuality, and know for themselves that the power for good or ill lies within humanity, and not with an external God, or an external, personal Devil.

I have watched her grow and develop, day by day, and though I do not possess her marvellous power, I can see and understand hers, and if I am not vastly mistaken, she will not only astonish people in our own town, but will astonish the world and help move us a step higher than we have been."

Just then Mary entered the room and, after speaking to Mr. Moody, sat down.

"Is not this delightful, father? Such an agreeable influence seems to surround me, but I would like the lamp turned low," said Mary. She then put her hand towards a chair about five feet from her, and it moved up beside Mr. Moody. "Would you mind sitting on that chair, Mr. Moody?" she said. He did so, and Mary began and told him much that had happened in his life, and prophesied for his future. As she finished, he exclaimed, "Mr. Melville, look at her, do you see that golden halo about her head?"

"Yes," said George, "you see the halo is not after all the imagination of the artist, but can be seen with the physical eye when conditions are favorable."

Mary put up her little hands, and as they came

in contact with the phosphorescent ring about her head, they became transparently illumined, and when she again put her hands in her lap, you could almost see her dark dress through their brightness.

Mr. Moody left, much impressed with what he had seen, saying, "Mystery, mystery, all is mystery; fain would I drink of the immortal dew. Ah, yes, fain would we all know things that we do not, and does not this plainly show our sinful nature, that we would pry into the mysteries of the hereafter, the knowledge of which is purposely kept from us by a wise God."

He had left the room, and with George was standing on the door-step.

"Do you think a wise God would have given us enquiring minds if he had any objections to our using them?" said Mr. Melville. "Would it not rather disparage the faculties with which we are endowed, did we neglect to use them for investigating nature's secrets in whatever direction we are led to think?"

"Blessed is he that believeth, and hath not seen," quoted Mr. Moody.

"But very much more sensible is he that in-

sists on seeing and knowing before he believes too much," said George with a smile.

"I do not understand your attitude, Mr. Melville," said Mr. Moody.

"No, I suppose not, but believe me, Mr. Moody, thinkers are with me. Scientists are with me, and in less than a quarter of a century, this country will be flooded with literature in sympathy with what I say. It is not Jesus Christ, it is the principle in each individual, and men are rising to a higher conception of human nature and the brotherhood of man. A religion to be universal must reach beyond the limits of Christianity, must reach from Ocean to Ocean, from Pole to Pole,—must take in, not only the earth and solar system, but all systems. It must shake hands with all scientific truths, must have neither sect nor ism and be applicable alike to Christian or Heathen, to Buddhist or Mahometan, to Believer or Infidel."

Mr. Moody shook hands, and quietly departed.

Chapter XIII.

ALL THAT GLITTERS.

"I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

Mary Melville's most intimate girl friend was Bessie Douton, a typical society girl.

She was an orphan with plenty of money, and had, up to the time of her father's death some three years previous, been used to a gay life in New York, with a governess and tutor in her own home.

Dr. Juliet and Mr. Douton had been boys together, and had kept up the friendship, so when Mr. Douton died, leaving an only child, Bessie, with a large fortune, he left Dr. Juliet the sole executor of his will, and guardian of Bessie till she would be twenty-one.

She often told Mary that, if she were of age and had control of her fortune, she would adopt her, but the girls were only sixteen, and what generous deeds one does in imagination's realm when the future is looked at through rosy-tinted glasses! At that age we would make those we love so happy. When the future becomes the present, we are older; and Oh, so much wiser!

Bessie was a resident scholar, but occasionally got leave to go from college on Friday night and stay till Monday with her friends.

In a place as small as Bellview it did not take long for everyone to learn that Bessie was an heiress, which made her a welcome guest in the finest homes in the small city. However, a New York heiress, used to the luxuries that a great cosmopolitan city can afford, will hardly be impressed by the most luxurious home in a place like Bellview. Yet Mary Melville's poor, little bed room, with a bed, one chair, a foot stool, a tiny table, a little washstand and dresser combined, and just room to crawl in, had more attraction for Bessie than any place else.

If Mary sat on a chair, Bessie took the footstool, or if Bessie had the chair, Mary often hopped on the bed, and sat in her favorite position, tailor fashion.

It was Friday night, and Bessie had asked leave to stay with Mary over Sunday. The Preceptress consulted Dr. Juliet, and after much discussion, it was agreed that she should be allowed to stay one night.

"You see," said the Preceptress, "Bessie is

young and does not understand. Mary Melville is a lovely girl, but they are poor, too poor to go in the same set that Bessie will, as a matter of course, go with. Certainly the Melville's are of a good family, and have seen better days, but it is hardly advisable for us to allow too great an intimacy between the two, lest Bessie may regret it."

Dr. Juliet knew in his heart this was a poor, narrow conception of things, but had not the courage to reply.

That afternoon before going with Mary, Bessie had received an invitation to a young people's party, to be given the next week. She asked Mary if she had received one, and when Mary answered that she had not, she said, "O, but you will, my dear, all the girls are going." Mary's face had flushed a deep crimson, and it was to be seen that she was hurt. Bessie made an excuse to leave Mary, and having some business down town, went straight to Mrs. Brown's private room and exclaimed: "You must excuse me, Mrs. Brown, for rushing in on you in this informal way, when you are not receiving."

"I am always at home to you, Bessie dear. Just take off your things."

"Thank you, no. I just came to talk with you about the party next week, and that reminds me, did you forget to send Mary Melville an invitation?"

Mrs. Brown colored and said, "Well, to be frank with you, Bessie, I did not forget, but really, dear, I have talked the matter over with my friends, and we have decided to leave Miss Melville out. It is quite impossible that she should go in our set. I know she is clever, but they are wretchedly poor, my dear, and if I ask her, I am sure she would not have a decent dress to wear."

"Well, I'm sorry, Mrs. Brown, but if Mary Melville is to be left out of the society of Bellview, I will step out. I would not dream of going any place where she was not asked."

"Why, Bessie, I had no idea you were so fond of her, but since you wish it, I'll certainly give you an invitation for her," saying which she wrote Mary's invitation card, and handed it to Bessie. Bessie went from Mrs. Brown's to a fashionable modiste, and ordered two gowns, one

for herself and one for Mary, just dainty pure white muslins, the tiny fluffy frills, edged with fine real Valenciennes lace.

When she got back to Mary's she was tired out, and had a severe, nervous headache. After having a cup of tea and some bread and butter, she went to Mary's little den and threw herself on the bed completely exhausted.

Mary was soon besides her, asking what was the matter.

She drew the invitation out of her pocket, and handed it to Mary, saying, "Oh, there's that invitation, Mary. Mrs. Brown forgot to post it, and listen, girlie, I want you dressed just like me, so I ordered your gown with mine, just simple little muslins, but we'll be very sweet, won't we, Innocence and Purity?" and she chattered on to prevent any protest from Mary. But though Mary did not protest, her lips compressed, her blue eyes deepened into black, the little white hands closed tightly, and a hard, cynical look, not pleasant to see on so young a face, clouded for an instant the usually merry, childish countenance.

"Let me take away your headache, Bessie, and then I will talk to you," and she took Bessie's

head in her hand. In a short time Bessie said, "Why, Mary, you are a witch, I feel perfectly rested and not a particle of pain remains in my head."

"Now," said Mary, "I followed you this afternoon. Do not misunderstand me, I never left this room, but I knew just where you went, and what you did. I know what Mrs. Brown said to you, and what you said to her. I am very sorry you did it, but since your intentions were only kind, I will forgive you, and will not only accept your invitation and dress, but will make myself most agreeable. It will be the hardest fight I ever had, but for your sake I will do what I say."

Bessie burst out crying. "Don't think for a moment, Mary I consider it any compliment to you to be invited to the Brown's, if they have the swell house in Bellview. It is a compliment for you to go and see them. The idea that you should be weighed in the balance with brick, mortar, and house furnishings!"

When Mary told her father about it she said, "Father, do you think you will ever have money again, or are we always to be looked down on

just because we live in a little, poorly furnished house?"

"Never mind, Mary dear, it won't be very long now before I'll have plenty of money. I had a letter to-day from an American capitalist, and he will be here in a few days to go back to the mines. I have no doubt that I'll yet make a fortune out of those mines," said her father.

"Mary," said her mother, who overheard the conversation, "don't put any dependence in one word your father says. I am sick and tired of hearing about those mines, and only for the little money your brother earns, and what I have been able to get from time to time on some old notes, we might starve to death."

"Well, Elizabeth, we've never starved to death, and according to you we have been starving ever since we left Picking."

George then stepped out of the house, for if he remained he would be compelled to listen to a rehearsal of all the foolish things he had done since leaving Picking Grammar School.

Mary went to the party at Mrs. Brown's.

The college professors, the bank clerks, the

back-bone of town and village society, medical men and lawyers, all were there.

Professor Wrong tried to get near where Mary Melville was, but younger men were around her, in fact she was constantly the centre of a group of admirers. Here and there were women and girls neglected, and now and then a spiteful remark about Mary's being bold in monopolizing the attention of so many gentlemen, but the little darling was doing her best to keep her word to Bessie. She was bravely trying to forget that the hostess of the house had intended not to invite her because she was poor.

It was late, she was tired of dancing, and she sat down on a foot-stool besides the wood grate fire in the corner of one of the sitting rooms. Many were there who did not dance, and it was soon discovered where she was. Professor Wrong took a seat besides her. Dr. Juliet stood near. She was like a fair doll, dainty and beautiful. The hard wood coals cast a warm, rich glow over her whiteness, and as one young fellow said, "She looked good enough to eat." The little white hand lay listless in her lap.

"Professor Wrong did you ever see anything in the coals?" asked Mary.

"Yes, Mary, I have."

"They have a strange fascination for me to-night, and these are particularly wonderful. See there is a beautiful room, and on one side seems an elevated throne, at least a big throne-like chair, and I am sitting in the chair, but how funny, there is only a lot of old men in the room." She stopped, a wonderful look came over her face, she leaned forward and picked a couple of the largest coals out of the grate, and tossed them from one hand to the other.

Was ever such astonishment seen? Professor Wrong urged her to put the coals down, and one after another came anxiously near, but she did not appear to see them. As the coals grew dim, she tossed them back into the grate, and picked out a couple more saying, "See, they don't burn, they are harmless." She passed one to Dr. Juliet, who let it fall the moment it touched his hand. She laughed, picked it up and put it into the grate. From that time she was the centre of attraction, everyone wanted to see and know her, but she was tired and wanted to go home. When she

left she had no cause to imagine herself neglected, everyone was attentive and everyone admired her.

Professor Wrong took her home with Bessie and Dr. Juliet. Bessie stopped with Mary. And Dr. Juliet and Professor Wrong discussed Mary from her house to the University.

"We have," said Professor Wrong, "a wonder in that child. I cannot make her out, and I hardly think she understands her own marvellous power, I often feel like an ignorant school boy beside her."

"There is certainly something very strange about her, very strange. It is hard to say, though, if she is fortunate or not, or into what trouble her strange power may lead her. There is something superhuman about her." said Dr. Juliet.

Could the two have seen her lying in bed in Bessie's arms, her little frame convulsed with sobs, they would have seen she was very human. The tension had been too much, and she had been too much hurt, and, even though she had been able to show them that she could do what no one else of the company did, there was no vanity. She

was tired—so tired and weary—and she almost longed to get away from it all, to go again on a beautiful journey, and not come back, only—only, she'd like to take her father with her. What was society, what were its most fascinating attractions, compared with what they knew together, that they could tell no one, and, if they did attempt to tell on occasions, no one understood?

As she grew calm she thought out a new and better social scheme. But she was after all only a little girl, hardly enough of an individualized entity to step out from the beaten track, hardly strong enough to start in a new path and tramp over muddy spots, and have her little feet torn by thorny brambles.

"But," said she, "some day, some day I'll be stronger, and I'll start a path to suit myself, and not bow to conventional authority."

And sleep, that gentle goddess of mercy, folded the tired child in her arms, and all caste was levelled in that quiet slumber.

While sleeping she dreamed a dream. She was with a tribe of strange, dark-skinned people, in a lovely valley. Several thousand small houses seemed to form a town. The houses were more

or less uniform in size and attractiveness, but in the centre of what appeared the town was a colossal building of splendid architectural beauty. Beautiful grounds, with rare flowers of every discription, a perfect paradise for the botanist. Inside, the walls were hung with artistic productions of the people. The building was always open, and people wandered to and fro as they had time and opportunity. In the auditorium of the building, an audience had collected to hear an oration, and the subject was, "Christians in Christendom."

"Millions of people inhabiting the earth call themselves Christians," said the speaker, "that is to say, they profess to follow the historical character, Jesus Christ, who is by them supposed to be none other than God himself made manifest in the flesh—over eighteen hundred years ago. This lovely character taught a divine set of morals. "Love your enemies," "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." We find little to object to in what Jesus is suppossd to have taught, but to-day, after nearly two thousand years, what is the condition of the people and of the nations calling themselves Christians? We find very large denominations in the same country

at daggers drawn, but all in the name of Christ. We find Christian nations plotting day and night to annihilate each other. The head of the great Roman Church is surrounded by all the pomp and vanity that the world can heap around him. He is unapproachable, except through a retinue of retainers. Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

England's Queen is the head of another great religious organization. She has castles in many countries, with jewels, lands, gold, silks, laces, luxuries beyond all imagination. The gentle Jesus she represents, had not where to lay His head. But is this all? In the shadow of the Vatican, where dwells the Pope of Rome, people die of starvation. In the shadow of Windsor Castle, where dwells the Queen of England, people live and die in hovels not fit for wild beasts. If half the energy spent in imposing ceremonies, in palatial cathedrals, were spent bettering the social conditions of the people, there would be no starvation. If half the time spent in praying over and over the same prayers to Almighty God, who does not need them, were spent in education there would be no ignorance. If half of the unused

wealth were scattered with generous hands, Christendom might be a very heaven on earth. But such is not the case, a premium is put on wealth, power and influence, and so a rush and scramble, and fighting, and wars, all to gain that end. Now these people call us heathens, because we do not know their Christ, who, they claim, has done so much for them. We work away and all goes into the general coffers. We draw on that wealth as required for our support and comfort. One of the greatest crimes among us is to take more than we would give our brother. The greatest virtue among Christians is to grab all within reach, and the more you are able to control, the greater will be the homage paid you. These people propose to send us a missionary to teach us to live as they do," and there arose a great cry, "Keep him out! Keep him out!" and Mary woke up to find Bessie also had just wakened.

"Whom do you wish to keep out?" said Bessie.

"Oh, just the missionary, Bessie.—I had a dream," said Mary.

CHAPTER XIV.

A DIFFERENT SPHERE.

> "Ye who grope in darkness blindly,
> Listen, for the bells are ringing."

Before further following of Mary in her University career, we would like to recall an evening she spent at the old home of her grandfather, Robert MacTavish, when she was twelve years of age.

When we saw him last, Purgatory was, in his view, the "only way out o' it."

He was little by little beginning to think that, after all, there was something radically wrong in popular theology. The conception of a tyrannical, revengeful God, watching mortals and jotting down all the little or big wrong-doings, became abhorrent to him. He remembered when a school boy, how he fell out with a companion, and they had a fight, and he twitted the boy about all the mean things he ever knew him to do. He could not and would not be guilty of any such littleness now, and yet he was believing in a God guilty of just such meanness.

But did such a God exist? Was it not rather true that God was made in the image of man, than that man was made in the image of God?

Was not the Old Testament Jehovah the conception, pure and simple, of minds acting through undeveloped human brains?

Robert MacTavish as we know had a particular reverence for books, perhaps his greatest weakness. An argument had double force with him when once it was materialized by printer's ink and bound by a book binder, but George Melville loaned him an occasional book, whose author was certainly not strictly orthodox, which contained so much that appealed to his highest reasoning faculties that he could not lay it aside as worthless, simply because it differed from the orthodox idea of creation. Little by little, the Theory of Evolution began to take form in the old man's mind and grow, till we find it almost an accepted belief with him. He had seen a few demonstrations of Mary's psychic powers on a physical plane, and knew of her phenomenal memory.

This evening he was seated among his books, musing over a mathematical problem, whose solution was causing much discussion among mathematicians. Mysterious were the drawings of squares and cones, of circles and triangles, but the problem was still unsolved, and his brain

seemed contracted, yet it was hard to admit himself beaten. He mused and pondered, he drew lines and rubbed them out, he took down books to get ideas, and still the unsolved problem lay before him.

He had given George Melville the question, and, as far as he knew, George had not been able to solve it; now if he could only work it out by logarithms what a victory it would be, not only for the old school mathematicians, but a victory for logarithms over algebra.

He never did like algebra anyway. It was like saying some very doubtful thing was true, and from that, reaching a conclusion that some other thing was true which you wanted to be true.

"Hoot-toot! Hoot-toot! Algeebra's like saying, let A equa an ox, and let B equa a horse, then A equa B because both an ox and a horse can draw a load; I'll no try algeebra till I ha tried everything else."

Just then Mary dashed into the library, escaping a big Newfoundland dog she had been romping with.

"Why, grandfather, you dear, old soul, whatver are you bothering your head over? Looking

up some new authority on 'apostolic succession,' I suppose!"

Relieved to be interrupted from the mental strain, he said, "Na, na, Mary, its no apostolic succession, and that's one of your father's ideas that I'm aw'as trying to justify the teachings o' the church o' Rome, but it's no that, this time, it's only an old dry problem, which I'll just lay aside till my brain is clearer."

"Problems are not dry, grandpa; it's so jolly when the answer comes. Do you know I seldom study my sums at school, I just sit still for a few minutes and it all comes to me. Now tell me about this sum, grandpa and, perhaps, I can get the answer," said Mary.

The old man, the sage and theologian, smiled as much as to say, "My dear child, you have volumes yet to learn before you understand the technical names I would use to tell you what this problem is." But he said, "Come along, then, wee girlie, and I'll show you. I'm trying to prove that the distance from A to B is one half the distance from B to C, having given me the relative areas of this circle and this square."

Mary sat down, took a pencil in her hand and became quiet.

Robert MacTavish was also quiet, and such a restful feeling came over him. He looked in admiration at the golden hair and lovely face, but from admiration the expression changed to one of intense interest, for a peculiar influence seemed to be in the atmosphere, a cool refreshing air.

The grandfather moved closer to the childish form, but she did not look up. But what is this? Surely she is intelligently drawing lines; and in a moment the atmosphere became as it had been. The wonderful look left her eyes, and she became once again a merry, laughing child of twelve summers.

The problem was solved, and as she flew away to resume her romping with Carlo, Robt. MacTavish closed and locked the library door.

Yes, the difficult problem had been solved, but to what end? Only to have left in its place another problem much more interesting, for the solution to it must open a new highway to knowledge. Where had she got her information? Not from those idols of modern civilization, books. Not from her teachers, for they never knew.

The brave thinker, who threw off the creed of his forefathers because he considered it unjust, would have given half his life to know just what cause had produced such a marvellous result. He looked helplessly around at his books, even the ones that seemed almost infallible to him. He took up a volume in which much was said about the white and grey matter of the brain. He found much learned talk of atoms, molecules, cells, etc., but no solution to this problem could be found in the books, because it had never been printed. The subtle laws in operation needed for their physical manifestations a very delicate instrument, and this plastic, childish sensitive brain, supernormally developed, could be operated on so easily. Here was proof that there was something beyond cold reason's calculating theories. Robt. MacTavish sat and pondered far into the night, but that cool refreshing atmosphere which had been present when the problem was solved, did not return. But when he rose to retire he said to himself, "Hoot-toot! Hoot-toot! I ha muckle to learn, afore I ha it a'! Muckle to learn!"

He seemed to catch a glimpse of an undiscovered country in the distance that was very fascin-

ating, and along its highways were placards of invitation to those anxious for a nobler view and dissatisfied with the surrounding country, as they now saw it.

And in that glimpse, there was hope that Robt. MacTavish might yet solve for himself the second and most important problem.

CHAPTER XV.

MARY GRADUATES.

"I have conquered—
Let the bells of triumph chime."

Mary was in her third year at the University, but she had taken fourth year work, and was going to stand the examinations for B.A., and, should she succeed, write a thesis and get an M.A. It was an anxious time for Mary, not that her studies bothered her—"so much came to her."

But her father, who to her was the personification of most virtues, was condemned by so many people, condemned as being unpractical and a vague dreamer, whose theories were against so many established customs and, therefore, considered dangerous. Was anyone ill in the family, he was by the bedside, talking quietly, soothingly, encouragingly. Did anyone make a serious blunder, he philosophically argued it into a more fortunate happening. Was the house chilly at night when he considered the temperature should be kept even, to get up a dozen times in the night, and put wood in the stove was nothing for him to do. It is true he did not furnish the money to

buy the wood, but should there have been no fuel, he would have gone cheerfully after dark and carried it from the woods near by. He would have cut down the fence, or chopped up the floor in the wood-shed, bnt a warm comfortable fire would be there when needed.

Certainly, with his capabilities a few hours' work along educational lines, should have paid for more wood than he could have carried in a week, but it was the putting himself in the position to do the work, which was so hard. To want was so much easier for George Melville, than to place himself in a position that anyone should dictate to him as to the disposal of his time. It is so easy to want. He could make a suit of clothes last an incredible length of time, and still have a respectable, dignified air. He could keep on the fires with the least wood, he could live and be comfortable with the least expense. In fact it was impossible to give George a treat in the way of anything to eat. Eating was one of the necessary duties one had to perform in order to keep up the locomotion, but a boiled potato with salt and a crust of bread, answered the purpose much better than a full course dinner, for it took so

much less time, and he preferred spending his time solving problems, examining minerals, or dreaming, thinking, imagining, wondering, as to the destiny of it all.

And what dreams he dreamed. He built cottages and palaces, villages and cities, and in imagination created counties and countries, forests and plains, mountains and streams, and peopled them—to what end? Only to carry them out and beyond the present plane of existence.

Was his palace adorned with old mahogany, hung with priceless tapestry, had Japan, France and England donated precious gifts of china and other bric-a-bric? He would still improve on it, for, after all, they were but expression, crude, indeed, of the more substantial thought behind it all.

The poor little molecules might be vibrating in very splendid rhythm in an old Chippendale sideboard, but did their expression compare with the sunset? Yet people scoured the earth to get an old piece of mahogany with just such colorings and tints, and prized it beyond price, and yet never got up early enough to see a sunrise.

Elizabeth very often became perfectly furious at George's logic and philosophy. "Listen, George," said she, "I do not know what on earth you are thinking about. You profess to think so much of Mary, and yet, if the child graduates this year, I do not know for the life of me what she will do for a dress."

"What has a dress to do with her graduating?" said George. "If her graduating is worth anything, it is simply because of the knowledge she has gained in obtaining her diploma, and that knowledge is hers, and no one can take it away, but paltry dress, why, what is the matter with the one she has on?"

"George, you're a fool and always was one, and I suppose always will be. Just imagine Mary graduating in a little, old, black lustre dress!"

"Oh, well, if she has to have a dress, we'll see that she has one. I shall probably be going back to the mines in a few weeks, and may dispose of some claims I have, and you can pick out whatever kind of a dress necessary for her to have."

"I have no more faith in those cursed mines than I have in you, and if she graduates, she shall

have a dress and then she can teach, and be independent, thank heaven," replied Elizabeth.

"I am in hopes," said George, "she will never have to teach. It is perfect drudgery even for an ordinary intellect, but for Mary, who does not herself need teaching, it would be worse than slavery."

"You'd better put such nonsense into the child's head, she'd be a perfect nobody if left to you."

"Oh, no, it is with me she has measured the distance between the stars, calculated the weight of the planets, solved the magic squares, and almost worked out perpetual motion, and the squaring of the circle. Do you compare possessions of this kind with material possessions? In other words, do you compare a covering for the body, with knowledge that illumines the mind?"

"Starvation and rags never illumined any mind very brilliantly, and I say again, you're a fool, and you've ruined my life. If I'd married old Bob Smith, I would have expected such a life as this, but I thought I was marrying a gentleman," replied Elizabeth.

"Mother, do leave him alone, just for my sake.

You're going to have some money soon, ar'n't you, dear?" said Mary. as she climbed on his lap, and twined her thin arms about his neck. After a little while she asked if he had gotten an answer to a problem they had been trying to solve.

"Not altogether, Mary, I got the solid contents of the globe, but I did not get the relative size of that conical section, and I do not believe it can be worked out, there is not enough given," said her father.

"Yes, but there is, father, for I have worked it." and she started to show him.

Soon all jars and discords, poverty and graduating dresses, were as vague imaginings, and Mary and George were in a heaven of their own. And never did miser gloat over his gold with more eagerness, than did these two over their circles and squares, cones and triangles. And when she had solved for him, what he could not get for himself, he felt all the devotion of his soul go out to her, and never was there a more devout idolatory than that with which Mary was worshipped by him.

June came with no brighter prospects for the Melville family.

Mary was to try the examinations, and prove herself an adept along educational lines. She was the first lady to try for a B.A. in the Prince of Wales University, and hardly eighteen years of age. Men of thirty and forty were writing who had been in attendance double her school time.

The weather was very warm, and the examinations lasted over a week, then came the thesis for the degree, and the result. Mary took on no single paper below 97 per cent., and in mathematics and languages a clean sweep of 100 per cent. was the rule.

And then came on the evening of evenings, that in which occurred the public conferring of degrees on successful candidates.

Mary was to read her thesis for a degree on "The Press." Over a week before the examinations, she had awakened in the night, after dreaming just what she would write, and so remarkable was her memory, that she got up and wrote it down in full. The following day she showed it to her father, who was surprised, not only at the mass of facts she had accumulated, but by the poetic diction of its composition. He was so taken with it, that he put it in his pocket in order

to re-read it, saying to himself, "It is certainly a prose poem." What was his dismay, when upon seeking to read it again, he discovered he had lost it. He searched every place he could think of in which he had been, but made up his mind not to upset Mary by telling her anything about it being lost.

After the returns of the examination, and when still encouraged by her success, he told her it was lost.

"Never mind, father, I'll write it over again when I feel like it."

But the awful dress was bothering her. She had rummaged over everything in the house to see if she could manufacture a dress, and when only two days before the important event, and there was still no dress, she sat down almost broken-hearted, when who should happen in but her friend Bessie, who, by the way, had not passed her examinations in the ladies' department.

"For pity's sake, Mary, what is the matter? Anyone would think you had lost every friend in the world! What is the matter? Why, everyone is talking about your wonderful cleverness, and here I am disgracefully plucked, and yet I

have courage to laugh. Cheer up, Mary, and tell us what is the matter," said her friend.

"Just this, Bessie, I have simply no dress to wear, and my thesis for degree is lost, and I have not felt like writing another."

"Listen, Mary. I do not know anything about the thesis, but I am going to confess, I thought I'd pass those old exam's, so I sent to New York for a dress, and I have the daintiest dream of a thing you ever saw. It is the thinnest, sheerest, cob-web-ey, white silk net, with a tracing of leaves, made over the softest of Japanese silk. It's like has never been seen in Bellview, and I want you to have it. Now, not one word, you shall have it."

Mary burst out crying, her joy mingled with grief, so glad to have a dress, but sorry her own father had not bought it.

"Of course, dear, it will be a trifle large for you, but that won't matter, it is just a baby waist, and you can belt it in as tightly as you like, and the skirt is en train any way, so a few niches will make no difference. You will have to shorten the sleeves, and make the neck-band smaller, and you'll have to let me dress you, and I'm go-

ing to get the loveliest white roses. Oh, yes, another confession! I spoke to the florist over six weeks ago for the white roses for this date, dozens of them, and I'll tie the great, gorgeous bouquet with white satin ribbon. And listen, Mary, I'm going to curl your hair. I know it will change you, but you'll consent for just this night. Now, come on, and let us play ball in the back yard, and forget that you are the wonderful prodigy that you are, who is astonishing all the old bald pates in the country with your mathematical ability. Hurrah! You take the bat, I'll take the ball, three times is out, three out of five at bat, bet I'll beat you," and away they went, dress, thesis, money troubles all forgotten, and the hilarious laughter of two romping school girls filled the air with joyousness.

Ah, how glorious the rippling laughter of youth is! Old, dull care, that takes up too much of our time, hides her wrinkled face and creeps away; withering grief, even, takes her sombre grayness out of sight, and anger, that old, sharp chisel, becomes too blunt to hurt when childhood's innocent laughter cheers the hour.

So Bessie was the happy mascot, to bring

brightness out of the dark state of affairs. That night Mary woke up with a raging fever, whether she had heated herself too much playing ball and then caught cold, she did not know, but, becoming alarmed, she called her father. He had not been very long with her, when she became very cold and started to shake. Early in the morning a physician was called in, and decided she had fever and ague. He gave her large quantities of quinine to break it up, but the quinine produced such a buzzing in her head that she was in as much distress as though she were shaking or feverish. She was in bed all day, in the hope that by being very careful she would be able to attend the graduating Commencement on the following evening.

The next day she was a little better, and about four o'clock got up and took a walk. Her father, when not doing something for her, spent every moment hunting for her thesis, but no trace of it was to be found.

About half past six Bessie arrived, and was completely nonplussed to see Mary's condition.

"Why, Mary, you look as though you had been

sick for a month, whatever has happened?" she said.

"Never mind, dear, I feel weak, but I shall be all right after a while, fix my hair to suit yourself," answered Mary.

So Bessie began with the wondrous billows of long golden hair. It spoilt it to curl it, but Bessie insisted that was the correct idea. However, when she had finished it, there was a stiffness about it Mary did not like, so she gave her head a few shakes, ran her hands through it, and then took a band of black velvet, and put it round her hair as she had always worn it.

Bessie clapped her hands, "You're right, Mary, you would not be yourself without the black velvet. It may not be the thing from a hairdresser's standpoint, but it is you, and that's more important.

And now for the dress. I've had it attended to, so I know it will suit you."

First a lot of fine underwear with billows of Valenciennes lace, and then the dress. Sure enough, it was a dream in it's cob-web-ey thinness and pure whiteness. When the toilet was complete, Mary went into the largest room to let

the family see her. The younger children gazed as at something dropped from the heavens, the oldest boy, nearly Mary's age, said, "Jimminy, ain't Mary a stunner?"

Elizabeth almost choked, and she turned away to hide her emotions.

George looked but did not seem to see her. He was pale, and his lips were firmly set, as he said, "I have been unable to find your thesis, but here is written what I could remember, but I am afraid I have lost your beautiful diction."

Mary took it but did not open it. Bessie gave her the huge bouquet of white roses, and she was driven to the University to read her thesis on "The Press," for her degree.

Only eighteen! Some are women, yes, and mothers, too, at that age, but she was only a child, a fair, lovely, little thing, with a chubby face. But to-night the chubbiness seemed thinner and she had so much forehead, such a breadth of brow, and her eyes were now almost black. The laughing mouth was only a determined line of firm lips, and the tiny hands crushed the rose-stems, till they hurt the delicate flesh.

Only eighteen, and she was to receive what no other woman had ever received in Canada—"First-class Honors" in Mathematics.

Chapter XVI.

HER THESIS.

"Once in a century there seems to be evolved a something that doth startle men."

The Prince of Wales University was an animated bee-hive from garret to cellar. A light shone from every window. The fair sized auditorium was a blaze of lights. The platform was tastefully decorated with palms and flowers, and a Steinway Grand was in evidence. One almost prayed that the Goddess of Music would hover round, and lend a kindly, helping hand to the many young debutants who had to be listened to, not but that they were good players on ordinary occasions, but the many pulsing hearts under white gauzy dresses that night, boded ill for that melody of harmony intended to entertain. It was only a little after eight when there was no longer seating room, and already many were standing in the aisles.

The Bishop in official robes took his seat on the platform. Dr. Wrong with gown and eye-glass sat beside him. The President occupied the chair, and was also master of ceremonies.

After a short, musical program by the gradu-

ates, the conferring of degrees began, and a funeral service could not have been conducted with more solemnity or propriety.

The President after dolefully elaborating on the important, the very important part, music played in our civilization, (he did not mean to make a pun) called the names of the fortunate candidates who came in turn and knelt before him. He laid his hand on the head of the apparent suppliant, and gravely said: "I pronounce you Mistress of Harmony, with all the privileges pertaining to that degree." The degrees in Music having been conferred, he sat down, and motioned to the Bishop, who after some hesitation, came to the front of the platform and said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I have a peculiar task before me to-night, such a pleasant one as I have never had before. Our worthy President has introduced to you many clever and capable young ladies, who deserve all praise for the manner in which they have acquitted themselves, but, it is my pleasure and privilege to introduce to you a young girl who has done what no other woman has ever done before, in this or any other University in Canada. She has not only accomplished

the wonderful result after a short attendance at college, but has never incurred a fine, suspension or bad mark while within these walls. She heads the list of graduates in the Arts course, and has taken first-class honors in mathematics, and mathematics is the back-bone of the Arts course, and that is the back-bone of all other courses.

She has done nobly in natural science, and as a linguist, stands in the front rank, for Dr. Wrong says she is better than he is, and we all know how we banked on Dr. Wrong's reputation. (Laughter.) Before conferring on her the degree of Master of Arts, with first-class honors in Mathematics, she will read for us a thesis for her degree on "The Press." I regret, exceedingly, that Miss Melville does not come to us to-night, feeling as well as we would like, and should she not read with that force and fluency we could have otherwise expected, we will all kindly remember that long stress of study, together with physical weakness, will necessitate our extending our most charitable thoughts, recalling only the marvellous results already accomplished. I will now introduce Miss Melville."

If some wraith-like ghost had glided to the

front of the platform, the audience could not have been more astonished or subdued. The paleness of her face was as white as the spotless dress, a yellow glint reflected from the sunny hair, but the band of black velvet was the only relief except the green leaves of the roses.

She looked quietly around at the audience, the lips tightened, she gazed at the roll of MSS. in her hand, she rolled it a trifle tighter, then began her thesis on "The Press."

History may tell what she said, and how she said it, but only those who were present know. It was a short, condensed and complete synopsis of the work of the press from its earliest date, and was brought out in a delightful and interesting manner, embodied in language that would do credit to the best of our ordained public speakers. An expression, "as Old England claims, our tongue is known in every land, our flag in every sea, and this all due to the discovery of printing," was an occasion for prolonged applause. When she finished, one looked at another in blank astonishment.

George Melville had come in late, and stood back near the entrance. He had been so anxious

about her that the strain of seeing her come forward to read an essay she had only written down and then lost, was almost too much for him. He had expected she would read what he had written, but no, she read the essay that had so charmed and delighted him. What a marvellous memory! Well might people cheer. Had they known her as he did, they might bow their heads in silent adoration and feel gratified for being permitted to listen to her voice. But they did not know.

The mystical words conferring her degree had been pronounced, the impressive sheepskin with its big, red seal and white and purple ribbons, was handed to her, together with a special diploma awarding her First Class Honors in Mathematics.

The program was ended, but congratulations were in order.

The old Professors touched her hand as though doing homage at some sacred shrine. Even the hitherto envious were pleased to mingle their praise, and help honor the little, golden-haired girl, who had honored her town, her college, her sex, and her century.

CHAPTER XVII.

FURTHER HONORS.

"Life is one eternal progress."

Mary had now reached the dizzy heights of success, and it was only to be expected there would be a pause. Human endeavor in her case would seem to have reached a finale, and a full stop was the only sequence. A quiet resting of the oars that had paddled the wonderful barque through such deep and surging waters, was now to be expected.

It would seem that the brain wheel had spun with such rapidity there must needs be a slackening, or the axles would creak and snap. But no, the highest peaks had not yet been reached. Though all records had been broken, and new paths made on the mountain side by the little feet, there were still dizzier heights they were to tread.

It was the memorable year, 1876, of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. The world had poured her treasures of mechanics and art, of produce and manufacturing, into the great exhibition buildings. Representatives were there from all quarters of the globe.

The Mathematical Society of Chicago had de-

cided to have a representative gathering of the most up-to-date mathematicians of the world. So the President, Dr. Ivory, decided to publish 100 test questions in higher mathematics, and send them to the different Universities and Mathematical Societies of the world. Toronto University, Toronto, and McGill University, Montreal, were the only two Universities in Canada honored with a copy. Anyone getting thirty-three-and-a-third per cent. was entitled to a chair in the Society, and to form one of a special committee at the Centennial. Fifty per cent. meant a seat of honor.

Dr. Lillian, of Toronto, worked at the questions for a couple of weeks, and sent in his answers, and then sent a copy to Dr. Wrong, who decided not to attempt them. A few days after receiving them he met Mary Melville. "By the way, Mary, I have had a copy of some test questions in mathematics sent to me, but, after glancing them over, I think they are stickers. Would you like a look at them?"

She glanced over them, and said, "May I keep this copy till to-morrow?"

"Why, certainly, you can keep them alto-

gether if you like. It will give you something to puzzle your brain over for the next six months. Dr. Lillian has answered them, but states he has not much hope of a chair in the Society."

Mary did not even tell her father of her wonderful find; she guarded the papers as though they were some precious secret. About a month later, George rushed into the house one afternoon with a copy of the Bellview Times.

"Mary! Mary! What is the meaning of this? What have you been doing now?" said her father.

Mary took up the paper and read under the heading of "CANADA HONORED" the following: —"It is always a pleasure to record the success of Canadians, when competing with other nationalities, but when a member of our own town has achieved such pronounced success as the lady named below, it is alike pleasing to all and an honor to the town. It is likewise a tribute to our local University which has done so much to propagate learning, and we are confident the success of one of the pupils of that institute will be read with pleasure by all who take an interest in it. We copy the following from a Chicago paper, in which Miss Melville's name appears in large red letters.

"Miss Mary Melville, graduate of Prince of Wales University, Bellview, Ont., Canada, is to-day appointed Vice-President of the Mathematical Society of this place.

The greatest possible number of marks obtainable was 1000, and the number she obtained was 988, entitling her to the second chair in the Society.

Miss Melville is the first lady, and only Canadian, who has obtained a sufficient number of marks to be appointed to office. Dr. J. P. Ivory, President."

Mary let the paper fall. "Why, father," said she, with a discouraged look, "I am sure I answered every question correctly; where could I have lost those twelve marks?"

"Yes, yes, yes, Mary, but what is it all about? All the men in town are talking about it, as one of the most marvellous achievements of the century. Some say the President is on his way to see you, and your presence will be required in Philadelphia. Of course I shall have to go with you."

"Well, father, there is no use making any plans till we know officially just what they expect me to do," said Mary.

They had not long to wait. A letter of congratulation soon came, together with official documents appointing Mary, Vice-President of the Society. This was the highest office in their power to give, as the President's position was honorary. He informed her that he was sending on the following week a Matron, with expense money, who would accompany her to Philadelphia, where she would meet representatives from many of the old country Universities. "It might be," he said, "asking too much of you, but we would feel under deep obligations, should you find it convenient to read a paper on higher mathematics."

The Melville family were in a state of feverish excitement. Mary to leave for Philadelphia the next week, and all her expenses paid!

But again the difficult problem of clothing presented itself. What should she wear? She had never had a long gown in her life, and she had never done her hair up. Surely the dignity of the position demanded both.

Poor George, he so much wanted to go with her. He tried to sell some claims he held, but could not find a buyer. He tried to borrow

money from one of his brothers, who had been tolerably successful in law, but the days passed quickly, and nothing was accomplished. Elizabeth had done what she could, but beyond a few simple school dresses she could not go, and now it would seem an absolute necessity to have a few pretentious gowns, or stay at home and miss the chance of her life to do something.

The Matron, a Miss Clark, and a handsomely-dressed, distinguished-looking lady she was, arrived. When she was ushered into the general living-room of the Melvilles, she looked askance at the humble surroundings.

Elizabeth received her, and they became interested, chatting about Mary, when in she ran, laughing in the merriest glee, saying she had jumped as high as her waist.

"Oh, you have younger children, Mrs. Melville?"

"O, yes, Mrs. Clark, but this is the eldest, and she is older than she looks; Mary was eighteeen in May. Mary, dear, this is Mrs. Clark, the lady who is to accompany you to Philadelphia."

,'What!" ejaculated Mrs. Clark. "You do not mean that this child is the one who has gained

the distinction of being appointed Vice-President of our noted Mathematical Society."

Mary smoothed back her tossed hair, and shook hands with Mrs. Clark, thinking she was about the grandest looking woman she had ever seen.

Mrs. Clark put her arms around her. "You dear, little wonderful thing; I shall never be able to convince Dr. Ivory that you are a prodigy. I am sure he expects to see some prim, old maid, with half-blind eyes, in green spectacles, and nothing left of her but supernatural brain development on the question of figures. You sunny little darling, how proud I am of my task," said Mrs. Clark.

Elizabeth, Mary and Mrs. Clark, sat chatting and planning. Elizabeth had frankly told her how they were situated, and asked what she would advise in the matter. Mrs. Clark said they really had no time to have any gowns made in Bellview, but that directly they arrived in Philadelphia, she would leave an order with some first-class modiste for a number of suitable dresses.

The local papers vied with each other in eulogizing Mary, and most of the well-known people of the town called to offer congratulations

The morning they were to leave, George had arisen before daylight, and had wandered out to the small orchard behind the house. Poor George! He had reckoned so much on going with her, on watching the surprised faces of the world's scholars, when he would introduce his own little girl as the genius. He sat down on a stone to wonder, to ponder on the strange decree of fate, or chance or luck. Was there design in it all, and he powerless to help? Was he handled by forces over which he had no control? As though in answer to his musings, and to raise him out of his dejected attitude, an influence in the form of a soft hazy light enveloped him. Presently the dejected look vanished, an ethereal expression came in its place, and he said: "How blind, how blind I have been! Newton has lived and died, and yet we go about in blindness. The law of attraction, the secret of the universe, is known and yet I, who have reasoned, and analyzed, and solved and resolved, and decided in my own mind the worthlessness of material things, i.e., of wealth, am cast down because I lack a little glittering dust!

What does it matter, if I or some one else owns

the lovely rose? To see it and smell it, is all we can possess of it. I have in this way negated myself to wealth, and it is not attracted to me. I care so little about it, and after all, what does it matter if I do not go to the Centennial? Surely I have seen in the depths of my inner consciousness, all and more than all, they can show me! Ah, I seem to know and see it all; my brain must be attuned just now to a clearer light and deeper knowledge. What might we not know if the brain had evolved a few more ages. And yet, it seems as though I can trace the building up of worlds, can follow the orderly progress of nature, and can watch the whole of creation from a single cell. The brain is pretty well developed, so well that even now at times, we come in touch with all the facts worth knowing. What a thing to live, and know we live!"

The rising sun had dissolved the mystic light that surrounded him. He arose and went into the kitchen to light a fire, and prepare a morning meal. When Mary saw him later on, the dejected look was gone.

"Mary, dear, it's all for the best, there is no need of my going," said George.

It was almost noon when Mrs. Clark called with a hack, to take Mary and herself to the station.

Mary had been all alive with pleasurable anticipations, but the tears glistened in the lovely blue eyes when she bade her father "good-bye."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT THE CENTENNIAL.

"Ye who read life's lengthening story,
Find a royal chapter here."

One hundred years since the American people had declared their independence. One hundred years ago the Stars and Stripes had waved above a people, who thought themselves free and independent

They could not boast, as England does, of their great men all down the centuries, but they had names to be proud of—-Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant, and others on the roll of fame. Perhaps they had more cause to feel proud of Washington and Lincoln, than those two men fighting for freedom and justice, had to feel proud of the nation they had done so much to build, for, despite the sentiment that all free born Americans are equal, the truth is, that there never was in any nation such inequality of privileges. A Vanderbilt, a Gould or an Astor, is born heir to multi-millions, while thousands are born in the slums, heirs to sickness, to vice and to crime. But, in viewing the congested wealth of nations at an International Exhibition, one sees only the national

progress of the age, without its corresponding retrogression.

The awful fact, that while there was more wealth in the nation, still there were far more poverty-stricken ones, shows the terrible lack in our civilization in allowing the wealth to accumulate in the hands of the few, and these few an unproductive class.

Justice and Equality! How absurd it seems that the Goddess of liberty should be displayed here, there and everywhere among the white slaves of toil, with her flaming torch-light showing—what?

Could even a reflection from that torch light but partially the nation as it is, it would show a seething struggle in which the laboring man is seen, anxious and worried, hustling, working, nothing but hard work behind them, nothing but hard work ahead, no bright past, with little hope of better days in the future.

But its light was falling only on the glitter and tinsel, on the jewels, and satins and velvets, precious lace and dazzling silks.

Mary in her little, short, black lustre dress, wondered if there were any poor people in the

whole of the United States. She wandered through the Main Building, through the Machinery Hall, through Art Galleries, through Conservatories. What a wonderful place! How many wonderful things she saw. She was quite unconscious of the fact that she, herself, was the most wonderful thing in all that vast exposition. She did not realize that the best brains from the European Universities were even then marvelling at her achievements.

"Well, Mary dear," said Mrs. Clark, "How do you like your first day at the Centennial?"

"Oh, it's all so grand and wonderful," said Mary.

"Well, Mary, to-morrow at one o'clock, the Mathematical Committee are to meet in a committee room, especially furnished for them. None but members are admitted, so I am barred out; but I have a rare joke planned for Dr. Ivory, just the same."

"But, Mrs. Clark, you forget. I have no dress to wear, and what about my hair?"

"That's part of the joke. If I let a hair dresser and a modiste get hold of you, they will simply spoil you. It is because you are only a

child that you will double the sensation you would otherwise cause. I had promised to have you meet Dr. Ivory to-night, but I have changed my mind. I shall call at his address, and say you are tired out, but that you will be at the committee room in good time to-morrow. Everything is arranged in highest style. Your name is on a little strip of glass, and you pick it from the door as you enter and retain it as a souvenir, then each, on entering, can know who has already gone in, for on a stationary strip underneath is still your name. You will go to-morrow, and as one after another arrives, of course you will be the object of their curiosity. I trust, dear, you will not be nervous."

"No, I do not think I will be nervous, only I do wish father had been able to come, he understands me, and knows so well what I can do and how I can do it," said Mary.

That night when Dr. Ivory was talking to Mrs. Clark, he said, "So you will not tell us anything about our Canadian friend, Mrs. Clark, nor whether the spectacles are blue or green. Actually, Mrs. Clark, I stand in perfect awe of meeting this woman. We look for giant intellects in

men, but when a woman does what she has done, we simply stand back in awe and amazement."

Mrs. Clark laughed, and on leaving said, "Now, Dr. Ivory, promise me one thing, not to appear astonished at her size. I would hardly call her a giantess, but when you remember what she has done, you must expect a woman above the ordinary stature." And away she went laughing.

Mary slept well, and got up feeling bright and merry.

"Now, Mary," sang out Mrs. Clark, "the day of days has arrived. I'd give ten dollars to see Dr. Ivory's expression when he is compelled to believe you are really Miss Mary Melville. There, just wear that little, black, lustre frock, it's short and shows your little feet. Yes, your hair just hanging about your shoulders, and down your back, with that black velvet band, and that little sailor hat. Kid gloves! Why, they would ruin you. Those little thread mitts, leaving your fingers bare, are just the thing."

So Mary started to meet the world's representative scholars, men whose lives had been spent pouring over the works of "former sages," men

whose hair was white with age, and who had had the advantage of a long life beside the finest libraries that so many of the Old Country Universities possess. A little girl in school-girl clothes, she trotted along beside Mrs. Clark, occasionally giving a hop, skip and jump, and a merry little laugh.

They had at last reached the great Upper Hall, off from which was the committee room. "Now, Mary, dear, I must leave you here, and remember everything that happens, for I shall simply be dying with curiosity till I hear."

Mary lifted her name on the glass slip, and an usher led her through the vestibule into the main committee room. An old gray-headed gentleman sat near the front, but no one else was there. She walked around the room, admiring the temporary adornments, statuary, and the wonderful imitations of old tapestry. When she was a short distance from the old gentleman, he said:

"Well, little girl, how did you get in here?

"Oh, I thought I would come early, and see the place," said Mary.

"Well, I came early myself, not only to see the place, but to get a glimpse of this wonderful

Canadian. I hardly think you will be allowed to stay, unless I tuck you under my wing, and try and pass you off as my little girl," said he.

"Why, how kind of you! May I ask to whom you refer when you speak of a wonderful Canadian?" said Mary

"Oh, a woman, a prodigy, a—well I am looking for something, mostly head, wizened, likely green-spectacled, hair dyed black, roots gray, ends curled. Honestly, I don't believe the whole story of her obtaining 988 marks. I've been fifty years dabbling in sums and figures. I've held chairs in Cambridge and Dublin, and dummed if this thing is natural. I used all the brain I had, and by tight squeezing I got 40 per cent. Here, sit down, my little girl. Dr. Ivory, the President, is coming."

The Doctor came in hurriedly and nervously. He glanced restlessly about the room, came quickly over to where the Irish member sat, shook hands with him, and asked if he had seen anything of Miss Melville.

"No," said the Emerald Isle representative, "no one came in since I came."

"Well, well, that is queer," said Dr. Ivory,

"she must have come early, and finding no one, has gone out again. This is too bad, I fully intended being here to welcome her."

"What makes you think she has been here, Dr. Ivory?" asked Prof. O'Leary.

"Why, Prof. O'Leary, her card has been lifted."

Mary began to think the joke had gone far enough. "It was I who lifted Miss Melville's card," said Mary. "I am Miss Melville."

Professor O'Leary had been sitting with his hat on the back of his head. Dr. Ivory's shining plug was still on his head.

The old Professor and the old Doctor stared at each other in silent amazement. The Professor first scrambled to his feet and clutched his hat, dragging rather than lifting it from his head. Dr. Ivory took off his hat, held out his hand, and when Mary's tiny little one was placed in his, he knelt on one knee, and touched the little fingers with his lips.

"I have simply nothing to say, Miss Melville, I had expected to see a woman," said Dr. Ivory.

Professor O'Leary followed Dr. Ivory's example, and kissed her hand, but afterwards said to a friend, "I was dumb with surprise."

One after another the members gathered, in all twenty old men.

When Dr. Ivory called the meeting to order, he said: "Gentlemen and one Lady, I have as a student and an educator been accustomed to meeting committees of various kinds along educational lines. This committee is a departure, none are here but by merit. I am myself the only honorary member. Had I been writing on an equally difficult examination paper with you, I might possibly not be a member. I probably would have been able to secure about 50 per cent., but I am positive, that I should have never obtained over 75 per cent., on such a paper. I was astonished when I read Miss Melville's answers. I was surprized beyond measure, when, on looking at her signature, I found it was a woman's. To-day, to-day, gentlemen, we find with us, a charming, little girl, and she has outwitted our years of drudgery and delving. She has jumped across all the rocky spots, and landed away up on the ever-green heights. Gentlemen, this is the President's chair, this the seat of honor. I was to have occupied it. It is all I can do. I would do more if I could. I resign the chair, and ask Miss

Melville, if she will honor it by accepting it for this meeting."

A burst of applause followed this suggestion. Mary trotted up to the platform, and the President led her up to the throne-like chair, in front of which was a book rest. When Mary sat down she was so little, that the book rest completely hid her, so the President laughingly said, "There is not much of her to see but it will never do to hide what there is."

One member after another got up, but instead of speaking on the subject of the meeting, instead of attempting to discuss any subject along mathematical lines, they simply eulogized the marvellous abilities of Miss Melville. Dr. Ivory said that in his correspondence with Miss Melville, he had suggested that she should read a paper on higher mathematics, but that he would now consider such a request an imposition; but if Miss Melville felt like speaking, he would be glad to hear a few words.

She got up, walked to where they had moved the desk, and placed her left hand on it. She put her right one over her eyes for a few seconds, as though to recall what she intended to say.

The fact was, she had no prepared speech at all.

She began her address quietly in which she placed mathematics at the topmost height of all branches of science. She traced out the great important epochs in the evolution of her subject. She glided easily from one view of her topic to another equally fascinating. Her statements and demonstrations appealed to the highly developed reason of her auditors. At Newton's name she bowed her head, and then delivered a most eloquent and unsurpassed eulogy of the world's great thinker. She made up problems and solved them with such rapidity and precision that the gray-haired, old scholars simply sat spell-bound, bewildered, wondering. It was over an hour and a half since she began and the time seemed but a few moments. Then she came down from the rounded sentence and technical terminology of her difficult subject and smilingly said,

"Gentlemen, I have talked a long time. I thank you for your kind attention. What I have said must be true, I fancy, for much of it I never knew myself. It just came to me as I gave it to you."

The gray-haired veterans of Europe and America were, perhaps, astonished at the fluency and self possessed manner of one so young, but they were amazed at the depths of her wonderful knowledge.

They hardly took time to think of the most important statement of her address, that "it just came to me."

CHAPTER XIX.

HOME AGAIN.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men, gang aft' a-gley,
And leave us naught but grief and pain, for promised joy."

Every man in the Society, was anxious to do honor to his wonderful little associate. Mrs. Clark met her after the meeting, but the old men lingered to talk about her. Dr. Ivory said he would certainly offer her a position in the Society, with a salary of not less than two thousand dollars a year.

The member from Dublin suggested the drawing up of a paper and that an illuminated copy be given to each member to present to the University he represented, wherein her name was to head the list of scholars of the age. This would perpetuate her memory as it deserved, but as Miss Melville's career was only beginning, while most of their's was drawing to a close, he would venture to prophesy that still greater achievements awaited her. This was seconded, applauded and carried unanimously.

Mrs. Clark, being a society woman herself, and not unknown in Philadelphia, was invited here and there with her prize, as she called Mary. She

had ordered Mary pretty dresses, but insisted that they should all be kept simple, girlish creations, and her hair still floated down her back with no other adornment than the band of black velvet. One evening they were being entertained at the home of a Mr. Gamut, a multi-millionaire, whose only son had taken a violent fancy to Mary.

All the world loves a lover, and there are but few women who will not give an attentive ear to the sound of an eligible match. Mrs. Clark felt that her life work would be almost complete, could she match Mary's brilliant genius with Fred Gamut's millions. So she left no stone unturned to throw the two together. At first Mary seemed flattered with the attention of Fred, who was first and last a society man.

His Chesterfield manners pleased and amused her, but when there was no chance for gallant pleasantries, he did not appear at his best. For Fred was bordering on the dude species, who "never think, don't you know." However, he broached the subject to his father, who was quite willing that he should marry such a gifted girl,

who could not fail to grace the millions his son was to inherit.

Mr. Gamut spoke to Mrs. Clark, who said she would write to Mary's father, who she knew would be only too glad to accept such a proposition for his daughter's hand, as he was absolutely poor.

"Mary, dear," said Mrs. Clark, on their way to the hotel from the Gamuts, "how would you like to live in Philadelphia?"

"If father were here, I might like it." said Mary.

"Oh, yes, I know, but suppose you were to marry some one and live here. Did you never have anyone propose to you, Mary?"

Mary opened her eyes in wonder. "Propose to me, Mrs. Clark! Why, no. When people marry they expect to have families, and I could not dream of such a thing. Why! What would I do with a child for instance? Besides, I'd have to love a man before I'd marry him."

"And did you never love anyone, Mary?"

"Oh yes. I love father, and Dr. Wrong."

"No, not that," said Mrs. Clark, "I mean a

young man. Now there's Fred Gamut, he seems so fond of you, has he never tried to make love to you?"

"Oh, well, he probably makes love to everyone. I don't believe he could talk without flattering, but I only laugh at him, and then occasionally he gets mad, and that is the only time he is at all attractive or interesting."

"He is worth millions of money, Mary, and he is in love with you and wants to marry you," said Mrs. Clark.

Mary looked strangely at Mrs. Clark, and then laughed a queer, far away, jerky laugh. "Marry me! Mrs. Clark, marry me? Why, what would father say?"

"Well, I should think your father would say it was a mighty good match," said Mrs. Clark.

Mary did not stop laughing, and all at once it occurred to Mrs. Clark that Mary was hysterical. As the laughing did not stop, she took hold of her and tried to quiet her, when she began crying and screamed and screeched till Mrs. Clark was so alarmed, that she sent for a physician. When the doctor arrived, he became alarmed, and was obliged to administer an anæsthetic before he

could get control of her. The next day she was limp and pale, and unable to get out of bed.

Mrs. Clark told the Gamuts what had happened, also Dr. Ivory.

Dr. Ivory was much concerned, and was sorry Mrs. Clark had been so unwise as to mention matrimony to her. She did not seem to rally, and in a few days showed that the was again attacked with that dread disease, fever and ague. The best medical advice was asked, but the poor little darling shook and turned blue, and her teeth chattered. Then the awful fever raged which so parched and burned her little frame.

Mrs. Clark was sitting beside her one evening, when Mary said, "I think I'll go home to-morrow, Mrs. Clark."

"But, my dear, it is impossible for me to take you, and you are not fit to travel anyway," said Mrs. Clark.

"O, yes, I am, and I can go alone. I don't want any one with me, I just want father."

Mrs. Clark argued and urged. Dr. Ivory came to make arangements about a permanancy in Chicago, but she would not make any engagement.

"I only want to see father, perhaps he'll help me to shake off this terrible disease."

Dr. Ivory and Mrs. Clark talked long and earnestly, but the next day Mary started to get ready, and they each saw that it was perfectly useless to attempt to detain her.

Mrs. Clark helped her pack the few things she had brought in her own little trunk, and all her new gowns and presents, together with three medals she had received, were put in a large Saratoga. The two checks were handed to her at the station, and she started back for Bellview, alone and sick after having done so much. It was on a late train that she arrived at Bellview.

She had not telegraphed, and thinking to surprise her father, she took a hack from the station to the house. The Melvilles never locked their doors. George said, "If anyone wanted to come in, a paltry lock would not keep them out," and Elizabeth said, "Anyone would know there is nothing worth stealing in such a house."

Mary walked quietly in, and up to her little room, where she lit the lamp. She was intending to take it in her hands, and go down stairs to the living room, off which was her father's and

mother's bedroom. When she turned, it was to meet a terrible shock. Does Heaven forget sometimes to be pitiful? There was her father on the bed with his clothes on. His hat was crushed under his head, his coat dusty and dirty as though he had fallen in the road, and there was a heavy, unnatural snoring and breathing. Poor Mary! Her heart thumped till she felt as though it would break through the flesh.

She leaned over and confirmed her terrible fear. Her father, her ideal, in such a condition! It had not mattered that he did not succeed in business. It had not mattered that others thought him strange, but could it be that he of all men was intoxicated.

She had no courage left. She would not wake him up to see, perhaps, his blood-shot, senseless eyes. She sat down on a little chair. Her heart began to beat more regularly. She stared into vacancy. Hers was hopeless, helpless despair. Her face became hard, so hard, the teeth set, the lips so firm and cold.

The lamp burned itself out, but she never moved, never spoke; and every snore, every labored breath from the bed, was like a sharp steel entering her breast. What was now the use

of all she had done, what did she care for Philadelphia, and its grandeur and society? Despair, dark despair ruled in her heart.

About six o'clock it was broad daylight, and she so sick, and cold, and tired. She began to shake, and shook so hard that everything in the little room began to rattle.

"Father," she moaned, "father."

George heard her voice, and in one second he was by her side, and as sober as ever he was.

"Mary, Mary, for God's sake Mary, where did you come from, and when did you get here?"

He was once again her father, with the same kind way he ever had, and not for worlds, should he know that she had seen him in the condition in which he had been.

"I just came on the morning train, but I have those awful chills."

He hurriedly got her in bed, and when the chill was over, she lay limp and almost lifeless, with her hands in his, but on her face a quiet, happy look. "Don't ever let me leave you again, father. Other people are all right, but they do not know me. But you know, don't you father?" And she fell asleep.

Chapter XX.

A NOTED MAN.

"One touch of nature
Makes the whole world kin."

How easy it is to criticize, how easy to blame!

Many of the Melville brothers blamed George, but none of them understood him. Kind hearted and sensitive, he frequently made good resolutions to start at something, any engagement so long as a livelihood might be assured him, but should he do some writing for a client he would end up by charging him nothing, in some way taking keen satisfaction in doing any service he was able to do gratis.

Mary was unable to accept the position offered her by Dr. Ivory. She had no health and less courage, and decided to study for a medical degree, and, perhaps, learn enough of medicine to care at least for herself. Elizabeth had hoped much from Mary after her brilliant hit at Phlladelphia, but now things were more discouraging than ever. Here she was home with her degree and medals, and no more chance of her earning her living than before. In fact if the subject of teaching were mentioned to Mary it would have a depres-

sing effect from which she was unable to rally for days. Her mother was very furious when she learned of the brilliant matrimonial chance Mary had had, and had rejected.

"What do you expect to do? You won't teach. You won't get married. Your education is of no earthly use to you if you have no money, and you need never depend on your father, for he wont do anything for you."

"Well, mother, it won't take very much to keep me," said Mary.

"Oh, no, you're like your father, contented with one dress for a year. And to think, even the clothes you got at the Centennial had to be lost, not even sense enough to hold on to the checks, and your father not enough courage in him to make the railroad company pay for the things! Of course most people don't believe you ever got those fine dresses at Philadelphia, and a good many don't believe in your wonderful education at all. For my part, I think education seems to be a curse to both you and your father," said her mother.

By this time Mary would have backed out of

the room, and away, either to the Doctor's with whom she was studying, or to neighbors.

There was an old Irish washer-woman, who used to live over on the commons, and Mary never passed her door without stopping for a chat.

"Lord luv you choild, but you make work aisy for me, wid your merry laugh and your winsom way." And after Mary had gone, she would muse and say: "If ever there was an angel stepped out of heaven, that is wun. Look at her wid her foine eddication. She might turn up her nose at best in the land, but never a bit of it. Instead she do be coming along wid no airs, and it's, Hello, Mrs. O'Connors, are you very busy to-day, and I have a joke to tell you. Lord luv her, and I give her the best I have, and if it's a bit of bread and tea, all right, and if it's a bit of a treat, all right. She sits down and takes it wid me, and away she goes laughing, and the sun shines brighter for her coming, and the clothes don't seem so dirty."

Old Doctor Curling, a doctor of the old school, an Army surgeon, and a man of wide and varied experience, was the family physician of many ot old residents of Bellview. He knew a thing or

two, as George Melville said, and did not altogether swear by the "ipse dixit" of the medical faculty, although a member of that imposing body. Mary was supposed to be his pupil, but he afterwards told George Melville, that he was only a child in knowledge beside her.

"I would start to explain a chapter in Gray's Anatomy," said he, "and before I got through, she would tell me more than I knew, and add an explanatory appendix to Gray himself."

She sat in the Doctor's studio one morning, and glancing over the morning papers exclaimed, "Why, Doctor, Colonel Bob Ingersoll lectures in the Opera House to-morrow night, how I should like to hear him!"

"Poor Colonel Bob has struck a bad town for an audience, I am afraid. The American Consul deserves much praise for bringing him here, and giving the people of Bellview a chance to listen to so noted an orator. But half the people in the town will hold up their hands in holy terror, and look upon him as something pitched directly from the fork of his satanic majesty," replied the Doctor.

"He is booked for the Depot House to-morrow,

and I am going to see him. If I only had a home where I could entertain anyone, I'd ask him up," said she.

"I'd ask him myself, Mary, if I dare, but Mrs. Curling would have a catnip fit. Never mind, Mary, you go and see him."

Colonel Bob was in his private sitting-room, telling jokes to the American Consul when Mary's card was handed to him.

MARY MELVILLE

Vice-President of the Mathematical Society

CHICAGO.

"Well, I'll be blowed," said the Colonel, "do you know I hunted for her in Philadelphia for a week, and when at last I got on her track, she had flown. Show the lady in—show the lady in."

He was somewhat taken back, when he saw the little delicate girl enter the room, and instead of his usual jovial greeting, he quietly shook hands, and asked her to take a chair. The American Consul bowed himself out, and the Colonel drew a chair close beside her.

"Well! well!! well!!! So this is Mary

Melville. I have been wanting to meet you. How ever did you do it? How ever did you do it?"

"You mean, how did I answer the questions, Colonel?"

"Yes, about the questions, and the speech and everything!"

Mary laughed that little silvery laugh. "Well, I will tell you, Colonel. Shall I try and show you? It is not possible for me to know what I would wish at all times, but when I get in touch with the kind of knowledge I want, I just wait with perfect confidence that what I get will be authentic. For instance, you know pretty well what you are going to say to-night; you have it all written down."

She got up, stood close to him, and put her little hands on his bald head. To his amazement and surprise, she repeated sentence after sentence of his lecture.

"Why, where did you get it? This lecture has never been published, and has been delivered only a few times," said Mr. Ingersoll.

"O, I never saw it, Colonel. I got it not necessarily from you. Perhaps I got it from the same source you did, Colonel. Is that strange?

To admit that as a fact, does it not solve many problems? Knowledge, Colonel, is universal. We are but instruments being acted upon. Just as the brain is developed, it is able to catch different phases of truth. You have caught much that others have not. You being near me helped to form a battery and switched the knowledge on certain brain cells which, when in tune or touch, went on and worked automatically, running off sheet after sheet of the already written composition. Mind, Colonel, is a universal force. It acts on the brain, and it is the quality of the brain that indicates the intellect of the person. The measuring of the head, and the weighing of the brain, is, therefore, of but little value, since so much depends on the development of quality."

The Colonel got up and walked about the room. He came back and sat down in the attitude of a pupil wanting to learn something from a great master. Had she stated a great truism? Surely so, for had she not demonstrated the fact before asserting her theory.

"Miss Melville, I do not know what kind of a reception I may get to-night. I do not care very much. I have letters here from prominent women

in the Methodist church, in the Presbyterian church, in the church of England. One woman says she will form a meeting to pray for me, and try and lift me from under the Devil's influence. Of course this sort of thing amuses me. These women have a thimble full of brains in comparison with you. Will you attend my lecture to-night? Here are a few tickets. Bring whom you like. I leave on the six o'clock train in the morning. I want to see you again. I want you to tell me a few things, and I want to tell you a few. Come to my carriage after the lecture; we will drive back here. Is there some one you can bring with you?"

"O, yes, Colonel, father will come with me."

"Capital! Capital! And till to-night, good-bye, good-bye."

After her departure the Colonel sat a long time, wondering what the race was coming to, and if there must, after all, be some all-powerful Designer. A development was shown in Mary Melville far beyond what the race had attained. Was she right in saying that mind was a universal force? And was this Universal Force the thing that peoples, past and present, had called

God? Here and there a brain attuned to catch some portion of knowledge not yet within the grasp of others, and this was revelation? This was inspiration? But am I drifting into acceptance of an intelligent Designer? Nonsense! Things happen, things evolve—one form of life suggests another—but there is no design. A man sows a field of grain. The warm rains develop it, the sun ripens it, and just as it is ready to harvest, a whirlwind sweeps it from the face of the earth. No intelligent design there. Bob, it's easier for you to be skeptical than it is for you to breathe, but a girl with the ability of Mary Melville makes you feel that you have yet a few things to learn.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COLONEL AMAZED.

"I hold all thrones in scorn."—
INGERSOLL.

Mary ran home. She never walked when she was particularly happy. A little trot, and then a hop, skip and jump. She held the tickets of admission in her hand. She found her father, and told him the news.

"I am very glad, Mary, you have had the privilege of meeting Colonel Ingersoll. To my mind he is not only a great man, but through him it will be possible for greater men to rise. He is not constructive in his views, but so much iconoclasm is necessary before men will think along right lines. The old crazy superstitions must be torn down. Dogmas and creeds must topple and be pigeon-holed, before science can get a public capable of reasoning out her truths. And this is what the Colonel is doing. He laughs and ridicules, and with his strong magnetic influence he will make others laugh, and wonder at their own credulity. And when the errors of the past are levelled down, greater than Ingersoll will build on the ground he has left vacant."

That night a fair sized, motley audience awaited

Colonel Bob's appearance. Some had come, bravely and openly. Many had made excuses to themselves and their friends. They were not at all afraid that anything Ingersoll would say, would affect them. The Rector of St. Timothy's went so that he could tell his people personally what terrors they had escaped. "A dangerous man!" said the Rector, but he, as a representative of Orthodoxy, must beard the lion in his den. The truth was the old Rector was fond of a good speech, and it was not every day that he could have the privilege of listening to such English as the Colonel would use. "The silver-tongued Orator of America" was a speaker not to be sneezed at, even if his views were heterodox. The Rector had just enough of the poet in him, to appreciate what others were able to create, though he himself had as yet attempted nothing along literary lines beyond his weekly sermons. But a beautiful, rounded sentence, a terse expression, a display of quick wit, gave him the most exquisite pleasure, and the pleasure was not lessened, even though in those sparkling sentences the ideas he lived by were being held up to ridicule, or cut to pieces with scathing sarcasm.

With rhythmical swing, jingling rhyme, rapid alliteration, or slow, sonorous, thundering sentences—Ingersoll swept on and on. He marshalled words and arrayed them into line, with as much skilled experience as a general would handle a well trained body of men, knowing that language answered his command as faithfully as a soldier did the command of a superior officer.

When Mary and her father came in most eyes were turned on her, as she was the only woman in the Opera House. Those who listened to Colonel Ingersoll, could only admire and applaud. Even the Rector admitted that the lecture was one of the finest he had ever heard, and worthy of coming from a better man.

The Colonel finished amid a round of applause which was surprising, coming as it did from a small town audience. Mary and her father drove with him to the Depot House. The Colonel inquired what she was doing, and if she intended again visiting the States. She told him she was studying medicine, but hoped some day to again enjoy their very hospitable entertainment.

"I would just like to ask you one question," said Ingersoll. "I am an infidel, that is, I do

not believe in an Adam and Eve creation. I do not believe in the Fall of Man. I do not believe in the Vicarious Atonement. I am conscious of no other life before this one, I have no reason to believe in another life after this. You can do what I cannot. You know more than I do along many lines. I want to learn. I want to know. Have you reason to believe, apart from a wish that it may be so, that there is a life hereafter?"

"Colonel Ingersoll, you ask a leading question," said Mary, "I have no consciousness of a life previous to this. From an orthodox standpoint, I, too, am an infidel. But that there is a life beyond I know. I have left my body behind, and have gone out into the world of spirits—the world of cause—the world of knowledge. I cannot describe the things I feel and know. There is no language to express it. But, Colonel, so real to me is the life outside the body, that I could almost wish to lay it aside now.

"For you, life is different. You enjoy things that are here—society, eating and drinking, smoking, and since you know not of the other life, why should you preach about it? You are right. Tell only what you know about. As for

belief, it does not matter whether we believe or not. A consciousness after death is a fact whether we believe or not, and should we perceive no reason for believing, unbelief can be no crime. Nature's subtle laws go on, and so do we move on, conscious or not."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Melville," said the Colonel. "I would fain carry her away with me, but I have your promise that she will visit us."

"If I am here, I'll try and visit you, Colonel," said Mary. And afterwards the Colonel said these words seemed like a prophecy.

"Then you believe or profess to know that the soul, or spirit, or consciousness, is immortal, Miss Melville," said Mr. Ingersoll.

"I did not say immortal, Colonel, that is such an immense word to use. I only said there is a conscious life outside this material body. The spirit life is as real as this life, and in it the law of progression works as it does in this life, but to say that the spirit is immortal would be beyond what it is in my power to know. To assert immortality for the future of a spirit, would seem to assert an immortality for the past,

and of this I have no recollection. It may take ages to develop out of spirit live, but it seems reasonable that in the ultimate, it is hardly necessary that each should be spun out to eternity, but that, when the spirit course is run, it passes on to still higher developments."

"Dear me! How I would like to stay and talk on and on with you," said the Colonel. "I would like to see you demonstrate your wonderful gifts, and listen to your ideas. But I am due in New York to-morrow. When you come to see us, what delightful chats we will all have."

He glanced about the room as though to discover something, then putting his hand in his pocket said, "Had time permitted, Mr. Melville, I should have been glad to give her a souvenir, but in the absence of something more appropriate, will you permit her to accept this old, gold coin? I have carried it a long time."

Mary took the coin, while George expressed his gratitude for so kindly a thought from a man whose every hour was so full of engagement.

"Why," said Mary, "I hardly like to accept this coin. It was given to a young French soldier by his mother on leaving home. He came to this

country, and he was in hard luck. You helped him, and out of gratitude, he cut the coin from his watch chain, and gave it to you."

"That is true! True! Miss Melville, good-bye. Mr. Melville, good-bye. I am mystified." And Mary and George were driven home.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CHANGE.

So fleet the works of men
Back to their earth again."

The world, the motley crowd of people, trot along in beaten paths, day in and day out. Time and chance have placed them in a groove, and on they plod. Here and there someone takes exception to the pace at which they walk, and steps aside, and goes ahead. And then the crowd begin to pick up stones and hoot and hiss. The brave departer from the beaten track may be so brave he fears not—cares not. But it is often true that the lonely traveller cannot stand the strain, and blows out the candle he had thought to light for human feet, and falls back into the regular line of march. Another is brave enough to scorn opposition, and here and there along the line, the hisses turn to cheers. And, behold, he is a Leader of Men.

But those who follow, hardly know why they follow, and why another leads. Yet when he drops they cheer, and follow on, keeping still in the track they thought he trod, when, had he lived, he would not have been content with walk-

ing the same road, but would have mapped out new and better pathways.

A few days after the interview with Colonel Ingersoll, Mary sat in her little room. Her mother had been gone for some time, away back to the mines to nurse one of the boys who was very ill. Two of the girls, her sisters, were trying to attend school. One brother, only a little lad, was at work, and his paltry wage was really all there was to support them. George, poor George, was ever busy seeing men about his claims, or going to see them, but more often forgetting all about the men or claims, and working out some plan to prove perpetual motion possible. Mary searched the house to see what clothes she had respectable enough to wear down town. A little black lustre dress, she found had gone shabby about the bottom. She hunted through bundles of old clothes, and came across a coat trimmed with braid, just the very thing for her purpose. So she ripped it off, picked out the basting threads, took it out in the back yard, and brushed it well, and then bound the bottom of the skirt with it.

"There, that's just as good as new," she

mused. "Poor mother, away back there with Hugh. I wonder how they are. If I thought it would not worry anyone, I'd go and see, but I do not know who would find me, and if I did not guage the time correctly, it might only cause a scene, so many are so stupid. Perhaps I'll tell father and in a day or two I'll try and go. My little body needs a rest. I do not use it right. I'll go away and leave it here for a time, and it can rest."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, no one was in, and the fire had burned low. Only a cook stove down stairs, and a little box stove above. She finished making herself presentable for the street and went down stairs. The house was cold. The remains of a poorly prepared lunch was on the table. The dishes were dirty, the floor unswept. "I suppose I ought to do the work," said she, "Tom will be home, and no supper for him. But then, what can I do? I've no money, and I'd rather starve than go in debt for things. Surely, father will be home. I haven't courage to do anything here. I'll go down to the Doctor's, and get dinner there, and then perhaps I'll have some heart to come back and go to work."

Only a little delicate girl, away she went, and on her way was stopped first by one and then another, so that by the time she got to the Doctor's their dinner was over.

"Almost too late, Mary! Almost too late!" said the doctor. "Here, Mrs. Curling, here is Mary. Tell them not to clear the table, but to get Mary a hot dinner."

Just a little look from Mrs. Curling indicated that, perhaps, it was a trouble. No one noticed it, but Mary felt it.

"Why, of course Mary, just take off your things, and Jane can have some dinner for you in a minute," said Mrs. Curling.

"Thank you so much, Mrs. Curling, but I am ahead of you good people."

" What, been to dinner already?

"O, yes, thank you," said Mary.

The smell of a savory dinner was still in the dining room, and Mary was so hungry and tired and cold. But for no amount of personal suffering would she allow them to feel they'd rather she had not come. The old Doctor tried to insist, but Mary was firm. She laughed and chattered,

told stories and joked, and when at last she started to go home, the Doctor declared he had never seen her look better.

"I guess we've knocked out the fever and ague this time, Mary, and when I pass in my accounts, you'll be able to take my practice. You'll write next year for your final," said the Doctor.

"All right, Doctor, we'll see. I must hurry home for I've not seen father since yesterday, and I don't know where he is." Away she went, and and calling on several friends, each place she seemed more vivacious and lively than the last. When near home she caught up to Doctor Wrong.

"Why, is that you, Mary, I was just asking Dr. Curling how you were, and he said you were well again."

"Yes, Dr. Wrong, I am well, and some way I don't believe I'll ever be sick again. After all it's silly to be sick," and she laughed that silvery little laugh, that made the Doctor wish he knew less, and was young and handsome, and might appeal to her, not as a scholar or teacher, but—but as a lover. They stood at the gate for some time, and he tried to see if he could understand

her better, learn her plans, find out if she was happy. And she left him with a joke about some darkey children who were stealing wood. But as he left her, a depressing sadness took possession of him, and he was a long time in getting rid of of it.

"She's a jolly and bright little thing, but there's something—something. Too bad she could not love some one besides her father," mused Doctor Wrong.

When Mary got in, all the children were in bed, excepting her oldest brother, about a year and a half younger than herself.

"Is there anything to eat in the house, Tom? I am almost starved, I haven't had a bit since noon?"

"Why, I don't know, Mary, I do not believe there is. You look and see, and I'll make up a fire, and get you a cup of tea," said he.

"I wish you would, Tom, I'm nearly perished. Is father home yet?"

And when he said "No," Mary's poor, tired, little face became very sad.

"Poor father, I wonder where he is, or what he's doing. I'm afraid he misses mother, even if

she does scold him so much when she is here.

"It's too bad, Tom, to keep you out of bed till this time of night. And they did ask me to have dinner at Dr. Curling's. But do you know, Tom, I just felt I could not put them to the trouble, and here I do not mind bothering you."

By this time the tea kettle was boiling, and Tom steeped the tea. Mary looked into the side-board. There was a little corn starch in a package, some salt, and raw oatmeal. She then went into the pantry, and after rummaging about, she discovered an uncooked beet. "Now if that was a turnip, I could eat some of it, or if it was only cooked. But it would take too long to-night. And you must get to bed, so give me the tea," said she.

He poured out a cup of strong boiling tea. "There, perhaps that's a little too hot and strong," said he.

"No, it's neither," said Mary, and she picked it up and drained every drop. Tom poured some into the saucer, but had to blow it before he could drink it. "You can't have much feeling in your mouth. Why that stuff almost scalded me, and I did not take it as hot as you did."

"It did not seem hot to-night, I am so cold. Well, good-night, Tom."

"Good-night, I'm sorry you're so hungry. I'll get some bread and butter in the morning, and hide some for you on the top shelf of the pantry, or else the children might take it all in their school lunches."

And Mary went to her little room. She combed the lovely, golden hair, but did not as usual braid it up, but left it floating down her back. She undressed and got quickly into bed. "Now let me see," mused she, "I'll lie on my left side, it seems easier to go away when in that position. I cannot rest here. I must know where father is, and how mother and Hugh are, and then I have a lot to learn, and who knows by the time I come back, things may be different."

She lay quiet, alone, a world of feeling and sadness and longing on that young face. Presently she began to breathe regularly in long labored breaths. They grew shorter, and shorter, and then—and then—they seemed to stop. She had gone. The little childish form lay there unconscious now either of cold or hunger—attention or indifference. It did not matter now whether

hovel or palace held it. Ah, the bliss of unconsciousness. The heaven of not knowing, of not feeling!

Man has invented a judgment bar. Nature has given us a dreamless sleep at the time when we need it most. How merciful nature! How cruel man has been to himself!

Now the unconscious body felt not, but the mind elated soared away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAITING.

"There is no death!
What seems so is transition."
—LONGFELLOW.

Tom got up early, for he had to be at work at seven. He went to the nearest grocery and bought some bread and butter, and a few fresh eggs. "I'll put those eggs away for Mary," said he, "and I must try and get some one to look up father. She's bothered about him, or she'd have taken dinner at the Doctor's." He cut off a piece of bread and put a lump of butter beside it, and carefully put the bread, butter and eggs on the top shelf of the pantry. "She'll find them when she gets up," he said, and off he went to work.

One after another of the children got up, took what they could find, and trotted off to school. The youngest, a frail little child, was the only one who stayed home, and when all the rest had gone, she began to feel lonely. "I'll wake Mary up," she thought, and up she went to Mary's little room. She opened the door, but did not go in. She looked at Mary lying so still. "My God, she's dead!" said she, and she flew down stairs

and out of the house to a neighbor's. "Mary's dead!" she screamed.

"For the love of heaven, child, who says so?" asked Mrs. Giles.

"No one said so, but I saw her."

Poor Mrs. Giles was very fond of Mary, though she had always wondered if she hadn't a queer belief. She could not bring herself to going into the house alone, so she went to the next neighbor's, and asked Mrs. McKim to go with her, in the meantime dispatching one of her sons for Dr. Curling. When they got to Mary's little room, they pulled down the bedding. "She's still warm, but she's dead," said she.

"O, yes, she's dead; let us undo her night-dress, and feel her heart."

They did so, and found a dark spot, as though of stagnant blood, just over the heart. They rubbed the spot and seemed to scatter the blackness. But just then, in came Dr. Curling.

"Mercy! Mercy! What's this?" he said. He felt the pulse, listened to her heart, put a mirror in front of her mouth, and then shook his head.

"No use, no use, it's all over; what ever did she do? My God, what a blow to the family. Where's her father?" he asked.

"I do not know, Doctor, but we have sent to the factory for her brother, and to the school for her sisters," replied Mrs. Giles.

"Well, is there anyone to send for Dr. Willing? He is the Coroner. If we can have an inquest, and get it over before her father or her mother comes, so much the better. It will save them a lot of worry and trouble," said the Doctor.

"Hadn't we better get this woollen night-dress off, and put on a white one, and get her down stairs into her mother's bed-room?" they asked.

"All right," said the Doctor, "a jury will have to be impanelled. I'll go out and soon pick up twelve men."

They took off the warm flannel night-dress, and put on a cold, stiff, white cotton one. They put the windows up, though it was a cold, raw April day, and taking all the bedding from her mother's bed, they put white sheets on it. Then they carried her little body, not yet stiff, down and placed it on a cold white sheet, and spread another over

her. By this time the house seemed full of men. Dr. Willing had arrived. After viewing the body and impanelling the jury, they proceeded to take evidence. The little sister told how she found her. Tom told about her drinking the cup of hot tea, the night before.

Dr. Curling stated, that the last time he saw her, she appeared unusually well, but after viewing the body, would say that death had resulted from a cataleptic fit.

Upon this evidence, the jury returned the verdict: "Sudden death. The result of a cataleptic fit." The two Doctors left the house together. "Are you quite satisfied, Dr. Curling, that the verdict is a correct one?" said Dr. Willing.

"She was not an ordinary girl, Dr. Willing, and I would not have the family worried as to the cause of her death. The blow is bad enough now," replied Dr. Curling.

"Yes—yes, I see—I see." And the two Doctors looked very wise, though what the real cause of her death was, neither had the least notion. George Melville had been out at a neighboring village, drawing up the writings for a couple of men who were trading farms. They were all at

the village tavern. As the bargain was completed, they were drinking a glass of wine to the success of the compact, when the stage drove up, and threw out the Bellview mail. "Hello, here's a copy of the Bellview Times, Mr. Melville; would you like to look it over?" said the farmer.

George glanced at the head-lines on the first page, and the largest letters caught his eye.

"Found dead—Miss Mary Melville."

The paper went on to give an account of the inquest, and the doctors' verdict. George staggered to his feet. "I must go home," he said, and before anyone could ask him what had happened, he was off.

He did not wait for his hat, but hurried over fences, over pastures, and through woods, as fast as his limbs would carry him. He was over six miles from home, but he never slackened his pace. He rushed into the house, taking little notice of all who were there. When he found out where she was, he went into the room where her body was placed.

"Good God! What have they done! What have they done?" he shrieked. "Who put her in this cold room? Who put these white clothes

on her? She's not dead. Hurry, hurry—send for Dr. Arling, he knows a little bit. Those cursed fools of doctors. Have Tom get a hot fire on. Get the woollen blankets. Let me have the flannel night-dress."

He closed the windows, put her back into warm bedding and clothes and got hot water bottles about her. Dr. Arling was a physician who had departed from the regular cut and dried conventionalities of the Materia Medica fraternity, and was in consequence called a quack. But many pinned their faith in him. He treated patients without medicine at all, and cured them, which of course was a very unorthodox way of doing things. When he arrived, George had managed to get the little body quite warm. "Two of our leading physicians have pronounced her dead several hours ago, Doctor. Died in a cataleptic fit. What do you think of that, for the learned profession to which you belong?" said George.

"O, my, no, Mr. Melville, she is not dead at all, but it will take careful handling to bring her to. What have they done?" said he.

"Why they have nearly frozen her to death;

she would soon have been gone, if I had not happened to hear of her," replied George.

"Well, we can't hurry things; the only way is to keep her warm, and wait," said the Doctor.

"Then if she does not come back?" asked George.

"Do your best. It's too bad that the body has been so chilled, but if she is not here in the morning, we'll use the battery to help things along. It's too bad! too bad!"

The Doctor left, and was met at the door by the reporters of the different papers. When questioned, he only said: "She is not dead, she is at present in a state of suspended animation." "Will you bring her to?" they asked. "Yes, I'll bring her to, but she may not live," he said.

George stayed alone with the inanimate little body. He held the little hands and talked to her. "Never mind, Mary, you can come back now as soon as you wish. I'm sorry you had to look me up. I should not have left you, but come back as soon as you can." He did not have a light in the room. He sat there all night, never closing his eyes, just holding the little hands. Once he put his face close to hers, and a soft phosphorescent

light illumined it, so that he saw it in the darkness. "All right, Mary, I know you're here. Come back when you are ready," he said.

Word had been telegraphed to Elizabeth, at Beleau, that Mary was ill, but it would not reach her for a day or two. Next morning when Dr. Arling arrived, he found George sitting exactly where he had left him. "You had better get some breakfast, and I'll stay beside her," said the Doctor.

"No, I'll not let her out of my sight till she gets back," said George.

"It is like this," said the Doctor, "that awful freezing she has had may make it pretty hard to restore animation. You're keeping her plenty warm enough. I'll call again this afternoon, and if there is no more sign of life to-morrow morning, we'll try the battery."

A second night of waiting, patiently, quietly, calmly, hoping again to see the lovely blue eyes, hoping again to hear the merry laugh, but wondering after all, was it best that she should return to the frail body. That marvellous mind—had it got tired trying to manifest through such a frail organism? And so George reasoned, and won-

dered—wondered which was best. He himself was of such a sensitive temperament that the roughness of the world was at times almost more than he could stand, and he had at times been weak enough to find forgetfulness in stimulants. Then must not the agony she was compelled to endure be most excruciating? Not one in a thousand, he knew, could understand her. So few to know that she was much of her time en rapport with the beautiful truths and knowledge of a higher plane, and had she only been surrounded by harmonious conditions, would have been able to give to ordinary mortals, sublime truths that would have been indeed a celestial blessing.

And now even though she came back, who would believe the story she would tell, and then she would be so sad that she was not understood.

Better, perhaps, a thousand times better that she should let the "golden bowl be broken" and not again enter the physical body.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A LONG JOURNEY.

> "There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair!"

The third day found George still watching. He had neither eaten nor slept, but he was neither hungry nor sleepy. Dr. Arling came in the morning, but found no change. Certainly she was not dead. Well, "Mr. Melville," said he, "I'll bring the battery up this afternoon, and if you think best, we'll see what it will do."

"It may prove beyond a doubt that she is living," said George, "but, Dr. Arling, I am beginning to feel that it would be cruel to bring her back. It would mean a long, lingering convalescent state, and perhaps she would be an invalid for years. And then after all her great suffering, she would only die."

"Yes she would be an invalid for some time. That terrible freezing!"

So George sat, still wondering, still waiting. When Dr. Arling went out of the small bedroom he had difficulty in getting out, the house was so packed. On going out into the yard, he found

himself surrounded by reporters and newspaper men.

"I can only say she is not dead," said he in reply to enquiries.

"Does she show any signs of life?" he was asked.

"She is in a state of suspended animation, trance if you please, but to me she shows signs of life. We will restore animation, but it may be only temporary."

It was with much difficulty that he wended his way to the street, jumped into his gig and rode away. A telegram had been sent to Elizabeth on the first day, but it had twenty miles to go after reaching Beleau, and the roads with the breaking up of the snow, were in places almost impassable. The little village was all excitement, for every one knew of Mary Melville. An old Frenchman, who had worked in the mines under George Melville, when he heard of the telegram, volunteered to take it to Elizabeth, though he would have difficulty in getting a horse over the roads. And what would be the use of going, were he unable to assist in getting Elizabeth out? So he determined to drive. About eight miles from Beleau,

and the spot where Hank, Joe and old Ben, had spent the winter with the Melvilles, was built a log house, and here for some years had lived old Robert MacTavish, with a small remnant of his family, one son and a widowed daughter. Of course the Frenchmen would stop there and tell the news. The telegram read: "Mary very sick, come at once."

"What, wee Mary sick? I can na wait for Elizabeth, I can na wait, I'll just gang on and see her mesel," said old Robert, and he started through mud and slush, and on reaching Beleau, found the daily coach had just gone. The proprietor of the Beleau House tried to keep him, he "waud na wait. I'll just gang on, and mebee I'll get a chance now and then."

Poor old Monsieur Fortier, himself and his horse, were tired and hungry when they reached the log shanty in a clearing in the pine woods of North Hastin. As soon as Elizabeth saw him, she felt that something was wrong, but thought most about her younger children. He handed her the telegram. Poor Elizabeth! One child sick beside her, and Mary sick, perhaps dead at home. We pause. A mother's grief cannot be

put in print. The cold, black type looks hard, and mothers are so tender. Hugh took the telegram. "Mary! Mary sick! Why, mother, we must start now, this minute."

"If it is all the zame, Madame Melville, we iz fatigued. It iz a pruty bad road."

"Why, of course, poor man, you are tired and hungry, and must rest, and the poor horse, what can we give it?"

"One of the bed-ticks is filled with hay, mother, and there is some oatmeal," said Hugh.

So they fed horse and driver, and soon the Frenchman was asleep.

"But Hugh, you're not fit to be taken away from here," said Elizabeth.

"Oh, but I'll go, mother, do you suppose I could stay here and Mary sick!"

After letting Monsieur Fortier rest for a few hours, they roused him and decided to start. But what a trip! They had to walk much of the way, and most of the journey was at night, and with difficulty they kept the road at all. Yet Elizabeth never realized the roads were bad, and Hugh forgot he had been sick. Fortunately they reached Beleau early in the morning, and had a warm cup

of tea, and their clothes dried and the mud brushed off, before it was time for the stage to start. The stage driver had heard about Mary, but when he saw Elizabeth's face, he had not the heart to say a word. A bleak, raw wind and drizzling rain had set in, and by the time they were half way to Bellview, they were almost perished, and the stage driver insisted on their getting out at a small village, and getting warm, and having something hot to drink. Elizabeth staggered into the sitting room and sat down by a bare centre table, on which were a few Bellview papers. She mechanically took one up, and glancing over the headlines, saw:

"The mystery deepens. Still no sign of animation. Dr. Arling says that Miss Melville is not dead. Doctors from New York, Montreal, and Toronto, are expected to arrive some time to-day."

There were three or four columns, all in the same sensational strain, but beyond the first two or three lines Elizabeth could not read. The proprietor was coming in with a glass of hot sling. She pushed it aside and saying:

"Where is the stage driver? I cannot wait

here," she dragged Hugh to the stage. "My first, wee baby!" she said—and that was all, no fuss, no tears. Lesser griefs might easily have awakened all surface emotion, crying and sobbing. But this—this—just her "first wee baby."

Dr. Curling had met the stage the day before. He met it now. His own carriage was there ready that there might be no delay. He helped her from the stage. He said nothing to her. He asked Hugh how he was, and said, "I'll attend you, my boy, when this is over."

"Is she dead, Doctor?" said Hugh.

"I said she was three days ago. There are some things I have yet to learn."

They drove down a lane that passed the side of the house, and Elizabeth stepped out of the carriage, just beside her own bedroom window. She saw George seated beside the bed, and she saw a little form was in the bed. The yard was filled with people, the house was filled with people, but they simply fell back and let her walk into the house. No one offered to speak to her, no one had the courage. She sat down in a little, old rocking chair, the chair in whch she had rocked all the babies. She took off her wraps and some-

body took them from her. She put her hand in her pocket and drew out her spectaclės, and after wiping them, she put them on her eyes.

Old Robert MacTavish stood near, his boots muddy, his clothes spattered with slush and dirt. When Elizabeth saw him she said, "How did you get here, father?"

"I just come, that's a'" said the old Scotchman—"some o' the time I rode, and maist o' the time I walked."

Dr. Curling was atraid to leave Elizabeth. If she would only get up and go and look at Mary, he thought, but she kept her seat. They had expected from her emotional disposition that she would rush in and seize Mary in her arms—but no, she did not even express a wish to see her. Dr. Curling said afterwards, that the tension was so tight, he felt that something had to break. After a few hours of the awful strain, he decided to do something to relieve it.

He whispered to Hugh, who rushed to the butcher's and brought back a bloody piece of the neck of a beef. He then took the youngest girl into a back summer kitchen, and said, "Now, little girl, I want you to save your mother's life.

I'm going to put blood all over your hand, and on your apron, do you think you could cry?" As the child saw her white apron being smeared with blood, and her little hand saturated with blood, it did not require any coaxing to make her cry, and and as she sobbed, Dr. Curling pushed her beside her mother, who immediately sprang up and screamed, "What has the child done?"

She was hurrying the child to a wash basin, saying, "There, there, dear, don't cry," when she started to cry herself.

Dr. Curling took the little one saying, "Never mind, Mrs. Melville, I'll attend to her, she is not cut badly, only a few scratches, and he asked for a white bandage, and as he was tying up the uncut hand he said, "Never mind, little one, you've saved your mother's life, or, perhaps better, her reason."

Dr. Arling arrived shortly after with an electric battery. He went into the little bedroom, and placed it on the foot of the bed. He asked Dr. Curling if he wished to go into the room.

The old Doctor entered, and the father and the two Doctors began the experiment.

"You stand at her head, Mr. Melville. Dr.

Curling will you place these handles in her hands, and hold them there, and I will attend to the battery," said Dr. Arling.

The old Doctor got so nervous and excited, that he let go of the little hands, when to the amazement of the three, she still held the handles quite firmly. The battery became stronger and stronger, a slight change was seen in her face. George watched every muscle of the quiet little face. When had his eyes ever deceived him in regard to his darling's face? Yes, the eyes slowly opened.

He was going to speak to her, but she gave him just one look, such a world of meaning in the look, a quite assurance that kept him still. It was only a second, only a glance. The shock became stronger and stronger, till the power of the battery had reached its limit.

"Just as I thought, Mr. Melville, only I had expected we might restore animation so that she could speak to us," said Dr. Arling.

"Never mind, Doctor, she spoke to me. I hardly think she will return!" said George.

"We may try the battery again to-morrow.

We'll see what we think best then," said the Doctor.

Another night and George sat quiet and still. Elizabeth had gone to the door of the room, and seeing the little still face, she only said, "No use! No use! I know she's gone!" She went back to the little rocking chair, and sat and rocked all night. People came and went but no one saw Mary. On the fourth day it was generally understood that signs of life still lingered, but even Dr. Arling had now given up hopes of restoring animation. The eminent physicians had arrived, and it was arranged that they should hold a consultation. Dr. Acers of Toronto, Dr. Pheebs of Montreal, Dr. Anger of New York, together with Dr. Arling and Dr. Curling, stood around her bed.

Dr. Arling took the little hand, bent the wrist, bent the fingers, pressed his fingers on her cheeks, lifted up the eye-lids. "Gentlemen," said he, "you see the patient. You have seen death from various causes. Does anything about this body prove that death has taken place?"

They looked grave. Dr. Acer poured a few drops from a vial into her mouth. Dr. Anger

lanced her arm. Dr. Pheebs and Dr. Curling, after whispering a few minutes, expressed their belief that she was dead.

Dr. Arling, Dr. Acer and Dr. Anger declared she was not dead, but that they were unable to restore animation. Nature must take its course, and the only thing to be done, was to keep her quite warm and wait. This was the decision.

The Doctors left, and were met at the gate by the Bishop, Dr. Wrong and Dr. Juliet. Dr. Curling said she was dead without a doubt.

Then said the Bishop, "The funeral will probably be on Sunday, and I will suggest that we ask her father's permission to have the Faculty attend in a body."

Dr. Arling then spoke up and said, that he and two other Doctors declared her to be alive. Reporters crowded around, and that evening the papers were more sensational then ever. "The Doctors have disagreed. Medical skill baffled," were the head-lines.

It was nearly nine o'clock at night. Four long days and nights had George sat there, hardly leaving her side. He knew every change, he had watched all the time. He had hoped, and yet

feared to hope. Now a terrible depression began to steal over him. Was he beginning to give out? Could he keep vigil no longer? He put his head on her forehead, there was no light. A shiver passed through his frame, he had touched, at last, death.

He staggered out of the room, wild and haggard. "She's dead now," he murmured, and he never looked at the little body again.

Dr. Arling was re-summoned, and with him came the other Doctors as well, and Dr. Curling. No, there was no dispute now. She was dead.

They proposed a post-mortem, but Dr. Curling said, "Gentlemen, no, not for worlds, would I add one drop to the already full cup of grief. Science will have to learn elsewhere. The body shall not be touched."

Early in the gray dawn, that ghastly thing we call a coffin came, and the little body was put into it, but no one would have known that this discolored piece of clay had ever been Mary Melville. Decomposition became so rapid, that the undertakers advised a hurried burial, so instead of her being kept, they decided to bury her at ten o'clock Saturday morning. At first it was suggested

that the college Professors should act as bearers, but some one thought it best to have young men about her own age. So six splendid fellows, whom she had personally known, came to perform the last sad office. A converted Jew, a Methodist minister, who had been a warm friend of Mary's, asked permission to officiate in the home and at the grave, and did so.

Before the Rev. Mr. Schusenstein began, some one said her father should be there. Dr. Curling looked about, went out in the summer kitchen, and found him lying fast asleep, beside a pile of wood.

Even Doctors are not always wise. He shook him up, aroused him saying, "George, George, ain't you going to the funeral? Mr. Schusenstein is just going to read the service."

George looked so wild that the Doctor became alarmed, and taking a bottle of brandy out of his pocket, said, "Here take some of this, it will brace you up." George mechanically drank the contents, got up and came inside.

Mr. Schusenstein was talking. "Friends, it has been my privilege to be a friend of the departed. It was my privilege to be at the revival

service of Moody and Sankey, when our little friend professed the truths of Christianity."

"It's a lie," said George Melville, "she never said she was a Christian." His eyes flashed fire, and several rushed to quiet him. "Stand back!" he said, with such command, that no one dared to interfere.

"Here you are all Christians, and Christ said, if ye have faith the size of a grain of mustard seed, ye shall raise the dead. Now let all the Christian ministers come forward with their faith, and raise my daughter. There is not one of you that could raise a setting hen off her nest. And she, what did she do? She raised an audience with the tip of her fingers. She raised a table to the ceiling, and it stayed there till she let it down. And what explanation did Christian ministers give? They said it was the work of the Devil. No, no Christian minister shall prate over her body. The cursed social hypocritical conventionalities, the cursed church with its pious rant, the dense ignorance of the people, who should know better, this is what killed her, this is what made the world a hell to her, and she left it. She did

not die as others do, she just went because she could stand it no longer."

No one who saw George then, ever forgot his face. No one who heard him ever forgot his voice.

The six pall bearers thought it best to avoid further scenes by starting to carry the coffin out. She was only such a little thing, had never weighed a hundred pounds. They started to lift it, it did not budge. A strapping fellow over six feet high had the head. He gave an extra lift, and the handle broke. They all got nervous, and it was not till a couple more came to their assistance, that they managed to get the coffin out of the house. And never were eight men more relieved than when it was finally in the hearse.

A motley crowd followed her to the cemetery, and after the grave had been filled in, many an old woman who loved her merry laugh, lingered on her knees to say a rosary on her beads, that Mary might rest in peace.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DOCTORS MEET.

"When Doctors disagree."

The evening of the day that Mary Melville was buried, Dr. Curling sat in his library, awaiting Dr. Acers, Dr. Arling and Dr. Angers.

He stared into vacancy, and the heavy sighs and tears brushed aside, told of deep sorrow in the old man's heart. When the three other Doctors arrived, and were all comfortably seated, Dr. Curling said, "Gentlemen, this is a deplorable happening—she should not have died at the age she did."

"And she would not have died, had she been at the first properly treated," said Dr. Arling.

"I stand rebuked, Doctor," replied the old man.

"We are here neither to rebuke nor blame. We are here in the interest of science, to discuss a most extraordinary case. Dr. Curling, you have known the deceased personally for many years, what in your opinion killed her?" asked Dr. Arling.

"Brains, just too much brains. She knew too much. The body could not support the tremendous mental activity. No one understood her.

The delicate little body held up as long as it could, but when once a blow struck it, there was nothing there, no stamina. The light was snuffed out, and whether that light is extinguished, or whether it is now beaming brighter in a better place, is a question I am not prepared to answer. By Heavens, gentlemen—talk this over yourselves—I never knew so little—I never felt so unworthy, as when her childish blue eyes looked into mine, and she told me truths, I knew not of. This thing has unnerved me, and I do not know why she died, or how she died."

Dr. Arling then said, "Doctors, I have known Miss Melville for some years. I tried to make a study of her. Before meeting her I was a materialist, and studied from a materialistic standpoint. I treated the bodies of people with drugs, and sometimes when the people were simply bodies, I cured them, but more often, people were not bodies, and the drugs had no effect. Mary Melville was not a body, but a tremendous mind, and needed a subtle, mental treatment. In fact, she was so much a mind, that at times she could operate quite as well without her body as with it. That she is not now an inhabitant of that small lovely piece of clay we buried to-day, is simply

because she did not wish to be, and I feel that her mentality is just as vigorous and strong, disembodied, as it was when here."

"Dr. Arling," said Dr. Acers, "appears to be drifting into a hazy, metaphysical theory of his own, that is rather hard to follow. There seems to be within us an innate conceit, which makes us feel we are such wonderful creatures, we surely can never die. However the fact remains, that as sure as we are born, we are just as sure to die. "What gave death ever from its kingdom back, to check the skeptic's laughter?" But we are digressing. Our business is to learn what caused her death, and if by knowing, we may prevent death in some other fellow mortals."

"Yes," said Dr. Arling, "but it seems to me impossible to decide what caused her death till we decide what died. So far as I am aware, there was no organic trouble at all, and if there was, if her stomach were in a bad condition, am I prepared to say that killed her? No. *The stomach stopped working, because the mind stopped working. You would have it, that the mind stopped working because the stomach gave out. I deny that.* I am not a pair of lungs, or a stomach, or a heart, or a

liver. I deny your contention, and I say again, if Mary Melville had wanted to inhabit that body any longer, she would still be here, for there was nothing wrong with the body. Gentlemen, I have ever been successful in diagnosing disease, but it is only lately that I have done it intelligently. It is the brain. I come in touch with disordered brain cells, which by nerve tissue are connected with different parts of the body. The pain is in the foot, but the cause is in a brain cell. No use treating the foot. Magnetize and bring back vitality to the brain cells. The mind is what operates on the brain cells. Take it away and off, no brain cells in operation, the body disintegrates, and death ensues. Mary Melville's mind was away from her body by her own choice. She had, however, intended returning, so the cord which tied mind and body together had not snapped. Then the poor little body was frozen and hurt, the mind not in operation to assist. When the mind came back to take possession, she saw before herself trials and troubles which she had not the wish to go through, poverty, distress and blame. No, she was free, and knew the exquisite pleasure of the mind untrammelled by the body and so she stayed away. Gentlemen, if we would

benefit humanity, if we would learn a lesson from this death, we shonld stand with our shoulders to the wheel, and never cease turning it, till men learn the lesson that humanity has now evolved to a plane above the material body, and that if we would cure disease, we must be able to treat the mind."

Dr. Acers smiled, but Dr. Curling was too sad to either smile or criticise. After a pause Dr. Acers said, "I am afraid, Dr. Arling, it will take a tremendous number of shoulders to the wheel, before you will make the world believe more in the reality of mind, than they do in the reality of the body. But, for the sake of an argument, (thougn I do not admit your theory at all) suppose, to-morrow, an ordinary practitioner were called to an identical case with Miss Melville's, what in all probability would he do? She is, to all appearances, dead, and he would so pronounce her. Now how are we able to avoid such a decision?"

"Revolutionize the medical fraternity," replied Dr. Arling. "Let it be as much a part of the curriculum, that a doctor be able to intuitively diagnose a case, as it is that he should know the Latin name for a stool."

"Intuitively diagnose a case! By Jove! this is getting interesting. And who is to be the examiner, on such an examination paper as this?" replied Dr. Acers.

Dr. Angers had been seated in a comfortable arm-chair, and so far had offered no opinion whatever, but at this apparent poser from Dr. Acers, he took his cigar out of his mouth, tilted down his chair and said:

"There's a puzzler, Dr. Arling. We are to award no diplomas unless the student qualifies to intuitively diagnose a case. Upon my word, Dr. Arling, I am afraid I have not advanced far enough along the brain-cell theory to grasp your meaning."

"I quite understand, Dr. Angers, that you do not," said Dr. Arling, "but should you place yourself for from one to three months under my tuition, I would guarantee that you would not only understand me, but that you would intuitively diagnose a case. Some have the gift more pronounced than others. Some are so constituted that they need no tuition. Others might take years to become proficient, but the power is more or less developed in us all, not only the

faculty of diagnosing disease, but of knowing any truth we wish to come en rapport with. The moment George Melville entered his daughter's presence, he knew she was not dead. The moment she was dead, he knew it. He would have been, what we term, a born physician, and there are enough born physicians among men, so that we need not bother trying to develop born plow boys or born dudes into doctors. It takes too long, and life is too short."

"Well, Dr. Arling, your conversation is very entertaining, if I cannot agree with you," said Dr. Acers, "but I am always ready to be told something I do not know. You say, George Melville is a born physician. You claim to have known when Miss Melville died, and that she was not dead when you first saw her. Can you here and now demonstrate this peculiar gift of intuitively diagnosing, and thereby prove to us there is something in it?"

In an instant Dr. Arling wheeled in his chair, and addressed himself to Dr. Angers, who, fat and comfortable, was still smoking. "Are you willing to be the patient in question, Dr. Angers?"

"Why, certainly, certainly," replied he.

"Well, then, go to sleep!" said Dr. Arling.

"Not if I know it," replied Dr. Angers.

"But you won't know anything about it in a minute."

Dr. Arling's hand closed very firmly. He looked straight at the improvised patient, with a steady assurance that would not be gainsaid. The hand that held the cigar, held it less steadily, and presently cigar and hand both dropped. The eye-lids closed, and it was easy to discern that Dr. Angers was fast asleep.

"Now, gentlemen, I will proceed," replied Dr. Arling. "I put Dr. Angers asleep because he has something the matter with him. He has fatty degeneration of the heart. His kidneys are slightly inflamed, probably from cold and a too free use of stimulants, and his gall-bladder contains several gall-stones."

Dr. Acers went over beside Dr. Angers, and proceeded to listen to the beating of the heart. After a time he said, "You are probably correct, but to come back to your theory, what has that to do with the brain cells?"

"Everything. Had Dr. Angers a proper

knowledge of his being, he would not allow these complications in his physical system. His mind would dominate and guide his body so that disease could not locate," said Dr. Arling.

By this time Dr. Angers woke up. "Excuse me, gentlemen, but I'm afraid I dropped asleep."

"Yes, I'm afraid you did, Doctor," said Dr. Acers, "but I'm more afraid that some one dropped you to sleep, and whether Dr. Arling's theory be correct or not, I am willing to admit that he can put a man asleep in the shortest order on record. Dr. Arling, you say you can teach your secret in from one to three months. I am with you. To-morrow I will call during your office hours to arrange to become your pupil. Just another question, however. After diagnosing a case, can you cure the patient?"

"That depends entirely upon circumstances," said Dr. Arling. "In Miss Melville's case it was simply because she had a stronger mind than I had, that she did as she pleased. Then again, there seems to be in some people, so little brain of the right quality for mind to operate on, that it is difficult to affect the body through it, and then the use of drugs may be resorted to."

"I again find myself raising a dozen objections, but demonstration is proof. We must accept results, and then look for the cause, when we, perhaps, can formulate a theory," said Dr. Acers.

Dr. Curling then spoke. "Gentlemen, I am glad we have met this afternoon. Mary Melville's was such a remarkable life, that her death was only in keeping with it. She did more to make me believe in an existence outside of the body, than did all the sermons I ever listened to. But the world as it is, hurt her. She so often said to me, "Dr. Curling, poverty should be for none while there is prosperity for any. Caste is the heaviest curse civilization has to carry. It puts a premium on the successful villain, and a ban on honest toil."

"The dear bright little thing, how I'll miss her," said he.

The old Doctor's voice was again husky, and he hastily shook hands, while the three guests silently took their leave.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ALL IS OVER.

"Too soon it seemed for us to part,
Too soon, alas! for her to die."

The world had killed her, only because it did not know. She came too soon, just as others had before her. What the crowd hisses to-day, is often the glorious truism of to-morrow.

She was only a beacon light thrown out on the dark waters, before the mariners at sea knew what it meant, or could heed its meaning.

"'Tis ignorance makes cowards of us all, and blinds us to our being's best estate."

She is dead, but the light she lit will not die out. 'Twas touched by one of Truth's own tapers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ROBERT MACTAVISH.

"Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow."

And so the tide of life ebbs on. Some days a dull, low purl, so dull and low and dragging in its monotone, that one could wish a stone would fall and cause a splash. Such days so numerous are that scarce we seem to live—and then a sudden pitch, a swift and sudden, eager fall, a something happening that rouses us to real life, and sends the quivers through all our nerves. The brain works quick and fast, and in one day we live—we live a life, and almost get a glimpse of more, so much of life, 'twould seem we touched eternity. 'Tis only then we see and know the meaning of it all—the "why" of those dull days—the "why" the tread-mill winds in such slow time—the "why" we have to creep before we walk—the "why" of all that happens.

Under the primeval pine, not far from where George Melville built his castles in the air with dreams of golden wealth, old Robert MacTavish sat. The centenarian was alone in meditation, on his 101st birthday, in the year of grace 1900. Just looking back o'er life, just looking

out ahead into a different life, yet not so different after all.

Perchance a ball-room scene in Edinburgh, perchance in kilts and military array he passed again in proud review before some Royal head, and then his dreams of Canada and its vast fields for exploration, and his queer ideas about coming here, and being what young Canada knew nought of, a Gentleman Farmer.

And all the while dogma and creed had taken up so much of his thought and time. To solve the problem of an universe, to solve the question of our destiny, how faithfully he had waded through the works of Paul, Luther, Calvin and Knox and had outgrown them all. And then came the chance, that happening that took him back to Rome. But chance or luck could not prevent his thinking, and he had consequently grown, and had passed on and out and over Calvin, Rome, Priest and Creeds and Dogmas. He saw the "how" they came to be—not evil, only partially developed good.

Then Mary came and passed, and with her what a light! Through her he saw the evolution of the past ages. Through her he saw the progress of the future. Through her he saw the real world

of cause. Through her he saw the Pychic Meaning of it all, that knowledge is without, for all to drink of. Only get in touch, in tune with nature's finer waves, and you may catch some of the wisdom that is there for all. For "whosoever will" may not only think, but know.

All his contemporaries had gone. Two generations of his posterity had been buried, and he stood by, and watched the moving scene. Alone, did we say? Who dares to say he was alone? In touch with nature and in conscious union with its laws, and as much, yea, even more, in touch with Mary, than when in the flesh.

"A' weel, how plain it's a' getting! And a' the big men o' the church are becoming heretics!—A' weel, the world does na' seem to know that only now they can believe, and see the reason o' it a.' The synod--the conference--and the hierarchy are as naething, for the brain is developing, and understanding is coming to men. Hoot-toot! Hoot-toot! I ha' spent ma life wrestling wi' gloomy creeds, and now through the lives o' ithers I see it a.' "

And the old man smiled, and smoothed the giant pine with his wrinkled hand. He was, at last, in touch with nature and with nature's laws.