

THE
SOUL OF THE ORIENT

BY
Z. L. CAVALIER

LONDON:
MURRAY AND EVENDEN, LTD.
PLEYDELL HOUSE, PLEYDELL STREET,
FLEET STREET, E.C.

PR
6005
C31A

I DEDICATE MY BOOK

To MY HUSBAND

FRANCIS HERBERT CAVALIER, to whom I was married
seventeen years ago, on April 26th, in St. John's
Cathedral, Denver, Colorado, by the Rev. Dean Henry
Martyn Hart, whom we both love;

To MY FAITH

which is that of the Church of England, in which I
was baptized, confirmed, and married;

To MY FRIENDS

who have stood by me for years.

PROLOGUE

IN the far-away ages of the past, in China, Japan, India, Chaldea, and Egypt, the most learned men were set apart for study of the heavenly bodies, and the laws which govern the universe.

If astronomy be commended as a study of the stars, why should astrology not be even more important, as the language of the celestial bodies?

The very fact that astrologers in various countries are in accord as to the nature and influence of the various planets proves that some of the wisest men in the world have been, and are, believers in the usefulness of astrology.

In the Old and New Testament constant allusions are made to the planetary system as it affected or influenced the human race.

In Deborah's beautiful song, she, as one of the mothers of Israel, makes special mention (Judges v, 20) of the stars in their courses fighting against Sisera. In Revelation xii, 1 mention is made of the Signs of the Zodiac.

Then, too, the days of the week have been named for us as a constant reminder of some of the great planets. There is neither superstition nor juggling in this study ; rather let us say, in the spirit of a great teacher and master, "Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, ponder on these things ;" therefore I ask my readers not to condemn *that* which will be of service to them and their friends, by looking upon the study of sages as a superstition !

We are now at the commencement of an epoch which will reveal to us many truths ; let us be ready to consider and receive what up to the present we do not understand. Remember that many scientific facts known to the world to-day were once jeered at by the ignorant.

To many of God's elect astrology has been of the greatest service : it has helped the mother to guide her child's career, the teacher to understand his pupil, the master to know his servant.

There are those in the Orient, and also in the Occident, who need no written praise or spoken testimonial when choosing a servant, friend, or even husband or wife ; they ask the birthday of the new-comer, and by means of the stars they judge.

By means of astrology they read a character, and lay bare the past life. As the sound of a note in music gives one the name of the note, so a day in the year of your birth tells

an astrologist your character without any mistakes, describing your talents, faults, characteristics, and possibilities.

Astrology gives hope, encouragement; it shows a human being how to avoid the dangers into which the threefold self is liable to fall, it shows how wonderfully the soul is able to fight its battle, it explains how God has given to each of us the possibility of escape from disaster, it teaches us that our God-given attributes (the talents He has placed within our reach) may all be used in working to a successful issue. Astrology also shows us that nothing in nature is lost, because the soul soars on, realizing that many mistakes make for final victory. Astrology gives us strength to sustain a lifelong struggle, and lights up the path of progress to power. After receiving the messages of the beautiful lords of light, many a would-be suicide has halted and retraced his steps, many a wanderer has returned home, many a ne'er-do-well has begun to climb the ladder of work again. Hope has worked wonders, and we owe it all to the Great God who has allowed us to read in the heavens the solution of our earthly problems of life.

THE SOUL OF THE ORIENT

CHAPTER I

JANUARY 1ST TO 20TH—

<i>Astrological Sign :</i>	Capricorn.
<i>Governing Planet :</i>	Saturn.
<i>Domain :</i>	Earth.
<i>Gems :</i>	Pearls, diamonds, topazes.
<i>Flowers :</i>	White and red roses.
<i>Colours :</i>	Red, white, and blue.
<i>Numerals :</i>	I, II, III.
<i>Days :</i>	Monday, Wednesday, Friday.
<i>Months :</i>	March, May, July, September.

Should marry Cancer human, born June 11th to July 7th.

<i>Governing Planet :</i>	The moon.
<i>Domain :</i>	Water.

My stars shine brightly, oh that I might scan
The heavens for his !
No matter *how* I gaze, or where, or when,
He tranquil is.

A GIRL and a man were standing face to face,
hers grave and serene, his looking somewhat
fretful and worried. Love shone in their eyes,
but in his there was an anxious light, as of
one hungering for what was far away.

They were well matched in looks, if opposites in physical beauty may be said to be matched; she was tall, dark, splendid, with luminous eyes and quick, expressive movements; he was tall and well made, fair, with Saxon blue eyes and a certain stolidness that so often goes with a giant frame.

“Well, Helen,” he said, half-laughing, half-sighing, as they continued a conversation, “so you are a philosopher! What does it mean, pray, that strange far-away look in your eyes? I suppose you have been to the mystic hall of learning, and studying at the feet of a Socrates, who has plied you with sarcasm, or else you have been listening to a Mesmer, who advises the use of incense as a perfume and goat’s milk as a beverage.”

For a moment merriment twinkled in her eyes, as she replied, “Laugh on, O mere man! Why should you see more than humour in mysticism?” Then in a second the light faded, and her eyes were moist. “It is sad we do not see alike in these things, Jack; why is it that you, who have so many good points, should ignore that which is quite natural, and treat it with ridicule? You love Nature, you love animals, you talk of the whisper of the trees and the sighing of the wind, and yet—and yet,” she sighed, “you mock at what I hold so dear. If ever I am to love you, as you ask to be loved, it cannot be until you think as I do. When occultism is to you an

open book, and the language of the stars a reality, Nature will herself speak to you through the gems in the firmament. When she does this, Jack, I pray you to listen to her voice."

He moved away impatiently, and then returned to her side as though drawn to her. "Helen, can you not throw all this rubbish aside and be your own true, simple self?" he asked earnestly. "Can you not be the Helen who laughed and made men's hearts beat the quicker? Helen, be your smiling self again, full of humour and the essence of music! Let me hold you, kiss you, dance with you, and send away these idle fancies as unworthy the Helen I mean to marry and make my wife." He was speaking passionately now. "My wife must be a fashionable woman, who is able to hold a salon, and talk politics, or play bridge; no one cares for a lover of the stars. Leave that cult to those who have lived their lives of pleasure, and now seek to soothe their conscience with making plans for the Almighty and in creating out of nothing, a theory which does not hold water."

"Jack, I am ashamed of you!" the girl exclaimed, putting a slim hand upon his arm. There was a reproach in her voice as she went on: "You hurt me with your remarks. If *you* do not find astrology a help, at least let me follow that which is necessary to my spiritual evolution. I belong to Capricorn, that

is the astrological sign of my birth, whence I get purity of thought and a sound religious belief; my governing planet Saturn gives me determination and mental power; my domain earth is where I hope to reign as a queen of many minds and hearts. I see you smile sarcastically, but, Jack, I am happy, for I know that I am on the right path, so that if you feel, after understanding what I tell you, that we cannot be more than ordinary friends it must be so. I cannot give up what is everything to me."

He was visibly moved by her earnestness; then his eyes hardened, and his lips set like a fighter's. "Don't talk nonsense!" he cried. "Cast away all superstitious follies and be as you were, a healthy English girl. Why take up with ideas which are meant for dreamers only, and which will make you hard, unsympathetic, a mere curiosity-loving woman, fit only for the weakness of Orientalism?"

"Listen, Jack," she answered patiently. She took a seat by the great oriel window and motioned him to one opposite. "You cannot enter into my feelings," she continued, "as we belong to different signs; you belong to Gemini the cautious; you are a June the 11th being, and in consequence you are always tempted to pause at the crucial moment. You find it hard to be stable, and *yet*, being a student of astrology, I can suggest your borrowing of Sagittarius, of Leo, of Taurus, of Libra for

your betterment. Come and search with me for hidden meanings in God's great scheme. *Astronomy* pleases you because it maps out the starry heavens ; you said the other day how very wonderful it is to be able to find out star by star, after referring to a certain key written by a friend of yours. To my mind, the language of their meanings is far more interesting. You see, Jack"—and she turned to him almost impetuously—"I know my faults, but instead of being depressed about them I say to myself : ' Here I am, born under Capricorn, with my governing planet forcing determination upon me and my Father's controlling signs giving me all power, with self-control.' I feel quite rich and very much encouraged because I know that my race sign gives me a gift of healing, while the glorious sun spirit helps me when I get slack, and, knowing all this, I feel drawn nearer to God, and at harmony with His wonderful world."

He seemed to be impressed by her manner, and yet not inclined to give up the fight. "I fear we shall have to shut you up in a lunatic asylum," he said, making a show of treating the conversation as a joke. "If I am Gemini, at least I am sane. Your foundations are unsafe, Helen. It is with regret that I say so, but if you will go on in this way it is evident that you wish our engagement to end. Rhoda Brook, who is the sample of English girl I approve of, will be pleased to see me again.

Must I say farewell, Helen?" There was both threat and pleading in his voice, and the girl was more moved than she cared to show.

"Do not be silly, Jack; let your mind rise and not fall—that is, if you would know what true happiness means. Do try to overcome your obstacles; let me help you, Jack; let us together seek the Truth." He stood stubborn and unmoved; and, after a pause, she added: "When I was a wee kiddie I longed to see 'the other side of heaven,' as I called it, but father sent me to school, so I was obliged to leave him and all his beautiful teaching."

"It was years before I returned to my home, and then only to see my aunt, mother's sister, pass on to the Beyond after great suffering. I grieved terribly, finding small comfort except in father's books, and in our evening conversations, which were life to me. He was an astrologer, you know, quite Eastern in all but birth. After mother died, when I was only five, he let me do just what I pleased, whilst he read, studied, or wrote. I went to school, first in India, then in England, and afterwards travelled with a school companion whose family were agnostics. Then I grew callous, frivolous, and egoistical, and it was *then* you met me, Jack, and I am ashamed to say that I flirted with you."

"That's when you were natural and all that I like," he interrupted.

"Ah! I did not know what I was doing

until I heard a man speak of me one day ; he did not know that I was in the garden," she said, "and I heard him call me 'a fast girl.' My God!" she went on, clenching her small hands at the memory of it, "to think he should have said it of my father's daughter ! The words stung me, they hurt, they made me ill, but they did me good. I pulled up then ; you remember I would not see you or speak to you for weeks. I had no anchorage ; the Church I had given up, it always seemed to cry out in misery. I might have been lost, sinking lower and lower, but I happened upon a book of father's, which I opened half-dreamily, and found these words greeting me : 'If a human born on the 1st of January finds a pit-hole in his career, and no comfort in the universe, but only despair pulling at his heart-strings, let him enter the Hall of Silence through the Gate of Introspection, and ask help of the Great Master ; let him enter into the history of his birth, working out the chart for himself. He will find there a fund of instruction, and be able to climb the hill which looked so difficult only a few hours before he took himself in hand.' "

"Nonsense!" the man growled. "I wonder you had not more sense."

"But you see, Jack, that is sense—good common sense," she answered. "I did it then and there and everything became different from that hour, for courage was given me and hope came back. I lived once more in the sunshine,

all clouds had passed." She paused and pressed his arm. "Is it a wonder, then, that I want you to be in the same boat as myself?"

"I shall soon upset it," he sneered, and in an instant she drew back her hand.

"A great man has said that 'the stars and planets are souls made perfect ages ago, and that they are helping us mortals to get rid of our obstacles and climb the ladder to peace, joy, rest, and happiness,'" she told him gently. "You see, Jack, that astrology teaches us how to live, what careers to take up, what friends we ought to make, the people we ought to avoid; it gives us our right colours, it enables us to make choice of numbers which harmonize with our constitutions. Do you know that there are certain days of the week which help us more than other days, and certain months which stand out as being hurtful from start to finish? Knowing this, we can be forewarned and consequently forearmed. Jack, *you* were born in June, *I* in January; we are therefore suited for each other, so let us not quarrel over words, but rejoice that we have found this glorious ology to help us through life."

His eyes softened as he looked at her pretty, pleading face, and he patted her shoulder as he spoke. "You know, little one, you *are* a darling and almost make a convert of me because of your patience and gentleness," he said, "but, dear, you were a bit too much, as a Christian worker, with your temperance leagues

and your missions for deep-sea fishermen ; but *now*, when you tell a fellow that he must pull up, give up smoking, not take a whisky-and-soda because he is born in *June* and *may* get into bad company, you simply make life unbearable. Don't look so sad, sweetheart," he laughed. "I will tell you how we can manage. *You* do the praying, I will retain my innocent pleasures." She shook her head. Why was he so blind? she wondered.

"Jack," she cried, pleadingly again, "I want to help you ; but your heart should long for better things, *your* voice must ask for guidance ; you must not lean upon me ; I, the feminine, must look to you, the masculine ; you must be the pilot, you the captain, and I the willing, obedient first officer. The effort to rise to your better self must be yours, and yours the hand to lead me."

He stooped down, looking into her clear eyes as though trying to read her soul. She looked into his until hers were dimmed, and he knew that the tears came from the fount of her love, and were for him. He was very grave when he said—

"Give me time, little one ; leave me for an hour, let me think it all out," and he threw himself down on a rug before the fire. Helen smiled, for she knew that at last *she* was winning the battle that had tried her so sorely. Softly she crept from the room.

Her father, Professor Tagore, was an

Englishman who had never been out of India except for a few months ; he was born in a traveller's bungalow in Darjeeling, and as he grew up his life seemed to belong to the country of his birth. However, he revelled in the fact and asked nothing more than that he should remain in India always. His nature as well as his birth inclined him to mysticism ; he was in touch with Nature, even as Nature was in touch with him. Orientalism coloured his young life and moulded his youth, and he grew up an Eastern who was absolutely Western in mind and education.

When he died Helen sold the little house and furniture, and after winding up the estate, she found work as companion or governess with one of the constantly changing visitors to India. Later she met some friends who asked her to take charge of their two little girls and place them in a school in England, and on this voyage she met Jack Hargreaves, who joined the ship at Marseilles.

Jack was a young son of a nobleman, with plenty of money, for he was heir to a large property. There was no need for him to work, so he lazed, and was the ordinary carpet knight of a lady's drawing-room, paying compliments to every woman he met, and becoming *blasé* at seven-and-thirty. He was decidedly in love himself and rather inclined to think he had conferred a great honour upon Helen Tagore, when at last he proposed to her. Then

came a great surprise. Helen was in no hurry to marry him, or to give up her work and live in luxury. He spoke of her to his people as an eccentric heiress who had a hobby.

Helen's real reason for coming to England was to discover her father's relations, and also to get his book published, but she had learned to love Jack Hargreaves in spite of his faults ; she appealed to his higher self, and she hoped to make such a man of him as she would be proud to call husband.

Jack, an hour later, was still lying on the rug before the fire, thinking and trying to fix his own position with regard to Helen.

"I wonder what all this really means?" he thought. "There must be some truth in astrology or Helen would not pursue it. She's straight enough, anyway ; she thinks I laugh at her, and think it all rubbish, but I don't, worse luck, I don't. She is quite right about my character. Eleventh June, hesitant, no backbone, a saint one day, a sinner the next, dishonest one day, critically punctilious the next, a reed shaken with the wind, by every wind that blows. Quite true, but hang it all ! what did she say about my ancestral sign ? It is to help me somehow. Father's birthday is on the 15th of June, four days later. I remember that Helen said it makes all the difference. My governing planet is *Mercury*. Father's is Mercury with a dash of the Moon. I can but try to make out my chart. According

to what Helen says I am variable, exaggerated, excitable, fickle, wayward, flighty, huffy, lawless, and a spendthrift. All true, my girl, but love me, my little queen, and you shall *yet* live to be proud of me, for if you found courage, comfort, and hope in your chart, so shall I from mine." Helen, meanwhile, had retired to her room, her heart full of hope that he whom she loved would be brought to see the Light as she saw it. "O great Master," she prayed, "let him love Thee for Thyself alone, and through Thy starry magnificence teach him Thy Truth."

Then she ran down to the garden and found to her joy a very much softened Jack, who came upon her unawares.

"Little one," he said, putting his big arms about her, "I have had a big pow-wow all to myself, and this is what I have decided. You must give me a lesson in astrology, so that I may fully understand what I am to do. I want you to tell me all about colours, flowers, numbers, mascots, propitious and unpropitious hours, days, months, and years. Add them to this chart in your own dear handwriting. My mind is made up now, and I shall go right away for three whole years to Professor G. in India, your father's friend and colleague. Next to your father, you told me that he is the best-known master of astrology. If I find this truth, Helen—and I *am* going to seek earnestly—I shall keep touch with my guiding star, whose

name is Helen Tagore ; *she* shall be my governing planet, and when I have found my higher self, *then* will I ask you to marry me. If, however, at the end of three years I still retain my Gemini qualities, I shall not return as a lover, but only ask for your friendship, as we cannot be happy unless we pull together, but I pray God that you will not be ashamed of me on my return. Although I have often laughed at you, I have been quietly reading and studying in order to be worthy of you. Do you believe me, darling? ”

“ Why, Jack, I love you with my whole soul. I knew the good was in you, only subservient to Gemini. Give me your chart, dear ; I will add what you want.

“ Your numbers are 2, 6, 8,” she wrote down ; “ your days, Mondays and Wednesdays ; your months, January, April, July, September ; your years, in cycles of five. You are thirty-nine ; after forty your next five years will be good. Your colours are steel-blue, silver-grey, sea-green ; your mascots, turquoise, moonstones, and peridot ; your flowers, cornflowers and love-in-a-mist. Now, Jack, go before your heart fails you, dear.”

They looked into each other's eyes. “ We go into the great silence for three years ! ” she cried brokenly. “ The Lord watch between us ! ”

“ Farewell, my hope in life ! ” he said, choking back a sob as he kissed her passionately ; “ the sooner I go, the sooner I return.”

“Yes,” she said, holding herself well in hand. A long, lingering kiss joined heart to heart, and a moment later Helen was alone—alone with her aching heart.

“May God be with him,” she whispered; “I am happy now, for he will come out of the fire refined.”

An hour later she had taken up her father’s great book, hoping to find comfort and solace in his pages. Then as she read the words which had poured from his soul his voice seemed to speak to her, and she listened, half-dreaming, yet never losing a word.

“When you are married,” the voice said, “and Jack comes home to you, hide no secrets from him, nor yet let him think that you believe him to be keeping secrets from you. When you ask him where he has been, let it be with such love in your voice, such tenderness in your eyes that he will gladly tell you what he has done, and perhaps ask your advice about many little things, proving his happiness in your interest of him. After he has been out for a walk, or on business, greet him with affection; tell him quietly you have missed him; make him comfortable, and for a few hours keep all worry from him; let him feel that you absolutely trust him, and you have your partner for better or worse, your friend, your lover, your husband—as staunch, as true as he was on your wedding-day.

“Perhaps you remember little Fatmabee in

India ! You were very devoted to her, and you cried when she told you that she was going to Nassick to be married. I have written down her story which you have just read. Though only twelve when she married, her conduct was exemplary, her personality marvellous, her intellectuality great. She came to me the morning before she left Oodeypore, and with her beautiful courtesy fell down at my feet, laying her head there, while she wished me Godspeed and peace.

“ ‘Tagore Sahib,’ she said, ‘my heart sometimes fails me about my marriage. Kurumbabee tells me that my to-be-lord and master has eyes for many other girls, but, Sahib, he is a great man, and had only to ask to have, so it cannot be true, can it? I am but a poor girl in comparison, so if he did not want me he would not have asked for me, would he? Don’t you think it will be best for me not to allude to what I have heard? I was ten when I first saw my lord, and he asked me to give him a glass of water, and when he had drunk he said, “Child, in two years’ time I will ask thy mother a great gift.” I knew *then* what he meant, Sahib. Don’t you think he does love me?’ I assured her he did ; she was married to her lover, and three years after I saw her again. When we were alone together she said, ‘Sahib, do you remember my asking you whether you thought my lord really loved me, and do you recall your answer? Well,

Sahib, it was only his bodily self that had suffered ; I asked him no questions. I saw letters coming to him written in Urdu, and I knew they were from other women. He watched me when they came ; my heart was oft-times breaking, yet I said not a word. Seemingly I took no interest in them, but in silence I prayed harder for him. I sent him silent messages while he slept. I spoke to his photograph, and, Sahib, yesterday as I was sitting thinking of him, whilst I mended my children's clothes, he came of his own accord and sat next to me. " Fatmabee," he said, " do you want to see those letters? They came because of my follies, but those who wrote to me have had their follies back by yesterday's post. Wife, I never loved you more than when you asked me no questions. I am cured of foolish habits ; we shall now think of our three boys. I shall be their instructor, and I desire to teach the beautiful things I hope to learn through your love. And as I deal with them may Allah deal with me." "

" Poor little Fatma with her child-mind had solved a riddle which many older women have not yet begun to unravel ; for many lives have been shipwrecked because of a want of trust in the one to be loved and the want of patience."

The voice ceased, and Helen rose and looked about her ; it seemed hardly true that she was alone, while the words still were ringing in her ears. It felt to her that her dear parent

must have been with her to comfort her in her hour of trial, even though her mortal eyes could not behold him. Claspng her hands almost in an ecstasy, she spoke aloud as though her father could hear her—

“Thank you, dear father ; your words have soothed me, as they always do. Jack has asked me to be kind to his sister Molly. I do so wonder what she is like. It does seem funny to have known Jack all these years and yet not to know his people ! and he is so fond of her that I already feel that I love her. Dear little Molly, I must help her, first for Jack’s sake, and then for her own. He has told her to come to me ; she ought to be here very soon. If we agree, I am to have her with me for three years, so that she and I together may work silently for our Jack. Truly he is worth working for, dear old boy.”

CHAPTER II

FEBRUARY 17TH—

Astrological Sign : Aquarius.
Governing Planets : Saturn and Uranus.
Domain : Air.

Should marry one born under Sagittarius, November 24th.

Governing Planets : Mars and Jupiter.
Domains : Water and fire.

Thy sign Aquarius, beauteous maid,
Grave Saturn is thy ruler,
Air thy domain, it has not paid
To count thy age much sooner.

MOLLY, Jack Hargreaves' pretty sister, was but seventeen years of age. She was born on the 17th of February. Her birthday gave her an open mind, earnestness, calmness under all difficulties, but left her unbusiness-like and hesitant in large matters, although true and honourable. Her numerals were, 1, 3, 5, 7 ; her days, Tuesdays ; her months, April and November ; her years in cycles of seven ; her gems, sapphires and crystals ; her colours, blue and yellow ; her flowers, roses with maiden-hair fern and wood violets. Her name was

Millicent, shortened into Molly, and she was a breezy, beautiful, natural soul; she dipped into all sorts of ologies, and ended by collecting many long words, and talking about things she did not understand. After an afternoon with little Molly one felt like saying to her, "Baby, darling, go and play with your dolls."

Helen was a sort of deity to Molly, and from the moment she saw her she mentally fell flat in adoration. It was only after a few days of happy association that Molly ventured to ask several questions on occult matters. They were standing by the big window where Helen had stood with Jack looking into the fair garden beyond.

"Helen," Molly asked in her pretty, childlike way, "I want you to tell me a lot about colours. I see that you wear blue one day and pink another, and you surround yourself with beautiful things in these lovely colours; do tell me why, dear Helen, for I know you have good reason for everything you do. Why is green a good colour to wear, and why is pink better than grey? Tell me why and who says so, and who has proved it."

"Girlie!" and Helen smiled into the violet eyes kindly, "you can prove it for yourself. Do not take hold of any subject unless you have certain proof. For instance, if you are badly in want of something, wear such colours as are in harmony with your thoughts, and you will have what you crave for, provided it is

really for your benefit. On the other hand, if you wear grey, black, brown, or red, they are all inharmonious colours, and cannot help to draw towards you the materials which make in the ether that which is your desire. *Nature*, Molly, is a vast sea of harmony, and if vibrations clash, goodbye to success for ever. Now, dear, you told me yesterday that you are longing to improve your musical capacity. Well, wear green for the success of your desire; wear violet, which will calm you and give you devotion of thought; wear pink and your love for humanity will add beauty and appreciation to your study. You will say, 'How can I wear a tri-coloured dress?' " for Molly's big eyes were opening wider with surprise. "You can't, of course, but you can wear a bunch of ribbons of the colours you require, and your success will be gained. Try this, Molly; don't put your thoughts aggressively against these things; try them, prove them, and if you find they are helpful, pass the lesson on to those who do not understand, and help others by what you have learned."

The girl was evidently impressed. Helen's quiet fervour was very convincing.

"Helen, I used to say it was unworthy of God to allow people to take up with superstitious folly," she said after a little thought. "But I see it was in ignorance that I condemned what I did not understand. You must help me to understand these things, these beau-

tiful teachings of Nature. I wish I could pass on the ideas to some old maids I know, who drape themselves in black and grey, crushing all beauty, all charm out of their lives."

"Some people swear black is economical ; it is quiet and ladylike, they say ; it makes a stout woman look thin and well proportioned. Is it so, Molly?" Helen said, smiling at Molly's enthusiasm. "It certainly covers a multitude of sins. I remember my friends telling me of a housemaid they had, who was so dirty that they could not get her to wear anything but black. Even her under-garments were dyed black, so that there should be no washing ; but the end of it was that she committed suicide.

"In the convent where I went to school, the nuns often said, 'My dear children, you are fortunate to be clad in God's beautiful colours.' Their happiness lay in church decorations and altar flowers, which made up for their own sombre colours. When gentle people begin to wear shoddy black which glistens, give them up as absolutely scrappy and unhinged ! I know of a gentlewoman who thinks it quite unseemly for her sisters to dress in blues, pinks, or greens ; she is married, and declares 'a married woman can dress as she pleases, but an unmarried one must bow to the inevitable Mrs. Grundy,' who, as an adviser, can be, not only waspy but illogical to a degree. So, Molly, when you marry and keep house, do away with all black garments amongst your

servants ; a dark green or a dark blue will always look well, last much longer than black, and not be, as the black skirt is, a glass towel, a saucepan-cleaner, or a dish wipe."

"Helen, darling, how can you? They would not dare to do so." Molly laughed at the idea.

"Dare, my dear! They dare anything, those servants who will only wear black. I don't like to see you in your black gauze, though it is fashionably made and prettily trimmed—it makes you look fifty."

"Well, but that's what I want, dear."

"Now, Molly, joking aside, many a doctor's bill might be saved if one could give these sad colours in garments a wide berth. Listen!" and Helen held up a slim warning finger. "First of all a black dye is injurious to the skin, it brings on eczema; secondly, it surrounds one with gloom, and what makes one really sad is that it prevents our loved ones coming to us from the other side. Do you know that it is quite impossible for black to make any ether light enough for our guardian angels and unseen helpers to come through to us? Why should we, therefore, handicap them and ourselves?"

"What does black mean?" Molly inquired, already more than half convinced.

"Sorrow without hope," Helen explained.

"And greys?"

"One shade of grey means diffidence, another depression." Molly sighed contentedly and

took her friend's hand in hers; stroking it, she said—

“You are wise in all these matters, Helen: I must be guided by you. Of course, I agree with what you say, for why should we spread gloom when a beautiful colour would give us happy thoughts and hope? I know now why the factory girls used to beg me to wear flowers, and pin them into my black bodice, and more than one of them has said to me, ‘Miss, why are you so sad?’ and when I have roared with laughter at the remark, the spokeswoman of the class always ended up with, ‘Well, you see, miss, one feels sad when you come in,’ and I did not know! But oh, Helen! how I must have hurt the Master's work.”

“Naturally you did not know, dear, did you, that colours had meanings or affected people at all?” Molly shook her pretty head.

“I really think you ought to give me a list of colours with their meanings, it will be such a help to me.”

—“I will, sweetheart. Can you remember them? Yes! well, here goes: White, *purity*; cream, *sanctity*; sapphire blue, *spirituality*; Cambridge blue, *art*; yellow, *intellectuality* and *health*; green, *courage* and *success*; pink, *love for humanity*; violet, *devotion*; and silver grey, *dignity*; red, brown, grey, black, and deep orange are opposition colours. Colours, I must

tell you, have their own vibrations and their own musical notes.”

“But how do you know these things?” inquired Molly, her wide eyes opening yet wider. Helen smiled.

“I have studied them from father’s books; he was so clever, and as he has left his books to me, I feel that I have a fund of knowledge ever by me.” Her face softened as she thought of the dear one whose work was still being carried on by her. “I will give you the Eastern teaching on musical notes,” she went on, “as also the vibrations of colours as father has written them.

“WHITE as a colour has *three* beats; it spells purity, and its musical note is ‘C’; its number, *one*.

“CREAM has *three and a half* beats; it means *sanctity*; its musical note is ‘D’; its number, *two*.

“SAPPHIRE BLUE *four* beats; possesses *spirituality*; its musical note is ‘E’; its number, *three*.

“CAMBRIDGE BLUE has *five* beats; it spells *art*; its musical note is ‘F’; its number *four*.

“YELLOW has *six* beats; it spells *intellectuality*; its musical note is ‘G’; its number, *five*. The yellow which means health is the same.

“GREEN has *seven* beats; spells *courage*; its musical note is ‘A’; its number, *six*. EMERALD GREEN, showing success, is the same as green.

“PINK and VIOLET have *seven and a half* beats; musical note ‘B’; number, *seven*.

“RED, BROWN, GREY, and BLACK are discords, and count as such.”

“What truly wonderful teaching!” cried

Molly, whose love of music gave her special interest in Helen's explanation. "I shall love studying these vibrations, colours, notes, and, yes, even the discords. How fascinating life is when one has so many grand thoughts as you have, Helen dear, and how clever your father was!"

"Yes, dear," and Helen could not repress a little sigh, "he was truly great. He is now in the land of saints, teaching in the school of learning; there he is a messenger of the King, whose kingdom is everlasting. You see, he is not dead, but living on another plane, in the land where there is life after death. Although I miss his dear presence he is with me all the time, strengthening, uplifting, teaching, and soothing me. I hear his own loved voice as it was on earth, and I feel his touch upon me constantly.

"He used to call me 'Jehanghir' when he was very tender. He told me that it was a Persian name, meaning 'Conqueror of the World,' and when I laughed and asked, 'What world shall I conquer?' his answer was, 'Your threefold self, little one.' For, Molly, we are threefold spirits and need much guiding. He used to emphasize the fact that duty well done and cheerfully done brought great happiness. His idea of servants was as quaint as it was clever; he said that he was certain the whole modern arrangements of service were wrong, because we took servants out of their own

sphere and brought them into ours in the West, and it is so true.

“Shall I read you what he wrote on this matter?” Molly was still eager for more information, and she settled herself in a deep arm-chair.

“Go ahead, dear,” she said, “then when you marry Jack I should like you to live in India, where you have peace from the eternal servant question.” Helen sat on the arm of the girl’s chair and placed a protecting arm over her shoulder.

“You see, child,” she began, “in the Orient all the servants have their own huts, which is to say that there are large rooms built in the courtyards of every bungalow, where every servant lives his own life, eats his own food, has his own little pleasures, and keeps his castle intact. He does not get used to your food, because he does not have it. He would not thank you for your tasteless dishes of boiled vegetables and washy puddings. He loves his *chuppaties* [cakes], his curries, and vegetables; he and his family eat twice a day only, and never suffer from dyspepsia or bilious attacks. He is therefore a good servant, and he remains a servant always.

“You are his father and mother [*mā bāp*], he tells you; he is happy and you are happy. Then, too, you will never find the women servants trying on your clothes while you are out of the way, or the men-servants smoking

your husband's cigars ; they smoke their own little leaf cigarettes, dress in their own picturesque garb, and give you good service. They are Nature's children, these Orientals ; God speaks to them in every blade of grass, in the air, in the fire, the water ; every bird brings them a message, each animal tells them its story.

“ In India, more than any other country, does one realize how intensely interesting is the mosaic of life which has for its workmen children of Nature, who ask no questions as they weave each his own particular thread, to whom every sorrow has its necessary teaching and every happening its purpose.

“ ‘ Allah sent this trial,’ they say ; ‘ blessed be the name of Allah ! ’ or ‘ It was to be and it is, why murmur ? ’

“ They mourn not, but are allowed to engage mourners to do the weeping, since it is commended by Mohammed, by Krishna, by Shiva that there should be tears of sympathy shed for the bereaved ; they obey the letter of the law, but themselves are silent in their grief, as they do not mourn, knowing they will once more meet their beloved ones on another plane at some future time. Can you, dear Molly, call such people pagans ? ” Helen's voice had a note of indignation in it here. Memories of so-called missionaries were upon her.

“ Can you doubt that these people are religious ? They do not know our Christos in

the name by which we know Him, but they believe in the Trinity and acknowledge the Son of God under a different title."

She rose and paced up and down the room twice. The memories were bitter and she sought to cleanse her soul of the ill-feeling they engendered. Presently she sat down on a chair and took Molly's hand in hers. Molly's innocence was soothing.

"I know the time will come when we shall think differently of the so-called heathen," Helen continued, "and we shall then no longer consider ourselves as the only teachers of truth. Where we fail *is* that we cannot bring with us what is not ours yet. 'What is true Christianity?' is our first lesson, but do we practise it, and are we worthy to teach it?"

She turned over the book she had opened. "I have come across another page in father's book; I don't tire you, do I?" Molly eagerly assured her friend that she loved to hear more. "He was so far-seeing," Helen said softly. "He wrote everything down that he thought would help me after he had passed on, and this little piece has comforted me so much. This is it: 'When my Helen takes up my work, as she most certainly will do, I urge her to marry Jack, who *is* a great soul. It is true that he is under the influence of Gemini, but she can mould him. Their birthdays go well together, and Jack mended will be a splendid fellow, one who will go through anything for her.

There are a few Gemini people, and he is one of them, who will get all the good they can from their inherited Aura. Jack will realize his danger and attempt the readjustment of his life-currents, because of the love he bears you, my Helen. He will do great things with you as partner ; you will endeavour to be help-mates to each other ; therefore trust him, my child, and trust your father, for I have spent many hours in searching for a soul to mate with yours on the earth plane, and I am satisfied with Jack. Tell him, on your marriage-day, that I give him to you with my blessing, and when children cluster around you then think of your father, who will know that he has left you in good hands.' ”

“ How sweet of him to write so nicely of my brother ! how he must have studied him for your sake, my Helen ! ” Molly cried with enthusiasm. “ Your father’s life was so full of good deeds ; love seemed to have been his moving principle, and love his motive-power. But what a beautiful life the higher life of the soul is ! How can a teaching so pure be aught but Godlike ? ”

“ It is Godlike, ” agreed Helen reverently. And Molly continued—

“ Some day I want to go to India to live among its people, to learn its many languages, to see eye to eye with those from whom our Christos came. I feel sure that we have wrongly read them ; it is love we must offer

them—love such as Christ had, understanding love which offers a pearl of great price, not haughtily as a rich man throws a coin to a beggar, but kindly, as brother to brother ; and if the time be not yet come for their acceptance of Christ as we know Him, let us by our lives show them what it is to have such a Master.” Helen smiled happily : Molly was proving an excellent disciple already.

“They are, from what your father says, a very religious, grand people,” Molly said, looking to her friend for her acquiescence, and noting a friendly nod. “He says, does he not, that they will not eat until they have performed their ablutions and had their devotional ceremonies? Their first visit in the early dawn is to the water, the second to the shrine. Such are the people to whom we send missionaries, whom we call heathen ; it looks as though we were the heathen, Helen,” the girl added rather sadly. “We have, I think, much to learn from them,” Molly suggested. And again her friend nodded assent. “Do we ever think of our devotions as soon as we awake? How many of us say even the Lord’s Prayer before we retire to rest? We are ready to slander, to accuse our fellow-creatures of faults which we ourselves possess, instead of giving a helping hand to our fallen brother or sister. I don’t think we realize that, until we have been as the prodigal son, sick of our misdeeds, and tired of our downfalls, we are unworthy to

undertake the return journey to righteousness. The prodigal son makes a greater teacher than does *he* who has never sinned, for the prodigal has personally experienced restlessness, excitement, excess, revulsion, and despair, when suddenly a swing of the pendulum, touched by his own hand, brings a longing for the return to hope, with a determination to retrace his steps. In the solitude, alone with his cast-off sins, he can hear the voice of his beloved father, vibrating with love; he can almost feel the kiss of peace on his brow, and then he hastens home to fall into the arms of his parent, forgiven, received, and appreciated as he never was before. He has learned his lesson of life, and if *such* a man were to go out and live in India amongst India's people there would be hourly conversions, for then would there be one true Christian, a follower of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

Helen rose and took the slight form of the girl into the comfort of her arms. "Sister," she said softly, "surely you and I are one in spirit already. It is an omen for when Jack and I are married."

"I understand," Molly said softly, "and it makes me happy to think of it."

"There was a man named Dharmapala of the Buddhistic faith," Helen said, "who journeyed to America and who was present at the Great Parliament of Religions of 1893. Wherever he went people followed him, his Aura was like the

fragrance of a beautiful flower, his magnetism was that of a healer whose mere touch took away pain, his voice was soft and musical, his garments were as white as snow, his eyes were like stars, his face had the impress of our Master upon it. Many said of him that in him there was no guile and of such was the Kingdom of Heaven. When he returned to Ceylon men and women wept, for they missed his holy presence."

"I seem to be hearing so many beautiful things from you, Helen," Molly said, her eyes shining with a wonderful light, "that my soul is hungering for the teaching of Reincarnation; for since I have been with you I know that I have lived before, and that we have met somewhere in space. I seem to remember little things you say as though they had been told me before, and often when you have said a thing I hear voices that have long been silent. I see other lands; the languages which are spoken are strange, and yet I quite understand them. Do, please, let me hear your father's views on Reincarnation, dear girl. I shall not be satisfied now until I grasp all that there is to be learned of the life of the soul, from its *alpha* to its *omega*; such truths as you tell me have been 'kept from the wise and the prudent and revealed unto babes,' and I feel like a starved child who, having been fed on porridge for years, suddenly sees beautiful fruits, smells appetizing odours, and longs for

that which has been denied him and which he is at last told he may eat."

Helen smiled happily and patted her young friend on the shoulder. She was a born teacher, and nothing gave her greater pleasure than to impart knowledge to another. "Well, darling, I am going to give you a whole hour all to yourself. You shall question me and I will answer."

The girl took Helen's hands in hers and kissed them affectionately.

"You know, dear," she said, leading Helen to the sofa and making her seat herself where she could sit beside her, "I feel, as though I were opening a door that had been locked for ages. I have been so far from the Master that I could not see Him or love Him as He should be loved. I know that *I* alone am to blame, for every clergyman in our parish has had a try with me. Aunt Jessie was especially determined that I should be saved. She was an aggressive Christian, and one preacher friend of hers frightened me with hell fire until I felt creepy; another told me that I was cruel, deceitful, wicked, overbearing, and a lot more dreadful things. I was talked to, prayed at, prayed for, coaxed, cajoled, threatened, but I felt no emotion. Everything they said seemed cold and dead; there was none of their religion in me. I read books which only did me harm, so that I scoffed at religion and came to you intending to laugh at yours, as Jack had told

me that you were a little Puritan, very goody-goody, and yet most lovable. I know what he meant, dear old Jack! and now to think that I, Molly Hargreaves, of my own accord, and with my soul afire, ask you to help me serve our Lord Christ so that I may be His true follower to the end of this life and for all time!" She snuggled up to Helen's side, and the elder girl put one arm round Molly's slim waist as she replied—

"Molly, I want you to listen to a few words from father's book, for he was a true servant of God. May I read what he says about a little friend of his who was an Indian girl of high rank?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, her name was Sita; she was only seventeen years old, and yet a mother. One day she had some sweetmeats brought her by a woman servant, wrapped in a page of the Bible; the words she read in Urdu were: 'Unless ye become as little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of God.' She puzzled over those words for a long time. My father has written: 'And then summoned up courage to ask me what it all meant. I told her she was to go away into a long silence, which the Easterns call concentration, and that then she would unquestionably be taught the meaning of the words. She studied for three hours a day, hoping she would find a passage in the Upanishads with the words, and, after waiting

three weeks, questioned me again. Sweet little innocent soul ! she was seeking the Truth in a wider sense, and her answer came in a beautiful way for her. Cholera broke out in the district where little Sita lived, and when I called to see her I was greeted with the message : " Sita has gone with her little boy to the home beyond ; she said we were to tell you that she had become a little child, and was then called to her Father." She left behind her a beautiful sense of peace, joy, and love ; her dear face looked as though she were in sleep, a smile played on her lips ; it made us long as we looked at her to see her eyes open, but she had opened them in that other home. She knows now all that her heart ached to understand ; she is even in her silence teaching a lesson, never to be forgotten, that our Creator has kept much " from the wise and prudent which He has revealed unto babes." ' ' "

CHAPTER III

MARCH 7TH—

Astrological Signs : Pisces and Aries.

Governing Planet : Mars.

Domain : Fire.

Should marry one born under Libra, September 23rd.

Governing Planet : Venus.

Domain : Air.

Generous Pisces, whither wending?
When and how art thou intending,
To retrench thy heedless spending
Which spells ruin to thine ending?
Idle giving makes for sorrow,
Wait to give until the morrow;
When thou'rt wiser, thou'lt not borrow,
But some other pastime follow.

MOLLY had just come in from a walk, and very pretty she looked with a healthy glow colouring her cheeks and shining in her eyes. Helen met her in the hall and led her into the pretty drawing-room, asking her where she had been.

“Helen,” the girl cried excitedly, “I wonder whether you can give me some help for a poor cripple in whom I am greatly interested. He

is thirty, married; he is called Reginald, and he and his wife have a son. He was not born a cripple; he lost his leg in trying to save his employer's life, and although he works hard they are very poor. Might not astrology give us a key to the situation?"

Helen nodded kindly. She was delighted to see that the once frivolous girl now found her pleasure in doing good.

"From what you say," she answered, "I should think that he belongs to Pisces. Find out the date of his birthday, Molly, and we will help him to help himself. He is, I fear, extremely proud, and *that* is because he was born early in March, so that we must be careful not to hurt his pride."

"However do you know he suffers from pride? It is one of his few failings," and Molly held up her hands in amazement.

"Well, dear, I have studied astrology so deeply that I can fit on characters to the right dates, and I am pretty well correct every time. But find out his birthday, so that we may be certain what are his talents, and then we can help him."

Helen thought to herself: "I must try and get this chart ready for Reginald before Molly returns, as I am quite certain that he was born on the 3rd of March, in which case his governing planets are Jupiter and Neptune, and his domain Water. Pisces, his astrological sign, has several good qualities,

which make him a clever worker; he is obstinate, of course, that also comes from his birthday, but stubborn people are often clever and understand in which direction their ability tends. I think that if Molly could start him as a dealer in antiques, instead of letting him make little brackets and frames, then if we could have him taught enamelling, he could easily carve and enamel mascots, and the fashionable world is sure to give him orders for lucky trinkets.

“We could even create a demand for them so that Reginald would be kept busy. As he is by nature artistic his beautiful trinkets would bring beautiful thoughts. Men enjoy accepting small gifts from those who love them, and how much better would these gifts be if founded on a system. A triangle showing the threefold self, a square meaning preservation, a cube constancy, the figure of Good Luck with sevenfold blessings, a four-leafed clover meaning health, prosperity, long life, and happiness—all these make splendid mascots. I think myself that such a scheme would lead to the introduction of our grand teaching. He could also fashion the signs of Zodiac, each having its own lesson. We might make of him a fashionable modern artist to whom people will go, and at our great festivals he will be simply run after as these are things which appeal to people.”

An hour later Molly returned, and gave a

sheet of notepaper into her friend's hands. Before looking at it, however, Helen asked—

“ Well, Molly, is it the 3rd of March? Am I right? ” She glanced at the paper: “ Then it is so ; here is his chart quite ready, and I have thought out a glorious plan for helping him, so come and hear what I have to tell you.” Molly took her hat off and sat down in eager expectation.

“ We must first get him a book of designs and symbols that I have lately been scanning, which was written by a pupil of an Oriental,” Helen explained after mentioning her scheme. “ It is English in expression, but Oriental in its subject-matter. Next, he must have tools, sandal-wood, ivory, a few sheets of silver, copper, and gold ; also we must supply him with enamel, and I will give him the benefit of my five years' experience of how to work in these precious wares. I am positive my plan will be as great a success as we could hope for.”

Molly was delighted, and, like all young people, tremendously anxious to lose no time.

“ Helen, make out a list,” she cried, clapping her hands gleefully, “ and let me go buying whilst you interview Reginald Merriman and his wife. Remember, dear, that he is a gentleman to his finger-tips, although born in the poorest part of London and self-made.”

Molly's enthusiasm was contagious, and soon Helen was dressed and speeding, with her heart full of love, to interview the Merrimans. She

found their cottage scrupulously clean and neat, and prettily though simply furnished, but what worried Helen was that there was a great sadness about it. It quite unnerved her for a while, but she soon pulled herself together and started her campaign of joy with a smiling face.

“Mr. Merriman,” she began, after husband and wife had welcomed her to their home, almost with dignity she thought, “Miss Hargreaves and I have been talking over a plan for your betterment, what I hope you will like, only you must just tell me if I bore you.

“I believe you model beautifully, and with an artist’s soul you allow people to pay you far too little for your work. I am going to show you how you may make quite a good income by the aid of your natural talents.”

The husband thanked her, a little stiffly she thought, but she was not discouraged. Mrs. Merriman said nothing; it was evident that she relied upon her husband. Helen took out her notebook and continued.

“First of all,” she said, “let me tell you that this cottage is beautiful and well situated, but there is a vein of sadness about it which may perhaps vanish as we go on speaking. You are so neat that you think me a very untidy woman, Mrs. Merriman, but I am just a worker and feel that life is too short to give me time to put things straight. I know there is a screw loose in me somewhere, but let us

get to business. To understand the plan I have for you, I want you first of all to know me as I am. I believe in practical Christianity, and in a God who loves beauty and perfection and who is the embodiment of all logic, science, and mysticism. I have been an atheist, or I thought that I was, but now I am just one of God's little children looking out upon the universe. I try to get into touch with Nature and she speaks to me with her many voices. In answer to one of them I am here to invite you to begin your work in a new way, Mr. Merriman. Instead of the stereotyped little pieces of carving you have been working at I want you to try to make little psychic symbols which are becoming fashionable, such as the signs of the Zodiac, a lucky horseshoe, a lucky bear, a triangle, and so on. People are seeking these things now, and if you can be in at the beginning of this demand for Nature symbols I am certain that you will be the right person in the right place, and, what is more, being first in the field, you will be able to make much more than a mere living." Merriman looked at his wife, who nodded approvingly.

"I should like to hear more about these symbols, Miss," he said. Helen was pleased.

"Perhaps you do not know that my father has left me practically a rich woman," she explained. "I want to be able to start a factory for the manufacture of our symbols and signs, which can also be a hall and which shall

include a library of helpful books containing advice for young men and women. Then we could have cheerful evenings there with penny readings, and do lots of things for the good of our friends. Now, if you will assist me and yourself at the same time, I want you to leave this cottage and start work at once in town. In case your wife and child pine for the country, I have a dear little cottage at Gypsy Hill, which I shall place at your disposal for three years, free of rent. It belonged to my dear father, and there you can live and come to and fro to your town work. I also have an invalid's chair which my father presented me with when I broke my ankle some years ago; it is quite new, and placed at your disposal. Further, to cap all, I have a motor-trolley which I would not sell some time ago, and which can take you from Victoria Station, as your chair will be lifted on to it, and here is your season ticket. The stationmaster thinks that he can get you in the guard's van on most days, as it will be easy to hand you out as luggage, and when the weather is nice and fine we may be able to rig you up an awning, so that the motor-trolley can take you right from Gypsy Hill to the office in Vere Street. Does this please you?"

Merriman was almost aghast with astonishment. It was difficult to realize so much and such complete good-fortune all at once.

"But, Miss Tagore, how have you thought it

all out so rapidly?" he asked, "and why should you do so much for me?"

"I have had this scheme in my mind for years," Helen answered, watching his eyes closely, "and have only been waiting for the right person to carry it out. God sent you and I am ready. You see, the sooner we begin the sooner will this wonderful work be started, and God's message go out to the world."

The man's eyes were moist; his wife tried to speak their thanks, but speech failed her, so that she could only clasp her hands and pray silently. But at last Merriman found words—

"I am ready, Miss Tagore. My heart is wellnigh overflowing with joy. Thank God! thank God!" he said brokenly, "and thank you who have brought God's mercy to our home." He steadied his voice a little and then went on—

"It is a strange thing, but a gentleman gave me a book some years ago called 'The Bhagavad Gita,' and on the flyleaf is a name spelt like yours; will you look at it?"

Helen took the book and saw written, "Charles Carruthers, from Professor Tagore," and under that again, "Reginald Merriman from Charles Carruthers." Her eyes filled with tears as she said—

"I knew General Carruthers well, Mr. Merriman; he was my father's best friend and my godfather. Now I know that my dear sainted father has brought you into my life and that he meant me to help you." She was a

little excited, her usual calmness gone for the moment.

“Don't you see it all, Mr. Merriman? Father's money is to be spent in the work you will do ; you are a link in the chain, you, your wife, and child. It is, indeed, quite beautiful how all has come about. I thank you for showing me this book. You three are my precious father's legacy to me, and we must learn together the great truths of the song celestial. Do you know that the higher life of the soul will bring you nearer to Christ? It will bring you near to a personal Saviour and you will not be satisfied until you are breathing, thinking, and living in the Divine and universal thought of God, which means love and *is* love.”

Helen was so engrossed in her subject that she did not observe Mrs. Merriman's face, which had suddenly become sullen, and it gave her a shock when a querulous voice declared—

“Miss Tagore, I really cannot allow my husband to give up the religion of his youth for a pagan superstition. You must please leave us alone to go our own way. We are happy, God-fearing people, and Miss Hargreaves had no right to speak of us to you. I think it is interfering with the liberty of two people who are content to go their own way, and live their own life. Reginald, you remember my parents warned us against Antichrists.”

Helen's calm face showed no resentment as she answered the discontented woman.

"Mrs. Merriman, you do not know what you are saying. I am a Christian, like you. I love God, as do you. I wish to serve Him faithfully to my life's end, as I am sure you are both striving to do; but instead of seeing God through small spectacles and the world through a magnifying glass, I want you both to have telescopes, that is all."

The bigot bridled up. "It is all very well, Miss Tagore!" she said snappishly; "I am not a clever woman, but some sorrow will come upon us if we leave the God of our fathers and follow gods of wood and stone."

Helen was not surprised at the woman's attitude; she had had to deal with unreasoning, narrow-minded people before.

"Mrs. Merriman," she said quietly, "if you feel as you do, of course you must be guided by your conscience; but at all events let your husband be a free agent—do not cramp his efforts to follow what to him is a creed worth studying. He allows you to do as *you* please; let him study a newer and holier religion than yours, so that he may come to know the wider, greater Christ who reigns over the world."

Merriman had been silent while his wife protested, but, encouraged now, he spoke up.

"Yes, Pat," he said, "I am going to row in the same boat as Miss Tagore and Miss

Hargreaves. I have been tied down too long to little things, to dismal tea-fights, hackneyed Bible-classes, miserable evenings at home, and scandal-brewing afternoons, until my manhood calls out for purer air. I must make a tack and sail away into a wide, open sea, where wave upon wave will raise me above doubt, and where in the light of God's presence I shall see Him, know Him, and work under His guidance."

He paused, but his wife only pouted peevishly; and when he put out a caressing hand she shrank from it as though he meant to strike her. He sighed to think that she would not open her eyes to the light, owing to her superstitious belief in the teaching of superstitious people who preferred ignorance to learning and feared truth.

"Do not make things too hard for me, dear," he said, "but try to come with me, wife. We must seek God together, you and I, and not be controlled by fashion, dogma, or old associations. Our souls crave for the peace which passes all understanding, and here it is offered to us. When we have found this pearl of great price and know its value, we shall be able to offer it to your parents."

The woman's face was still hard as she said to him—

"Why should we not tell them now? Why should there be all this secrecy and deception? If a thing is right, why not speak of it? If, as

you say, it is a gem of value, a pearl of great price, why hide it?"

He shrugged his thin shoulders; it was so hard to argue against prejudice.

"Well, dear heart, they have their old-fashioned beliefs, don't you see," he said; "and we must learn before we can teach, and then we can show them where they err, for I have long been sure that they do err. Miss Tagore and Miss Hargreaves ask me to search the Scriptures with them, to join them in their own work of helping people; they have already explained to me why suffering was necessary for me, and that is enough to show me that they are in the right. Had I not met with that accident I should have been overbearing, loveless, obstinate, discontented, and consequently unhappy. You see, Pat, God was training me; and now He, the great Master, seeing that I am longing to work for Him on a larger scale, has sent these two ladies to help us with house, money, tools, conveyance, everything. Don't you see it is all God's goodness? Oh, wife! can you not follow it step by step?"

She was forced to give way a little, but her protests were not ended.

"If we give up this nice country cottage," she complained, "our little Malcolm will suffer for want of milk, eggs, and fresh air. Must we let him die because you think we have found something that will give us pleasure and peace?"

He looked toward Helen, wondering whether she resented his wife's ill-temper, but her serene face reassured him and he spoke again.

"Wife," he said, "you have not heard all that Miss Tagore said, so you have missed the best part of the story. This lady is giving us a cottage—her own at Gypsy Hill—for three years, rent free. Malcolm will thrive and prosper there; he may even grow up to be strong, with will-power and a good name. Let us therefore thank God and accept what our kind friends are offering us. You remember that, when I was a lad of fourteen, people called me handsome. They spoilt me with compliments; they gave me a good time, nick-naming me Adonis, a Greek god, or Apollo. Now that I am a cripple they pass me by, and shudder if they see me. And, Miss Tagore," he added, turning to Helen, "what pricks my conscience is this: it was *not* because I loved my employer or because I wanted to do my duty that I saved him, but because I wanted to be a hero and to be praised and fêted, with my portrait in the newspapers. I achieved my object—I was praised fulsomely. For seven weeks I lay ill, and then was taken to church—no, not to return thanks, but to be seen and congratulated. Then I learned the lesson of my life—instead of admiring me as I expected, people looked at me and turned away in disgust; some shuddered, others just spoke to me but looked away. I wanted to die, for no

one admired the hideous cripple who limped and squinted.

“One day, while I sat on the seashore, three years after my accident, a beautiful girl came and sat near me with her governess, and I heard her say quite audibly: ‘Isn’t it a pity he is a cripple and disfigured? One side of his face is quite passable, but the other is very horrible. Why don’t such creatures die?’ Miss Tagore, I nearly cursed God that day! I turned to the little lady and said: ‘Young lady, it is a pity you did not bring with you a spark of human sympathy; but you belong to the smart set, where sympathy is looked upon as a maudlin sentiment, I suppose.’

“‘What a horrid man you are!’ she said, with flaming cheeks. ‘No wonder God made you a cripple. I am not sorry for you any more, so I hope you’ll have lots of pain and never get better any more.’

“Another three years passed. I was sitting in the very same seat when a large bath-chair was wheeled up, and a pair of eyes looked out at me which I seemed to remember.

“‘Look, Maisey, look at that cripple!’ the owner cried. ‘Is he not the same man I spoke to so rudely three years ago? Call him, please, or wheel me to him—I must speak to him.’

“Then she asked me: ‘Do you remember me? I was a horrid, rude girl who called you names, and soon after I fell from my horse. Look at me now—worse than you. My face is

scarred all over, arm broken, and legs paralysed. Are you sorry for me? Will you forgive me, Mr. Cripple? I am very unhappy, for no one loves me any more!’

“Miss Tagore, I felt so sad for the poor little mite! You have done so much for us—may I ask your help for the poor young lady who is suffering so terribly?”

“Certainly, Mr. Merriman. Did you ask her for her address?” replied Helen, ever ready to move in a good cause.

“Yes,” he said, taking an envelope from his pocket. “Ah! here it is—3, Candahar Road, Clapham Junction. She is with her nurse, who has her home at Clapham.”

“But I thought you had an idea she was from Mayfair,” Helen said.

“Yes; but her parents were anxious to have her removed to an incurable hospital, and the kind nurse offered to have her in her home and take more care of her than her own people could have done.”

“We must go and see her,” Helen declared brightly, and the cripple thanked her as though the favour was for himself. “We shall add her to our staff,” Helen added. “She may be able to teach our poorer girls something, and there is nothing that helps a sufferer more than a busy life and to be doing good for others.”

“Indeed you are right. Well, now I am wondrously happy, and feel—may I say it?—as jolly as a sandboy. How jolly that is I don’t

quite know. But I feel it, and feel, too, that all will be well in every sense of the word—so happy! so happy! Come, wife, be happy, too.”

All this time Mrs. Merriman had been watching Helen closely. Apparently she came to the conclusion that one who was so ready to do good could not mean harm to their souls, and so, suddenly and impulsively, she came forward, and while saying goodbye she thanked her for all she had offered them. She shook hands with Helen and seemed quite happy again.

The next day Molly and Helen called on Mrs. Merriman, who was alone, and found her quite ashamed of her previous behaviour; but when she very sweetly asked forgiveness and told her story, which was just as pathetic as her husband's, the two girls not only gave her their sympathy, but both felt drawn towards her.

She had had a very hard life. As a child she was taught to think everything wrong but the evangelical Church in which she had been brought up; to her flowers, music, and a surpliced choir were temptations of the Evil One. She had fought a hard fight because services in a church were most distasteful to her, but a strong sense of duty made her go through the morning and evening service every Sunday, and with tightly shut eyes (to use her own words) she counted to herself in hundreds, beginning at one and ending with seven

hundred and back again to one, which made the time go sooner.

Then came Reginald Merriman into her life, and although her parents tried to dissuade her, she married him and went to live in a little cottage by the sea. She had a most difficult time in many ways, for they were poor and she worked hard; then God gave them a daughter who was extremely delicate, and who lived only three years. At that time Mrs. Merriman lost courage and became very ill, but gradually she took up life again; her husband was stronger and she became more cheerful—life held out a good deal more to them and once again she was a mother, with her Malcolm.

He grew to be seven, and was also very delicate; his first tooth did not arrive till he was three, when they nearly lost him with convulsions. Only after dreary years did he begin to put on flesh and to look like other children. No wonder, then, that her mother's heart throbbed with fear and her beautiful eyes grew dim when she thought that a change in life or residence might not be well for her Malcolm.

"Poor thing!" thought Helen. "Yours has been a hard life indeed, for only those who have gone hungry to bed know what it is to be poor, to want sympathy, to yearn for love."

"Mrs. Merriman," she said to her later, "I brought father's book with me as I want to read to you out of it about an Indian mother

who had to give up five little children in succession in the first years of her married life."

Mrs. Merriman's sympathy was aroused at once, and as Helen read her eyes filled with tears.

"Her name was Thulsie," Helen said; "you must hear about her in father's own words."

"My little friend Thulsie," he wrote, "was married when twelve years of age to a rich man, who was a moneylender of very high caste. She had a good home with him, and her little babe was born a year after their marriage. It was a sweet child and looked like a little waxen doll, the image of his mother; at the age of six months he began to teethe, and died of convulsions in his mother's arms. I went to see her and thought to find her hysterically weeping, but instead she greeted me with a smile and said—

"The Gardener wanted my flower, Tagore Sahib, for Allah's Garden. It will blossom there for me until I find it on my way to the School of Learning."

"I could say nothing but 'Peace to thee, gentle lady!'" and her answer came immediately, "And to thy home be peace!"

"I had gone a long way to see her and she ministered to me as she usually did, not letting me want for a single thing, and the only sign of grief in her perceptible to *me*—and that was only because I was a keen observer—was when her husband came and, touching her

head, said gently, "Tired, little mother?" Her sensitive frame shook then and she quivered in every limb, but soon quieted down again, and once more the radiant smile and far-away, glad look returned in her eyes.

" "I was her visitor after each baby was taken ; she lost five boys, and always the same words greeted me—

" " "The Gardener loves my roses best, Tagore Sahib. He will not leave me them ; I am not worthy."

" "After a while there came a change : a little daughter arrived, when both parents sent for me in a joyous message—

" " "Come, Tagore Sahib, and see us and our little daughter, who has come to stay."

" "They had called each son "Rambhau," and the little girlie was called "Rumabai." Sweet little mother ! God had indeed tried her faith to the utmost, but she was not found wanting.

" "Rumabai has grown into a beautiful maiden, and is already betrothed to a prince of their own caste and in their own country, but Rumabai will never be as queenly a woman as was her mother, nor will she be able to breast the storm of a life of sorrow, I fear. And yet who knows? When I looked at little Thulsiebai with her first dead babe in her arms, I thought she must break and go under, but no ! her faith was beautiful, wonderful, grand ; she cheerfully gave up her best treasure

to the Gardener who wanted them for Allah's Garden. Little Oriental mother, God has indeed given thee faith and grace and love and long-suffering. May thou be a guide to suffering women of all lands!"

"Do you like my story, Mrs. Merriman?" Helen inquired, closing the book. Mrs. Merriman was wiping her eyes quite openly.

"It is beautiful, Miss Tagore," she said, holding back a little sob. "I should like to see these Indian people; they must indeed be lovable. Why is it we do not know more about them?"

"Why indeed?" said Helen with a sigh. "Excepting that ignorance and prejudice build high walls about us and shut out many of the beautiful things that would delight us."

CHAPTER IV

APRIL 19TH—

Astrological Sign: Aries.
Governing Planets: Mars and Neptune.
Domains: Fire and Earth.

Ought to marry one born under Sagittarius, December 21st.

Governing Planet: Jupiter.
Domain: Earth.

Aries, human, thine the day,
Thine to rise, to hold all sway.
In whatever country thou—
Every head to thee must bow.

Thine to soar to heights unknown,
Till thy skill e'en rebels own.
Naught can keep thee from thy flight,
Naught can turn Thee from what's right.

HELEN'S arrangements for her workshop and club had all been completed, and she had gone to see the Merrimans to make her last arrangements with them. She was happy over the progress shown all round, and her voice sounded wonderfully fresh and inspiring.

“Here we are, all ready for our new move,” she cried; “even Mrs. Merriman is happy now, are you not, dear friend?”

“Yes, Miss Tagore, thank you, I am most certainly happier. It was not ingratitude that made me anxious, but terrors implanted in me by my religious training. You see, I fear to trust in myself, and am afraid to act, for I have no confidence in my own decision, nor in Reginald’s since he grew restless. But I am certain now that we shall soon see light, and then all will be well.”

Reginald Merriman looked at her fondly. He knew how unselfish and loving she was; a little petulance might well be forgiven her, considering her worries.

“Thank you, Pat,” he said, turning to her. “All we have to do is to trust in God implicitly. He is never unjust, and if the Churches of to-day fail to help us, He does not urge our adhering to them blindfoldedly, for He says, ‘Prove all things.’”

“We know that in many of the Churches there are men who have the courage of their own opinions, who have swept away our childhood’s bogies of a heaven of stagnation and an unquenchable hell fire. Almost every governess and Sunday-school teacher threatened us with these, until, in spite of reason, we feared them. But we are allowed to search the Scriptures, and it is left to our own consciences either to assemble with God’s

people in His sanctuary or to praise Him in the open air by ourselves ; we are free to serve our Creator as we will, therefore let us fear nothing.

“ We go confident, because of God’s love, into the unknown future, and take our Malcolm with us, a right move at a right moment, wife, so,” he went on cheerily, “ let us lose no time in regrets, for we need have none. Our goodbyes will be short, we have not much to pack, all will soon be ready, and we shall embark upon our new life-work with every blessing attending us. And wife, please tell kind Miss Tagore *when* Malcolm was born, she will then let us know what we are to do with him as regards his education.”

Mrs. Merriman gave the date promptly, though somewhat doubtfully. At the back of her rigid mind there still lurked the idea that Miss Tagore’s astrology was something like fortune-telling.

“ Born in April ! well, he’s all right, so we won’t worry any more,” cried Helen, noting the grain of unbelief but determined to ignore it. “ Listen ! An April child is truthful, honourable, lovable, hard-working, and, what is more, a most willing worker. What further do we want ? Hurrah for Malcolm ! and remember, God makes no mistakes. He knew what you both were, and when you were both ready for a little son, He sent you your hearts’ desire. You can make of him a soldier, sailor, teacher,

or business-man ; he has everything in his favour."

Poor little Mrs. Merriman was quite overcome. She could only step forward and hold Helen's hand in her own and caress it constantly.

"When do we start, Miss Tagore? I think you said it would be to-morrow. We shall leave nothing but glad memories behind." And so to Helen's great comfort the last night in their old abode was passed by the Merrimans in joyfully anticipating the future, and next day they moved to Gypsy Hill, and later Mr. Merriman went to his new work at the workshop in Vere Street.

Had a magic wand touched the two places there could not have been greater surprise in store for the new-comers. There was a very complete workshop in Vere Street, with workers, six nice-looking men, a porter, a boy in buttons, glass cases for the trinkets to be made, tables covered with designs, standard books, tools, instruments, working stools, a miniature jeweller's shop bearing the names, "Merriman, Hargreaves and Tagore, Ltd.," a green door, electric bells, a lift, and every luxury.

When Reginald and his two dear ones arrived they found their patronesses ready to welcome them, and work was started at once.

By noon customers began to arrive, and orders were given and booked. Later in the

afternoon the two ladies carried off Mrs. Merriman and Malcolm to Gypsy Hill, leaving Reginald to follow after locking up.

It was all joy and gladness from beginning to end, and when Mrs. Merriman and the boy saw the prettily furnished cottage, with its garden of fruit and vegetables, its field sheltering cows, goats, chickens, they were almost too delighted to understand all their good-fortune. Helen led them in and made a very pretty speech, in which she again referred to lending them the house for three years, after which she gave over all the keys to Mrs. Merriman.

“Do you really mean it, Miss Tagore?” the poor woman gasped as she looked about her. “Are we to own this delightful cottage for three years? Thank you, and thank you again; may you be blessed indeed! I trust that we may prove good tenants. But you have done quite enough for us now, ladies, and I must turn round and do something for you; it is like a big story in the Arabian Nights, and I cannot get used to it all at once.”

“You proud little woman!” cried Helen laughingly, almost as pleased as her tenant was. “Mr. Merriman will soon want your help in his office, *then* you *will* be helping us, because you will be giving out kind thoughts with every little mascot, and when you are too busy to get away from here to go to Vere Street, you can send out pretty little telepathic messages

by mind transference, so that it will be just as if you were there yourself to give them."

"A week ago I should not have been able to believe in that, Miss Tagore!" Mrs. Merri-man said gravely. "But Reginald and I have been trying telepathy lately, and we have done marvellous work through its agency already. It is my husband's secret just now. I am going to tell you all about it when he says I may. There is another thing I want to ask you about, Miss Tagore. You told my husband that he would need to put a precious stone into each of the little mascots for sale; can you tell me in what order, that I may get it written out for him?"

"I shall get them ready and written out for you, dear friend," Helen answered her, as she saw that Molly was becoming impatient to be off. "We must go on now to get a few things for our office which have been forgotten, so we will give your husband or you the list later."

"I suppose you have thought of something quite new which you feel you must give us or the office." And Mrs. Merriman playfully shook a warning finger. "Really, Miss Tagore, I wonder what your dear father must think of your extravagance. But, forgive me, you say that your money belongs to the Master."

"I believe that it does," was the reply, "and you are using it for His work. I have bought

some lovely ribbons of the most glorious shades ; they will help to bring happy thoughts."

"Reginald and I have thought of something. You may call it an invention ; we shall keep it a secret until we have perfected it, and *then* we want to give a tea to *you* and tell you all about it. We *shall* enjoy waiting upon you, as the secret will be unfolded. But there"—quietly pushing Helen towards the door—"you must go away or I shall blurt it all out, and then poor Reggie will be so disappointed. You put it into our heads, Miss Tagore, just you alone. It is nearly ready. Oh, please go away!" She laughed gleefully, and as Helen was going stayed her to tell her in a whisper: "It is in that room ; there are seven parts of it. Do go away now, or I know that I shall let it all out to you. I cannot bear you to go, only you said you were going to be busy."

Helen turned on the threshold—the tone of the cottage was delightful, and she was quite loath to leave such a sunshiny home.

"I am going," she answered playfully. "Mrs. Merriman, I want just to tell you something which I specially kept for this time, or I may forget it. You asked me once, some time ago, why I am so fond of one emerald to the exclusion of others. Well, it seems as though I can explain it to you to-day. Now, do you not think, Mrs. Merriman, that God means each little atom of His creation to do its work?"

I do. Do you see this wonderful emerald?" And she held it out. "Its colour fascinates you, does it not? My father had it given him by a dear Hindu banker whose life he saved. Athmarahmpunt told him it would always bring him success, and it *did*. Father was never without it, and he left it me when he passed on. I have lent it several times to people who were absolutely without hope, and they have told me, in every case, it has brought them their heart's desire. I quite love it. I am lending it to your husband this week; he is going to keep it in his purse. We are working at some sad cases, you know—that is, Miss Hargreaves, he and I; and we feel they will pull through because God is so good to us, and we are fulfilling Nature's demand by wearing our mascot of success. In that emerald is contained hope, gratitude, energy, goodwill, and many blessings which the heart of the banker sent into it, thus making it so splendid a mascot.

"I have lent my emerald once to a drunkard," Helen went on, beckoning to Molly to wait for a little, "to a thief, an inveterate smoker, a liar, a gambler; each time it has done its work and been returned to me with a beaming face and the same grateful words, 'Thank you, Miss Tagore, your emerald has brought me glorious success in conquering temptation.' Of course, the thoughts with which a gift is given help the cause greatly."

“Do these gems never bring unhappiness and ill-luck, then?” Mrs. Merriman asked.

“No, *these* do not,” her friend explained; “but there are those that do, only they are not among the seven chosen gems. Unlucky stones are the opal, the Siberian amethyst, and the malevolent ruby, which we do well to avoid.”

“But why should they be *malevolent*?” Mrs. Merriman asked, intensely interested, “when they are also from the mineral kingdom and made by the same all-wise Creator? Can you explain it to me, dear Miss Tagore?”

Helen called to Molly: “Wait a minute, dear, for I really can’t go before I’ve explained this matter to Mrs. Merriman.” Then, opening her invariable companion, the book written by her father, she said to Mrs. Merriman: “This is what he wrote on gems: ‘The reason why there are gems which are looked upon as unlucky is that in ancient Egypt and India it was said, “The gods cursed certain of the mineral, animal, and vegetable creations, giving them powers for evil alone.” The idea of such a curse worked so deeply upon the minds of the people that it made realities of mere fancies, and this made it quite natural in those ancient times, when failure was the result of any deed, to ask immediately, “Had you an opal?” or, “From where did your ruby come?” “Was your amethyst sent you from Siberia?” and so on. In like manner an Oriental will not

have an owl or a peacock near his property. There are temples built in the Orient to propitiate animals and birds of ill-omen, or to protect the unfortunate against the Evil Eye. And as the Orient and Occident have exchanged their tales of folklore, it has been found that travellers to England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales have brought from the East many stories and fables, which have become part of the "Wise Sayings," as they are called, of these countries as well. Such a custom as the presentation of bread and salt to the stranger, which is as old as is Mount Ararat, as also the belief that a black cat is a messenger of good import for the day, that a sparrow coming to the window means a year of plenty, a robin in cold weather notifies coming famine, that a swallow's appearance in a house is a signal of death, the sudden neighing of a horse or the howling of a dog also being a warning of approaching death. We have in the Orient a bird which answers to the little robin, and another bird very like a swallow in appearance, so much so that you would hardly know them apart.' So now, Mrs. Merriman, I have put down several things which will give you thought for days, because they are part and parcel of the lives of the people."

"Thank you, I have so much to occupy my mind; the days will slip by merrily with Malcolm at a good school all day," Mrs. Merriman declared gratefully. "I shall have several

hours for work now, real, good, uninterrupted work. It is a blessing to have work, Miss Tagore, and if more of us worked conscientiously there would be no suicides, no depression, and less insanity; work helps religion; a mind full of well thought out work is the most capable; and it is a mind that not only accepts but understands religion."

Molly had said nothing during this visit; her whole attention was taken up with watching a sort of halo which surrounded Helen's head. When they got back in the car she looked into her friend's eyes, and then asked—

"Dear friend, tell me what an aura is, as I feel sure that I have seen one to-day; it was around your head."

"Then you saw only the *halo*, Molly, if there was one perceptible; but every human has an aura, good or bad, beautiful or otherwise. It is an oval, showing the deeds of many years in colours representing the present characteristic of its possessor; it is also called 'a recording angel.' I think I like both names equally; those who can see these auras are people who are in touch with spiritual phenomena, and who are so sensitive to the ether in the universe, also to the vibrations which move therein. For instance, if you wanted to know what sort of personage your friend is, the aura guides you, and you either love your friend more or you are able to guide your friend in case you see something in the aura which is

not quite what it ought to be, and then friendship demands your aid. If, however, you see such colours as red, orange, dark, dirty green, muddy brown, or an ugly grey, you will do well to avoid the person as you would a serpent, for *there* you have seen evil. The aura is something tangible, for it shows the making or breaking of a soul ; it is the visible result of the well or evil doing of a life.

“ ‘As a man thinketh so is he ’ is a true saying, Molly, and every act, small or great, good or bad, leaves its impress on his character, and consequently colours his aura. Love, joy, peace, pleasure, happiness are all shown by colours, as are jealousy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness ; this is why my dear father so persistently wrote of the aura being a living, moving, active thing.

“ Go into a room full of people, and you will be amazed to see how the different auras strike you. *Courage* appears to you at one point, *despair* at another, *fear* at a third, *malice* at a fourth, and as you go round the room, first to one part and then another, your emotions will undergo a rapid change.

“ When you call for the first time at a house you experience an emotion at the very entrance, for the aura of the house has touched you, and this is the aura with which the people who dwell therein have surrounded themselves. Next come the servants, combined and individual auras ; and if, on your first visit, a

gloom settles upon you, you know that it means that the house has in it people of a depressing nature, and you wisely keep away from it as much as possible. It is one of the warnings a human has, this reading of individual and collective auras. It is a comforting thought that we individuals of the earth plane have power to change our auras, and that as living souls we are better able to work for ourselves and others for a betterment of these auras. My father's book will again explain the matter to us. He wrote: 'So vividly clear is the human aura that at times I have been dazzled with its brightness, as even at times been misled by its intensity.

“ ‘Once on a long journey I arrived at a traveller's bungalow far away from anywhere, right up in the hills; it was 9 p.m., and a glorious moon was shedding her light upon us. I saw a tent a little way off, which showed me that the traveller's bungalow had overflowed, and there was no room in it for me; but just as I made up my mind to turn away I saw something which attracted my attention, making me long with an utterable desire to go towards this great light of sapphire blue which stood out like the oval of an egg; scintillating within it was a blaze of light of a pale blue, and merging to a central light was a collection of the most beautiful gossamer of white and blue!

“ ‘As I approached I was quite certain that I beheld the aura of a seer, who carried his

character chart with him, as does a snail who has his house on his back. *Then* after my eyes had got used to the radiance I noticed that within the aura was a man of exquisite physique; he was writing, with his eyes scanning space, his head erect, a smile on his face, a halo round his head. He did not hear my approach until I addressed him with the words: "Father of the Elements, thy aura has attracted thy servant, who comes to bow down before thee."

" " "Nay, sir, indeed, thou dost mistake thy duty; worship not me, but Him that sent me," he answered. And then, with a kindly smile, he added: "It cheers me to know that in my physical self I am glorifying my King, and may I tell you, kindly stranger, that thou art spiritually evolving thyself or thou couldst not have noticed my aura, for I am not seen by the ordinary passer-by." I bowed to the ground to do him honour, but when I arose I stood alone in the moonlight; my friend from the other side had passed on to another position. God speed him on his way! But never shall I forget that scene in the moonlight, never the voice, never the beautiful peace which surrounded me as I approached that aura; and I pray God that at some time to you, Helen, my aural light may be in some small measure as beautiful as was his to me! "

Molly was silent for a little while. So only the spiritually inclined could see auras, and she

had already seen Helen's halo. It seemed to her that it indicated her spiritual advancement under Helen's loving tuition.

"Tell me more, dear!" she cried, turning to her friend. "My soul is hungry, and you alone can satisfy it."

Helen smiled indulgently; she loved a promising pupil, and believed that in time Molly would be able to teach in her turn.

"I'll take another subject, Molly dear," she said. "I know you are brave as a rule, and I want you always to be so, and therefore I will tell you.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, of 'Donidale,' Surbiton," Helen related, "had two daughters and a son; they had lived in that neighbourhood for several years in a state of most abject fear lest their family history should be known. The point they considered so very terrible was that Mrs. Lawrence's people were in trade, and when she married Mr. Lawrence, a well-to-do man, who had a beautiful country house, a house in town, a shooting-box in Scotland, a fishing in Ireland, and a villa in Nice, she thought that she must bury her past. In all her years of married life she never once invited any of her numerous impecunious relations to share what she gave away so lavishly to strangers. She talked, moreover, of her people as being merchant princes, when suddenly there came a bolt from the blue, for one of her brothers came to live in Surbiton.

The dread of disclosure made her nervous and worried, and she feared that soon her acquaintances would discover that she was only a boaster and a liar. This nervousness made her do foolish things, fear paralysed her on every side ; she made mistakes in ordinary little things which *custom* had made easy for her ; she longed to find out whether her brother meant to call with his very plebeian wife who dropped her h's ; she gave contrary orders ; she nagged at her husband one day and petted him the next, until peace was impossible. Instead of being dignified and gracious, she became servile and apologetic, changing all rules of her house because Mrs. M. or Mrs. P. arranged things in a different way. Her daughters found her one day in a depressed condition and very difficult to manage.

“ ‘ Well,’ said Mrs. Lawrence, ‘ Julie tells me that Mrs. Masterman said I ought to go in for blacks and greys and not wear colours. I knew it would come out. William is turning Surbiton topsy-turvy, and they will all know about us. It *has* come, and I wish I were dead !’

“ ‘ Whatever do you mean, mother? Why do you wish you were dead? And who is William?’ the girl asked. She had never heard of her mother's brother ; romance had served for the family history.

“ ‘ Did I say William, my love?’ Mrs. Lawrence replied, more upset than ever. ‘ No !

not William—what *am* I saying? And it is true that I am going to die. I am losing my memory; people see my grey hairs; old age is creeping on; I must put on black and wait for the end.’

“ ‘ Really, mother, you are exasperating to make this fuss about nothing. It’s we who have nothing to live for. Why, you have made us pieces of putty these last few years; we have to walk *so* because Miss Legge prances; we hold our heads *so* because Mrs. Head does *that*; we dine at seven because Mrs. Runt is hungry at seven; we put on pince-nez because Mrs. Hopkins has to wear them.

“ ‘ When, dear mother, shall we forget to fear the tongues of people? *when* shall we learn to be our individual selves? Father was saying yesterday that he and Horace have been so pestered by your ridiculous fears of Mrs. Grundy that they want to leave us and go abroad, not for a little while but for always. What does it matter what all these people think or do if we can only be happy? If you wear black, you will give them the satisfaction of knowing that they made you change your life plans because of what they said. You see, Mrs. Legge told Mrs. Runt, “ Only gentlepeople can wear *colours*; people of her class (meaning you, mother) ought always to wear black.” Wasn’t it cattish? Be reasonable, mother; do not spoil everything for us by paying attention to people who do not care a rap for you.”

“Mrs. Lawrence sprang to her feet in a rage ; her listlessness had disappeared.

“ ‘Do you tell me they dare to say that I belong to a different class from themselves?’ she asked shrilly. ‘Well, I have been a fool. From to-day onward, Kenneth, I shall live my own life ; I shall wear my blue and silver. Why, I’ve been the slave, and, what is worse, the despised slave, of these women, and you have been handicapped by me. I have nearly wrecked your lives, but it shall not happen again, I promise you, so now run and dress for dinner.’

“When the dinner-hour came Mrs. Lawrence was greatly excited. A birthday dinner-party was being given by her, and the guests had nearly all arrived. When Mrs. Legge and Mrs. Hopkins came in, each arrayed in green evening dresses, they gushingly advanced towards their hostess with, ‘Dear Mrs. Lawrence, how charming you look in your blue and silver !’

“ ‘Do I?’ she answered coldly. ‘Well, you see, I must keep up my husband’s position, and we are going into society this year.’ (The two ladies were scarcely on the outer fringe of it.) ‘My daughters are to be brought out, and we shall be in a whirl of society functions when you next meet us ; so after to-day we shall not again see much of each other ; we must therefore have a nice long evening together.’

“ ‘Well done, motherling !’ whispered Julia

as she passed. 'You can make them squirm, and I am glad.'

" 'Well done, little mother; you are a brick!' thought Horace.

" 'Why, bless me! was that your mother, boy? Well, I am thankful to see she's keeping up her dignity at last.' And Mr. Lawrence nodded approvingly to his wife.

" Mrs. Lawrence smiled back, but tears were in her eyes. Yet the tears were for her past mistakes, the smile a happy augury for the future happiness of an independent family."

CHAPTER V

MAY 11TH—

Astrological Sign : Taurus.
Governing Planet : Venus.
Domain : Earth.

Ought to marry one born under Pisces, March 7th.
Governing Planets : Jupiter and Neptune.
Domain : Water.

Taurus human, 'tis thy fate
Ever to have love and hate,
Minister to rich and poor,
Give, but seldom *get* a dower.

Go thy way, though thanks are few ;
'Tis thy Master who's in view ;
Thou wilt always have His smile,
His words shall thine hours beguile.

THE splendid office and club in Vere Street had been a flat until Helen's ingenious mind had had it fitted for her many requirements. Now a constant flow of people came and departed through the office door. Any one standing there would have heard the following conversations—

“What did he say, mother?”

“Why, just think! He told me that Bob’s birthday means a bull’s head. He said I must send him a little mascot, which, for him, is a triangle. Within this triangle, he said, I might have a little mouse to indicate temptation, and a rose to show that one’s higher life was winning the day, with a motto, ‘Truth conquers every time.’”

“Really, mother, how is it you remember it all?”

“Oh! my dear, that’s not all he said. ‘Your son was born on the 11th of May,’ he told me, ‘so he’s all right.’ Gussie, he actually said it of my poor boy. Oh, thank God for it! Then I thought I must speak, and I tried to tell him, only he knew all about what I was going to say, for he added: ‘I know what you think you ought to tell me, but there is no need to worry, madam. His besetting sin is gambling, yet he’ll give it up and help others to give it up, because he was born on the 11th of May.’ Now, Gussie, just think of *that!* We needn’t have worried as we have, had we known this. I looked at him with tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat, and then he put this into my hand,” and she showed a mascot. “I’m sure it is gold—a tiny gold key.”

“‘Give it to your boy, madam,’ he told me, ‘*he* has the lock. Give it him with the good wishes of a cripple.’ Wasn’t it good of him, Gussie? We *must* see him again. What a crush

there was ! and who were those ladies ? They seem to know everything ! Is it their shop or his, and who is he ? ”

They passed on and another party issued from the shop door.

“ My dear,” a woman said, “ I was trembling when I went in, and I explained that my husband’s birthday is in June, on the 15th. He was born at 2 p.m. ‘ What is his mascot ? ’ I asked. I was so anxious to help him although I know he will laugh and say, ‘ Now, no rubbish, Eliza ! ’ but he will wear the mascot just the same.

“ ‘ Can you give me something that a man can wear without much trouble ? ’ I asked the shopman, and he smiled, my dear, *such* a kind smile, it just made you think of angels. He put this into my hand.

“ ‘ Now, madam,’ he said, ‘ do you see this little square ? It is enamelled on silver, *his metal* ; in blue and green, *his colours*. On the other side it has a ‘ 2,’ *his number*, on it. Slip it on his watch-chain and pray that the little word engraved *Asha*, which means hope, will help him. He drinks, but he will give it up, and you will find a big difference in him within a few weeks. Don’t nag at him ; just be kind. He likes a game of whist ; play with him, get nice people to the house, and when you are alone go and ask our Great Master to change his character. Work quietly, love him more instead of less, see that your servants respect

him, make your children talk of him lovingly. He's all right, and you will soon win him back to your happy home. God bless you, madam ! come in and see me again ; and one word more, don't have any browns or greys or blacks amongst the colours in your house. . . . Goodbye.'

"My dear, my heart is glowing as it never glowed before. My common sense tells me that he is right. I called myself a Christian woman ! If I had been one my husband would not have been nagged at nor left to take care of himself. Indeed, I am bad, but, please God, there shall be no more wickedness in me. I am going to begin from the very beginning to remember that he is my husband and my best friend."

They passed on encouraged to hope anew, and full of praise for Helen Tagore's new venture in the sale of mascots.

Two men came out together, deep in conversation.

"Bob," said one, "you heard what I told Mr. Merriman, and you also heard his reply. I told him that I was born on the 11th of May at 3 p.m., and I confessed to him about my dreadful temper. I held nothing back ; I let him see me as I am. I watched his face meanwhile, old chap, and it had the same far-away look, the same beautiful smile that it had before I told him what a brute I was. What a handsome fellow he must have been before his

accident! He held my hand for a moment, and looking into my eyes, said—

“ ‘What you want, my dear sir, is a mixture of 1 ounce of common sense to 3 ounces of dignity, with 3 ounces of love for humanity, 7 ounces of self-control, and 12 ounces of determination. Mix them,’ he said, ‘with the Fifth Commandment, which you will find in the beautiful Prayer Book of our Church of England, and your trouble will be over. Your mascot is this little No. 7, with three small emeralds and two rubies; put it on your watch-guard and begin to give yourself the habit of holding it when perplexed. You will find that it will calm you, and when it has, concentrate in the Silence for a few minutes; pull up your higher self, fight your battle like a man, and you will conquer.’

“ ‘I will,’ I told him, and I mean to, Bob. Do you know that there was something in his face which reminded me of Christ as the Good Shepherd. Do you know why he said mix with the Fifth Commandment? I wonder does he know—but how can he?—that my parents died through worrying about me? I broke their hearts, Bob.”

There was a pause and then the speaker added: “But I mean with God’s help to turn over a new leaf.”

Helen was delighted with the progress which the business had made. She and Molly discussed it continually, and talked it over with

Mr. Merriman, more improvements resulting from these conversations.

“We have been some days at it now, Molly; what do you think of our venture?” Helen asked one day, when, after a busy time, they were able to rest a while.

“I think it is succeeding wonderfully,” Molly answered enthusiastically. “We have come in contact with unveneered human nature, and we have been allowed by God’s gracious providence to soften sorrow, to reveal the great I Am to each suffering soul, while at the same time we ourselves have learned much.

“But it is in the periods of silent meditation that we learn most. Then, Helen, my soul seems to soar above the earth and to hover about the light, coming back brighter and healthier for it. I am sure there is nothing so good for us as ‘entering into the Silence.’ If our Master needed forty days in the wilderness for meditation and resolve, how much greater is the necessity for us mortals to pass through such a time. We are for ever slipping back, and we need a long silence in which to learn just how to make use of our many talents which otherwise might become dormant. You often hear of real teachers, preachers, and leaders of thought being, as a rule, silent men. When their work of the day is over they are men who sit deep in thought. Then it is that their thoughts pass from earth to study, to be refreshed and strengthened for life’s combat;

the return of thought in such cases comes with a smile, they have been wondrously happy."

Helen wondered. Was this her pupil who could talk like this? She kissed her fondly, the mother-love in her heart going out to the beautiful girl.

"Molly," she said, taking her hands in hers and stroking them, "you have learned more than I. How pleased father will be that my Jack's sister is flying his flag of the true colour as he used to call it, and making headway against the enemy."

"It is all through you!" Molly answered. "If you had not caught me just at the swing of the pendulum, think where I should have been now! I feel as though we had always been as we are now."

"Dear girl!" murmured Helen; "you give me more hope for Jack than ever.

"Here is another idea father had, Molly, which I should like to share with you. He said that our spiritual life consisted of seven steps or grades. *First*, the child worshipper who loves to go to church just to frankly gaze at everything and everybody. *Then* the shy worshipper from seven to twelve who watches others and blushes if watched in return, who carries about a leaflet, reading a verse now and then, longing for Confirmation. *Third*, the enthusiastic worshippers of church choirs and early services of an age from thirteen

to seventeen. *Fourth*, the man-about-town worshipper, who thinks the music is worth listening to or the man was a clever preacher, and who says that he is not much given to churches, and only goes for the sake of the parade afterwards, where he can meet a few pretty, well-dressed girls. *Fifth*, the scoffer who makes fun of holy things. *Sixth*, the unbeliever who takes a delight in leading young men and women out of the path. And *seventh*, the prodigal who longs to get back.

“This,” Helen said, “my father called his ‘Oriental ladder of human worship.’ And this was his ‘Aura Chart’ in seven divisions—first, up to seven years of age, a white aura; second, to the age of fourteen, a pale silver grey; third, to the age of twenty-one, a pink aura; fourth, to the age of twenty-eight, a yellow aura; fifth, to the age of thirty-five, a deeper yellow; sixth, all the tints in pale colours; and seventh, the completion of colour, good or bad. He loved to speak of perfection, and always gave ‘things perfected’ a prominent position. He often said to me, ‘Child, I heard you calling your dog “naughty”; don’t you think that if you had said, “Prince, I want you to be good,” the inference would be enough, and Prince *would* have understood he *had* been naughty and that you meant him from now onwards to be good?’

“Then, Molly, I answered in my ignorance,

‘But, father, he was really naughty at that moment!’

“‘I know, childie,’ he answered, stroking my hair; ‘but what you want to do is to give up ringing the changes on that which is evil, and pass on only that which is good. The sorrow in your voice, the look of your eyes, would at once give him your meaning, and the word “naughty” would not be necessary.’ Father once brought in a little child of five, a girl, who looked defiant, and was in a very unhappy mood. I remember that I was painting, and I looked up to see this dear, ungracious baby pouting for all she was worth. There was a twinkle in father’s eye, and he said, ‘Helen, here is a little lady who says she wants to be good!’

“‘But I want to be naughty now,’ the child insisted sharply, ‘so please let me go. Then she looked up into his serene, kind face, and the pout softened. ‘If you send away that lady, I will be good,’ she said. ‘I want you to love me, not that lady. If you don’t send her away and love me, I will bite your hand.’

“‘Helen,’ said father in his dignified way, turning his back on the poor little atom, ‘she was born on the 11th of May, so to-day is her birthday. Give her that nice little necklet of green beads.’ I took them from my neck and he presented them gravely to the interested child. ‘Here, little one, *this* is from me, and

this kind lady will give you a pink frock. We want no naughty girls here, so our little girl is going to be good, and when she laughs we shall see a beautiful set of teeth. Take her away, Helen, and put on the frock, some new shoes, and the necklet; she *will* look so pretty, and she means to be good. There, run away and get dressed, I'll wait tea for you!

"The child held up a tear-stained face. 'Please, naughty man, kiss me. I love you very much and I am going to be good,' she declared. 'Mummie says I'm a pickle, but daddy says I'm a damned pretty little monkey! Mummie says I must not say that word, and daddy laughs at me and says, "It's all right." So of course I shall say it. Now, please tell me what "damned" means—is it naughty?'

"'It is a word daddy can use, little one, but not you; so shall I call you "Pickles"?' father said, still looking grave.

"'Please do. Sometimes I am "naughty Pickles," and sometimes "good Pickles," but I'm always "Pickles."'

"'I think I should like to call you Ruby instead,' father said. 'Would you like the name?'

"'Do the angels call me Ruby?'

"'Yes, I am sure they do,' he told her, smiling at last.

"'Then you call me "Pickles," 'cause I don't like angels, 'cause I asked them to be good to my mummie, and they aren't good!'

“ ‘Very well, then, “Pickles” let it be for good and all.’

“ ‘I took her to my room, and she was *such* a darling, Molly! She made me tell her all about my dear father while I dressed her, and then put her baby arms round my neck and crooned—

“ ‘I do love you so! Yes, and I love him, too. I will only kiss you and him, but I will bite Ugly whenever I see her,’ she told me confidentially.

“ ‘Who is Ugly?’ I asked.

“ ‘Oh, my governess,’ she explained in an off-hand way. ‘She is horrid, so I bite her, and it makes her good.’

“ ‘I did not know you were a little kitten, sweetheart,’ I said, pretending to be frightened of her. ‘You might bite me some day.’

“ ‘Oh, no! I only bite naughty people; and Miss Baron is not nice, you see. My mummie says she isn’t a lady, so it is all right. People who are not ladies don’t matter, do they?’

“ ‘Oh, yes, they do, little one,’ I said, shaking my head at her. ‘You must hurt no one, you know.’

“ ‘Then why does she call me “wretch” when mummie is not there and “darling” when mummie is?’ and the little face screwed up knowingly.

“ ‘Never mind about *her*, pretty little girlie,’ I said, shocked at the way her governess

behaved. 'Now you've got the beads and pretty frock and shoes let us go to tea.'

"I told her she must call father 'Professor,' and this greatly tickled her. Oh, but Molly, she was a dear! I'm sure you'd have loved her."

Molly nodded. "I should love any one you loved, Helen," she answered.

"'Fesser,' she repeated, looking at me with her large eyes. 'Fesser! Our Mary has a 'Fesser. She has to tell him everything. Must I tell my 'Fesser everything?'

"'You shall do as you like, darling,' I said. 'Come along!'

"She flung herself into father's arms when we entered the drawing-room.

"'Oh, Mr. 'Fesser!' she cried joyfully; 'I'm good now, and my name is Ruby, and I won't bite Miss Baron any more. I'll come and tell my 'Fesser about her when she is naughty and calls me "wretch" and "beast"; then you'll punish her, won't you, Mr. 'Fesser?'

"'Dear little girlie, of course I will!' he promised her. It was so like dear father to fall in with the child's request in such a simple manner. Afterwards the parents came and thanked father. The mother did not know of the governess's goings-on, but, without giving Ruby away, father managed to convey Mrs. Harrison to the woods where Miss Baron had taken 'Pickles' for an object-lesson, as she called it; and Mrs. Harrison's horror-stricken

face, when she heard her little one being called all kinds of nasty names, was a picture.

“ ‘What do I care for your mammie or your daddy?’ the governess was heard to say. ‘Who are they but the commonest of all common people? I should just like to tell them what I think of them!’

“Mrs. Harrison waited for no more; she walked straight up to the woman, saying: ‘Will you go back to the house, pack your things, and catch the twelve o’clock train! Here is your month’s salary.’

“The woman was very impudent, as might have been expected. She flared up: ‘Oh, I am very glad, I can assure you. I have only worked for gentlefolk until now.’

“ ‘I quite understand,’ said Mrs. Harrison, bowing graciously, ‘and we shall not detain you.’

“Dear father said that it rejoiced him to feel the poor little girlie would not again be harmed by that foolish woman. How my gentle father loved little children! He was so like the Christos in *that* particular. Molly, do you know that this higher life of the soul is so enthralling that *all* other things vanish in mid-air in comparison—it brings us nearer to the Truth that really matters; it takes us into the ‘Christ’ principle of life; it makes us love our Churches more because we understand our Bibles better; and it makes us love

our fellow-man and be patient with him. So great is our spiritual progress in the higher life of the soul that all the world appears to us beautiful because of it; it expands our thoughts from the usual narrow standpoint of view to embrace the universal brotherhood; it takes in the Divine in man, whether it be beating in the heart of a 'Shaker' of America or in a Nature-worshipper in the Orient, because all Divine thoughts are of God, for all is good. It embraces every creed, and asks not, Is he an Anglican? or Is he a Presbyterian? but, Is he a follower of the Divine?

"Do you know, Molly, that beautiful thought of father's which I spoke to you of when I was orthodoxy and creedy? It gave me such comfort. He said: 'We all travel to the Holy Land which is known as Heaven, and what does it matter if we do so in different carriages and by different routes? So long as our God is the same the end of our journey is the same and our Master the same, although worshipped under different names. If our missionaries knew before they went to these many lands of the Orient that true religion is there already—for there are no more religious people anywhere else than in India, China, Japan, Burmah, Ceylon, or Egypt—if they only knew that Eastern people worship the threefold God, Father, Son, and Spirit, the only difference being their want of application to the Persons of the Deity, and their adherence to ancient

customs which have now no meaning, such as the need of a Saviour, according to them, *yet* to come, then these same missionaries would enter upon their task in a different spirit. Of course, we claim that our Saviour *has* come; they maintain that He is yet to come. We maintain as Christians the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; they claim that Christ was man and not God, and that as man He attained to His perfection. They declare that there is no other God but the Hindu's God Brahma, or the Zoroastrian's Zoroaster, or the Buddhist's Buddha, or the Mohammedan's Mohammed, But what's in a name? If God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit are worshipped under any other names, does it matter? Ought we to call them worshippers of wood and stone because they bow before symbols of their God? They will, in time, get rid of those fetiches, which are remnants of old superstitions, and are a blot on their magnificent religions. We must not forget that we bow before the symbol of the Cross, or before a painted canvas. The great thing is that we who call ourselves by the name of our Master, Christ, should live the life of the Christ.

“I can assure you that there is much that is beautifully poetical in the magnificent collection of Eastern faiths. If, therefore, those who went out to these countries went with one great object in view—which is to learn as well as to teach—India, China, Japan, Burmah, Ceylon

would unfold such beautiful thoughts regarding the Divinity, such glorious religions of self-abnegation, piety, and pathos, as would astonish the ordinary messenger who goes out thinking that he knows all and they nothing.

“The Eastern people deify the stars, the flowers, the birds, earth, air, fire, water—and why not? Venus, to the Oriental mind, means a Goddess of Love who is a protective mother for *all*. She represents love—the love of parent, child, lover, husband, wife, friend, servant, or priest.

“To the Occidental mind Venus is supposed to have only one manifestation—that of the deity of the lovers, and only lovers in the animal sense, which is, of course, horrible, gross, and quite unlike the Oriental belief. Every country has its bad and its good side, its saints and its sinners, its beauty and its hideousness; but I remember that an Englishman wrote—

“‘I lived for fifteen years in the Orient. I was in the very centre of Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Hinduism, and it was there that I found true Christliness. What matters the label which you put on a man’s back? The Christ principle was there, for the people were gentle, courteous, truthful, long-suffering, beautiful, and childlike.’

“I quote from many tongues, Molly, when I sing the praise of the Indian. Many have cried: ‘Oh for my faithful Indian servants,

who would neither eat nor drink when I was sad or ill, whose sleep and wellbeing depended upon my happiness and good health.'

"Why is it, then, that we do not understand these Aryan people better? We belong to the same stock as do they, but ignorance alone makes us call them heathen or blacks. We are as much heathen as they are; and as to being black, it shows our colour-blindness if we call them so. For are we not able to see that the only people whom we can call black are the Abyssinians?

"And, Molly, I can tell you of one particularly Oriental virtue where they are far ahead of us—I mean hospitality! An Oriental invitation includes yourself, your relations, your friends, your servants, oft-times your animals; and, what is more, you may stay as long as you please. In England an invitation is written: 'Will you come and spend a week-end with me? I have just one bed to spare.' Your friend's letter arrives at eleven on Saturday morning, and you leave her house at nine on the following Monday morning. She may be out when you arrive, and not be able to see you off on Monday. But then, of course, you are old friends, and so you will not mind. Even if you did mind, what alternative is there when the invitation has been accepted? You go away feeling chilled, hurt, and degraded; for even the servants have found out it is not a friend who counts as worthy of polite hospitality—

she is so old a friend! What a difference between the friendship and courtesy of the East and West! Now, Molly, which is the better Christian at heart, the Oriental or the Occidental?"

CHAPTER VI

JUNE 7TH—

Astrological Sign: Gemini.
Governing Planet: Mercury.
Domain: Air.

Ought to marry one born under Virgo, August 23rd.

Governing Planet: Mercury.
Domain: Earth.

Child of June, why restless thou?
Where thy shield, and what thy vow?
Whither going on this tour?
What thy plans and what thy power?

Mercury must guide thy heart,
Hold thy hand and take thy part;
So shall be thy life well planned,
So shall be thy life well scanned.

HELEN was busily writing when a soft, cool hand upon her face made her turn hastily. Molly had stolen in so quietly as not to be heard. Her sweet young face, fresh and winning, was grave, and Helen guessed that she had come for instruction.

“Helen,” she said, “I want you to tell me more about Reincarnation to-day. I have a

longing to know what I was, whence I came, and whither I am going."

"Well, girlie, of course you know," Helen answered, pushing a chair for the girl close to herself. "You began as a speck of protoplasm, your body includes contributions from the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, and now you belong to the human world, and in your evolution and building I am certain that you have been a carnation in the plant world, silver in metal, an amethyst in gems, a horse in animals, and three men in succession in your human stages, while now you are the dearest girl in all the world."

Molly almost gasped in her surprise. Helen was so sure that not for a moment could she doubt her.

"*Why*, darling, do you give me three *men* incarnations?" she asked.

"Only because the feminine has touched you for generations. We are supposed to be man and woman in quick succession until we have had experiences of each to teach us many things. Our incarnations do not happily hold us to the same country; they are beautifully organized so that we may not be boastful of any *one* country or any *one* people. The doctrine of Reincarnation is a perfect one, you know, Molly, full of wise teachings, full of joy, full of justice; it teaches us that as we sow so shall we reap; it shows us, not a God with a birch rod but a tender, loving Father,

guiding His children from the outer darkness into the light.”

“Yes, I see it all, Helen, and to think that I called myself an atheist. But what is an atheist really, I wonder? Are there such people, or do they imagine themselves unbelievers because they want to appear to the world as *thinkers*? They have studied, they tell one, and found no positive evidence of a God, so, for *them*, there is no God! We must help the world, Helen; it is so full of sorrow and misery.”

“Dear one, when the other day you were arguing with Canon Marsh about Reincarnation, I heard you stammer about its belonging to the Church, or rather you said you ‘thought so.’ However, it is *true*, for we know on good authority that the old teaching of Reincarnation belonged to the Churches of Rome and England in the early centuries. The Oriental teaches Reincarnation, so those of the East learn that they have lived before, and that they will live again, which is, to the mind of a true Christian, the only true religion. For this reason that *death* is only life on another planet, while at no time can we think that the soul will die, for it will not and cannot lose its identity, since it is an ego going into space to be educated until it has learnt its lesson on every plane and experienced every emotion on each plane, for after this alone can it be perfected.”

Molly's big, wise eyes brooded as she looked into vacancy, and Helen sat watching her in silence, her heart going out to the girl's pure heart. Molly was the first to speak again.

"As we are on this subject, can you tell me what the Oriental or Buddhistic thought is regarding the desire plane, or the plane of the Dwellers on the Threshold?" she inquired.

"Father had a letter from a dear Buddhist priest, which he had translated into English; may I read it to you?" Helen answered, reaching for the volume of her father's works, which was never far from her.

"Do, please," Molly asked, and clasping her hands about her knees, sat listening with rapt attention.

Helen read—

"DEAR MR. TAGORE,—You have asked me more than once to impart to you my knowledge or revelation regarding the plane of the Dwellers of the Threshold, and I am glad to be able to do so. We are taught that when the soul takes its flight from its body and before it arrives at the School of Learning, it is called upon to pass a very severe test. It has to pass through the Desire Plane, where all the senses are attacked by pleasure-lovers in order to keep it from finding peace or rest! Surrounded by its guardian angels and unseen helpers, it is allowed to be tempted in every way possible, and it has to stand alone, for, although the good spirits are there beside it, they are only passive, and they cannot act or help the tempted ego. Therefore, the soul goes through its temptations midst the fire of conflict with pleasure opening out in every avenue.

There it is tested facing the music of an invisible orchestra of sublime harmony, its conscience lulled to sleep while its carnally inclined eyes, ears, touch, smell remain acute; these are all fed with desire without the restraint of a conscious warning or of a deterring hand. Life in its most alluring phases lies open to the soul; one thing only is allowed which gives assistance, even through such a terrible temptation as this.

“Before entering, a guardian angel whispers to the soul as it passes through the gorgeous gateway, ‘Do not lose sight of the tiny flame which will go before you through this plane and will always be visible should you need it. When in danger it will shine red, and when you are safe a little green lantern will meet your vision; try to think of it in case your desires carry you away.’

“The Ego then goes in, and he is surprised, elated, admired, petted; he has all that he wants in food, clothing, pleasures, flowers, perfumes, music, laughter; then whispers come in and soothe him to silence; he loses sight of his duty; his senses are lulled to sleep, and if he does not watch the tiny flame he is lost. The invisible helpers must use no influence, the soul must go its way alone, after wending its way down many paths and searching through many avenues, satiated with desire, or untouched, whichever be its experience, until it arrives at last at its home and finds an exit into the Astral Plane, where safety again surrounds it.

“Once more guardian angels and unseen helpers are guiding it, and the Ego is free to walk on until it arrives at the entrance of the Hall or School of Learning. I think you will understand, dear Mr. Tagore, how very helpful is the idea of the tiny flame which is ever ready to warn the traveller during his spiritual journey from the earth plane to his next abode. I have many things to say to you, but time is on the wing. Peace be to you and your house, Mr. Tagore. I pray we may meet again.

“Yours ever,

“KATINKA.”

“Is it not *just* the letter one wants to help weary souls along?” Helen asked her friend as she closed the book.

“Yes,” agreed Molly readily. “Let me copy it, Helen. I want to love everything you love, as it seems to me that your love for Christ has grown to what it is because you take these thoughts of the Orient and weave them into your own beautiful religion until one sees the Divine spark within you glowing with its steady flame.”

Helen raised her eyes as though she could see those angel helpers, among whom was her father. “In our strength we are very weak,” she said, “and they who are confident in their strength are near to a fall.”

Molly was silent again for a little while, but her inquiring mind soon urged her tongue to action again.

“Will you tell me how you know you were a Spaniard once, Helen?” she asked. “Were you told it, or do you know it from a past memory?”

“May I really tell you all the story?” Helen said, delighted to act as teacher. “I should love to. I left India when I was twenty-two for a sea voyage, after an attack of typhoid fever. As I went on board my ship in Bombay harbour, Captain H— said to me: ‘Do you know Spanish, Miss Tagore? We have a Spanish lady on board. She is ill, and this is the first time we have had no Spaniard

amongst our crew. I fear she will be very lonely unless you know Spanish.'

" 'I am sorry to say I do not, Captain,' I answered. 'Does she not understand French?'

" 'No, she only speaks Spanish. Her husband died suddenly, poor girl, and she is returning to Spain, and is so isolated that I long for some one to speak to her.'

" 'We may be able to speak with a language of the hands and signs,' I suggested. 'I shall try to make her happy if I can.'

" The Spanish girl and I were soon very much together, and we became very happy and fond of each other. As we approached Barcelona, where our Spanish voyager was to leave us, we were saying our adieux when I felt that I was giving utterance to a language that sounded strange to my own ears, and was astonished to find I was actually speaking Spanish fluently.

" The Spanish passenger stared at me in astonishment before saying: 'Well, Miss Tagore, I think it really unkind of you. You told me you knew none other than French of all the European languages, yet here you are speaking Castilian Spanish, the purest there is; you must have known this all along. You need not have denied knowing Spanish just because you did not want to be bothered; I am surprised when you call yourself a humanitarian.'

" Really, I have never learnt a word of any

other language but French and English," I replied a little indignantly.

" 'Oh, don't tell me,' the passenger said sarcastically. 'I feel awfully cut up that you should have treated me so shabbily,' and she went away feeling sore and sad and very much put out with me.

"Next day we steamed out of the harbour, and my Spanish left me, not to return until I got into *Valencia*, where we put in for cork and oranges. Again I spoke Castilian Spanish, and the Captain having heard about it, looked harshly at me as though he would have liked to have put me off the steamer. I could not explain to him how my Spanish came to me, and so he will always think me a humbug; but for *me*, it was so beautiful to feel that I had proved Reincarnation to be true and that Spanish was a lost memory. The wonderful thing is, that whenever I hear Spanish, or get to a Spanish town, my Spanish words return and I speak like a native. I also know I have been a man and used a stiletto. It is a past incarnation, a memory that has gone into eternity; evolution is now moulding me; I shall pass on into the beyond of things, having learnt my lesson, having gained my experience, having lived my Spanish life."

"Have you any similar proofs from other people?" Molly inquired.

"Yes, many, there are many. Some who are living to-day lived before, and are work-

ing to finish an opera begun who knows how long ago. Some are attempting to give satisfaction in a certain direction where probably they displeased in a previous life. We go and come, not pre-ordained but as we need experience. The Ego with a clean slate comes until the slate is written full of beautiful deeds which may be the harvest of many or few incarnations, as the case may be. But return we do and must, yet not necessarily to the earth's plane. We have always to be in readiness for the next call, and what we have to add to our experience is carried with us into our next.

“I trust my explanation is clear, Molly; I want you to have it so that you can understand every word. Tell me if I really help you, will you not, darling? Once I heard an American child of five years old say to her nurse, ‘Nannie, I know that lady—I *do* know that lady,’ and I heard the nurse’s answer, ‘Miss Gertrude, you are the naughtiest child I know, and you tell so many naughty stories—you know that you have never seen that lady before.’ Then the sobbing child declared: ‘I *do* know that lady, I have seen her in Australia.’

“She was sure of it, although Australia was to her an unknown land *then*, and the lady a stranger!

“But who can say whether they had not met before in another incarnation, and that the

child did not feel the remembrance of a long-ago friendship? We know ourselves there are persons who pass us in the street with whom we feel that we have touched hands somewhere; we may never meet them again, as there may be no need to, yet we realize a reunion, which has for the moment cheered us and which has been sent as a memento of the past. I remember once having been asked to lecture when travelling in a new country. I had only been there a few days, but at the very end of my two-hour lecture a woman's voice said: 'Have I sought you for forty-five years, and only found you now?' She was certainly referring to a former incarnation, and when we met we talked for hours on subjects which interested us both, and we met every day afterwards for four years—we have been parted for nearly seventeen years now, but we are friends from a past and shall remain so.

“There are some who, for a reason unknown perhaps to both, meet us aggressively; these are they who have hurt us in a prior incarnation, and who are sent here to expiate a crime, or to make reparation for what they have done in ignorance of the great law of cause and effect. As assuredly as we live, so assuredly shall we pay back to the uttermost farthing, measure for measure, until the whole debt has been paid!

“Now, the Merrimans, Molly, I am certain,

are people from our past ; don't you think so, dear? It is so strange to notice how some people are forced into one's life apparently unaccountably, and their careers and ours seem to run along parallel lines in spite of all. We cannot pass them by, and however we may try to go on without them, we are forced back into the same circle in which they move over and over again.

“ How very interesting life is when we think out our very intricate patchwork of a life that has gone by, and imagine the one which has yet to come. But unless we see things as they ought to be, life is absolutely uninteresting and useless, and you know, Molly, that this teaching makes everything so easy and understandable. You know through it why you love some people and why you dislike others. This is an instinct which lasts for ages. It explains why, when you see a person for the first time, you feel that not only have you met before, but that you have been associated previously in different places. You feel that you have talked the same languages and have done the same things together, that you have touched hearts and hands, so that you say at once, ‘ We must have been together somewhere.’ Therefore, dear, if we believe in Reincarnation many things can be explained which remain otherwise a mystery.

“ Molly, it is the true Christ whom we mean to follow, you and I, not the narrow, in-

significant body of people who call themselves Christians and who do not imitate their Master. Let us set an example not to repress any religious movement of any kind, but to explain where we can, to lift all those who come our way, to guide into a haven of rest those who suffer ; then we shall be sowing our harvest of good deeds for a wise reaping hereafter ; we shall be explaining away difficulties which now make religion impossible for so many ; and, best of all, we shall be bringing into the light many who are in darkness now. Is it not worth it, Molly ? ” Helen spoke with enthusiasm, to which Molly’s bright nature responded quickly, and the conversation was carried on for some time.

“ Mr. and Mrs. Merriman have asked us to tea at Gypsy Hill ; we must go and try to make them happy,” Helen said suddenly, looking at her watch. Molly took the remark to imply that they had not done enough for their friends and was inclined to be up in arms.

“ You have done that, Helen,” she said ; “ why, they are gloriously happy, so much so that a new light seems to shine upon them and through them. I heard Mr. Merriman at the office tell some one that he was certain a new era had begun for him and his wife, and he seemed so unutterably happy. Then everybody loves him, people hang on his words ; he reminds me so of St. Paul. He seems to

say the right things, and, like St. Paul, he admits all his foolishness, and is willing to begin over again. His humility is so refreshing; he is like a little child, and he always says, 'I must ask Miss Tagore, she is my teacher, and Miss Hargreaves is my fellow-pupil.' He brings us in continually. Mrs. Merriman is advancing, and she has a secret to unfold to us to-day, so that we shall be quite a merry party.

"We have this quarter taken £500 for these dear little trinkets, symbols, filigrees, and bric-à-brac. Does that not show how very much such a club as ours was needed? It is a joy to know that all those in whom we are interested have begun to work, is it not? Helen, dear, you will say that I am a note of interrogation, but you know, dear one, I want to learn in order that I may be able to impart knowledge. Will you tell me whether we ever go backward instead of forward? For instance, can we ever return to the animal stage?"

"No, never; we understand progress, not retrogression, reincarnation, not metempsychosis. We may remain in the same position, and move in circles instead of in straight lines. But our movements are progressive; no soul ever goes back, even though it may be wandering through avenues of so-called sin; we are advancing, ever and ever advancing, our falls, sooner or later, making us more anxious to keep to the right path. I am glad you have asked

me that question, because Mr. Merriman asked me it a while ago and Mrs. Merriman said she wanted to know, and now you can tell them both."

"May I ask another question, Helen? What do you think Christ meant when He said, 'All these things that I do shall ye do also, if ye have faith so much as a grain of mustard seed'? Did He really mean that we could do the miracles He did?"

Helen moved to the window and looked up into the blue sky, amid which some wonderful cloud-ships were sailing. There was peace, and even as she looked her heart, sore just then with memories of Jack, rested in peace again.

"Yes, dear," she answered, watching a white mountain gradually break up. "I think He meant that if we followed in His footsteps and lived His life, we should be able to do miracles in His name."

"But do you think that He spoke then only for His disciples?"

"By no means," was the quick answer, showing that Helen had already considered the subject. "Christ our Lord was so clear on every point, on every lesson He taught His disciples, that He said distinctly, 'Shall ye do also,' not 'Only ye, My chosen twelve,' or only 'Ye, My Disciples.' Then, again, His words, 'Be ye perfect,' not 'Try and be perfect,' but 'Be perfect,' as though there was no doubt

regarding perfection. Do you remember how, as children, we were always told to 'try and be good.' It used to make me feel so hopeless, I felt that it was impossible. I remember one day in India that I was crying bitterly when my *ayah* [Indian nurse] came to see me to bed. She asked me why I cried and told me it broke her heart to see her missie-baba in tears. I said, 'Oh, ayah, I am so naughty and my governess says I must try to be good, but how am I to try?'

"She solved the riddle at once by saying to me, in her sweet, soft voice: 'Missie sahib, if you try until you are an old woman you will not be able to be good by trying, but just tell Allah, and ask Him to help you, and at once He will put His hand upon your head, and lo! it is done.'

"I remember also how I asked her to tell God that I was sad, and she knelt down just as we do, only she threw her head down until her forehead touched the cushions, and, turning to the east, she bowed three times, and assured me that it was quite settled and that I could not again be naughty. It seemed so wonderful to me that I was able, with the memory of that dear, simple faith, to keep my child thoughts in check; she had put me in tune with the infinite harmony, by making me, in quite a natural way, understand how to approach God, whereas my governess only frightened and irritated me beyond all endurance.

“This same Indian nurse lost her little daughter, and she asked leave to have the little one cremated. There was no wailing nor gnashing of teeth; her dear face was drawn, and at night, after the ceremony, she just put her arms around me and said: ‘Child of great parents, the Master has sent thee to me to love and cherish, and instead of letting my thoughts go to my own child, I have brought them back to thee, my mistress. See, how great is Allah! He might have taken thee to thine own land, but He had mercy and left thee here so that I may serve thee truly and only thee! My child has been taken where she will be guarded, but thou hast no mother, so thou hast been given to me, oh, beautiful one.’

“At another time she said, ‘Missie-baba, you ask me why I do not cry for my baby Fatmah? Know, then, that if I were to grieve my tears would draw her to earth in such a way that I should be ashamed that she should see me, her mother, in tears, when she, my little one, has been given a great gift. I am rejoicing in her joy, you see, for she will go rapidly through the beautiful gates and be glorified in the palace of the King.’

“I asked her whether she believed in the same God in whom I believed, and she answered immediately, ‘There is only one God, my child, my treasure. Who has beclouded thy mind with a tale of a multiplicity of gods? He is the Creator, the Preserver, the Guide—all

Three in One, but still only one God, who is Allah from eternity to eternity. He covers space, there is no spot where He is not. He is with us always, soonya pootlee; so be happy.' ”

CHAPTER VII

JULY 7TH—

TELEPATHY, THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

Astrological Sign : Cancer.
Governing Planet : The moon.
Domain : Water.

Should marry one born under Taurus or Pisces.

Domain : Earth.
Governing Planets : Venus or Mars.
Career : Teacher, agriculturist,
musician.

Thought! I send thee quickly, go
To my dearest dear;
Tell her not to sorrow so,
Not to harbour fear.

Tell her that I send her love,
That I send her peace.
Tell her God in heaven above
Never lets joy cease.

“MOLLY,” Helen said one day, when heavy rains kept the friends within the house, “I want to start a club, one that will meet every

want, not a gossip-shop, but a useful club, with an inquiry office, a music-room, a library, and a silence-room. I want to have it managed by a charming pair—two people who long to get married, and cannot because of want of money. His birthday must be on February 7th and hers on July 23rd. We know how reliant February people are, so that as a *manager* we are lucky to have one such as *he*, while as a *manageress* my little friend will be the one and only. She will take up all the domestic part, he the financial and business side, and as she is also businesslike, they can talk over matters easily, and help us and each other for the good of people. February and July people can enjoy the privileges of telepathy; each has poetic power of some force, and each a sense of humour, without which life is impossible for a married pair; they are both patriotic, she is dramatic, picturesque, dignified, self-reliant, intense.

“ Her temper is fiery, his calm; she has a vivid imagination and is most economical, and he is wise in investments; she is tender to children, has sympathy with old age, and an understanding mind, so February and July will work well together.

“ To make our cult a success, each department must have a capable worker, and we must keep out June-born people, as they are not active workers, though they might come in occasionally for lectures or games, or an

evening's amusement. By the way, I have not *named* my friends to you. Mr. Aries and Miss Cancer would hardly do ; we must first marry them, and then make use of them. We will pay them £100 a year each, and with what they have they should manage well.

" His name is Carruthers. He belongs to a good family, and is a fifth son, with good common sense. Now, then, so far so good. We will not start a building fund and debt, but we will buy a good property in the very centre of the West End—one that is able to be made into a club. We won't go in for any bankrupt stock ; that would be starting with an aura of ill-luck. I heard a woman say the other day that a men's club is to be sold because they have outgrown it ; the men were all scientists, and, therefore, men who were above extravagance and foolishness, so we should start with a good asset if we obtained it, with no subtle immoral forces in its atmosphere and a large enough club for our needs."

" Helen ! " Molly was almost too surprised to criticize such a big scheme. " Where are we to find money for all this ? "

" My dear," and Helen gave one of her rare laughs, " for what use do you think father left me his large fortune ? Not to spend on myself. Jack has enough for *us both*, when we marry, so don't be a wet blanket, but, like a dear, help me to get our workers. Well, we need another July person for the music department

and another February person for the library department.

“Mary Anderson is July 3rd and Alice Parnell February 13th. Mary is musical, Alice an inveterate reader with a most retentive memory. She can tell you the year when she met you, how old you were when she met you, and how much older you must be at the present time, which is a little trying sometimes. It will do her good to be taken out of herself, and to earn a little money. She is extremely plain, and dresses badly, so she will be on our staff for ever. These are the ones to nail on to a club.

“The inquiry office should have a July 7th human, who knows everything, and who is not satisfied till he finds out what he does not know; his birthday fits beautifully with my friend’s. I know a man who is just what we want; his name is John Arnold, he knows nine languages and fills the bill.

“The Merrimans, you, and I will be the committee, and when our members are all in, *they* will themselves start—

“A Ways and Means Committee, an Entertainment Committee and an Advisory Board, each consisting of four men and three women.”

Molly was delighted with the prospect, but even while she was agreeing Helen saw that she had something else on her mind.

“What is it you want to know, Molly?” she inquired.

“I am dying to ask a question, Helen; it is about telepathy. Why should not January and February humans join together for communication of silent thoughts?”

“Well, dear, they are too near to each other as birthdays and traits go, to be good transferrers of thought. The necessary requirements are sympathy, broad-mindedness, and personal magnetism. The governing planets must be able to cope each with the other, and domains must not clash.

“An Eastern and Western would make a very good instrument of communication, but they must be chosen for the work. So-called mediumistic people are of no use for reliable work. Telepathy exists, particularly in the East, where messages are transmitted hundreds of miles in a short time by thought transference. A stereotyped British public may try to crush it out to please cranks; they may choose to ignore facts which their fellow-countrymen have proved, but telepathy stands out, a rock of defence for itself. How can one account otherwise for a mother’s voice reaching her son on a distant battlefield, a wife writing down the messages she sent her husband day by day to another country, and his diary, written at the moment of transmission, being word for word as she sent each message? What else but telepathy could help

on such an occasion? Where and how would any person be able to fake such undeniable evidence? Telepathy either is or is not, and those who have been born in its very home, India, can but smile at the many who refuse to believe in it. How is it that during the fearful days of the never-to-be-forgotten Indian Mutiny India as a whole struck for rebellion on the very same day. Nothing but telepathy informed the people *which* was the crucial moment; the word was given in silence.

“Where, then, I ask, was there time for treachery or deceit or codes of any kind? You must be ready to believe all in all, or not at all. Why should we blame the Eastern for not believing in our holy Immaculate Conception, and (I speak in all respect) in our Christos, whom we call God, if *we* cannot believe in *their* mysteries?

“We believe in water being made into wine; we have no proof but through our Bible, which was written by men; we believe in all kinds of wonders because our Bible tells us of them, and believing in these miracles, why should we not acknowledge that our Master has worked other wonders, and that telepathy, psychometry, and psychology were all aids and helps to a religion which has for its foundation the birth of Ages? ‘Before Abraham was I Am,’ our Master said, and we trust in His Word, and in faith go into the Silence to learn of Him,

who will teach us many things which now are mere blank mysteries to us.

“The reason why we are not all experts in occult matters, Molly dear, is because we are not ready to open all the books of knowledge. A babe more often than not creeps before it stands alone or walks, yet some babes walk and have no creeping stage. The babe who walks from the first is not any cleverer than the babe who creeps ; one has reached its goal by crawling, the other by walking without crawling, that is all. In like manner the people of some countries have evolved to a higher proficiency of thought than others ; there are Edisons, Marconies, and Mesmers in the world, but there are also fools ; Carlyle placed the greatest number as fools !”

Molly agreed to this. “Many people are fools,” she said, “because, while possessing the talents of thought and criticism, they bury them in a napkin.”

“It is only too true,” Helen said ; “people are so ready to disbelieve and to ignore truth. Before telepathy was a known factor the world tabooed it, and was ready to persecute to the death he who risked so much to establish these currents and magnetic needles for actual work. Wireless telegraphy was considered impossible even while its inventors were proving its success ; people could not understand it ; it was different to what they were used to, consequently they said it was impossible.

“Did not some scoffers even call into question our Lord Jesus Christ, and say that He cast out devils through Beelzebub, the chief of devils?

“We would put ourselves back for centuries by crushing out all progress, did not some one have courage to ignore the enmity of the foolish, because we have not arrived at the point of the compass where power is visible. But, Molly, all of us ought to keep our minds open to God’s teaching and believe that nothing is impossible; for there are more marvellous things in heaven and earth than the world yet knows of. Telepathy has proved itself, and will prove itself again.

“It is a pity that so many people question, squabble, and argue over *that* which they do not understand; it is nonsense. I know a Gemini woman who was able to communicate with a Taurus woman and to receive messages of goodwill every day, and messages of congratulation or condolence as the conditions required. There is no doubt but that telepathy will in time establish a formula of its own in the ether which will prove it to the world as beyond all probability of doubt. Some day people will accept it as they do a science, above scepticism or suspicion, just as they have accepted commonplaces of to-day which were once unbelievable marvels.

“Every great movement, every science has to progress slowly, and pass through fires which

are so scorching in their heat as seemingly to destroy the very foundations of the new teaching—but only seemingly, for determination, calmness, and power will carve a way through prejudice in time.

“Soon will come the day of awakening, when these magnificent truths which you and I are learning, Molly, will be an open book to those who are now groping through nights of ignorance to reach at their meaning. I will tell you something here that will amuse you, and yet show you how extremely dense are those who will not, from very perversity, acknowledge the truth.

“A young fellow had got engaged to a very nice young girl, but the parents heard that she belonged to a family of psychics, and immediately refused their permission to the alliance, the young man's mother adding: ‘Had she been a Sunday-school teacher it would have been very different.’ His fiancée, hearing of the remark, said: ‘Why not? all is fair in love and war.’ Then she went to an Episcopal church and offered her services, which were accepted. After that no more was said by the parents about Miss Amy Gardner, the psychic, both parents having come to the conclusion that their son, Harry Erskine, had given her up. But it was not so; he was more in love than ever, and he thought of a very clever plan by which to win his bride. He got a clergyman friend to speak of Amy Gardner in

very high terms to his mother. He praised her so much that Mrs. Erskine said: 'My son knows an Amy Gardner, who is a dreadful sort of palmist girl.'

" 'Well, Mrs. Erskine,' the parson said, 'let me bring *my* Miss Gardner, and see what you think of her.' Within a few days Mrs. Erskine was talking quite amiably to Amy Gardner, and begging her to get her son's mind away from a certain scheming Amy Gardner who was a palmist, &c. Amy, the Sunday-school teacher, promised, and in three weeks' time Amy Gardner, the psychic, became Amy Erskine. So much for prejudice, for the girl was really a good, religious little soul, whose wish was to be good and to do good."

"Would you mind returning to India in thought, dearest Helen," Molly asked, "just to give me a few gleanings from your father's book regarding evidences of telepathy."

"Gladly, Molly," was the prompt reply; "there is one especially fascinating anecdote which I love to read. I'll *tell* it you as father told it me; the pathos of it always makes me want to cry. A father and daughter were exceedingly fond of each other; they were never separated; the father called his child his right hand. Parbuthie was her father's confidante, and she could not bear him out of her sight, nor could he endure to be away from her. In India the distances are great, so people talk of their friends as being in another country

when they speak of going to see them. Now, Parbuthie with her mother and her aunt had to pay a visit to her relations in the south, but she dreaded leaving her father, and it made her quite ill to think of the days that must pass before she could see him or hear his voice again ; he, however, determined to teach his daughter how telepathically to get into touch with him ; so father and daughter sat together every day for an hour at a time, and in a few days they tried conversation from different rooms, keeping a strict register of what each said. So complete was the sympathy of each for the other that they wrote the same thought. After some practice, however, they were able to converse easily, in question and answer form, and then, later on, there was no writing needed for this converse of souls. They parted, as was arranged, and were to be separated for eighteen months. The journey lasted fifteen days, and every day of these the father and daughter conversed, each keeping a diary ; they did not write a single word to each other through the post, as it was not necessary. What happened, however, was this, that just when a perfect telepathic communication had been achieved the father was taken seriously ill and unable to talk to his child.

“ Cholera, the foul disease of India, had got him in its power. Parbuthie knew directly what was wrong ; she came to her mother and said, trembling in every limb : ‘ Father is ill ; I must go to him ; he has cholera.’ ”

“ ‘How do you know?’ the mother asked, incredulous.

“ ‘He has not spoken to-day, and when I went into the Silence I saw him and he could not speak to me, but I could see what he meant to say. I must go ; it is useless to try to keep me—his spirit is calling me.’

“She made her fifteen-day journey back without a murmur, talking to her women servants cheerfully, never faltering, always keeping in mind the thought, ‘I shall soon see him, my precious father.’ And she did, for he lingered until she came. Cholera had left him weak and ill, but he struggled back to life and his Parbuthie. She found him in his room at sunset, and quietly glided in with the words—

“ ‘I have come, father ; say on, what thou hast to say, for night is upon us.’

“He opened his eyes. ‘Child of my love, child of my old age, so I was strong enough to draw thee to myself. God is good. Now let me collect my powers of resistance, for I have much to say to thee.’

“He lived for a week, and Parbuthie and he were never separated again for more than a few moments on earth, then Narayenrao was called away. Even as he lay, giving last messages which Parbuthie was writing down, his soul sped away to the home beyond in a moment. This is what he told her to write : ‘I have been bidden to give a last message

ere my soul takes flight to another abode. I am commanded to tell my friends that telepathy is possible in the deep silence when two souls are in close communion ; words are not necessary, distance is no barrier, the aura of each contains the like ether, therefore the like conditions, and instantly thought is propelled from one to the other ; and not only propelled by one but also drawn by the other by a magnetic, unseen cord, understood only by the two who are so much in unison, and whatever the obstacles, however great the universal density of thought surrounding the thoughts of the operators, nothing can prevent this inter-communication.'

“ In another part of the same book which had received Narayenrao's last words one may read the following—

“ ‘ O Eternal Divine Essence, Thou who hast given us mortals this most wonderful gift of telepathy to soothe our aching hearts, when time and space, when affection and friendship are denied us, when multitudes of uncomprehending ones crowd round with scorn, we thank Thee. It is not Thy will that it should yet be fully made clear to those who know Thee not, for in their unbelief they scoff at truth. Let such as are longing for proof have their eyes opened, their ears touched, their tongues untied, their souls afired, for that which makes communication possible on the earth plane, with miles of land and sea between, and even makes

communication possible with the worlds in space. 'O wise God, O Eternal One, make us even as Thine angels, Thy messengers of light, who go fearlessly on awaiting the end of the journey of each epoch!''

CHAPTER VIII

AUGUST 17TH—

Astrological Sign: Leo.
Governing Planet: The sun.
Domain: Fire.

Should marry one born under Aries, March 27th.

Governing Planets: Mars and Neptune.
Domain: Fire.

Leo, speed with rapid flight,
Speak with greatest feeling,
Touch the bells which ring aright
As glad sounds are stealing.

Lion-hearted, wend your way
To the beauteous mountain,
Gay the morn, and bright the day
Ripples in the fountain.

HELEN TAGORE'S influence was on the increase in Vere Street, people wanted to talk to her, and on this day she was waiting to interview those who desired to ascertain her views on the threefold self of the human being.

Mr. Tagore's book was so full of teaching, and he had understood his daughter's character so thoroughly, that he had left her a fund of knowledge to impart to all who came to her. But she first understood a truth herself before she passed it on to others.

She was sitting in the Silence with an open book upon her knee, and as she glanced at the closely written page a smile shone on her face, for she had solved the riddle written for her to read.

The words she had read were: "My child, in giving this truth to the world start from this point, viz., that the vehicle, the body, must be perfect before it can be active; every part of it must be in working order, every hinge new, every screw and nail untarnished by rust. Not a speck of dust must spoil its beauty, not a crack or rift must depreciate its value. From seven, the age of individuality, to fifty-seven, the age of understanding, the wheels must be greased with the oils of knowledge; health must be perfect, every drop of blood must be pure. The engines or organs of the body must be undamaged, then can the vehicle carry any burden from seven stone to seventeen, then only can it reach perfection. Impress this upon your hearers, Helen.

"When you have impressed your pupils and hearers with this truth, and not till then, go on to the next point, but be very careful to

emphasize each necessary adjunct, and, my Helen, above all and beyond all, strive in your own body to reach perfection in order that not only your words but also your example may be followed. To be able to say of anything, 'Try this, I have done so and know it is good,' is one thing; to say, 'Try this, for I hear it is good,' is quite another. I have tried to educate you, my precious child, by example as well as precept, and it was also your mother's teaching, Helen. There was no woman more perfect than she, and she lived up to all that she preached and all who knew her said: 'She does not only tell us to do so-and-so, but she does it herself, and then she tells us how to do it!' No teacher, however powerful, can succeed without a demonstration, for the very good reason that the teacher is not in touch with his subjects unless he demonstrates. Now for an illustration of this, my Helen.

"We had in our neighbourhood a Dr. Raykin, who was thin, gouty, wheezy, cranky, and mean; he talked on platforms, and with his asthmatical voice advised his hearers to take certain much-needed medicines, as he himself did, to call in medical aid in time, and so on, and so forth. Do you think for a moment that this man was able to influence a single patient? Do you think that one in that crowd believed in him? Do you think that a single heart there echoed his sentiments? No! those who were

his audience came to have fun and make fun ; as soon as he advertised a lecture, they said, 'Come along, let us go, it will be rippingly funny,' and they went, and laughed and jeered. Did even one of those people get a particle of truth from the Professor of Medicine? Certainly not ; he was full of theories gleaned from books ; he preached the experiences of others, not his own. His means of expression were wrong, for he had nothing to show as a good example in his own vehicle, the body. The people searched and he was found wanting, so that the very thing he wanted to extol, the benefits of health, proved to be his undoing, because of his own ill-health. Consequently he lost his practice, and afterwards drank himself to death, cursing the people and blaming his ill-fortune, when the fault was all his own. Had his five-foot stature taken on the glow of health he could have proved his arguments by his own case, but instead he brought upon himself and his cause laughter, calumny, and scorn, while derisive tongues shook his theories to the ground.

“ So it will be with all those who, like him, begin at the wrong end of things when they try to minister to the multitude. Any person who has a truth to unfold must himself be the perfection of that truth if he wishes to advance it.

“ I went once, my child, to a Western country in order to take the chair at a Vegetarian Con-

gress. I will not name the country ; suffice it to say it was not in India, China, Japan, Egypt, or Ceylon. When I entered, an impulse seized me to cut and run, because of what I saw. It was all too absurd ; for these vegetarians wished to prove to the world how strong and healthy they were ; they wished to spread the doctrine of vegetarianism throughout the land. Yet of all the skinny, unhealthy, unhappy-looking people I had ever seen, the vegetarians of that special Congress were the worst. Not one of them could have weighed seven stone, not one had any colour, not one had a smile ; it seemed to me as though the shadow of their ancestors had come to make merry at their expense. I need not tell you, although I was an Oriental vegetarian myself, I opened the Congress by urging the members to go back to meat as they needed it. I was talked down and hooted for my audacity, but I won the day, for I saw in the audience before me a glow of understanding, a longing to take my advice, a sort of hungry look which assured me more than anything else that my words had struck home. Three months after this episode, when writing you a few more thoughts, the European mail brought me a seething letter from the secretary of the Congress to tell me that their numbers had fallen away, their finances had fallen off, and their Congress was shattered ; he named me as the culprit, asking me to make good the money that was

wanting. Glad to be able to make reparation in this way, I did what was necessary, willingly. I felt, however, that my duty on the day of the Congress was to give the truth quite regardless of consequences ; it may have been hurtful to the cause of vegetarianism in that particular centre, but the Truth will always stand, whether it be for religion, education, or progress. It must stand every test of light, reason, and criticism, and then no storm can hurt it, no fires burn it, no lightning wither it, no tempest flood it—for Truth must endure for ever—Truth must always shine triumphant, for Truth is immortal because God is immortal, and God is Truth.

“ *Now* let us take the mentality of the human, my Helen, and weave around the ego its position, having got perfection for the physical portion. As a matter of course the mental will be able better to hold its own and function through it, but that very mind or mentality must be fit for that perfect physique. It must be able to criticize ; it must be clean, well balanced, and pure ; it must function aright, it must be capable of understanding, it must be ready to seek knowledge constantly, it must ask itself oftentimes what is true progression, it must never be satisfied until it has sifted the chaff from the wheat, it must always be ready to weigh the pros against the cons of a case ; but above all things and beyond all things it

must strike out on the lines of purity because it commands the body, the body being its servant. 'Even as a man thinketh so is he.'

"I will give you an incident to explain my meaning. A young Eastern nobleman with a spotless inheritance of health was sent to England for his education. He was not only an athlete of splendid physique and handsome, but he had in his bearing the majesty of a king; he came from an excellent school, with letters of introduction to Cambridge. For the first year he worked well, and the added knowledge made his beautiful physique all the more attractive, and then the usual thing happened: a young woman of the servant class got hold of him, he began to neglect his college work, lost his mental balance, the mind became imbued with a desire for sensual pleasure and sloth, and all vitality disappeared. The dons got anxious and sent for a doctor, who pulled him together, but the key-note of his life was gone, gross desire was rampant, and he saw everything through coloured glasses. The reason was that his mind was no longer in tune with the Infinite, and although his body appeared to be in perfect form, yet he lived for five years only, and then rapid consumption carried him off. The girl lived to boast of her nobleman lover, but a home in India mourned its dead; a stricken mother followed her son soon after, and the little girl widow,

who could never marry again (for the student was a married man when he came to England), held in her mind the thoughts, 'They took him from me to their Christian land, they robbed him of his inheritance, his health, his sane mind, and they think they are our teachers and our betters. I hate England!' Can we wonder? Would we not feel the same if India cumbered us with such a page of history? Helen, if ever you have the opportunity do not shrink for a moment from speaking the truth, unflinchingly, and give the message wherever you may be. It is a thought worth giving to every child, so make a point of emphasizing the fact of a threefold self, and ask why the mind is not as good as the body? If there is need to upbraid a child for some naughtiness, tell it that as the body is well it is the mind which cannot be well; show it *where* the mistake lies; let its threefold clothing of the ego be thoroughly understood.

"I will give you another instance of a dear Mohammedan youth who came to Oxford. He was an enthusiast regarding his religion, and he was healthy and clever. His whole soul was afire for knowledge. 'I must die when I have learnt what the world has to teach me, and not till then,' he said to himself. His parents, as he bade them goodbye, said: 'This our son is fit to go out into the world; we send him fearlessly to the West; he will teach those

people across the waters how Mohammed helps his own. He is married, so that he is safe from the designing women of a European land. He is rich, so he need ask no charity. Go, son of many prayers,' they said, 'and be an example to many.' Alas! my Helen, the end was not as they had prayed for. It came only too quickly; he became a gambler, lost all control of himself, and died by his own hand. His parents are in an insane asylum. His little wife poisoned herself and is no more. Oh, Helen, my child, let us, you and I, help India, let us bring our voices and our thoughts together, let us establish a system by which and through which we shall save India in thousands of ways; yet, Helen, you and I must never forget that we belong to England, glorious England, with her many voices, her many charms, her many privileges. India's comrade and friend is the England that loves the Christos, the England that is loyal and true, the England that has for its rulers those who would, were it necessary, lay down their lives for the Truth.

"Do not tire of well-doing, my darling; I must still ask your help, and I still urge you to go through these pages patiently in order that you may follow my thoughts to the end.

"The third chord of the threefold self comes next, and this is the spiritual self—that higher consciousness with which each one of us has

been blessed. I thank God you have it, Helen ; it makes it easier therefore to speak to you ; it makes it easier to leave with you a mission which I know you will successfully carry through. I say to you, in the Master's own words, let it sound to you as a call : ' Lovest thou Me? Feed My sheep.'

" So many good and clever and understanding people make a mistake about the phrase, ' being religious ' and ' being spiritual.' To be religious is to be surrounded by creeds, dogmas, doctrines, and earthly props ; to be spiritual is to have your thoughts centred on the Higher Life, to do your duty because it is a pleasure, to love beautiful things because they are helpful to you, to live ' the life ' because it is the life you choose, to be surrounded with thoughts of the highest from choice ; to be in the world and yet not of it. I will give you an instance of both worldliness and unworldliness and leave you to judge of the outcome of facts. Needless to say the physical, mental, and spiritual work together as the threefold self with only one Master to serve.

" Do you remember Frank Morrison, your cousin? He was a very good young man, as you know, and used to beg the boys to give up smoking cigarettes and beer-drinking ; he often shed tears over these wickednesses, as he called their wild behaviour ; he sometimes brought out a New Testament and read it in their presence, trying to quote chapter and

verse for *this* and *that*, trying to 'help the boys,' as he told them he ought to do. He sighed whilst he prayed, looked thunder and lightning at any one who made a frivolous remark, so that the boys called him 'saintly Jim,' and made fun of him. He was a milk-sop, and was no more spiritual than is a cat—indeed, less so. He ended in a felon's cell, his so-called 'religion' being only a cloak which fell off when he most needed strength; in his case the tares grew with the wheat and choked it, and in the end he fell from grace and became a drivelling drunkard. I heard of his death in the gutter, three years ago. Now, his friend, Arnold Crofton, made no pretence of religion at all; he was a clever, healthy, strong young fellow, ready for any emergency, and always happy. Children and animals loved him, all Nature seemed in harmony with him. He went to Winchester, where every boy liked and respected him. He did not *talk* religion, but lived it; those in trouble went to him, those in distress asked his advice, and he was always ready, humbly enough, to give it in his breezy way. 'Come along, old fellow,' he would say; 'let us talk it out. But,' he generally added, 'you ask my advice and I give it on one condition only, and that is, you follow out all the things I ask you to do, in order that you may put yourself right with God and the world. Now my time is yours, but it is not to be wasted. I am not an idle

sentimentalist, and we must face the music, and so let us to business.'

"In half an hour from that time the poor boy who had come in looking for all the world as though joy in life for him was ended passed out full of life and vigour, a new light in his eyes and a new song on his tongue. *This* is true religion, and spells spirituality. That man rose to high honours, he was a leading spirit everywhere. Masters and pupils loved him, people on the roadside or street talked to him, he was one of the lights of the world. Later on he became a missionary and went to India, with love in his heart and power in his hand, not in connection with any society; he did not preach at the people, but lived his Christ life in Peshawar, very seldom forcing religion upon a people whom he knew were already truly religious; yet he lived so circumspectly, so happily, and so rejoicingly, that people said: 'This man is one of us; he does not talk religion or cant about it; he is a breath of the Divine Creator, and God speaks to us through him.' He was with them for seven years and 'passed on' quietly while in a cholera district, with the head of a poor coolie on his knee. He had completed a life of unselfishness by dying for his friend.

"You see, my dearest Helen, I am so deeply in sympathy with England because I am an Englishman; but also I am bound to India

because she is my country by adoption, and so I want us to be the humble instruments which will draw these two great countries closer to each other. The idea of the great brotherhood is constantly with me, and I feel that we must establish the fact of Christ in His temple being the one Great Guide and Minister, and what I want to impress upon every follower of Christ is that he must be true to his faith, be true to his Church, true to himself, and if his leader or his Church do not help him as they did years ago he must not desert them, but obtain from his own Higher Consciousness that which can help him. It is the light which shines from within which will be of the greatest service because the whole body will be full of light, and also because each man must find out for himself where and how he stands. So under the shadow of the wing of His love shall we increase, press forward, and evolve, and to Him alone shall we give praise Who has said: 'Come unto Me.' There must be no props to a man's righteousness of soul or one by one they will fall away. Only the Master Christ can support the weak, and He is ever at hand. To some the Master means the Church, to others the personal Saviour; but He is always the Everliving Christ Who is our Comforter and our Stay. Just as a man who is a cripple is not cured unless he is able to stand without crutch or stick, so we are not perfect unless

all one's earthly props are gone, and only the Divine Stay remains.

“I trust I have not tired you, my Helen, but I must speak as the Master desires me to, and I know that you will always have ears to hear the Truth.”

CHAPTER IX

SEPTEMBER 17TH—

Astrological Sign: Virgo.
Governing Planet: Mercury.
Domain: Earth.

Should marry one born under Libra.

Governing Planet: Venus.
Domain: Air.

Virgo, human thine to teach,
Thine to lend the ladder,
Thine to lift, and thine to preach,
Though some hearts grow sadder.

Thine to guard from what's unclean
Thine to soothe, to soften,
Thine to chase the troubled dream
From the heart that's broken.

HELEN had put the book down for a while and sat pondering over what she had read. She wanted to fix it all in her mind so that she could teach Molly, but soon the desire to read more became

so intense that she picked up the volume again and read—

“ This, my dear Helen, is to be a very short lesson for you because I want it to impress you. It is just to show you what I think of humans that are born under Virgo. Theirs is the life which extols all religion, which enters into the sanctuary, which devotes time, thought, and every possession to the spiritual life they think necessary to them. They plan out for themselves a life scheme which they like to feel is God-given ; they are liable to enter a convent or religious life if they are women and a monastery if they are men. They suppress pleasure, eschew marriage, and longingly adore their Churches and their missions ; they sometimes grow fanatical. In the Orient when such a call comes to them it comes after marriage, as betrothals take place in infancy, and then, as in the Occident, the man or woman leaves everything and makes for the Temple. Most Virgo people in the Orient are childless, for if a woman be barren her husband renounces all claim to her, and she is able even in her Zenana to take up work for the poor, or feed five hundred outcasts daily, or wash the feet of twenty-five beggars, or care for the souls of animals, or tend the gardens. They, as do their Western sisters, also fast and pray and work, but there is a great difference between the fasting of the East and the West. In the Orient no food passes the lips of a devotee from

sunrise to sunset ; not even water is taken, and for every fast there is a hard and holding rule for old men and maidens, young men and children, that they keep their vows and touch nothing after sunrise, but that as soon as 6 p.m. strikes, food may be eaten, after baths and devotions at the shrine.

“ It is quite impossible to give a word picture of an Orient fast-day. Some of these fasts last for weeks, and the poor devotees faint by the way, but they will not because of that reason alter their plans, neither will they change their rules. It is really admirable to see how staunch they can be to what they consider the truth on these lines. As you know, Helen, I am always reminded, in talking of fasting, of a fast in England in your Uncle Bertram’s house. They used to keep their invitations to friends for these fast days, and then apologize that there was no meat ; but, my dear child, there was oyster soup to begin with, and after fourteen delightful courses of fish in aspic and fish pickled, fish in this and fish in that, we wound up with a ginger pudding, coffee, and, of course, fruit. I must say that I was amused at the apology.

“ There is nothing more beautiful, I think, than the life of the Blessed Virgin, as is given us in the ancient writ ; she made no ostentatious proclamations, although, as a Jewess, her fasts must have been frequent. All was done in the Silence, where none could comment upon

her devotions or fasts, and we are told only of the beautiful mother-qualities left us for example. Many and many a time her soul must have soared in rapture to worlds unknown during the beautiful creation of the Son of God, and yet we hear of no murmur, we read of no special services until after Emmanuel came.

“I think, my Helen, that although the life of a nun or a sister in a convent or sisterhood is a life of sacrifice, it also has a good deal of pleasure in it from the standpoint of the time allotted to praise and prayer. We, who are workers in the arena of the world, have often to snatch a few moments from our duties in order to have a short silence or a moment of devotion. Often and often have I inclined toward the life of a celibate, but I have drawn back because it seems to me, even if one does get away from the world, one does not get away from self, which goes into the cloister and monastery, making music as it goes along, while the music is often not what one anticipated or desired. Ofttimes I have had some poor little sister or nun confide her woes to me, and I have felt like begging her to give up the vows so rashly taken, and advising her to live in the world, in the very centre of it, bearing the crosses and burdens of life in happiness. But my heartfelt sympathies are with those who lead the life of the virgin or monk, and we must offer to them our devotion and gratitude

for showing those of us who are not worthy the higher life of the soul in a cloister or monastery, that some day, somehow, we shall retire from the world's activity also."

CHAPTER X

OCTOBER 1ST—

<i>Astrological Sign :</i>	Libra.
<i>Governing Planet :</i>	Venus.
<i>Domain :</i>	Air.
<i>Career :</i>	Judge.

Should marry one born under Aquarius.

<i>Governing Planets :</i>	Saturn and Uranus.
<i>Domain :</i>	Fire.

Venus, thou art good and kind
To all those who claim thy mind ;
Rich and poor on every hand
Feel they'd like thee for their land.

Venus, come in perfect power,
Fill our earth with love again,
Make all sadness from this home
Disappear, disperse all pain.

HELEN and Molly were having one of their usual *tête-à-têtes*, Molly anxious to learn and Helen willing to teach. Molly had made notes of many things which she wanted explained, and at last came to one which she had marked with a star.

“ What is psychometry, Helen? ” she asked.

“I have heard you use the term pretty often of late, so I want to know something about it.”

“Quite right, dear,” Helen answered, smiling, “for one can never learn too much. People who don’t wish to learn can never improve themselves. Psychometry, Molly, is really the higher sense of touch. The sense is very keen with some people, who can tell from a mere touch whence a thing comes, what is its history, and so on. You will find this sense very prominent amongst the blind. My father revelled in relating anecdotes about psychometry. Shall I read you one out of his book?”

“Please do, dear. That book is an unending source of enjoyment to us, is it not?” Molly said, settling herself in a big arm-chair, while Helen sat at the window under the light.

“Yes,” she said, opening the volume. “Father spent his life writing it so that others should benefit by his experience. Listen—

“When you read this chapter in my book, Helen, remember to offer up a prayer that you may be in touch with the people of whom I write, and balance my words well. I give you facts every time, so you may be quite certain that every statement I make is correct and that every word has been proved. I was asked by an English judge to go with him to see a man, a friend of mine, who was supposed to have this gift of psychometry developed to a marvellous degree. The judge was very suspicious

that the man was a fraud, and although I felt shame in allowing such a test to be put upon my friend, I went in order that he, Bavaji, might know that I was a believer and so be comforted.

“There were fourteen of us Englishmen ; he was the only Eastern. The judge came up to him and said : ‘Now, Bavaji, we have come to ask you some questions. Firstly, will you take this handkerchief in your hand and tell us anything you can about it.’ The handkerchief had belonged to the judge’s dead wife, and Bavaji took it in his hand, touched it to his forehead, and answered at once : ‘Great sir, I shall be obliged to give you pain. This silk square belonged to one who was very precious to you ; she was tall and beautiful, clever, musical, but nervous of creeping things ; she would turn from a spider and yet stroke a serpent. When quite a child she was taught not to be afraid of wild animals or snakes, yet a mouse or an insect would make her shriek ; she once saved a child from the bite of a cobra by singing to the creature until she drew it quite away from the little one. She is near your heart, great sir ; her name was Clarice ; she called you Fulk.’ The judge was staggered for a moment.

“ ‘Great God !’ he muttered, ‘every word the man has uttered is gospel truth. I cannot bear more.’

“ ‘Let *me* try, Judge,’ said another of those

present. 'I am strong-willed, and cannot be hypnotised or made to give myself away. Here you are, Bavaji,' he continued, turning to my friend. 'I have been in India for seven years, so I know that you people are all *budmash* [frauds]. Now then! You have never seen me, so fire away.'

" 'What is it you seek, sir?'

" 'Nothing, man, nothing! Just fire away. Here is my fountain-pen—tell me something of my history by it if you can.'

" 'Hurribah!' said Bavaji, smiling gravely; 'bring me a pen and ink; I want to write down something. Gentlemen, the last letter the pen wrote will soon be before you.' My friend wrote in silence for a few moments in English, then read what he had written—

" 'MY LORD,—I have been out in India for seven years, so that you will pardon this letter. It is right you should know that Judge McLaren, who is in this district of Oodeypore, is taking large bribes from the people; he is much disliked by the Indians, and I think it would be well that he should be recalled. I cannot work under one so vicious and such a drunkard as he is. He is not aware that I am writing to the India Office, but unless he is removed there will be trouble.

" 'Your obedient servant,

" 'HARCOURT BAGGELEY.'

" 'Every eye was turned upon Baggeley as Bavaji paused.

" 'Liar! Son of a pig! I'll have you thrashed for this!' he shouted, and would

have thrown himself upon my friend had not the others present interfered.

“ ‘Great sir,’ said Bavaji calmly, ‘is there any other test you would put me to?’

“ ‘It was to the judge he spoke.

“ ‘Yes, Bavaji, go on with that pen. Stand aside, sir!’ he added sternly to Mr. Baggeley. ‘The plot thickens; I am glad I came.’

“ ‘Great sir, it will only wound you. Need I go on?’ my friend pleaded.

“ ‘No matter; I wish you to continue,’ the judge urged. And Bavaji picked up the pen again, while Baggeley stood looking on with angry eyes.

“ ‘Another letter has been written, sir,’ Bavaji said, ‘but in Hindu characters. It is to a servant, and reads thus—

“ ‘Bhanu, you are a clever man. Why should you stay with the Judge Sahib who gives you no wages and works you so hard? I know you have taken a liking to him, my syce tells me so, but I will give you eight annas each time you can bring me the contents of his waste-paper basket, especially on the English mail day. You will not be robbing him, as it is something he throws away, I will pay you well for the rubbish. My syce’s name is Sonie; you will know from that who I am.’

“ ‘You scoundrel! Stop your lies and give me back my pen!’ Baggeley cried, struggling to reach my friend, although held by two of the Englishmen.

“ ‘Nay, Bavaji,’ the judge said quietly, ‘give me that pen, for I shall carry it away in

triumph, and when I am recalled it shall go with me. I thank you for showing me to-day a great and marvellous truth.'

" 'Is there any one else who would like to test me, gentlemen?' my friend asked, turning to the others.

" 'No, Bavaji, none,' the judge said cordially. 'You have proved that from the touch of the initiated nothing can be hidden. I am quite content for one to feel that your wonderful East is full of surprises—bewildering, dazzling surprises. My God! what a disclosure!' he added, turning to me. 'And I was so kind to Baggeley. What can it mean?'

" Bavaji, bowing courteously, answered for me—

" 'Great sir, we Indians say that it is never wise to trust a man who can look down on a street while he looks at something else with the other eye. Baggeley Sahib is squint-eyed, Judge Sahib, and not to be trusted; and we are never wrong on this point. Even the great King of England is not safe when such men walk the earth. One word of warning, Judge Sahib: never leave your correspondence partially torn up; it is far worse than not tearing it at all. And one thing more: the English Sahiblog in India get careless; all they think of is eating and drinking and running away with other men's wives, just because they have not enough to do to fully occupy their minds with better things. Judge Sahib, you have this

gift of psychometry—try yourself, and you will find it a very great help in your work.

“‘I will show you what my little daughter can do. You have not seen her; she is all that a father wants.’ He opened a door and called, ‘Junjeera, veil thyself and come hither, child. I want our protector of the poor to have a knowledge of psychometry—and how can he do so unless he has a knowledge of thee? So, beloved, wilt thou come and show thy gift? Nay, sir,’ he continued, for the judge would have excused her, ‘she will not be nervous when she once gets used to the voice of our protector. Eleven summers have smiled upon her; she resembles her mother, and is our pearl.’

“A slim, beautiful girl, with glorious eyes and a skin like velvet, and with a quiet tread, came forward, and, bowing with her face to the ground, made an obeisance.

“‘Speak, sir,’ she said to the judge. ‘Wouldst thou know the mysteries that are unfolded to those who seek in the right way? Give me the silver button on thy sleeve and let me help thee, if Allah wills. One page in thy history, noble sir, gives thee pain. Thou didst once harm an innocent girl, and thy prayers are dimmed because of thy error. She is, like thyself, English but poor; but, unlike thyself, she is revengeful and wicked. She has determined to harm thee, and, with the sahib of the crooked eyes, she seeks thy downfall. Be

warned, O great Judge Sahib! do thy duty by the girl and offer her marriage. She will refuse thee, for she is already affianced to the crooked eye; but her revenge will be abated; she will then leave thee alone. Thou art now thinking it were better to leave India. Do not do so; there is one who loves thee here. Thou didst not know she loved thee until a chance word put the knowledge in thy hands, and then didst thou hurry to our East. She is very near.'

“ ‘Where, where, little lady? I am most anxious to know,’ the judge replied earnestly, looking into the maiden’s eyes.

“ ‘That will I disclose to the protector of the poor when he does what is now in his mind—that is, when he makes recompense to the revengeful one; for it is not meet that the angel with the blue eyes should come under the evil eyes of two wicked people, as she most assuredly would do if the revengeful one knew that one of her own sex, but of high birth, loved thee. Nay, bring no more sorrow into the world, Judge Sahib. Make amends as thou goest along, and Junjeera will later help thee to find Maimee Lonsdale, the Missie Sahib with eyes like stars, lips like cherries, and feet so white, so small, who hath voice like tinkling bells that makes music all day.’

“ ‘Well, dear child, I shall do my best,’ the judge answered, repressing a sigh.

“ ‘The God of peace go with thee, Sahib!

For is not a conquered enemy on the road to oblivion? She can never be a friend to anything that lives but herself. Leave her minus her fangs; she is unable to hurt thee then. To thy father's house prosperity, and to thee peace !'

"So impressed was Judge McLaren that he went straight away past the bazaars to a road which overlooked a large *maidan* or common, and in one of the villas there he sought an actress woman with whom he had taken up at Richmond some years before. He knocked, and out came an Indian ayah, who said that she would tell the Memsahib, who had just come in after a walk in the fields. Would the sahib sit down? A hard-looking woman, who might once have been distinguished-looking, came in.

" 'Myra,' said the judge, coming to the point at once, 'I heard that you were in India and I have come to make amends. It's no good talking over the past, or as to who was most in fault. I'll come straight to the point. Will you marry me, Myra?'

"She laughed softly, a slow, lazy, sensuous indulgence. 'Well, I never,' she sneered; 'so you want to soft-soap me and win me over to your side? No, Judge, that won't wash. I am marrying a better man than you are, one who is to be judge in Oodeypore. Marry *you*, a widower! No, indeed, not when I have the whip-hand of you, with my new judge, who is well-born, good-looking, dearly loved in this

country, and a gentleman every inch of him. I will tell him the honour you have done me ; he will resent it as I do. I never want to see you again ; I never loved you, and if you were the only man in the world I'd never marry you ! Good-morning.'

"The judge left the house smiling. He had done his duty and yet escaped from a hateful union.

" 'Thank God, thank God ! Myra to be married, and so no sword hangs over my head now, and I shall be free to marry elsewhere without fear of my wife being annoyed ; I shall return to the little Junjeera to have that address. But what of the psychometry I laughed over a few days ago ? ' he thought. ' A single touch has revealed to father and daughter the whole of my life. Why are we so dense as to disbelieve anything we don't understand ? Why is it we do not comprehend that if bloodhounds are able to trace criminals from only a piece of stuff worn by the individual at the time of disappearance, human beings with God-given talents can do as much and more ? I have learned many a lesson in the Orient, but none so clear as the revelations in psychometry. And as to the word itself, it is derived from the two words *psyche* (soul) and *metre* (measure), which means the measure of the soul. I ought to have known that it was not charlatanism, but a deep spiritual truth. I want to take Junjeera that

silver coin with a strange device I found outside my tent door. Would she, I wonder, give away her own countrymen as she did Baggeley? They are well-to-do, honest, well-born people; why should she act any differently than she has already done?’

“He hurried back to my friend’s house and presented himself with: ‘Here I am, Bavaji. I wish your little daughter would psychometrize this coin for me.’ And he showed the silver disk.

“‘With pleasure, Sahib. My little one,’ Bavaji added, calling her, ‘see what this coin says to thee.’ She came in, staid and dignified as before, so childish in her pretty ways, yet so unlike an English child in her wisdom.

“‘Oh, father, whence has it come?’ She shuddered and looked alarmed. ‘It speaks to me of murder, of revenge, of such hypocrisy as is not often found in our Orient. It belongs to Baggeley Sahib’s syce Sonie, who has stolen it from his master; he left it as a token for a man who has been engaged to do thee ill, Judge Sahib. Thou mightest have been murdered in cold blood. Father, we will outwit them. Let Mr. McLaren sleep in my little room, the one where I study. No one will be the wiser; he must make his own bed, look as though he himself were asleep in it. You see, they have coaxed the Judge Sahib’s syce away; they will shoot poor Prince, the horse also. Father, you and I shall manage it all. Judge Sahib, we ask

thy permission to see thee through this terrible business. We shall save *thee*, thy horse, and thy belongings. Adieu, Sahib; we have small time, and we must work quietly. Thou must come to us at seven; we must have thee safely here before the evening meal-time. I will go round and whisper in our market-place that thou art not well, Judge Sahib. Baggeley Sahib will laugh and think Fate is on his side, but his disappointment will come on the morrow. Peace be to thee and to thy house peace!' She bowed in her Oriental fashion and disappeared behind a curtain. Judge McLaren meanwhile paid a visit to his chemist, had a turn with his doctor, and retired to his tent at five with a great showing of dressing-gown, known in India as 'the sick man's garment.'

"A note was brought to him by Sonie from Mr. Baggeley to the following effect—

" 'DEAR McLAREN,—Myra has told me of your proposal. Would to God you had made it yesterday before I had quite decided to marry her! But I trust you will cry *quits* now, for I am taking her off your hands. Don't believe a word that son of a pig said this morning; I shall run him in before long for his lying. I will look in to-morrow morning, for I hear you are not very well. Do get to bed and wear off your seediness. Good men are scarce.

" Yours,

" J. H. BAGGELEY."

" 'Serpent!' muttered the judge softly to himself as he read. 'You will wallow in your

own pit ere long. But for psychometry I might to-morrow have been a corpse.' Then, turning to the messenger, he said: 'Say Salaam to Baggeley Sahib, and that we shall meet to-morrow.'

" 'Huzoor,' said the wily Sonie, bowing low; 'may the Great Protector of the Poor have a good night and his sleep be refreshing!'

"At ten o'clock a small figure might have been seen stealthily creeping towards the judge's tent enclosures, and smiling to himself over what was to come. At last he set fire to both tents, calling out 'Kismet, Kismet!' and then glided away as he came.

"Meanwhile Judge McLaren, Bavaji, and little Junjeera watched through an upper window of their house.

" 'Judge Sahib, God has saved thee to work for India; thou wilt belong to us now.'

" 'Hush!' the child said, and then, holding up a warning finger, 'let us be silent, father; put out the lights; I hear in the distance a noise of shuffling feet; two people approach, a man and a woman; we must guard our house, father. I will send out Marothie and Baromey, whilst you, Sahib, must watch from here. They want to set fire to our house, but they will be prevented. Watch and listen, for *cowards* they will prove themselves.'

"Screech after screech rent the air. 'James! James! I'm killed! Oh, don't run away and leave me! You *are* running away!' And a

woman could be seen fluttering her dress at something before which she was retreating backwards.

“ ‘ Be quiet, Myra ! ’ snarled a man’s voice ; ‘ here is a large cobra after me, a regular beast, by Jove ! You’ll have to get yourself out of the mess as best you can ! McLaren is done for, so is his horse, and dead men tell no tales, while as for those Hindu pigs, we shall smoke them out to-morrow ! ’ Then his voice suddenly rose to a scream : ‘ Run, Myra, run ! they are following us, and they mean death ; but don’t make a noise ; and yet, good heavens ! the whole town is coming out ! ’

“ Bavaji decided that now it was time to put in an appearance, and he came out of his house, looking sternly at Mr. Baggeley and the actress. ‘ So, sir, and you, madam, now indeed do we know you have done wrong ; for Marothie and his companion do not hurt those who are pure before God. We cannot help you even if we would ; these are our blood-hounds ; they touch not the innocent, but search till they find the guilty. This is indeed the Karmic law. “ As ye sow, so also must ye reap ” ; the edict has gone forth. Adieu, Baggeley Sahib ; when next you visit the earth plane, as you assuredly will, be true, be loyal, be honourable, and work out on that other plane the evil that is within you. ’

“ Mr. Baggeley looked as though he was indeed on another plane, for he saw Judge

McLaren (for whom he had laid so deep a plot) riding in full vigour, and the horse perfectly well and in good condition also. His nerves, already stretched to breaking-point, suddenly gave way; he cried with an unearthly yell: 'Where are we, Myra? Are we dead? Are these people who have been burned come to punish us? Oh, Myra! so soon has the reckoning come? Why did we kill them? McLaren, McLaren, by Jove! he is alive, thanks be! McLaren, take off these beasts! Order your Indian dogs to save us! You will suffer for your sins in hell if you don't! Do you hear? Call the beasts off! Sonie, bring my gun and shoot these devils!'

"But Sonie stood still, turned to stone; for the avengers were upon *him* also; he turned to Bavaji and fell at his feet.

"'Sahib, my lord, save me!' he cried; 'it was that English Sahib who threatened to kill me if I did not obey him! If thou savest me, Bavaji, I will say many prayers for thee. I will ask all the gods to heal thy wife—I will . . .'

"'Take not my wife's name on thine evil lips, Sonie; thine hour has come, so prepare for thine end!'

"'Baggeley Sahib, you and the lady have brought this on yourselves; we cannot stay the creatures, for they have their orders from a world we cannot control. Had you been guiltless, the serpents would not have touched

you ; but justice rules the world and we cannot save you ; so bid each other farewell ! ’

“ ‘ McLaren, you have won the day ! ’ Baggeley gasped faintly. ‘ Take care of my mother. I was not always such a black-guard, McLaren. My God ! I am fainting ; it has bitten me ; all will soon be over ! Myra, goodbye ! ’

“ But Myra had already passed on to give an account of her stewardship, and Sonie lay at their feet, stone dead.

“ Judge McLaren, with head bowed, whispered : ‘ Forgive them, my Father ; their temptation was great ; forgive them ere they enter the gates of the Dwellers on the Threshold ! ’

“ And now for the end. Junjeera gave Judge McLaren the address he had been longing for. After once more touching the little silver button, she described Miss Lonsdale, giving her address, present conditions, circumstances, everything. Next day Mr. McLaren set off, and soon afterwards was able to ask Miss Lonsdale to share his home, his interests, and his life. She was gloriously happy ; what she had hoped for, dreamed for, prayed for had come true at last.

“ Turning round to the pet bird on her shoulder, she said : ‘ Little Indian *myna* [magpie], thou wert kind to me, preparing me for this great joy. I shall now set thee free to roam thy woods in happiness. ’

“The little myna would not move; she settled stolidly on her friend’s shoulder and cried: ‘He loves thee; he comes to thee; do not send me away!’

“‘No, darling, we won’t; we will take you with us. Shall we, Sholto? Shall we take our little sunshine of the woods? She has been such a dear little comforter, and I cannot bear to leave her. God has been good to me. Now, when we go home, will you tell me all that has happened to you since I last saw you?’

“His story was soon told, and Sholto McLaren gladly consented to his fiancée’s keeping her pet bird with her after her marriage. The little Indian myna is exactly like the magpie of Europe; it talks clearly, whistles, and replies to questions in a marvellous manner. Of one of these mynas I have a pretty anecdote to relate. He was in an Indian home; his name was Jacob; he answered questions, nodded his head when spoken to, was never late for meals, and always away when any mischief was traced to him. He also had a habit of coming to prayers. A German clergyman was taking the prayers one week while the master of the house was on his holiday; he could not very well pronounce his p’s, and instead of saying, ‘Let us pray’ he always started his devotions with, ‘Let us bray.’ Jacob listened eagerly each morning, and one might almost have seen a smile on his beak.

“The foreigner was not able to come on

the last morning of his visit, as he had to keep his room, suffering from cold. Jacob got on to the arm of his master's chair, and, flapping his wings, put a meek look on his face, and said in the cleric's very voice, 'Let us bray,' looking all round to see whether he had been heard. He finished by adding, 'Dearly beloved brethren, let us bray,' and then hopped down with his head in the air. One day he was very angry with a young lady of the house who usually locked him up in his cage when he was rude or naughty. He was anxious to upset her in some way, and when she was called away from the work-table he took her thimble and cotton, hiding both under the piano. On the return of his young mistress to her needlework he came and sat opposite on the arm of a chair near her, and in her voice repeated what she said every morning to the boot-boy, 'Brush my boots!' Then he chuckled over the consternation of the lady, who was looking in every direction for her thimble and cotton. It is quite remarkable how beautifully these Indian magpies talk. They are also very sympathetic, and know at once whether they are loved and appreciated. They make splendid little detectives, and Jacob would march round everywhere, find out little secrets from the servants, and blurt them out in the very middle of a conversation.

"One morning the cook and butler had been fighting. The cook was a Goanese (Portuguese

possession near Bombay), the butler a Moham-
medan. Jacob came in and stood sentry, and
in the butler's voice said: 'Son of a pig, when
art thou going to pay me back the money I
lent thee?' The people of the house knew
then how matters stood between the two
servants. The cook dropped his notebook in
alarm and the butler made a plunge at the bird,
who coolly fled to the upper end of the room,
calling out '*Quaihai!*' (Is anybody there?)!
in quite a different tone of voice, as though
he had nothing to do with the trouble he had
got both servants into! Another time Jacob
wanted to pay off the cat, and called to her
in a pathetic voice as her mistress used to
do. When kitty came Jacob jumped down and
gave her a peck so hard that poor kitty mewed
quite piteously for some time after. At night
if the night watchman did not go his rounds,
calling his usual 'All's well!' at each hour,
Jacob would flap his wings and say, 'All's
well!' and give the very cough that followed
the watchman's words.

"So the two good people who were to be
married took their little Indian magpie with
them and made their home his.

"Judge McLaren never forgot Bavaji or the
little daughter who so carefully guarded his
interests and helped him through the dreadful
time when he might have been murdered by
Sonie the syce, because of Mr. Baggeley's hatred
and greed of gain. Miss Lonsdale in due course

became Mrs. McLaren. Junjeera was his friend always.

“To those who say—

“‘For East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet.’

one could say, it has been proved more than once that East and West are so akin that their union of souls has become a household saying. ‘You understand each other because you are of different races, and can see things so clearly,’ is a saying.

“In the advance of nations India takes no secondary place; she is adaptable, broad-minded, observant, tolerant, lovable, and child-like; hence it is easy to train her by kindness to do anything that is possible, and even to educate her to Western methods.

“The two families, English and Indian, were quite unique in their affection for each other. Junjeera taught Mrs. McLaren many beautiful Eastern truths, and Mrs. McLaren told Junjeera many touching stories about the Master Christ, so that when they compared notes each had learned something she had not known before.”

CHAPTER XI

OCTOBER 17TH—

Astrological Sign : Scorpio.
Governing Planet : Mars.
Domain : Water.

Ought to marry one born under Virgo.

Governing Planet : Mercury.
Domain : Earth.

Man of War, Red Mars, we bow
To thy greatness, then as now,
Thou art ever near us, Sire,
Thine the sceptre, flaming fire.

God is with thee, Man of War.
God is peace. Yet, in thine hour
Righteous anger hath its part,
Love and war fill every heart.

THE club and the business were flourishing, and Helen and Molly had every reason to be pleased with the way their partner did his share of the work, for so busy were they that the bulk of it was now put upon his capable shoulders. Indeed, one day, Helen thought it right to make some sort of apology.

“Mr. Merriman,” she said to him, “we have been very busy, and therefore have not seen much of you and Pat, but you *do* believe we are always thinking of you, don't you? I feel as though we have many subjects to talk out in order to make everything we want you to know plain to you. We have now practically solved our riddle; we have learned many lessons, and wonder now how long it will be before we get to the very bottom of things. We have had a small but steady gain in receipts, and our cures have been twenty-seven more this year than last, so we may call our venture an actual success. I am not, however, satisfied to leave things as they are—there are two or three things which want readjusting. For one thing, we must never allow people to leave their Churches, or look upon our Higher Thought as a cult worthy to be followed at the expense of their Church. People should remain in whatsoever branch of the Church they belong to, for it is there that they will learn to live up to their higher selves. We none of us agree in constant changes: it is unity we want, but unity expressed in one God, one Christ. I see that our girls' club now numbers 375. They are all absolutely happy, and they belong to every creed under the sun; our Elder Brother the Christos is our magnet of attraction, and we are content to belong to one great family instead of being cut into sections. The boys' club is the same, but our adult clubs give

us a great deal of trouble. The reason is, that the doctrine erroneously called 'Socialism' has crept in, and unless it is weeded out it will do our work harm and injure our young people.

"If Jack is as good as his master, he will show it by his respectful attitude, his courtesy and love to those even when they are in a higher social grade than himself. His Divine Master said, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's,' which means that we must give honour where honour is due. It seems to me that unless we teach loyalty to our King, love to our neighbours, and respect to our rulers, officers, and guardians, our world will soon be upside down. A man who cannot keep his head in spite of all temptations and successes is a fool." Mr. Merriman agreed. Some of the workmen had recently been giving him trouble, declaring that they deserved the same wage as he had.

"I am greatly excited, Mr. Merriman," Helen went on, while Molly ran off to see Mrs. Merriman. "Indeed, we all are, for our friend Mr. Hargreaves is coming back after three years in India, and we want him to see for himself how very wonderful steady work is, and how very largely good has covered ill since he has been absent." It was the first time that Helen had spoken of Jack recently, but her heart beat more quickly now that she could count the days before his return.

“We have wiped out black marks in the neighbouring districts,” she went on. “Our little centre is now a picture of honesty, industry, and loyalty, with good solid workers. We are proud of it. We are thankful for every mercy we receive, acknowledging that ‘As we sow so shall we reap.’”

Her face lighted up with one of her rare smiles, and Merriman, noticing it, knew that in all she was saying and doing Jack was in her mind.

“Do you know what is the teaching of Buddha on these lines?” she suddenly asked. “Buddha taught even as our Christos taught us. There is good in all, as there is God in all, and the beggar of to-day is a beggar only because it was necessary to his evolution toward perfection that he should gain experience in the position of a beggar. Therefore we must love the beggar and minister to him, not in a spirit of condescension, but in the world spirit of universal kindness and care. Two points of the compass are sympathy and observation; if there were more love in the world, there would be less sorrow.”

“Why is it that Socialism is not heard of in Oriental countries, Helen?” Molly had just returned and had overheard the last speech.

“Well, darling, let me refer you again to father’s book. He has written—

“‘There is no country where Universal Brotherhood is so apparent as it is in India.

There they want their religion to be recognized, their friends to be raised to high offices, their relations to be satisfied with their treatment of them, their children to be brought up as lovers of Nature, and therefore lovers of God, their talents to shine as those of a nation, and not merely as individuals, and they want hospitality to be the password to friendship. It is a country which is respectful to age, where the hoary head is a mark of honour and servitude is looked upon as a pious ministration—a country where the weal of the Master is also the weal of the servant. In a large family joys and sorrows become common property, and with all in India the requirements of the soul precede and do not *follow* the requirements of the body. There justice, not merely law, is practised, and there an old civilization has made a strong people. Such is India, the land of song, the land of beauty, the land of patience, the land of Universal Brotherhood, a land where selfishness cannot enter. It is a land of mystery, a land of deep thought, and full of the spirit of Christos, who also came from the Orient. It is a land where strangers are made welcome in the spirit of the Great Gautama Buddha, who preached open hospitality in these words: "Stay not thy hand when the stranger is outside thy gates; give him food and drink, and forget not his servants or cattle whilst thou art serving him, for as thou doest to others, so wilt thou be done by."

“I can tell you of many who make very great mistakes in their work in India, only because of their ignorance of the country.

“In order to understand those of Hind, one must understand their religion, manners, customs, foods, modes of living, their thoughts, aspirations, and desires; their large-hearted generosity, their anxiety not to drop old customs, their childlike simplicity, instead of finding fault with what is habit, custom, or creed. Do you know, my Helen, during my few weeks in England I boiled over with wrath several times because I could not endure to hear my Indian people unkindly criticized by those who, knowing them superficially, speak of them as “pickpockets.” And yet there are omnibuses in Christian England where the words “Beware of pickpockets!” in large letters, are printed for people to see. These critics call our Indians “untruthful”; yet is there a single house in England which can vouch for the truth of *all* its inmates? Detractors call the people of India “traitors,” but, thank God! India does not hold men who take money from their nation’s coffers, and yet are worse than traitors to their King and country. We of England are supposed to be men and women with high aspirations, and we claim a purer religion than any in India, yet we are for ever hurting God’s little ones by our egotistical principles, our racial prejudices, and our insular ideas. The time is soon coming

when people will no longer bear with us, and when we shall be a laughing-stock to the world. Yet we who know India may leaven the lump of ignorance ; for there are our loyal few who will stick together and try to live our religion amongst those we wish to influence, and without the least ostentation attempt to bring about a betterment everywhere. We have influence, why should we not use it for good and not for ill? ’ ’

“ Molly’s face was full of enthusiasm. “ I think your father was splendid, Helen,” she said. “ Does he give any instances of individual cases of selfishness? ”

Helen had placed the book on the table, but she picked it up again.

“ Yes, he does, Molly,” she said, “ let me read some to you.”

“ When I have passed into the Unseen, my child,” Helen read, “ these pages will help you, and with that intent I tell you of little incidents of Indian life which will show you what these people really are.

“ I got to know a Sanscrit teacher who was a high-caste Brahmin ; he had a daughter of fourteen who was married to a Hindu Professor of note ; he was thirty, handsome and clever. I saw a great deal of both husband and wife and liked them immensely. After five years of friendship my friend said to me—

“ ‘ Mr. Tagore, I am obliged to have a little

niece come to live with us as I have news of her father's death ; her mother died when she, Thulsie, was born, so she is friendless. Yet I feel that I am bringing sorrow into my own child's life by this act of mine, and it makes me sad ; the only thing is, that Prithee is such a beautiful character, she will give her love and sympathy, and be hurt in consequence. My sister having died, Thulsie is self-willed and very exacting. However, she comes to-day ; will you help us with your advice ?'

“ ‘ Indeed will I,’ I said, ‘ and I shall be delighted to.’

“ I still saw my friends constantly and watched little Prithee anxiously, for a great sadness had come into her large eyes—which made me speak to her father, who asked me to come in.

“ ‘ Yes, Mr. Tagore,’ he said with a sigh, ‘ my child is miserable. I cannot help her, for she is silent about her trouble and always says kind things about her cousin, making excuses for her. Yesterday things came to a climax. Thulsie wanted a pretty pearl necklet that Krishnasahib, Prithee's husband, had given her (Prithee). With a shy smile, she said, “ Ask anything else, dear sister, but my lord has given me these pearls and I want to wear them,” whereupon the little monkey came up and said, “ I *will* have them ! ” and tried to take them by force. Krishnasahib having come in at the moment, it rather startled the combatants,

whereupon Krishnasahib inquired, "What is it, little one?" Before Prithee could say anything, Thulsie called out, "She is selfish and will not give me what I want."

" 'Dear one, give it her,' said the husband. 'What is it, a string of pearls? Why, my Pearl, I can give you another string!' Poor, blind man, he could not understand that gentle sentiment which longed to hold and keep the first gift from her husband. She had hard work to keep from crying when her husband gave her cousin the necklet.

" 'There you are, Thulsie, keep the pearls,' he said carelessly; 'my little bride shall have another string as soon as I can get out to the Great Bazaar to buy them. I don't know why she is so fond of that special necklace,' he added, 'she has so many better ones.'

" 'God is good, what more do I want?' was all Prithee said when her mother questioned her, and her sadness was shut away to be remembered only in the Silence.

" Thulsie, rushing pell mell into her uncle's arms, got a rebuff which was quite unexpected.

" 'Whose pearls are those you have on, Thulsie?'

" 'They are mine, Uncle; Krishnasahib made Prithee give them to me. She was too selfish at first, and cried because I wanted them.'

" 'Another time I wish you to come to me, girl, for what you want,' was the stern com-

ment. 'Do you hear? My poor Prithee, no wonder your eyes were full of tears! What will be the end of it all?' he added softly to himself.

" 'Well, you do speak unkindly, uncle; after all, they are only beads,' Thulsie said sulkily, pouting her pretty lips.

" 'Beads, my dear, very costly beads indeed,' her uncle said good-temperedly; 'those few beads, as you call them, cost three thousand pounds. I would not, if I were you, ask for such valuable presents.'

" In an instant Thulsie understood. 'Oh, uncle, do let her have them back; I'm so sorry,' she cried, tears in her eyes at once.

'No, my dear, Prithee would not take them now she has got over her trouble.'

" 'I can't think why,' Thulsie said, and went away wondering. But the tender father kept his child's secret and Thulsie was unanswered.

" Krishnasahib was a kind-hearted man, but he did not see how he was wounding little Prithee with his persistent attentions to his wife's cousin. They began at first from a mere desire to please, and afterwards were continued because he liked to be admired. Then, Thulsie showing a liking for his company, he often went out with her into the garden where she tended the roses or superintended the milking, as every Indian girl does, whatever her position. I may here mention that the only difference between an Eastern high-born girl and a

Western one is that the Oriental does this work because she wants to learn everything, and the Western girl merely from a desire for novelty, or from curiosity. The Eastern girl will do it every day from a vantage-ground where she can see and not be seen ; the Western girl only from where she can see and command attention, although after a few desultory labours she will pass the duty on to a maid as all novelty is by the second or third time worn off. India wins by her patience and endurance, England by her audacity and domination.

“ Little Prithee came to get some herbs from the kitchen garden, not knowing her husband was a little way off with Thulsie, when she heard her cousin say—

“ Krishnarao, why did you marry such a little mouse as Prithee? You ought to have a tall wife, and one who is able to hold her own.’

“ Prithee waited with bated breath for the answer, which came almost immediately—

“ ‘ You see, little cousin, I had no choice in the matter—I had not seen you.’

“ ‘ Oh ! but what is that noise? *Hush!* listen ! ’

“ ‘ You dear little tease, there is no noise. Oh, Thulsie ! let us go far away together. . . . ’

“ ‘ I hear a noise, Krishnarao. We had better go in ; Chinnabain will want these rose-leaves for her sweetmeats, and I must not be found lazing, she is so particular.’

“ But Prithee had heard, and already made her plans. Sweet, unselfish soul, she would make no fuss ; she understood now why Krishnarao had made her give up the pearls. Of course, Thulsie was beautiful—who could help seeing it?—and she must love her because she had found favour in the sight of her lord, and she must let Thulsie serve her beloved husband at mealtimes ; he must have what he wants, what pleases him.

“ ‘ I love him,’ she said to herself, ‘ and therefore what is best for him I will do. My precious husband, I thought maybe I should have a son, but I am not worthy, so if I just get lost and go away into the elements, I can return to be the tree that shelters him or the air which fans him when he is tired. If I could but win his love ! Being a child of a twice-born race, a Brahmin girl, I cannot accept re-incarnation, otherwise I might ask to return in the babe that will be born to them ; and of course Thulsie then would let me stay with him, for she would not know. Why should I not ask the Great Ishwara [God] to grant me my wish ? And now for the Silence, for the endurance of love ; but *then*, as I love truly, it will be so very easy for me.’

“ Krishnarao was so taken up with business that he did not notice poor little Prithee’s bewildered look ; he was going on a journey, and, man-like, was preoccupied and silent, forgetting even to jest with Thulsie, who was

bidding him to bring her a red-bead necklace (rubies) from the town.

“ ‘Yes, little cousin, and a white-bead one for my bride. Well, goodbye, take care of yourself; keep those bright eyes sparkling, they must give me a welcome when I return. Where is everybody? Uncle, where are you all?’ A man must not ask for his wife by name, so he called for his uncle, as was the custom.

“ ‘Here we are,’ said Prithee, in her gentle voice; ‘we were getting my lord’s food ready, for he will be two long days on the way. Farewell, my lord,’ she said, and bending low, kissed his feet.

“ ‘Here, beloved, what are you doing? I have not seen my wife much this day or two. Look up, little one, light of my life; take care of everything till my return.’ She gasped as she thought, ‘He does love me! Oh! I need not go away from him.’ When he carelessly added, ‘And, sweet one, be good to the poor little cousin who has no one to love her!’ *then* indeed did the dagger enter her heart.

“ ‘Yes,’ she whispered. ‘Yes, I will be good to her, my lord, for all our sakes.’

“ He was gone, and *she* was left alone to the Silence! Then she went to her room and wrote two letters; one to her father, which read—

“ ‘Father, I have finished my work. God knew and sent Thulsie to take care of you and of him. I love you both, you and he, my beloved husband. You will remember it was

so, will you not? Make them happy. His last words to me were, "Be good to the poor little cousin." So, father, give her all she wants, and do not grieve for me. I am happy in giving happiness. Do not try to find me; I shall be in the beautiful land where sorrow is not known.'

"To her husband she wrote—

" 'I go, my lord, to pray for you and to make you happy. I am glad *you* have revealed to me that you love each other, you and the little cousin you asked me to be kind to. You said to her that you had no choice, my lord, but to marry me. I give you now your choice, my husband, my lord, for in your happiness shall I find my joy. I shall often come and minister to you, and often whisper words of love through the trees, the water, the air. Thank God that all unwittingly I heard your words. I might have gone on selfishly living otherwise, and have brought you pain instead. Farewell, my lord, my life, my husband. In the years to come we shall meet again; until then, God keep you and give you peace!'

"She went away, leaving the two letters where they could be seen. No news, no sign after this of Prithee; she had crossed the border in her own way and alone.

"You ask as you read, Helen, 'What of the father?' He lingered on for years, but silent always; none ever saw him smile again. Thulsie prated selfishly of 'how awkward it was for Prithee to have done such a silly thing,' and Krishnarao, on his return, mourned long and bitterly, but in three months these two consoled each other and were

married with grand festivities—for was he not a rich man?

“My daughter, is the unselfishness of the East well portrayed in these lines? There are thousands of girls like little Prithee, whose idea of happiness is to bring happiness to others.”

“Oh, Helen, how beautiful, how beautiful!” Molly’s eyes were full of tears as she spoke and her voice husky. But before she had time to say more the noise of a taxi drawing up in the street outside made her run to the window. A big, sunburnt man was getting out, and in a moment the girls called out “Jack!” Helen was at his side in a moment, her anxious eyes reading the dear face that she had been longing so much to see again during three dreary years. Yes, Jack was changed, the spirit of the Orient had conquered him. She was already sure of it. A moment later and he came into the room like a whirlwind, calling—

“Where is Helen? Helen, my Helen, where are you? I have won, Helen; hurrah for home and for you!” He kissed her fondly, and then Molly. “It is all true,” he went on more quietly, “true that I have you, that I have worked, that I have come to take you back to India. You and Molly and I must go together. Yes, Molly, I will not leave you behind.” He was standing with his arm

around Helen's waist now, too excited to sit down.

"My friend Morrison and his married sister," he went on, "are coming over to see you both. They are from India and will be returning when we do, and so they are most anxious for an introduction to my future wife and my little sister."

Helen laughed softly. Jack was the same impetuous, dear fellow as of old. His spirits were as young as ever, even though the soul and brain had matured. She held him at arm's length, facing him.

"Jack, let me look at you." After a wistful gaze she added, "You have indeed won, dear old Jack. You have the face of a man, the stature of a man, the look of a man. I am proud of you, darling. Father said you would win—he was right. Oh, Jack! how happy we shall be, we have so much to say to each other. Who is this?" for an Indian servant had just carried in a portmanteau.

"This is my dear old servant, Baloo," Jack explained as the man salaamed. "He has been with me for three years—my companion, my guardian, my friend.

"Baloo, this Missie-sahib is coming out to India to be a *burra mem* [great lady]. What do you think of her, Baloo? She is nice, is she not?"

The Indian replied gravely: "Whatever Sahib does is well, and if he chooses two of

the best roses in the garden, one his sister and one his wife, who can say him nay? I greet the mem-sahib in the manner of my country: I kiss your feet, and the hem of your garments; your friends shall be my friends, and your enemies shall I crush under my feet by prayer and fasting."

Molly was charmed with him at once. His handsome, aquiline features wore a sweet dignity that was very unlike anything she had known before.

"You sweet old thing! thank you for taking care of my brother," she cried, almost as impetuous as Jack himself. "He has often written of you and has told us how you saved him from the bite of a serpent, and we felt sure he would bring you home to us."

Helen bent forward and shook hands with him. "Baloo, you know what I would say, as you are from India. I need no word to tell you what I think; we understand each other."

Baloo saluted her, and then vanished to see what he could next do for his master.

"Jack, you see now, don't you, why father loved the glorious East? You understand his many longings for India, his quick expressions, his far-away gaze, his whole life, which once must have seemed strange to you. When do we return to India, Jack?" Helen said, turning to her lover again.

"I have three months' leave, darling, so can you trust yourself to me? We must get

married in three weeks and return to the land which calls us."

"Yes, I am ready, and so is Molly quite prepared to go."

Jack drew his fiancée aside and whispered: "Helen, I think Morrison will propose to Molly; he has looted two of her photographs from my tent. He admired them greatly, and isn't she pretty?" he added, looking at the girl, who was reading the labels on his bag.

"But Molly must have a great man," Helen said.

"And few are greater than the Hon. G. Morrison, Lieut.-Governor of Madras."

"We shall see," Helen answered. "Dear little Molly, perhaps this is your Karmic land."

CHAPTER XII

NOVEMBER TO DECEMBER—

Astrological Sign : Sagittarius.

Governing Planet : Jupiter.

Domain : Fire.

Should marry one born under Aries in March.

Governing Planets : Mars and Neptune.

Domain : Fire.

Sagittarius, bend thy bow
Let thy little human know
What thou hast in Duty's call
For the Ego who's a "doll."

Jupiter will keenly trace
All that's knowledge in the face ;
But I must to thee explain
All the very tangled chain.

Sagittarius, let me feel
Thy great arm of iron steel ;
Do not let me lose thy hand ;
Thou art strong, a forceful band.

MOLLY and Jack had gone out, and Helen seized the opportunity to study her father's book. Jack's return had made much difference ; there

was so little time for reading now, when the wedding preparations had to be hurried on.

“There is, my dear Helen,” she read, “so much under this sign which is admirable that I shall be quite a long time with you in spirit, explaining to you many things. There is a wide experience in the attributes of Sagittarius, and much to help a human as he travels up the mountain-side of his life aspects. People born in November are sagacious, well-disciplined, organizers of great things, commanders of thought, workers in a great world, travellers on a long journey, successful to the end, warm-hearted and not intense—careful, yet not over-cautious, and pure in heart, such as see God.

“The December-born are all this and more ; they are conscientious, upright, judges of power, pioneers of education, and revealers of truth. I now give you some beautiful ideas culled from my Indian garden. I wish you could but see my friends here in the Orient ; I have loved them dearly, and know them well, as they know me. I will tell you something which will help you, and which you can pass on to another soul in this great universe.

“In the little town of Oodeypore there is a beautiful soul ; her name is Sitabai. She was not able to live a zenana life ; it seemed too cramped for her. She wanted to do her work in the world, as she felt that she was created for a great purpose ; she felt that she was born to be a pioneer of education, an up-

lifter of light and truth to the people. A still, small voice whispered to her, 'Work, and you will open the Gate of Knowledge, and be set free for your life mission.' Then her heart sang its tune; her calm assurance kept her happy. She was one glad song, and radiated the glory of her soul upon all those who came in contact with her. She spoke to her husband constantly, and told him she felt that as she had brought him no children he ought to take another wife. Rambhao loved her dearly; but he also thought how dreadful it would be if he had no sons to carry on his name, so he begged her to do as she liked, and he even sat down and talked things out with her. His idea *was* that if she went out as a mendicant she would be able to carry out her desire of being a pioneer to her sisters, the women of India. She therefore hired a little cottage, and from *that* cottage came some of the work which India recognized and realized. There were schools established everywhere; Rambhao's purse gave the necessary money, and Sitabai's brain supplied the rest. So her mission began; she trained girls for work, for teaching, for service, for life in the world. Very few knew *who* pulled the strings. So long as the great work progressed and India was helped Sitabai was satisfied. She was a marvellous woman and the centre of every great thought, the leader of Oodeypore.

"She had loved her husband dearly, but it

was the love of sister for brother, friend for friend, comrade for comrade, and so it was easy for her to go out on a mission. However, the most pathetic part of Sitabai's life was that she at last found the love of her life, outside her home. At first she thought that the time would come when she could school herself into not wanting to hold converse with her man friend, or wishing to see him every day, and she talked and reasoned with herself and made up her mind not to grieve; but it was impossible to live on in her loneliness, and so she did what every true woman ought to do—she spoke to her husband. And, Helen, do you know I feel that I can never speak to that man again. He told her he did not mind what she did, as his *second* legal wife was to present him with a son very soon; and so, my Helen, what do you think this brave woman did? She set herself a task which took all her time, *work* seeming to be her only safety-valve; she worked till she could work no longer, till fatigue came and wrapped her in its arms. If she tossed about at night or lay wakeful she cried in her agony: 'O Merciful and All Wise, fill up every moment of my life, so that I may be true to my vows; make me worthy of so great a work as mine!' And then she slept again, breathing gently as a newborn child. Such was Sitabai, the daughter of a kingly race, who fought down ambition, who heralded such self-control, that when she met her doctor friend

the next day it was with *such* a very courteous but distant bow that she greeted him that he said: 'Gracious lady, have I by chance in any way hurt you? Have I done anything to bring your displeasure upon my head? Speak to me, tell me!'

"She raised her beautiful eyes to his, and with pathos exclaimed: 'Yes, you have hurt me! But is it that you should think of my thoughts or my expressions when the whole world is starving for sympathy? Oh, doctor! there is time enough to mourn over little things when we have set right the great sorrows of the world. You and I have to work for others. You see, my dear husband gives me all this money to lay out for him on the work; we must therefore see to it that he is not robbed. Now, doctor, we have nothing to do with the personal note, you or I; it is only our coolie women and women of the servant class who have time to think of such trivialities. We who are privileged to be workers and leaders must forget self. And do not forget that we Oriental gentlewomen feel insulted if men think we are fit only for show or idleness! We are your equals, Sir Knight! Shoulder to shoulder we march on, daring to do and willing to please, ever anxious to live a life of self-sacrifice. So you know now that as one soldier does not jeer at another for his tiredness, his silence, his anxiety, so must you not treat me as a coward. I am here to fight for all that is best. So now,

Doctor Sahib, we know what we are expected to do, do we not? We shall encourage each other now and again, calling out "All's well!" whenever we can get near enough, as ships that pass in the night. But anything more than this is not allowed to soldiers in the army of the King! No comments, no imaginations, no failures! God be with us! Inshallah!'

"The doctor bowed gravely, although his eyes were suffused with sadness and his heart was sore with vain longing.

" '*Hookum!* [Yes, verily!] most gracious friend,' he agreed. 'So let it be. We shall meet again on the battlefield of life, bearing our earthly king's badge, with the knowledge that our heavenly King is helping us to live the life of wayfarers on the earth plane.'

"Thus passed five years. Sitabai had won the day; a religious life held her completely; she lived for her work, she became famous, and her name flourished even though she was silent. Retirement was her desire, so that she always said to those whom she helped, 'See thou tell no man,' following the example of her Master, and working, not for fame but simply and solely from a higher sense of duty. But *then* came a new call, one that meant a great deal to Sitabai. The little wife who had brought her husband a son and heir into the world was dying, and her husband wrote her: 'Sita, my wife, come to me. Krishnee is dying,

and the little babe will be left motherless. Come !’

“ She went and is there now, tending the little atom, doing her very best for her rival’s little babe. Cheerful, bright, happy, she took to her heart this dear babe sent to her from the everywhere, and her husband’s love seemed to return to her as she nursed his wee mite.

“ ‘ God is good !’ she said. ‘ I now have something to love, and I can bring him up to work for humanity. I can make a god of him ; he shall learn self-control, he will learn good manners, he will learn to love the Eternal, he will be a disciple of the Highest, and my husband’s name will be honoured !’

“ Doctor J. looked at Sitabai very often ; and as he watched her beautiful face looking down upon the babe who played at her feet he sighed softly to himself, but said : ‘ She has found all that she wanted in life ; she will now be at peace.’

“ Sitabai was born under the sign of Sagittarius, with the beautiful Capricorn in attendance, and hence this perfected Ego.

“ I will give you another instance, Helen, of self-control. This time it will be the case of a man ! There are some who are high up in evolution, some who think of others rather than of themselves, some who see that spiritual education is necessary for the threefold self, and that even at the finish of life one has only

collected a few pebbles on the seashore. I will therefore give you some details of a man who reached the top of the ladder, despite every obstacle thrown in his way. He learned from childhood that his path was to be a thorny one, and he rose to the occasion, putting down every desire under his feet and waiting to be led.

“At the age of twelve he was thrown down while playing at cricket and hurt his hip terribly. This put him out of the arena of the ordinary schoolboy and made of him one apart. He was so sensitive that to walk across the room was painful to him ; he felt the looks of the people ; every nerve vibrated as he tried to keep himself as straight as it was possible for him to be with his poor injured limb. Boys are very cruel to each other ; they jeered at him, they called him ‘Beauty,’ they tried to knock him down so that he should hurt himself further, yet he bore every attack in perfect good temper ; and although they strove to irritate him, all he said was : ‘Boys, you are wasting your time ; I don’t care a button for your opinion of me ! Go on, if it pleases you to make nasty remarks ; but if you don’t study, when the master comes in you will find yourselves under orders for punishment, so get on with your lessons.’

“Gradually the boys gave up making fun of ‘Rajah,’ for they admired his pluck, and he became a very great favourite with all who

knew him in and outside the school. From school he went to college, where one day while he was studying hard a very wealthy man who saw him took a fancy to his face, went up and in the ordinary way said—

“ ‘How long have you been from the Orient?’

“ Rajah answered, ‘Nearly two years.’

“ ‘How very homesick you must be!’

“ The tears rushed to Rajah’s eyes, as he was taken unawares ; he gulped down a great sob and replied—

“ ‘Well, you see, the world is my home. What matters distance or locality, clime or country, so long as the Divine is everywhere? When I bade goodbye to my beloved home years ago it seemed to me that I should never see it again, for a week after I left India my mother died ; so that home will never be home again to me.’

“ ‘Look here, my boy, have you many relations?’ the visitor asked kindly.

“ ‘No, sir ; I have only one old aunt left, and she will not live long now.’

“ ‘Well, I am glad of it—not that you have no relations, but that I can have you for good and all. Now, will you become my adopted son, Rajah? I have no relations either. We are just two lone people, you and I ; let us make a compact to stick together. Rajah, my own boy was like you—so like you that but for your Oriental dress you might be the same ;

his name was Roger. Very like yours, was it not, my dear fellow?’

“‘That is strange,’ the lad answered, so taken aback that he hardly knew what to say; ‘do you mean to say you want me to belong to you, to look upon you as my friend?’

“‘Yes, Rajah, that is what I mean,’ was the quick reply, and there was a note of anxious longing in the visitor’s voice.

“‘Sir, on one condition only,’ the lad said, after a moment’s thought. ‘I ask no charity. You must let me work for my living. I shall come to you, but you must use my hands and feet and brain for your benefit, and if you agree I am yours for life.’

“Rajah was very greatly touched by this kindness, and General Markham, who was the visitor, seemed to have made up his mind not to go away without the young student, of whom he got suddenly very fond. It was really all a matter of incarnations, and these two had travelled together through space, and here on this earth plane had met again to take up life, to circle over the earth, and at last to merge into the eternal breath of God.

“In a few hours General Markham had taken a house, and our dear student Rajah was no longer a stranger among strangers, but a somebody whom somebody loved.

“From that day the lad seemed to open a new book of life; he was as happy as a king; he studied and sang and played; he

grew into a studious man. But the sad look on his face had gone ; his eyes, beautiful before, were exceedingly lustrous now—a new light had come into them, a new note into his voice—the past was forgotten, the present was joy. Rajah lived in the present and was greatly helped by this association of thoughts ; also he was able once more to see his mother, who came to him from the other side and stayed with him, helping him to ascend the mountain of difficulties, to safely reach his goal. In course of time he married an Indian girl. It was a romance if ever there was one. The Colonel and he were at a seaside place where Nature gave them many studies, and as they walked along the pier morning after morning they attracted the notice of many people ; the Eastern with his picturesque dress, the Englishman with his glorious white hair and large dark eyes, were so unlike, and yet evidently such friends. Then, too, although they were of different nationalities, yet as one looked at them their faces seemed similar.

“ One day Rajah was talking animatedly to the General, when some one remarked—

“ ‘ Do look ! I am sure that coachman is drunk ; the carriage is swaying from side to side, and there is a lady in the brougham.’ ”

“ Rajah waited for no more. Regardless of the General’s ‘ Rajah, you must not risk it ! ’ the young man went rushing as fast as his poor hip would let him towards the rocking carriage,

and in an instant later he had stopped the horse. The little person in the carriage looked terrified. She turned out to be the Princess G——, of Moradabad, who had come to England for her education. She had been able to get her degree as Musical Doctor, and she also had made some headway as an artist. She lived in England with an aunt, who was in the carriage with her, and was sitting so still that she looked as though life for her had ended. However, she shortly recovered, and said to Rajah, whose style of dress comforted her: 'My son, save this child, and who knows but she may reward thee with more than money can give thee, for is she not the daughter of a king?'

"'Do not grieve, O Mother,'" he replied. 'What these hands have done before they can do again. Here, you coachman, get off the box and go home when you're sober enough'; then, jumping on the box, he drove the ladies to the address they gave him. When he helped them out on reaching their destination, he asked whether he might be allowed to call. There was no need to ask a second time. They called him their benefactor, and would not let him go until he had promised to come to dinner the same day, and bring the General with him.

"Princess Gunga was a pretty, graceful girl, full of vitality, very musical, and very vivacious. She reminded one of a French girl with her many facets of character, and she made a happy

impression wherever she went. 'May I know your kind General's name?' she said. 'How charming a man he must be to love our India so dearly!'

" 'His name is Markham, Princess.'

" 'What did you say—Markham?' was the eager question, and when Rajah had repeated the name, the girl cried joyfully, 'Then our quest is over.'

" 'What do you mean?' he asked, more than a little surprised.

" 'Just *this*: I am here to find General Markham,' she explained. 'He had a son, Roger, of whom he was very fond; he was told by his sister, who hated him and who, unfortunately, had charge of the boy, that Roger died of cholera while young. He believes this, does he not?' Rajah nodded, and the Princess continued in her easy way: 'Roger did not die, however; he was sent to England under the name of *Rajah Trunchunder*, and placed at a school, where he met with an accident. Why do you look so strange? Do you not follow me? May I speak more plainly still, or have I said enough to make you understand? Go into the little boudoir this evening after you have introduced your friend, then dress in a suit of clothes which you will find ready for your acceptance. When you are dressed, come out and see what impression it makes upon the General! You, sir, are his son, his only son, and heir to all his property. Your dear mother

was my mother's dearest friend; they both died, your mother and mine. Yours went first, leaving it to my dear parent to find you and the General, who has been for years almost crazed with grief. Has it not come about beautifully? When my mother passed on, I took care that her mission should be mine, so that I have been trying to find you both, and now I have done so. But say nothing till we meet again this evening. It is so strange how you found your father. I believe it is the Karmic law that has drawn you together, and that you two have been father and son in the countless ages past, and that in the years to come you *will* be one soul.'

"Rajah was almost stunned by the magnitude of the news, and yet it hardly seemed strange.

" 'Why have I been so blind?' he said half to himself, and then, 'Do you know, Princess, that often and often I have wished I had such a father as the dear General! And to think that after all he is my very own! Does it not seem too good to be true? When my aunt talked of terrible things, and told me of my father's hatred for me, I could never quite believe it. It seemed impossible that my own father should desert me. I shall hardly be able to keep myself from going to him and calling him father.'

" 'But you mustn't,' the Princess cried, 'or you will spoil it all if you do. Wait patiently

till we give you leave. Benefactor of the Poor, you must await our decree!' And so they awaited, Rajah in his calmness, Princess Gunga in her silence, till the evening when her guests came to dinner. Then, after dinner, Rajah went, in answer to a signal, and much to the General's amazement, 'to bring a lost article from the next room.'

"'What are they at now?' he thought furiously. 'Of course they want to steal Rajah, these designing women; they want him for a husband for the young girl; a good marriage certainly, but I shall not give up my boy.'

"In a few minutes Rajah returned. His voice was full of pathos as he advanced towards the General, and, standing before him, said: 'General, will you look again at me closely, and see whether you can trace a resemblance to her whom you loved so well, my mother! She who gave me birth was the woman for whose sake you gave up home and kindred. Now, do you know me? Do I bring back any memory?'

"For a moment the General stared at the young man, half incredulous, half disbelieving the evidence of his senses. Then came a thought of relief. 'Roger, my son!' he cried brokenly. 'Then *it is* true. Sometimes I have felt it must be so and yet thought such a coincidence as our meeting impossible. But your aunt told me that she would make me

suffer ; she vowed that she would make life a hell for me. How happy your mother is now, knowing that I have found you—and, my son——’ he choked and tore at his necktie. ‘My son !’ he gasped again, and the lad hurried to his side and caught him as he was falling. He tried to speak again, but all he could do was to press his new-found son’s hand. They carried him to the sofa and sent for a doctor, but before he arrived General Markham had fallen asleep, to waken in the King’s Home of which he had spoken so often, and Roger waited on here, until his call should come.”

CHAPTER XIII

GEMS AND THEIR STORY

THE wedding was over. It had been a quiet one, for Helen was one who thought that ostentation was vulgar. A brief honeymoon had been taken, and then the happy pair and Molly had sailed for India.

Molly was delighted with the novelty of the new land, and it was for her benefit that one morning Helen said to her: "I should very much like you, Molly dear, to make a collection of gems, for gems mean a great deal to the person interested in them. I will take you to Jack's favourite shop, and you will love to see what a wonderful memory the dear man has who sells his wares. He not only has a wonderful memory, but is in touch with the highest, and brings his beautiful thoughts into his work of gem-setting; if you are ready, we will go at once. The jeweller is a Persian of high rank, and therefore spotlessly clean; his English is perfect, his manners impressive for good; he is a gentleman, and you cannot

bargain with him, for he asks no more than the worth of a stone. He is always perfectly polite, and if you say, 'I am sorry I cannot afford that,' he leaves it and says nothing more."

Jack's motor soon took them to the Bazaar, and the bustle of the scene impressed Molly greatly. Even the smells of the place were novel. Helen spoke to a grave-looking, handsome man, with a white beard.

"How do you do, Mr. Ardurji!" she said. "I have brought my husband's sister to see your pretty things. May we come in?"

"Please do. In what way shall I serve you, madam? I have some rare gems to-day. You might first glance at them; they are very beautiful." And he brought out a trayful. Molly's eyes danced—the gems were so beautiful, like bits from a solidified rainbow.

"Oh, Helen, look! See these lovely emeralds! But why have you put these in a row of seven, Mr. Ardurji? Are they for a bracelet?"

The jeweller smiled as he saw the girl's appreciation of his stones. It was a true compliment, and he, as an artist, was gratified.

"I do not know what they are for," he answered, "until they are bought; but I place them in sevens to show they belong to the perfect number and cannot be destroyed. It is so interesting to me to see my stones live. He looked inquiringly at Helen as he added: "Nothing is dead that is created; each thing

has a life of its own ; a stone is, of course, a mineral, but still a life. When I speak to Western people about my gems they look as though they would like to tell me that I am mad."

"I am not like that," Molly declared at once. "I am ignorant, and I want to learn."

Helen nodded approvingly. "There is always much to learn," she remarked.

The Persian bowed and smiled. "Each little gem here has its own work and does it," he said, encouraged to ride his hobby. "If you are sad, I would give you a tourmaline ; if glad, I would give you a ruby ; if anxious, I would give you an amethyst. Ladies, why is it you of the West believe in so many theories, not yet proven, and yet ignore God's own truth? We Zoroastrians believe in astrology. We know that the sun, moon, and stars in the firmament influence everything on the earth plane ; we can trace health, sickness, success, or trouble to the different stages of the moon ; we are constantly in touch with phenomena which force us into action. Last year there were epidemics, disasters, fires, floods, droughts brought on by certain comets. We knew these things were coming, and made preparation ; but although we told our Christian friends to prepare for these coming evils, they answered us that Providence would help them, and they could not take up gross superstitions. The Providence which came to their aid was a branch of our

Zoroastrian community." He made a quiet gesture of his hands as though despairing. "You tell us of your wise and foolish virgins in the Bible," he proceeded, while Molly listened eagerly; "and because we have the same parables written in the language of the stars you call us superstitious and put us aside—without any mercy. We love the stars, but only as messengers of the Great King. We fear nothing, we who are waiting for the coming of our King—we learn of Him from the heavens; we look for His star in the east, and go to worship Him; and these beautiful gems which you see here are brighter at one time than another, according to the stars which are in the firmament. During the passing of Venus rubies are more beautiful than at any time of the year; so we believe—and we think it a scientific belief—that Venus has the power of making rubies look their best because of the special ether surrounding it in its transit."

"Yes?"—Molly only breathed the word, so interested was she—"do please tell us more."

Again the Persian bowed in his stately fashion. "Our gems are like plants, animals, or children," he told her, with an air of authority. "You see, I have covered them with tints of silk, the seven colours again. If you will touch the silks, you will discover that they are not all of the same texture. You will find that there is a something different in each; it is just that something different which appeals

to us, and which we strive to bring out in our gems. We have learned in the Silence how to help them, how to make them more beautiful than ever they have been before by feeding the bloom, by taking off any little irritation and giving them such covering as will make them unfold. I know instantly when one of my gems is unhappy."

"Do you? But how?" Molly asked, with wide eyes. Never had she dreamed of stones having individuality, and she had to come to the East to learn it. Helen stood by, smiling and pleased.

The Persian proceeded: "By the way it speaks to me; it has its own little lifebeats, and to each beat there is a colour, therefore an emerald when it is unhappy has a few beats less than usual, and is off-colour in consequence. I know it sounds nonsense to you!"

"No, no!" murmured Molly, but the jeweller smiled incredulously.

"Europeans say, 'Nothing can make me believe that an inanimate object can feel or move or have pulsation of the smallest kind!' But they have not troubled to find out whether or not it is inanimate. Yet they are awakening, for at their big Scientific Congress they have declared that flints grow. We knew that long ago. A turquoise is our little clinical thermometer," he continued. "Our Eastern medical man gives a turquoise as large as a walnut and clear in colour to the patient under

treatment ; the patient holds the turquoise in his hand tightly for the same length of time that the patient in the West holds a thermometer, and when returned to the doctor on the surface of the turquoise is the diagnosis understood by the man of medicine ; for the colour of the turquoise has changed, its little surface particles have changed, its pulsations have increased or decreased, according to the disease ; and the man who understands Nature and who knows the Creator gave even to every speck of dust a life of its own kind and a consciousness all its own can discover the ailment and give the remedy. Then it is wonderful how the herbs and plant-life come in to remove diseases of every form and kind. To-day in the Orient there are many thousands of people who do not know what it is to take a European-made drug, and they are strong men and women, understanding only herb potions and plant-life poultices."

"We should like to hear more of your medicines," said Helen's soft voice ; and at once the Persian courteously declared himself honoured to impart what knowledge he possessed.

"Nature is full of cures," he explained. "There are more cures made from the materials of the four domains—earth, air, fire, and water—than men know of, but only in their crude and natural state are they of use ; try to change them artificially and you alter the quality of

them, diminishing their force of action and lessening their efficacy ; and the kingdoms have to be kept apart, the vegetable with the vegetable, and the mineral with the mineral."

"How interesting!" interrupted Molly, her conscience pricking her that she was taking up the jeweller's time without recompense ; "but we have bought nothing, and you have been so kind. Do you always give your most valuable time to your customers in this generous way?"

"Well, madam," he answered, flashing a tray of jewels before them until coloured lights shot about, "there again I am taught by my gems ; their colours, their scintillation, their attitude tell me at once when I may speak and when the people are not yet ready. It is for me to keep in touch with Nature and to understand when Nature speaks."

Molly turned to Helen, guided by a sudden thought. "Helen, may I give you your belated wedding present here and now? Do choose a little messenger from amongst the gems, will you, dear?"

"I will indeed," Helen answered, pleased, "especially as you told me you wanted me to get something in our India. Mr. Ardurji, will you let me leave it to you? I should so like an emerald to give me success in this new married life of mine ; will you pick out the gem I ought to have."

"By all means ; here it is!" And, taking

the smallest of all the emeralds, the jeweller added, turning to Molly: "I do not know, lady, how to make my peace with you. It is a costly gem."

"I am spending three hundred pounds on my sister, Mr. Ardurji. You do not know how much my brother and I love her." Molly's face was glowing with satisfaction, and Helen thought that never before had she looked so pretty. Perhaps the gems were already influencing her, she thought.

"Oh, yes, I do, Miss Hargreaves," the merchant answered; "for three years I heard nothing from your brother but the praises of a lady whose name has five letters in it; so, to make things easy, I called this Emerald Helen because it has five beats. Now you see that it will go to its rightful owner. I may tell you that your brother has already talked of buying this particular emerald, or of your buying it, so that I am not astonished at his thoughts influencing you. I was asked to show you all my gems and not to particularize any single one. I have talked on every subject, but you have been attracted by this gem, and now it is yours. Will you allow me, Mrs. Hargreaves, and you, Miss Hargreaves, will you grant your permission to me to place 'the Helen' in a setting worthy her dignity? Let the setting be my wedding gift."

Helen was touched; it was not only the gift but the kindly thought that moved her.

“I should love nothing better, Mr. Ardurji,” she said; “my husband’s friend is my friend also, and my sister is, I see, of the same opinion; so we thank you and accept your kindness. But you can do yet more for us, Mr. Ardurji, if we may ask. Will you let me come and study with you as a pupil, or may we come in a class? There are many of us who would be better women if we studied truths which tend to bring us into the fellowship of the Great Eternal.”

Mr. Ardurji expressed himself honoured, and answered that he would arrange to open a class without delay. Molly, too, was gratified at the prospect of learning, and the two ladies thanked him sincerely. Helen was especially grateful. The handsome, white-haired man appealed to her very keenly.

“We of the West only too often call you heathen,” she said sadly, after a while, “because you do not belong to our special creed or Church; but we can learn from you, and oh! I feel so very ignorant. This land of yours, with its magnificent colouring, brings back my beloved father to my memory every minute.”

“You speak of Mr. Tagore, do you not? The Hindus called him ‘Sathu,’ which means Sage. The Mohammedans called him ‘Moolah’ out of respect. We called him a Zoroastrian, and the coolies called him ‘God.’ Mr. Tagore was a man whose memory will live.”

It was only after an hour’s delightful con-

versation that Helen and Molly left the merchant with smiling faces, and in silence went home ; there was so much to think of.

“Holloa, girls ! where have you been ?” Jack said when they arrived. He had come in for tiffin.

“To Ardurji’s shop, Jack. What a very charming man he is, so clever and yet so modest !” Helen told him.

“Yes, darling, it is just because he is clever that he is modest. Were he only a well-read man he would not be clever. There are some men who read a great deal and learn nothing ; others who read slowly, digest all they read, and make use of their knowledge by living up to their studies and handing on the best within them to passers-by. I owe a great deal to Ardurji,” he went on. “When I first came out to India on my quest, Helen, I read and re-read every book on every occult subject, with the result that I became a mere waste-paper basket. I was full to the brim of other people’s writings, but had not assimilated a single truth. Then Ardurji took me in hand ; we spent many hours together ; he would not let me read any more books, but bit by bit I grasped his thought. He gave me half an hour at a time of this spiritual food, and then sent me into ‘the Silence,’ as he called it. You remember, Helen, how your dear father used to say : ‘I am going into the Silence’ ? You, Helen, understood what he meant. I did

not ; to me it meant nothing, because I was a brainless ass in those days ! ”

“ That you never were, Jack ! ” Helen declared indignantly. “ You were, as most Englishmen are, oversure that only Englishmen know what is right, that there is only one good country in the whole world, England, and only one language, English, worth knowing ; but now you are the dearest, sweetest, tenderest, most understanding Jack in the wide world ! ”

“ Yes, sweetheart, because I have you ! ” he said, putting an arm about her waist. “ I wonder how Rhoda Brooke is faring, ” he added mischievously, a remark which made these three happy people go into shrieks of laughter, for it reminded them of long ago.

“ Jack, I want us to do a few things and help India, ” Helen said, regaining seriousness. “ They are these : We condemn the people as being superstitious, but we do not seek to know why we call them so ! We never search for the truth, as father did—I mean we as a people. Do you not think we might do so now by forming classes—by explaining our views ? And because we are English—which, of course, is everything to the insular minds of English people—they will begin to investigate and then find the truth. We must go thoroughly into the study of astrology ; we must find out many things which, because of our ignorance, we cannot understand now, just as these dear Orientals do not understand why we condemn

their caste system and yet have it ourselves even in our Churches. We must begin to throw light upon many subjects, and if we find the truth in them we must show them to the world; if not, leave them as aids to those who may find them useful, without any hurtful comment about superstition and such like. After all, we bow in admiration to some of our man-made crucifixes, to our Eastern windows, to our altars, but it is with the remembrance of our crucified Master in our hearts; and yet when we see these Orientals doing the same thing in their temples we call it paganism, and we say they bow to gods of wood and stone. Let us also try their idea about precious stones. We may not have found what we searched for with prejudiced minds, but we may easily find if we search with the lantern of truth and in a spirit of love. I am determined to begin at once, and I shall ask questions so that I may not lose a single word."

Jack laughed at her enthusiasm.

"Well done, little one!" he said encouragingly as he hugged her to him. "Now indeed has God heard my prayers! This is what I have longed for, and I shall join your class also. We must make our plans known. I have five fellows who are deeply interested, and I can go to them and give them the hours of study. We must not be satisfied with the hour with Ardurji; we must meet immediately

after to talk it out, compare notes, and learn what funny creatures we are—so ignorant, stupid, boastful. The time is too short for us to learn all there is to know, so let us begin to-morrow, and after dinner to-morrow night we shall know a little more than we do to-day.”

“Yes,” Helen agreed, while Molly nodded her assent. “Let us encourage all to drop boating, polo, or the gymkhana. Do let us work in earnest; let us make for ourselves a code of pleasure; let us arrange to meet together for a whole term—and not miss a single lesson. Of course,” she added with a shrug, “we shall be made fun of, but we can stand it all and nerve ourselves for the fight. No more wasting time, good people; we are now a band of workers! What shall we call ourselves—‘The Order of the Sun’? This will give us joy, for the sun is so magnificent it holds all that is wanted—health, colour, warmth, brightness, vitality, cheerfulness, and the power of creation. We can therefore try for all the virtues of the glorious sun. Why,” she laughed, “I feel as though I were a girl again trying for a prize! I feel as though the next thing I shall hear will be, ‘Now, Miss Helen, time for bed.’ But it is good to be as a child again. I feel just seven to-day, no more,” she smiled up in her husband’s loving eyes. “For shame, Jack, to make me feel a baby! I ought to be majestic, like Miss Rhoda Brooke, ought I not?”

—she who loved you so dearly, and did not get interested in rubbish!”

“Helen, if you say another word about Rhoda I shall not join the class, so there!” Jack even frowned as he spoke, so Molly interfered.

“Come, now, children, don't fight!” she said. “Let us go and buy the necessary books. Mr. Ardurji told us to get one called ‘The Constellations’; he also wanted us to have ‘Darasham's Astrology.’ I shall buy seven copies. He says we shall find there much that is useful and much that will help the class to advance. Every term we shall have examinations; and in order that the study may be of use to our English contingent in India we must have a ladies' paper of our own, called *The Starry Heavens*. Then every woman who joins will send us a little paragraph once a week for our paper, and there must be three critics to pass each article before it is printed, one secretary to wade through its pages and another to edit the paper and correct all matter. If we keep it so, and only ask those to contribute who belong to the advanced class, we shall do well. There must be no gossip, no scandal, no small talk, only that which will help astrology in its every branch. Mr. Ardurji will be editor, and add any little paragraphs he thinks will be useful to us. Of course, it wants money to start it, you know, Jack.”

Helen at once agreed to the scheme. “I will

do what I did for the Merrimans—put two hundred and fifty pounds in this venture, and soon it will pay for itself, as did the other great scheme.”

“That will start us,” Jack said, “and I can soon raise more. By the way, do you hear of the Merrimans, Helen?”

“Indeed yes; I hear from them by every mail. That man is such a power for good! He is quite grand in his efforts at influence. Men, women, and young people he has brought under the power of thought. It is all too wonderful for words! They come from everywhere. We have given away symbols, mascots, and precious stones by the thousands, each with a little thought, a little prayer; and the recipients come back to tell us how ‘Albert has given up drink,’ or ‘Mary has given up swearing,’ and so on. His clubs are the most successful places going. His wife has been quite won over. He works splendidly, and he is so clever in making others work that it is a joy to go in and see the many busy bees, each helping to make the home beautiful.”

“Why don’t you tell Jack how they owe it all to you?” exclaimed Molly. And then, turning to her brother, she added: “Really, Jack, during the three years you were out in India she worked like twenty soldiers rolled into one. She never rested. Each day she took up some new scheme, and, notwithstanding that she had so many irons in the fire, she managed to make

them all go ; each iron did its own work, never getting too cold or too hot. She is a marvel ! ”

Helen laughed and patted her sister-in-law's arm. “ Molly, go away, dear ; 'tis bedtime, and little girls should be seen and not heard. Little atoms who know nothing must not talk ! ”

Molly ran behind Jack and, keeping him as a screen, cried—

“ Now, Helen, I shall just tell Jack everything ! Jack, do you know in the three years that she was waiting for you she had seven proposals—two clergymen, two barristers, two military men, and a civil servant ! She said ‘ No ’ to them all, and would not take a single present from any one. She just went along in her own determined, majestic way, and passed men by, graciously saying ‘ No, ’ and telling them she was engaged to a brave man out in India. ”

“ Did you call me brave, my darling ? ” Jack asked. “ Tell me, ” he said, taking his wife's hands in his. She tried to escape, but he would not release her.

“ No, Jack ; she is romancing. Brave, indeed ! What next, I should like to know ? ”

“ Now, children, order ! ” cried Molly merrily. “ Order ! there goes the bell. We must rush up and dress for dinner ; our class starts in an hour's time. ”

Dinner passed quickly, and to the “ Quai hai ” of the Eastern inquiry the servant answered,

“Huzoor” or “Salaam, sahib,” which implied “At home” or “Come in.”

Soon they gathered, tall men and short men, young men and old men, and ladies—a large company from which to cull some classes.

In a few minutes Helen opened the evening’s entertainment with a song, a beautiful, pathetic little thing called “Flax,” by Louisa Creyke. It was so wondrously soft, melodious, and quaint that a tremendous clapping resounded after the last note of the fairy accompaniment had died away. This was followed by “The Shrine,” by the same composer. “The West Wind” was the next song, and as it floated over the room every one almost stopped breathing. A little bell was then sounded, and Jack Hargreaves began to tell their friends why they had met. He spoke earnestly and to the point as follows—

“My friends, we are here far away from our own land, but not in exile, for we are with those who love us and whom we love. I do not agree with those of our countrymen who do nothing but abuse the country which gives them luxury, honour, and a good time, with plenty of pleasure, sport, riding, friendships—a country which patiently waits to be understood, a country whose people pour down upon us nothing but kindnesses from time to time, who give us of the best they have and are satisfied with the worst. Now, we want to learn of these people, for they can teach us many

things, and for one thing we must learn how to meet them on equal ground ; we must get away from any idea of superiority, for truly we have none. We call ourselves conquerors, but it is not so ; we are a nation which has misjudged a people who have given us all we asked for. Now, if they had been under Aries and we under Capricorn we should be the conquered and they the conquerors, so it is all a matter of fate, and our position is due to no virtue of our own. So let us love them, let us work for them, let us believe good and not evil of them, let us exchange thought with them, understand their religions, give heed to their great learning, and let us, above all things, be just to them, giving them love for love. Let us be ready to minister to them always, let us with our very brusqueness admit our faults and learn from them courtesy, endurance ; let us imitate their hospitality, which is, beyond all, something to admire ; let us see them face to face, and if we think our Christos is our Saviour in reality, let us *live* the Christ-life and draw people to Him.

“We are going to start some astrological classes in our house, my wife and I and my little sister, who love the Orient, for we look upon the people as belonging to us. We are also going to start a newspaper ; a Persian gentleman, who is a Zoroastrian, is to be our editor and teacher ; his name is Ardurji. We start to-night to take the names of pupils, and

to-morrow we begin our first study of these most wonderful people of the Orient. Those who wish to join us please show hands."

There was a pause, and a sort of hissing sound which reached Jack Hargreave's ears; but he pretended not to hear, and smilingly looked round. Again silence fell, until a very bright little woman, a leader of fashion with a title to her name, stood up and said—

"Mr. Hargreaves, I have already begun my studies with a Hindu lady, and I gladly throw in my interests with yours."

Then came a clapping of hands, and that evening three hundred and fifty people joined the fashionable lady in the quest for knowledge.

CHAPTER XIV

THE astrology classes went as merrily as any marriage bell ; interest increased rapidly, and astronomical shops where books, charts, and instruments of study could be obtained, were regularly visited. In Oodeypore the greater number of English people were attracted by this new mode—it made such a difference in the station. Women felt they no longer wanted pick-me-ups or restoratives, their vitality increased so much. The talk was of exams., of prizes ; some wondered whether colours could not be worn and a sort of pretty costume arranged to make their party act up to their principles, and instead of scandal, slander, and talks of divorce cases, the women spoke of governing planets. Mothers tried to find a safety square for a troublesome daughter or a refractory son, and society ran on greased wheels in Oodeypore. Even the soldiers attended parade with a new zest. “I am going to win this journey,” was on everybody’s lips. Life was full of electricity, the air was charged with it.

But Helen Hargreaves was not quite satisfied ; she was anxious to go into the deeper teaching of the spirit. She was about to become a mother, and in her dear father's book was a whole chapter dedicated to pre-natal conditions, which made her think of the many young wives who could be helped by lectures on the subject. Consequently, one Thursday afternoon she gave a teaparty to fifty married ladies, with the promise of a lecture later. Her face was radiant with the thoughts of her soul when she began to speak.

"Friends," she said, and though she spoke quietly every word was heard, "some here have children, some are soon to be mothers. What have we done to be so blessed? We women are to have the power, the privilege, the joy to be the mothers of men. I feel, my friends, that it depends upon us greatly what these children will grow up to be. We should take a page from the books of the Orient, which tells us to begin the moulding of our gifts even before they come. We mothers express ourselves in our children ; shall we do so ignorantly, or shall we begin to put the details in our pictures? Supposing we want a Raphael ; he can be produced by the power of thought, which is prayer, upon the ego of the child ; if we want a Beethoven, in the same way the gift of music can be given, and the little one will evolve a musical genius to a most amazing degree. Indeed,

whatever we require the child to be, *that* will he or she be if we observe pre-natal conditions.

“An engineer, a barrister, a sculptor, an artist, an actor, it is all the same; we mothers can make our children to be what we will, and, what is more, we can build their bodies as we will.

“The plan is a simple one; it is that every day for three hours we ought to retire into the Silence and look at beautiful pictures, and think out beautiful ideals. Thus we can mould the unborn into an imaginary personality, and knowing just what a babe is like, we can give that babe a body that shall be as perfect as though chiselled out of marble. Our thoughts must be such as ennobles, our temper must never be harsh or hard—a lovable nature in a glorious surrounding, this is what we must plan for; and we shall be able to do this without much trouble, and to what an ending! Friends, you do not realise our possibilities as mothers. I did not until very recently, but now my responsibilities shall be taken up and my child shall be moulded as I want it to be.”

“Do you mean, Mrs. Hargreaves, that if I wished my child to be a mathematician he might be so?” one lady inquired doubtfully.

“I don't mean ‘he might be,’ Lady Danson; I know that he *will* be so if you desire it. It is the power of thought on the Ego that is

preparing to visit the earth which moulds its character. We impart moles, blemishes, as inheritance, why not that which is good? Is not the very idea quite beautiful?"

"Oh, indeed, yes," another lady cried enthusiastically; "do let us study once a week with you, and we will go into the Silence every day ourselves."

"Mrs. Hargreaves, are you not afraid to interfere in God's work?" a middle-aged matron asked. She looked sour and severe, one born to criticize.

"It is the God *in* us that makes us long for the proper building of our children," explained Helen mildly. "First of all we shall give them health, strength, and power; to do that we must make our own bodies radiate health. We must be strong and well instead of being feeble and neurotic mothers! We must be happy instead of sorrowful, glad instead of being sad, and our children, the little ones who are to come to gladden our lives, will grow up to be men and women truthful and honourable, bold carvers of their own destiny, a power in the land, instead of turning out, as so many do now, apathetic, disloyal, or weak-minded. We must teach them how to hold their own in the world, and as we have had the making and building of them it will be easy for us to model that which we have moulded. Instead of whiny children, we shall have girls and boys who are healthy and

happy and obedient, because obedience is Heaven's first law. They will be full of the desire to be of use; they will have no vices, for we shall have given them no room for vice, and so they will shun drink, gambling, and loose company, since we shall have given them, by our thoughts, all that is opposite to a dissolute life. Does not this scheme of life open to you a work that is full of possibilities? When I think of all we must do to help our darlings in their creation, my pulses throb to be up and doing.

“Among other things we ought to give them a love for this land of our adoption, in which we spend so many days of our life, and then this India of ours will be all the better for our having been here. Shall we bind ourselves together to do this thing? My heart yearns for India. We owe her a responsibility. We have come to her with the assurance of being conquerors; we like to feel that it is to us she owes her greatness; but also, friends, we have taught her sons to drink, her daughters to feel that disloyalty to one's husband is an every-day occurrence, and yet we dare to tell India's people that we are followers of the Christ, Who is a better Deity than their Krishna or Shiva, or any other Master! They say nothing, but they think the more, and they tell their children not to expect anything from England, as there is no religion there, that England talks but does not

practise. Is it not a shame, dear friends?" Helen asked warmly. "Do you not think with me that we mothers, in this time of our infirmity, should make a special petition to God Almighty to give us the discerning eye, the practical mind, the ready courtesy, the quick perception that will enable us to work successfully?"

A lady came forward—she was young and pretty, young enough to blush. "Mrs. Hargreaves," she said shamefacedly, "I came here to make fun of you, but your words have gone deeply to my heart. If I am a better woman I shall owe it to you. My life in India has hitherto been a failure, and I want just to say here and now, to tell you—and all of you," she added, turning to the astonished company, "that if I am spared and my baby arrives and lives, I shall devote my life to India and her people."

Helen took the proffered hand gracefully.

"Why wait four months, dear lady, before you start working for India?" she said wistfully; "can we not begin to-day?"

"No, Mrs. Hargreaves, I am not able to do much," was the reply; "and besides, my husband will laugh at me, but when baby comes he will be more sympathetic, and then I can go ahead with work. However, do not look so sad, for I will try my very utmost to help you get through with your committee meetings, and your club working classes. I

think English work will be easier for me at first. I was good at visiting amongst the English poor; we might try where we are most appreciated, do you not think, and later perhaps India will have my services."

"Very well," Helen agreed, "we start now a united band, and we meet again to-morrow. Come, as many of you as can; we can have an hour's needlework, and a little meditation as well."

They parted to go home. Oodeypore had once more triumphed because of the love they bore her, and because of the auras of those who had gone before, leaving the fragrance of their lives behind.

Helen and Molly were busy next day designing a dress which seemed to help the circles, and added to this distinction the members of the new club had their badges; and what is more, they loved to wear them even in the fullness of day in order to show their appreciation of the new work they had been enabled to begin.

That evening Helen's emerald arrived; it was set like a lotus and looked like a living thing, with its bright green, its shaded waves, and its sprig of green and single bud. She put it on next to the badge, and was never tired of speaking of "the Helen," as she loved to call it.

There were thirty servants in her home. First came the cook, *Kareim Khan*, who

wore spotless white suits every day ; then came *Mahmud*, the butler ; *Abbas Alli*, the second servant ; *Bheemji*, the Mussal or lamp and boot man ; *Rama*, the Hamal ; *Ahmedkhan* the *Chuprasi* ; *Sivaji* and *Prembhai* ; two nice ayahs, *Fatmahbee* and *Terry*—and any number of errand-boys and orderlies of all description. Helen queened it over all. She had only to speak and the work was done, for all loved her. She always spoke gently, of course speaking Urdu and Marathi almost as well as the servants did themselves. They asked her to their meals, they brought her tasty dishes, they culled flowers for her—the orderly boys vied with each other in doing her behests, their mem-sahib was the only one worth living for, they said ; her smile was just the reward they wanted ; it was quite pretty to see them smartening up for Helen. They told her the meaning of colours ; they loved to think they could teach her anything that she did not know, although they would have knocked down any one who said that she was taught it in India. She learnt to make Indian dishes—sometimes she allowed her Indian lady friends from the Zenanas to dress her up in Oriental style and load her with jewels, when she spent the day with them, so as to allow them to feel that she cared for them. If they were ill, she sat up with them ; if sad, she cheered them ; if happy, she was happy with them. Hers was the spirit that soothed and sym-

pathized always, for she was a womanly woman; to know her was to love her; she rarely lost her temper, and if she were ever unjust she made amends by owning herself in the wrong. Her husband worshipped her; he was never so happy as when hearing her praises.

“Oh, yes,” he would say, “you are speaking of my wife. Why, of course there is not another woman in the world like her,” and a smile of rare sweetness crept over his lips and a dewy mist arose in his eyes.

His thoughts went back in memory to the days of long ago, when he was selfish and egotistical, and turning to his comrades, he said—

“Boys, let me tell you something about my wife. Once I was *such* a fool, and Miss Tagore, who is now Mrs. Hargreaves, asked me to give up smoking for her sake first, and also for the sake of some reckless young fellows she was working for. After I had refused her point-blank—well, what do you think she did? She looked at me ever so sadly, but said nothing, only went away to the boys’ tent—they were a band of Territorials—where she sat down.

“‘Now, boys,’ she said, ‘I want you as a personal favour to me to give up smoking just for to-night, will you?’

“‘No, miss,’ they said, ‘we can’t do that, though we would do anything else for you.’

“‘I ask you as a special thing,’ she persisted, ‘because Dick Carruthers is trying to give it up and he is to be with you to-night. If you don’t oblige me, boys, I’ll smoke too.’”

“‘No, you won’t, lady, we’ll give it up,’ and twenty boys rose and saluted. I was one of the twenty, you know, and *that* woman is my wife, my wife!”

Jack Hargreaves soon began working with his men friends in the same way as his wife was working with the women; he persuaded them to take up studies of various kinds, and his good-fellowship and broad-mindedness made him so much liked that he was always the moving spirit in all things.

“I say, let us go to Hargreaves, he’ll put it right,” was what every one in trouble said.

In the course of his work Jack came across a young fellow who was a drunkard, a man who seemed not to be able to escape from the temptation of drink, and he always ended up by saying, “It is not my fault, it runs in the family.”

Jack brought him to Helen one day when he was quite sober, and left him with her. His name was Oliver Holmes. Helen received him kindly, gave him some tea, introduced him to Molly, and when they had made him feel perfectly at home she turned to Molly and said—

“Darling, sing to us. I am sure Mr. Holmes

loves music, he tells me he has a sister who sings."

"Not in this country, Mrs. Hargreaves; my sister is in England."

"Well, it will make you feel at home if my sister sings to you."

Molly sang "Echo," C. Rossetti's words and Lord Henry Somerset's setting to music. Mr. Holmes tried to speak his "Thank you," when the song was over, but he was choked, and could not say a word. Song after song was sung, and these soothed his weary spirit. He jumped up after Miss Allitsin's "Thanksgiving," and rushing to the piano, sobbed rather than said—

"May I come to-night after dinner? Oh, say yes, say yes. My God!" he added, turning away, "what am I saying? Forgive me; I never begged an invitation in my life."

"Coming after dinner, did you say, Mr. Holmes?" came in Helen's rich soprano. "Why, you are going to dine with us, and perhaps my husband and sister will sing you some duets; their voices blend beautifully."

"But do you know who I am? Do you know where your husband found me last week? You must hear me, Mrs. Hargreaves, please." The poor fellow was trying to be a man now.

"No, Mr. Holmes; my husband's friend is our friend, we want no explanations. Jack is always telling us of the 'fine fellows' as he

calls them, in his order of the Sun and Moon. We are, therefore, quite ready to receive his friends. Ah, here he is!" and as her husband entered, she turned to him. "Jack, dear, come and tell Mr. Holmes we expect him to stay to dinner."

"I say, Holmes, old man," Jack said heartily, "if my wife bids you stay you can't say no——. That's right, old fellow, run off now to my room; I'll come in a jiffy. Outside and turn to the right; sit down in the big easy-chair and smell the flowers. We allow only one pipe a day to friends, but there's a new one waiting with some excellent tobacco near by—I'll soon join you." As soon as Holmes had gone he returned to his wife, and bending to stroke her hair and look into her beautiful eyes, he questioned—

"Well, darling, shall we save him? He's worth it, Helen. He's got such a good mother, and such a sister, rippin' people! I used to know them in the Old Country. You will wonder when I tell you that it often made me wish that Molly could get to love him. I am sure she would win him over."

"Oh, matchmaker mine," laughed Helen fondly, "I think no help from you and me will be wanted. I can see that those two are going to belong to each other. I have never seen Molly blush as she blushed to-day, and he gazed at her whilst she sang her songs as though he could not take his eyes off her.

Won't it be nice, Jack? He is really such a dear boy. The tears were trickling down his cheeks whilst Molly sang the Thanksgiving song by Frances Allitsin. Now go away and brighten him up, darling, and then come to our room and let us just go into the Silence for him, so that he may be helped in reality, this first night of his sojourn with us. We will not let him go back to the Mess to-night; let him fight out his soul's battle in our home, with loving thoughts surrounding him. Come, dear, we must work as we never worked before."

Jack kissed her and drew her into his arms.

"Sweetheart, I thank God for you every day of my life. With God's help we'll make a man of him. I have no fear now that you have taken him in hand. Helen, why is it you increase my faith daily? Since our marriage I feel that God can do everything, nothing seems too impossible for Him to do—He just touches the work and it is done. I feel certain that Holmes's drinking days are over. Why should I be so certain? is what I want to know. *Who* is putting that certainty into my mind?"

"The Holy Spirit of God, my Jack!" was the answer, as Helen snuggled up to her husband. "We have conquered by God's strength. You told me about Holmes some time ago, and I began working for him then, while Molly, too, added his initials to her Silence prayers without knowing him."

"I am so glad," he said, and then hurried away. "Where are you, Holmes?" he asked, as he opened the door of the other room.

"Here, man, writing to mother. Hargreaves, is your sister married?"

"No, not yet. She had several offers of marriage, but she always says there is plenty of time."

"Thank God! I say, Hargreaves, is it madness or mere folly, or both, that I dare to think of a star so far out of reach? But listen, I am going to make a try for Miss Hargreaves. I will never touch alcohol again, so help me God! I am not going to sign a pledge. My pledge is your sister. I tell you, she will be my guiding star—I shall look at her, and that will keep me from touching drink. Hargreaves, are you going to kick me out after that? Speak, man, don't keep me in suspense!"

Jack stood facing him, his strong face very earnest. "Holmes," he said gravely, "if you will promise me faithfully that you will be a man, give up drink, and stand by your guns, and if my sister loves you, you will have the consent of my wife and myself to make your proposal, but you must wait a year before you speak of it to Molly. No, Holmes, I like you, trust you, and I'll stand by you, but I must see *how* you keep your word before I give my pure sister to you. Come, a year is not long to wait. Do you know I had to wait three years for my bride, and she was worth waiting

for, I tell you, and so *is* my little sister Molly."

"But we talk as though she has consented to take me," the lad said disconsolately. "She may not, she may not! I'm going in for being master of myself, though, no mistake. Give me a hand up, Jack; say a good word for me in the next rise, won't you?"

"I will, old chap. Give me a tip when the next staff appointments are coming off. In the meantime get on well with your Colonel; he is a nice, kind man, and will, if you turn over a new leaf, give you headway. His own son went to the dogs, and died a drunkard, so that he has a soft spot in his heart for those who are tempted."

"Thank you, General, I take my orders from no one but you. But, joking aside, Hargreaves, I feel a new man already. Lend me some togs, will you? My dress suit is with Uncle Harry, and I can't get it out to-night, can I?"

"What is the name of Uncle Harry, and how much does it spell?"

"Thirty rupees."

"Here goes, then. Come along, we have an hour. Let's run and be back before the ladies miss us."

Off they went like two schoolboys out for a spree; they got to the shop, a Jew's, who began to rub his hands in glee—

"Good-day, gentlemen. You buy someting? I haf everyting wonderful sheap?"

“Mr. Solomon, we want you to bring out a dress-suit placed with you yesterday ; here are the thirty rupees.”

“Oh, gentlemen, you haf come in for a fortune. I am very glad to hear it. Certainly ! certainly ! Moses, bring packet marked ‘*Drink No. 7,*’ and he grinned maliciously at Hargreaves. “No offence, gentlemen, I haf to classify dem. After all, what is drink?”

“We have no time for talking,” Jack retorted angrily. “Tell Moses to be quick.”

“Where are you, O son of a dog?” the old Jew called rancorously.

“I cannot find the packet, sir,” was the answer. “There is one marked 7, but the words on it are ‘Screw the fellow tighter, he’s good for more,’ and under it, ‘He’ll drink himself to death.’”

“Thank you, Moses,” Holmes said quietly ; “*that’s* mine, only you’re wrong. He’s not going to drink himself to death.”

“Ach ! *dat’s* lost,” grumbled the Jew ; “preaching Simon has hold of his money-bags ; wants him for his sister, I’ll be bound,” he added, and again laughed maliciously.

Holmes coloured up, but he kept himself under control. Jack watched him and was glad to see this.

Jack Hargreaves and Oliver Holmes got back with plenty of time to dress, and each had a rosebud and a little sprig of myrtle sent to their rooms ; the thought was Molly’s.

Helen and Jack had a quarter of an hour in which to go into the Silence, and hand-in-hand they sat near a picture of the Saviour, and a silent thought went from each heart to the Great Master for Oliver Holmes, their *protégé*, whom they had taken to their hearts and home.

CHAPTER XV

As soon as dinner was over four happy people went into the drawing-room ; they were expecting friends after coffee. Mrs. Hargreaves had relays of coffee and ices at intervals ; no wines found their way to this home.

Both husband and wife felt that, although they were not narrow-minded, it was right that no kind of temptation should emanate from their home. The outside world laughed, but Helen and Jack Hargreaves held their own view and carried out their plans as they thought best despite criticism.

At nine several nice-looking men arrived, for great was the attraction ! Molly, who was a most beautiful girl, was now the rage in Oodeypore ; she would have been surprised had she known that they came to see her ; but it *was* so. Jack and Helen made them welcome. Helen was soon deep in the troubles of one young fellow who seemed to want to monopolize her time, and would keep harping about his grievances and himself, until suddenly the Major of his regiment came up, and Lieutenant Neville made room for him.

The Major had been one of Molly's most attentive admirers for some time, and he had just screwed his courage to sticking-point. Finding Helen alone, he proceeded in his blind fashion to unburden himself ; without any preamble, he said—

“ You know, Mrs. Hargreaves, when my uncle dies I shall be a rich man. Have I your permission to try my luck with your sister-in-law ? ”

Knowing the bent of Molly's mind, Helen thought it safest to reply—

“ Major Newlands, although we should hate to lose Molly, should she care for you we shall make no objection.”

“ That is awfully good of you,” he said buoyantly, and then, looking round, he added : “ I say, I want to give you a warning about young Holmes. I see he is here, but he's a rotter, a fair wrong 'un. I hear on good authority he is to be kicked out of the regiment. I hope you will not encourage him to come here.”

Helen's indignation did not show itself, but never before had a guest criticized a guest in her hearing.

“ On the contrary, Major Newlands,” she answered, “ he is a distant connection of my husband's by marriage, was a college chum of his, and we want to see as much of him as possible.”

Major Newland's face fell ; he hated Holmes,

a trivial quarrel had rankled for a long time. It was owing to him that Oliver Holmes had taken to drink, for the lad was weak and easily laughed into committing a folly; it was owing to his false statements that untrue tales were circulated about Holmes, and Holmes had found all this out; and it was the Major's anxiety to safeguard himself against the Hargreaves finding out what a mean character he himself was that made him desirous to undermine any friendship between Holmes and the Hargreaves. However, he was worldly-wise enough to know that he must at all cost stand well with his hostess, and so he said laughingly, though the ring of the laugh was false, and Helen felt it—

“Poor fellow! I am glad he has you both to mother him; who knows, he may turn up trumps after all.”

“He has done so already, Major,” Helen declared. “No alcohol will ever again pass his lips; he has taken a step forward since you last saw him.”

“But pardon me, Mrs. Hargreaves, he was found in a very bad state and brought home only last week; the old man heard of it, and there'll be trouble for him.”

“Yes, we happen to know why he became intoxicated,” she said searchingly, for her clairvoyant ego had seen all—the weak lad, the tempter, and the accuser—and, seeing it, her heart hardened.

“My Molly will never care for this bundle of evil,” she said to herself.

“We know all, you see, Major; he does not,” she said, facing the man. “I mean that Oliver is still in the dark about many things that have happened, so my husband and I are going to take him in tow to keep him away from evil influences. I have arranged matters; he will from now on be surrounded by friends. I hope that you, as his Major, will be pleased to hear this good news, as it should be a load off your mind.”

“Well, I must not warn you any more; but I fear you will be terribly disappointed in him!” the Major remarked coldly. “Go ahead, I am not one to stand in any poor fool’s way! However, it was the Colonel who told me this morning that Holmes would be going home by the next boat.”

“The Colonel is with my husband now, Major Newlands, and I am certain the boat will go without Oliver Holmes,” Helen said smilingly, having recovered her good temper.

“Yes, yes! But is the old man here? I don’t see him.”

“Perhaps not; he is talking to my sister-in-law at the piano.”

The Major was visibly vexed; he rose at once and extended his hand.

“Will you excuse me if I disappear, Mrs. Hargreaves? The Colonel has asked me to fill in some papers before parade to-morrow,

so I'll have to go and get them ready." He did not go out like a man, but sneaked out, and Helen felt as though a snake had been creeping around just before and had left a taint of poison in the air.

She looked around and met the gaze of several smiling faces ; there was quite a group around the piano where Molly held court. She was telling Oliver Holmes that he had a voice and must use it. Helen went over to her, and put her hands affectionately on the girl's shoulders.

"What is it, Molly? have you come up against a brick wall?" she asked.

"No ; but listen, Helen. Mr. Holmes was born on the 23rd of July ; ought he not to sing?"

"Most certainly," Helen answered, turning to the lad. "'Leo' people are always gifted, and the 23rd is the very fullest of the gift of song."

"But how can you know?" Holmes asked with surprise.

"Because July is your month, the 23rd is your date of birth, 3 p.m. your hour, Leo is your astrological sign, and the sun your governing planet."

"Oh ! is *that* it? My Indian servant is always telling me that I ought to be a great man because I am a child of the sun. So *that* is what he meant, is it? He made me give him my birthday and worked out some figures,

then he tied a gold disk round my neck and called me a child of the sun. He has taken an unholy dislike to Major Newlands," Holmes chatted on ; " whenever the Major calls he buys incense, and goes through my rooms, calling out, ' Inshallah ! Inshallah ! Inshallah ! ' And he is not satisfied until I have a bath ; I am almost choked with incense, sandal-wood, and water from the Ganges, which he insists are necessary to keep off the evil eye. What babes these fellows are, and yet *how* faithful and true ! By the way, he is so delighted that I am here, and keeps telling me that my life has taken a new turn. He unrolls my horoscope, which I call *my horrors* for short, and shows me a little square with my governing planet, which, he says, means that I have *this* year come into my own. But really, sir"—for he noticed that his Colonel had come nearer and was listening—" I have not the remotest idea what it all means." '

" I am glad to see you here, Lieutenant," the Colonel said amiably ; " I want a few words with you later. Captain Hargreaves tells me *this* is your home now whenever you can make it so."

" I beg your pardon, sir ; what did you say ? " Holmes stared and looked from the Colonel to Helen and back again.

Helen forestalled any reply the Colonel might have made.

" Colonel Griffiths is right, Lieutenant

Holmes," she said. "Will you give us the great pleasure of playing sisters and brothers to you? 'The Temple of Truth' will from to-day be your address in Oodeypore. I hope to-morrow you will bring over your goods and chattels, your personal servant and your horse, and also your syce. You have found new relations, that is all. Jack has discovered from his home mail to-day that your mother and his were cousins. Your mother left England and went away to Australia when quite a girl, and it is only after much searching and correspondence that we have been able to trace the whole matter. We ought to recognize this day of events and have a celebration. What says everybody to amateur theatricals next month?" she inquired from the little group around her. "Let us write the play and act; come along, everybody, and sit down. Molly, get paper and pencils and we will start our play at once; with so many wise heads we are bound to make good stuff. First of all what shall we call it?"

"'The Astrologer'!" shouted more than one voice.

"Well done, everybody! Now, then, for the actors. How many are there here?"

"Don't you think, Helen," Molly suggested, "that we had better let these gentlemen recite and then choose them? Will any one volunteer?"

In India there is not the same stern military

etiquette after the morning parade is over ; I do not mean to say that there is a slackness, but there is a kinship between the Colonel and his officers away from their own land which makes them understand each other, and where they become clannish and friendly.

Oodeypore seemed to take up a new line of thought since the Hargreaves came out ; everybody turned up at church on Sunday, both at brigade service and evening ; and the early celebration was never so well attended as during those seven years of good-fellowship while they were there. The Reverend Percival Falconer and his wife and daughter were broad-minded, noble souls, who did good wherever they went ; they were devoted to the Hargreaves, and society went on merrily ; for even those who made fun of the Hargreaves still kept in with them because of the invitations and the happy times at the "Temple of Truth."

It was a year later, and Helen and her husband were to give a picnic twelve miles out of Oodeypore. "The Temple" supplied everything but the fruit, and the many visitors who were invited were asked to bring fruit and cool drinks. Servants went on ahead with tents, carpets, stools, cushions, and deal-wood tables.

A picnic in the Orient is the most gorgeous thing ever thought of ; there is so much that

Nature lends to make it glorious and superb. Blue skies, bright sunshine, ever-green trees and plants, and pretty blossoms of all sorts, with the music of twittering birds, the hum of insect life, the whispering of the trees, the swish, swish of the water, all combined to fashion a day-dream of pleasure.

When the carriages arrived at the spot elected, everything was ready: beautifully decorated tables, silver shining on the tables, servants dressed in spotless white, tents luxuriously arranged with cushions, mats, carpets, while a band of music struck up, "See! the Conquering Hero Comes," a very favourite piece in India.

"The picnic must be a success, my sister," said little Merbeebie, Helen's ayah. "My Miss Sahib is to be engaged to-day to Holmes Sahib. We must do our best, the day is auspicious. At the hour of three, when the sun is at his very best, we must arrange a plan. Hadgee Sahib, do thou go to thy master—it is now twelve by the clock—tell thy master, if he wants to find the lady of his thoughts, she will be by the river at three. I know what my lady loves, she is very anxious to find a certain plant. I will take her there a quarter to the luckiest hour of the day, and *then* bid her sit still, whilst I go back to the tent to bring her sunshade, which I shall take care she forgets to carry out with her. Allah bless my little lady! Can I trust the Hadgee to see

that thy Holmes Sahib carries out thy instructions?"

"Flower of the forest, art not thou my chosen one? Is thy servant not waiting for thee? Merbeebee, light of my eyes, my Sahib will be there on the stroke of three."

"Allah grant it, O faithful one! See thou tellest none other. A silent tongue is a wise one," and smilingly she spoke in response to a voice which asked—

"Merbeebee, when is your Miss Sahib to be betrothed? She is beautiful, good, and very much loved; we don't understand why the sahiblog [gentlemen] stand aloof."

"Who told thee these fairy-tales, Fathmabee?" Merbeebee replied. "My mistress has refused six sahibs; she is so happy with her sister and brother she will not hear of leaving them."

"But, Merbeebee, you know how many unmarried Miss Sahibs there are in Oodeypore; if your mistress waits too long, she will not have any more proposals."

"Now, Fathmabee, does it not show you that my Miss Sahib has a secret, and has left her engaged Lord Sahib in England? She gets letters every mail, and if you look at her finger you will see a ring of diamonds. I do not like to question my lady, but let us hope she carries her secret on her finger."

"I am so glad you think so, Merbeebee, your lady is so beautiful. She talks to me, and

yesterday she met me going an errand of my own, when she stopped me and said, 'Fathmabee, when are you to be married? I know you are betrothed, but when will you be married?' I said, 'Very soon, gracious lady,' and she said, 'Oh, Fathmabee, I hope you will be happy, very, very happy,' and such a sad look came into her eyes."

"Now may Allah hear and take away my lady's sadness! It may be the distance between the two great countries makes her sad," replied tactful little Merbeebiee. Her mistress should not be talked about in the garrison town if she could help it. The hours were slipping by, lunch was ordered for one o'clock, servants could be seen flitting about all over the beautiful maidan, getting luncheon ready. The tables were laden with fruit and pretty things, and soon the laughter and clatter of glasses, the chinking of silver, and the sound of many voices floated over the grounds to where the women servants sat waiting for their work, which followed quickly upon lunch.

When the company left the luncheon table it was 2.30, and Helen, with Molly, came up to the ladies' tent. Mrs. Percival Falconer came in with them as well, and they sat down in the tent to have a talk, as they both wanted to rest before going out again.

Then it was that Merbeebiee called Molly aside and said: "My queen, I have found the

plant you were asking about the other day for fomentations ; I would not pluck it myself, as the hand that applies the remedy must touch the plant ; will my lady come with her servant ? ”

“ Yes, Merbeebee, let us go, but you shall not hold the sunshade over me ; what are my hands for, pray ? ”

“ My lady, we do not want others to follow us. If thy servant were to walk idly behind, there are others who would want to come to keep thee company, whereas if my queen goes alone with her servant, every man, woman, and child will know that she is bent on a mission, and it will emphasize the fact if thy servant carries the sunshade over her mistress's head.”

“ Very well, Merbeebee, you always have your way.”

When they got to the riverside they were soon engrossed in picking the special little clover-leaf that has so much soothing power, and which is used by the natives of the country for fomentations. Then suddenly Merbeebee said : “ I fear, Miss Sahib, thy sunshade has a tear in it ; no one must see it so. I have, however, brought another, and so I will run to fetch it ; in five minutes thy servant shall return.”

“ Do not hurry back, Merbeebee. I shall love to sit here and think.”

Merbeebee hurried away, smiling over her

kindly craft and thinking to herself: "Are not the gods good! My mistress wants to think. Ah! my queen, there won't be much thinking for thee, for here comes the lord of thy heart, the loved one of thy life. I have not eyes given me for nothing." For Oliver Holmes came strolling along, and when he caught sight of Molly he hurried to her side.

"May I join you in your Silence?" he asked.

"Do you mean may you sit silently by, Oliver, or do you wish to speak? You are very restless sometimes. Why are you so? I thought that by coming to us you would be happy, instead of which you sigh and hump yourself. Perhaps you would like to return to barrack life; do we bore you?" she added saucily.

"Oh, Molly, how can you be so cruel! Bore me? Go back to barrack life? Would you thrust me out of Paradise? Do you not want me to stay on, Molly? I have tried to be all you and your dear ones wish me to be. Have I failed? Tell me, Molly.

"Do you believe me when I tell you that I have not touched any alcohol from the day Jack brought me home? Do you believe me when I say nothing shall now take me from my circle of friends? And, Molly, dear, your Master is my Master now, your religion my religion, your search after truth I imitate, not only for your sake, Molly, for even if you

turned from me, beloved one, I should still want to see the light, still crave for what is best. I know now what it is to love my Master; all Nature speaks to me of what is highest. And Molly, dear mother comes to me and blesses me at night; she just stands by my side, and says, 'Well done, Oliver!' and I feel, oh! so wondrously happy. Molly, I have had to wait a year before I was allowed to propose to you. Jack and Helen say they will *not* refuse if you love me."

"Tell me again, Oliver, do you really love me?" Molly whispered.

"Yes, my queen, I love only *you*."

"And how long have you done so?"

"From that *first* night, Molly, when Jack gave me my chance; I loved you *then*, I love you now—only say, can you ever care for me?"

"Well, Oliver," she looked at him roguishly, "I love you. Nothing can separate us now. I trust you to-day, and I shall always trust you in the future."

A clock in the village struck the quarter after three; Molly took a ring from her finger and placed it on Oliver's, and then they sat hand in hand until a gong, sounding out a lordly peal, told them that tea was ready, and they had been together a whole hour. Mer-beebee and Hadgee were not far off, and came, as they said to their respective employers, to ask if anything was needed.

“Merbeebee, you asked me this morning where was my lord. I will show him to you now,” Molly said.

“My queen, thy servant hath seen thy lord for many a day.

“Sahib,” Merbeebee added, turning to Captain Holmes, “take care of this beautiful star, and as thou lovest her, so wilt thou be loved, but injure a hair of her head, and thy star sets in the heavens for ever. Sahib, I fall at thy feet, may thou be blessed. My queen, thou art always blessed.”

“Hadgee, see what thou hast guarded me for!” Holmes said, beckoning to his servant. “Molly, this is my brother and my friend; he has carried me in his arms and hidden me when I was drunk, so that the fellows should not see me thus. How can we ever repay them, Molly, these beloved servants of ours? India has taught us many a lesson, but greater than all, it has shown us what is loyalty; for where could we find such souls but in the Orient, which we have scorned, and which we, in our haughty pride, call the land of our exile, instead of the land of our luxury. Molly darling, we shall stay here with Jack and Helen, in this land of sunshine and flowers, where Mr. Tagore lived his life and fulfilled his mission, where we have lived and loved, and understood many things. We, the children of the sun, and of the order of the sun, will give our days to India. For, oh! dear

golden land, thou hast given me one of thy stars for wife."

And then, in the perfect happiness of perfected love, two souls were joined for ever.

CHAPTER XVI

It was the day after the picnic, and Helen had been giving Molly good advice. It was at the end of the discussion that Molly asked—

“Helen, there are two things we must talk of still. One is Mrs. Merriman’s secret invention, although she calls it his; and India’s attitude towards the Crown.”

“Yes, darling!” Helen answered, smiling at the girl’s method of turning from the personal to the impersonal. “I know we must read Mrs. Merriman’s ‘under-seal’ packet. I think she was wonderful all through that very trying time when she thought we were taking away her best and dearest—her husband and child—into a cult or religion that was going to harm them fearfully and make failures of both.”

“Indeed yes! Her humility now is perfect—as great as was her fear then. I wonder what this little packet will reveal. Open, Helen, and let us see.”

Molly had been restraining her curiosity with difficulty. Helen opened the packet deliberately, while Molly’s impatience grew. At last

she smoothed out some sheets of letter-paper and Molly held her breath. Helen began reading—

“ ‘At first, you know, kind friends, I wanted to tell you of our secret, and then we were so busy with the pressing needs of humanity that Reginald thought it best that we should send the packet to India for you to make use of there, as we owe a great deal to India now, since dear Mr. Tagore’s book, given to us by you, has changed our lives entirely. Will you very kindly look into this little booklet carefully. You come now to a print of Reginald’s masterpiece in carving on ivory—“The Master.” Dwell upon each detail. The Orient gave us the Master Christ; we return Him in this form, having put, telepathically and psychometrically, the messages the peoples of India gave us from their beautiful teachings. The Master’s garments are in seven psychic colours, as you will see. In His dear hand is the Staff of the Shepherd, but with the seven mystic gems, giving the teaching; and the eleven pages that come next, show the work of the Master and His Staff.’ ”

Molly, looking over her sister’s shoulder, drew a deep breath of astonished delight.

“Helen, have you ever seen anything more beautiful?” she cried enthusiastically. “Oh, and we thought her at one time uninteresting!”

From the packet Helen lifted out a delicate wood carving so choice it needed gentle

handling. The carving was of a man with the first sign of the Zodiac above his head, his governing planet under foot, his talents and faults surrounding him, showing his domain, [whether earth, air, fire, or water], in a pretty little horseshoe design cut for him; and best of all, the presence of the Master in each of the twelve glorious wood cuttings pointing to the hill of success. On the Staff, which was held upward, were to be seen the colours of courage, success, spirituality; and at the top of the mountain was the sun in all its glory, with the words "Well done, thou good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"Molly, we must get this treasure copied," Helen declared, delighted with the work.

"I have never seen anything so beautifully, so carefully worked; it is really a masterpiece," Molly said; "and oh, Helen! just think that it bears no sign as to who has done it, excepting his own astrological one in the corner; I think that is so dear of him."

"True greatness is always enveloped in humility, Molly; he has learnt during his evolution to annihilate self, and therefore he appeals to our sympathies. I am quite certain that this will be a living testimony for him."

Jack and Oliver had to share the pleasure of the open packet, and they wanted to go off at once and arrange for the suggested work to be started. A new idea occurred to Oliver; he said,

“Why not reproduce it in rice-paper?” And he showed them some beautiful work in rice-paper which gave them the idea they wanted, so that very soon it was arranged that Oliver should make a train journey to find out everything concerning the manufacture and to give the final orders.

“But, Helen, what is this?” Molly asked, picking up a letter addressed ‘Mrs. Hargreaves.’

“This, my Molly, is from Reginald Merriman. Listen!—

“‘DEAR FRIENDS,—If you will forgive me I should so like my little offering to be made complete out of my savings: I therefore send you £100 for the bringing out of the booklet in paper form—let it be my gift to India. I would like three hundred copies to be given away, as soon as they are ready, and the rest may be sold to produce some more. You told me in the long ago to work in threes, fives, and sevens for success. I have obeyed you to the best of my ability, and if there be the least merit in this work, I owe it to you in every particular. Come back to us, you four good people, or let us come to you, we miss you terribly. Pat sends her love.

“‘Yours always devotedly,
“‘REGINALD MERRIMAN.’”

“It is beautiful!” cried Molly. “We must have them out in India. Do you think, dear one, we might arrange a winter campaign, just to start a Hargreaves, Merriman, and Tagore Club out here for our English, Eurasian, and Eastern peoples?”

“The thing is, will they mix?” answered Helen doubtfully. “You know what happened

at our Gymkhana, darling, when those dear, high-born ladies came, the wife of the judge and sister-in-law, in their pretty dresses and with their perfect manners. They were treated so badly and you and I took them for a drive, we were so ashamed of our own country-women behaving as they did, in the country to which the ladies in question, and not they, belonged."

"Yes, dear, but this is Oodeypore, and those were nonentities (I mean our country-women) so *they* don't count. We claim that everything good exists in Oodeypore now, so let us establish our club here, and have the best from all three sections of the Committee. We can have the Merrimans as resident workers for the half-year, and then replace them with two others upon whom I have had my eyes for some time during the second half of the year. No grass must grow under our feet; we must send the Merrimans £200 for their passage out. We are just in time as this is Monday, and they can leave by Friday's boat. The club in Vere Street can be left in the care of our two other friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carrington.

"Can't you see Mrs. A.'s sniff and raised eyebrows, as she says, 'Not the Merrimans, Mrs. Hargreaves, surely?' and your breezy answer, 'Certainly, the Merrimans.'"

"Oh, let us send off the cablegram, and Helen, I know I am extravagant, but I must prepay a reply."

“Very well, Molly dear, we will share expenses, you and I; now for the wording of the cablegram.

“‘Reginald and Pat wanted for six months’ Indian campaign, leave Friday’s boat, telegraphing necessary cash. Bring Malcolm.’”

“Oh, I am so happy, how happy I can’t exactly express in words; shall we not enjoy talking over things with them? Won’t it be delicious?”

“I shall now prepare the Oodeypore people for their coming,” Helen said.

“Pat is much more polished than she was, you know, Helen,” Molly said, seeing that her sister was doubtful about their friends’ reception. “She is equal to any of the officers’ wives, don’t you think so? She is quite quiet, unobtrusive, and well-read, a woman whom one can respect and love. They will be sure to take her up, if *we* are tactful. Let us show Lady Mary her last photographs at tea to-day, those that our mail brought last Thursday. She will like the photographs and spread the news, then when the Merrimans come Lady Mary will want them to dine with her and we must let them go, the very first night of their stay with us. Then I must bring in about Reginald’s accident, and show her the newspaper cuttings of his heroism. That will do it beautifully. Lady Mary loves heroism and heroes, and she will admire Reginald. You see, dear, our Club is bound to be an instant success.”

Four o'clock came and with it Lady Mary and some other people ; for this was Helen's At Home day.

The photographs were placed conspicuously near the afternoon tea-table, and were soon noticed.

"What a magnificent woman ! Who is she ?" asked Lady Mary, with an expectant look.

"Mrs. Merriman, who has been so successful with her husband in club work in London."

"Not the Merrimans ?"

Helen and Molly were amused, and both said, "Yes, the Merrimans," meaning that the Merrimans who were of importance to them were the only ones that mattered.

"How very charming ! I should like to know them."

"You shall, Lady Mary ; they are leaving England by Friday's boat to spend the winter with us."

"Are they indeed ? Well, you must dine with us on the night of their arrival. I must be the first to meet them in Oodeypore. Now mind, Mrs. Hargreaves, I shall never forgive you if you fail me."

"Let me make a note of it, Lady Mary, for they are knee-deep in engagements already." Helen had arranged several engagements for the first two weeks, so that she could truthfully say so.

Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Parsons followed Lady

Mary's lead ; so as far as Oodeypore was concerned, the Merrimans were fairly established, for tactful Helen was meant to control people, and she had done so in *this* case, as in many others.

When they were alone Molly said : " Helen, I know that you hate my paying you compliments, but really you have managed it all splendidly, and as no one else would have."

" Dearest Molly, it is because our friends trust us. Our successes must encourage us in any scheme we may take up for the benefit of humanity, so you see I am perfectly happy. I shall be able to tell dear old Jack, when he comes, what I have done. He will, I know, concur in everything. He is the dearest and best friend one can have at any time ; you should be a happy girl to have such a brother, and I to have such a husband. God bless him ! "

" Amen, little woman ! " answered Jack's voice, as he entered the room. " I can do with plenty of blessings, but what was the special thing for which I am being blessed ? "

" Why, Jack, that Helen should be your wife," Molly said, taking hold of her big brother's arm effectively and affectionately.

" Indeed, Molly, I think myself truly fortunate every day I live," Helen said, taking Jack's disengaged arm, " and I ask myself a thousand times what I have done to merit such a marvellous earth-plane existence. My lines are

indeed cast in pleasant places. But, Jack, we have wired to the Merrimans to come out for the winter months."

Jack laughed happily, and turning, patted his wife's soft face.

"My darling, they will be here on Thursday evening, the 23rd," he said. "I wanted to spring a surprise on you and you've spoilt my fun."

"Oh, Jack, how dear of you!" Helen cried, delighted. "We are poorer by two pounds because of a reply-paid cablegram, but——"

"But me no buts, dear wife, for here is your cablegram. The post-office people sent it to me to know to whom the cablegram was to be addressed, and which country you meant it for," and he shook her playfully. "You're a fine business woman," he teased.

"You mean to say we sent it without any address?" Helen inquired.

"Yes, little one. Here it is; look for yourselves, you plotters. Did you think that old D'Silva at the telegraph office was a telepathist?"

Helen laughed and put the mistake down to over-much excitement.

"Jack, when did you write?" she asked; "and tell me all about it." Then, turning to his sister, she added, "Our menfolk are necessary after all, Molly, for we seem to need them in great emergencies. Now then, schemer," and she shook Jack in turn, "go on with your

tale, and we may graciously award you our forgiveness."

"It was arranged three months ago, darling; Holmes and I talked matters over."

"What, Oliver too! Oh, the deceiver!"

"We talked matters over," continued Jack. "It seemed to us as though you would be happier, Helen, with the Merrimans here during your time of retirement, and so we asked them to come out and had a reply by wire weeks ago."

Thursday, the 23rd, arrived at last. Helen had been counting the hours, so anxious was she to see her friends once more. The very suspense and anticipation were delightful.

Jack had been taking his afternoon siesta, when Helen, who had been watching the clock, shook him.

"Now waken up, Jack; they ought to be here now."

Jack yawned. "Holmes is bringing them all right. We had arranged that they should walk in to tea, and they are due in five minutes," he added, studying his watch. When the carriage rolled up the drive the house was ready for their visitors, Jack having sent his orderly that morning to arrange everything.

A quiet handclasp from each to each was the greeting after the long separation, for those who feel most at such a time say but little. Hearts were throbbing with pent-up emotion

and each was happy in his or her own way ; only little Malcolm spoke.

“ Father, where is Miss Hargreaves? I want to see her.”

“ Don't you know me, Malcolm? ”

“ No! I want Miss Molly Hargreaves, please.”

“ I am Molly Hargreaves.”

“ Miss Molly Hargreaves is thin and tall,” the boy persisted in unbelief.

“ Just now she is fat and short, Malcolm, fat and short!” Molly laughed. “ She is also very happy,” and she stooped and kissed him.

“ Who calls my future wife short? I admire only tall women,” Holmes cried, taking possession of her. Her bright face looked up into his, beaming with fun and happiness.

“ This time, Sir Knight, you will have to love a woman who is short and stout,” she declared saucily, and then he vowed that she was just the height he admired.

CHAPTER XVII

THE next few days passed in a whirl. The Merrimans were finding their position in the society of Oodeypore, and society was lionizing the visitors. The work in hand proceeded rapidly, so that one day Helen remarked—

“Molly, we must just give a good ‘send-off’ to our new club, and bring in a great deal about our beloved King and Queen—for to have success we must follow out our Master’s injunction: ‘Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and unto God the things that are God’s.’ I feel that we are in a country which breathes loyalty, and so we should easily succeed in our endeavour. You know you remarked the other day that there is a painting or photograph of the Royal Family in every home of these dear Orientals, and that if they have two houses each house has a painting or photograph of our English royalties. It is so beautiful to feel their vibrations and to know they love England’s King and Queen as they do.”

Molly said that she had already noticed this, and Helen continued—

“I went in to show dear little Manuch Krishnarao how to knit, and after her lesson she said: ‘I love you so much, Mrs. Hargreaves; I want to make you happy. Will you come with me into the next room.’ And there in a corner, decorated with flowers and beautiful brasses and silver ornaments, were the paintings of our Royal Family. I said: ‘Dear thing, how loyal you are! I love you for loving our King and Queen of England.’ And she answered, smiling: ‘I only follow in the footsteps of my ancestors; they were loyal and so am I.’ And she turned around, and, putting her sweet little hands to the painted hem of Queen Victoria’s dress, she then raised them to her forehead in salutation, saying, ‘Great mother, supplicate for me in the home beyond,’ after which the child passed on before me with bowed head to open the door.

“Another time I went to Jack’s Sanskrit teacher, an old man of eighty; he was such a happy man, with bright eyes, beautiful teeth, and a lovely aura. We talked about many things, until at last I rose to go, when he said: ‘Not till you have seen my studio, Mrs. Hargreaves, please.’

“‘Oh, do you paint, sahib?’ I asked, surprised.

“‘Yes, I paint; I don’t dabble,’ he answered; ‘I must show you something that I hope will interest you. In the early days of my life I went with the Maharajah of W. to England,

and the Great White Mother asked us to Windsor. Her Majesty was very kind to me ; she put her hand on my shoulder and told me that I must grow up to be an artist. My uncle, the Maharajah, had mentioned I was fond of painting. I took those words as a blessing from that mighty tongue, and so I have become a real artist. The coat I had on which her dear fingers touched I have put away in camphor since that day ; I will leave it to my grandson when I pass on ; but I have made a picture of the subject. It impressed me very forcibly then, and I do so want you to see it, dear lady ; your husband was most anxious I should show it you.'

"I followed him to an inner room, which was a studio, as I had guessed from the way it was built, but I simply gasped with astonishment when I entered. It was a glorious room, so magnificent in its colouring ! Living, moving faces seemed to greet me there, and the most prominent picture of all was a life-sized one of her Majesty Queen Victoria. I said, 'This picture lives !'

"'You think so, Mrs. Hargreaves?' he said, pleased that I thought so. 'Of course, her Majesty lives on another plane ; she is *not* dead ; for nothing is dead that our God has created. Yes, she lives, but we have lost her presence amongst us.' And Molly, the eyes seemed to speak to me and to look right into my soul. I said some appropriate words, but

even a compliment seemed vulgar in that studio, where art had risen to be a miracle. I went home rather saddened ; for it strikes me every day how far removed are these people of an ancient race, who follow our Master's command to be perfect even as *He* also is perfect, from those of us who drift into nothingness with our God-given talents, and let the world swamp our spark of Divine Light, because we are too slothful and indifferent to build the Kosmos which is waiting for the Master hand. What does Christ say to us? 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, nothing shall be impossible unto you' (Matt. xvii. 20), the 'ye' referring to His faithful followers for all time.

"My next visit was to a school—an Eastern school of girls. I had offered a prize for the drawing of a woman or child. There were a great many girls who were studying drawing with an English governess, whom I asked *not* to give any suggestion whatever about the drawing. The pupils had been working at it for seven weeks ; there were three hundred girls in the school, and fifty out of the three hundred had started drawing-lessons. Every one of the fifty students, without exception, had made a drawing of our sleeping King Edward, who had only been crowned King a few weeks before the prize was offered. When asked why they had chosen him, their answer was, 'He is our King!'

“Next to their Deity and shrine they love their King, and the wonder is they do not centre their love on the reigning monarch only, but on the Royal Family in general. It is either ‘the son of our Great White Mother,’ or ‘the brother of our King,’ or ‘the son of our King’ with them. Their homage to the beloved Queen Alexandra will remain for ever; their worship of India’s royal Commander-in-Chief, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, according to them, ‘made India a paradise by being in their midst for five years,’ was honest and sincere. And *now* that their King-Emperor and Queen-Empress have visited them especially and have been crowned in their historic land of poetry and song, India has hardly been able to contain her joy. Her loyalty is proverbial, so that it is hard for her that she has so many aliens in her camp and that she is so often made a cat’s-paw by other nations. I have heard dear father say: ‘She would, if she could, give us all she has,’ and yet we mistrust her, Molly. Not you and I, but those of our land who call themselves Christians, although those who do not love her in these days are only the uneducated and ignorant. India will arise to a man and stand by us should any trouble come to our Empire; we know it and can prove it.”

Molly smiled at her sister’s enthusiasm. “I think, Helen, *you* are three parts Oriental and one part Occidental,” she said.

“Yes, because this is my second Oriental incarnation; I am English in colouring, in form, and by birth, but Oriental in mind,” Helen explained. It was a statement that she had made to her own inquiring mind when she was but a child—somehow she knew it to be true.

“How Re-incarnation satisfies us on every side!” Molly said thoughtfully. “We have lived before; we live again—and we evolve to the perfection which our Master Christ said was possible for us.”

“Do you love the Royal Family of England as much as *I* do, Molly?” Helen asked, putting loving arms about the girl’s waist.

“Well, you see, Helen, until I knew you I only loved one person, and that was my little self. You have taught me many things, and, amongst others, to love the Royal Family of England.”

Helen gave her a tender little hug. “Dearest Molly, I suppose I have inherited my love from my dear father, but as long as I live I shall pray for the Royal Family and love each member of it. I would suggest to you a pretty method of remembrance which I have. It is *this*: Have some beads and make a rosary; to each bead put a tiny silver tab with the initials of one of your friends; let each bead have its own tab, then at your morning and evening devotions you have the rosary, and you have the memory of your friends with it. Hold the rosary in your hands as you pray, and say

the words: 'Master, I offer Thee these my jewels,' and add: 'If any of my loved ones here assembled are in pain, or sorrow, needing comfort, help, or guidance, O my Master, be their aid.' Then it will be done. I think the plan is pretty, and I believe that you will find it of very great use to you, Molly. I have, and I am never without my beloved rosary, which I carry about wherever I go.

"Sometimes people ask me why it is not the orthodox length; sometimes I am able to pass on to them many of the beautiful things of life on the earth plane by telling them about the beautiful souls which are tabulated. I do not wear them outside my dress, but when travelling by train I take them out and finger them, and then go back in memory to the lives of the loved ones I have known. Perchance there are some of these who have passed on to the home beyond, and I speak to them and I hear their answers as easily as if they were beside me. I feel absolutely that the astral plane and the school of learning are as near as are the rooms in one's own house, even nearer, for we can hold communion wherever we may be with those we love, and, provided we live the life, and surround ourselves with the proper conditions, which are love, faith, hope, observation, discretion, and calmness, the rest follows. And after such a communication with our saints in the home beyond, life seems so different, and a glad song seems to

be sung by the unseen helpers, who are constantly in and out of the realms that be.

“Molly, I feel as though I am talking a good deal about myself in telling you these things, only I have so often entered that realm of light, and so often discussed it, and in so many ways, that I feel I know it all ; I sense it all ; I have it all with me to show to the world ; and if perchance I should ‘take flight’ when my babe arrives it will be quite easy for me to go through the gates, for I go in and out of them every night when my body rests and my soul goes to do the bidding of my King. Therefore I speak with assurance, as one who knows ; so, Molly, should it happen that I am called home, I know you will be good to my Jack and my babe.” Molly looked a little alarmed, and Helen, seeing it, added : “It is just a passing thought, beloved, that must be said. If I should pass on—if, mind, for we never know the day and the hour, you will be glad it was the last request I made from the earth plane ; I say ‘earth plane’ because I shall speak to you often from the next.”

Molly was moved to tears, so that she could hardly speak.

“Darling,” she said brokenly and with intervals of silence, “I will hear you always. The telepathy between us now is proof of that, you know ; you and I do not need letters now ; we do not need any statements that may be given in writing ; we speak heart to heart,

mind to mind, in the silence of the night or the blaze of day, when separated by any distance, great or small. So I will try not to be at all sad, sweet sister; and then, too, I seem to know that your call is not to be yet, and that we shall not yet need to do without your physical presence, and for many reasons I am thankful that it will be so. But now that we are on the subject I should like to say that I, too, am ready to go, and perfectly happy about it. Death has no terrors for me; life is full of beautiful experiences here; how much more, therefore, will they be beautiful in the Palace of our King!"

"That is as I hoped," Helen said, kissing her sister. "We three must be the leaven to leaven the world.

"I am not a spiritualist, but a believer in the spirit world. I say so because as an Oriental I believe and constantly work that my life-works may be attuned to that glorious body so near us in the ether. We have no need, therefore, to take up a study, for we bring with us from æons of time a knowledge of what we must do. Through countless ages from the Orient has emanated Theosophy, New Thought, everything that counts, and the Creator, who gave religion in all its purity to the ancients, would hardly know His own Gift if He were to hear and see the many phases of the Truth as it is taught in the countless cults of the lands through which one travels. But, Molly, the strangest part of it all is, go

where you will and hear whom you may, these dispensers of knowledge and teachers of the Truth, so called, will always find for themselves an Indian or Egyptian guide or guides, and *such* is human nature that the people will follow a pupil of the old cult and believe in its copy rather than in the cult itself. They will tell you that 'Orientals are subtle and cannot impart knowledge in the same way as do Occidentals'; they will accept an imitation without touching the genuine article, and because they are Occidentals they succeed in forcing their attenuated yet distorted beliefs to the front. From one country they go to another to pitch their tents, and, not satisfied with making people restless and out of humour with their own faiths, they make them as reeds shaken with the wind, incapable of consecutive thought and discontented with themselves. With some of them the Master, Christ, is left out of their teaching entirely, and in order that people may accept their expression of thought to the exclusion of all else they deride the Church and its clergy, and call all else but themselves Mesmerists, Hypnotists, and like! We know that there is no religion but that of Christ, and whether or not it takes a form of its own in its expression the foundation must of necessity be the Christ Principle, and it must permeate all life.

"India expresses the Christ Principle in her hospitality, her courtesy, her deep learning, her logical, mathematical mind, her acceptance

from countless ages of the doctrine of the Trinity. Those true, whole-hearted souls who as missionaries have ministered to India can tell many a beautiful tale of the Hindus, Parsees, Mohammedans, Mahrattas, Jains, and Brahmins with whom they were privileged to have intercourse. To America and the Americans, more than to most countries, is it given to revere the Orient; their missionaries go to the very core of the hearts of the people and live amongst them as brethren. Next to these are the workers of the Cowley Missions, the Oxford and Cambridge intellectual men—the S.P.G. and C.M.S., and last, but by no means least, the Roman Catholic peoples, who send out their very best as teachers and preachers; their educational systems are unequalled, and their love for India unique.

“For all who have worked for India let us say a prayer, Molly, and if any read these pages let us hope that one little word of knowledge may help our people to understand our India better. It is when we see eye to eye and face to face with the sons and daughters of the Golden Mother that we shall really be able to work with them and for them. So greatly do I love India that if the Master called me to Himself to-morrow I should say, ‘I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast allowed me, Thy servant, to pass hence, the land of my adoption, to the home of Thy Presence.’”

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
305 De Neve Drive - Parking Lot 17 • Box 951388
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90095-1388

Return this material to the library from which it was borrowed.

OCT 31 2002

ILL - WOK

UCLA YRL/ILL

UCLA YRL/ILL

File - Hua
DUE: APR 08 2006

UCLA ACCESS SERVICES BL 19

Los Angeles, CA. 90095-1575

UCLA YRL ILL

ILL Hua

DUE: APR 16 2006

UCLA ACCESS SERVICES BL 19

Interlibrary Loans
11630 Young Research Library

BOX 951575

Los Angeles, CA. 90095-1575

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 495 305 5

