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Ruth, the Christian Scientist,

OR,

THE NEW HYGEIA.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

"EARTHLY WATCHERS AT THE HEAVENLY GATES."



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to read
abundantly

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PREFACE.

When Sir William Hamilton wrote on the walls of his class-room, "On earth there is nothing great but man, in man there is nothing great but mind," he affirmed what few will dispute, yet what few appreciate. Nor is there any mental phenomena more interesting than those connected with the relations of the mind to the body. Our leading physiologists freely admit that the power of the mind in preventing, or even curing disease, has not yet been fully ascertained.

One of the latest theories, on the influence of certain moral and mental conditions on the body, is a form of mental Therapeutics for which its votaries claim the name of Christian Science. This at the present time is attracting a wide-spread attention in this country. In an age in which Materialism has boldly proclaimed thought to be merely an exudation from the brain, and in a country which, as an acknowledged medical authority declares, is the most drug-consuming nation on earth, it is not surprising that many are attracted by a theory which exalts the spiritual over the material, and proposes to emancipate the race from pills and powders, bleedings and blisterings.

This "Christian Science" has usually been treated with ill-advised panegyric or bitter ridicule. The author

desires to avoid both these extremes. While giving it credit for directing attention to a field of thought deserving careful investigation, and for striving to connect suffering humanity with the Source of all Life, he is not prepared to admit that it can be so generally applied that mankind will no longer need healing drugs or surgical appliances. That the "Christian Scientists" have wrought wonderful cures can be substantiated by examples from the living, but that they have sometimes failed can be equally substantiated by examples from the dead; this, however, is true of all systems of medicine. The vital questions suggested by what deserves the name of *Christian Science* are, whether an intelligent Christian faith could not be more utilized in the healing of the body, and whether a large class of diseases, now treated wholly with drugs, could not be better treated by the practitioner availing himself of that wonderful power of mind over body, which the Creator has Himself established. Indeed, the works of physiologists, who are considered standard authorities in all medical schools, record cases of physical cure through mental action that equal any cures claimed by Christian Scientists. Some of these have suggested the incidents related in this novel, and, as they may tax the faith of the reader, the author has fortified them by references to foot-notes, where parallel cases are cited from Carpenter, Tuke, Abercrombie, etc., and where similar principles are expounded by Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir William Hamilton and Dr. Hammond. The largest draft on the reader's faith will probably be the case of Stigmatization (Chap. 20). The possibility of

this, however, he will find sustained by like cases reported by some of the ablest physiologists of America and Europe.

In "Ruth" the author has striven to represent fairly the views of Christian Scientists; indeed, the words put in her mouth have been largely taken from their most accepted writers. In "Esther" is represented the views of a kindred belief,—Faith Healing; in "Dr. Strong" the ultra-materialists of the medical profession. If the mind of the reader should be set a-thinking about these wonderful relations of mind to body, and the power of the Great Physician, our novel may not be without its mission.

CHAPTER I.

THE PECULIAR CASE OF MISS ALICE DUPONT.

“I really must do something desperate,” cried Alice, as, looking into the glass, she beheld a reflection of herself which wounded her vanity and awakened her fears.

“Do something desperate!” exclaimed her father, “why, Alice, you have been doing something desperate long enough; now, I propose to do something sensible, that is, to have a consultation of four of our ablest physicians, and let them determine what really is the matter with you.”

“You had better summon twelve at once,” answered Alice, cynically, “for, after passing through their hands, they will only need to constitute themselves into a jury and hold a post-mortem. Why, father, remember my past experience with medicine. Have I not compassed sea and land in search of health? Have I not given a patient trial to allopathy, homœopathy and all other 'pathys ever invented by man? have I not visited every American Spa, from Saratoga to Colorado Springs? Have I not covered my body, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, with porous plasters and blisters, until I am really in doubt whether my

mortal frame be an animated apothecary shop or a well wrapped mummy?"

Mr. Dupont answered not a word; he was so used to the saucy petulance of his spoiled child that he knew argument to be useless. He quietly summoned the physicians, and Miss Alice had, as she expressed it, "to submit again to the tortures of the Medical Inquisition." The doctors, after diagnosing her case, found themselves puzzled by the fact that a body with such apparently sound organs should suffer such innumerable pains as Miss Dupont affirmed pertained to her own. In their dilemma they added to their consultation Dr. Bangs, the leading physician of the city, and a specialist in cases of diseases among fashionable circles. Dr. Bangs examined the case, enquired into Alice's former history, then shook his head. "Doctor, do you think the case serious?" inquired Dr. Roons. "Not at all," replied Dr. Bangs, "If only the proper treatment be applied." "What is that treatment?" anxiously asked his consulting brethren. The doctor sentoriously answered, "Send her to the workhouse."

"Send the daughter of Ernest Dupont, triple millionaire, to the workhouse!" exclaimed the doctors, "surely, Dr. Bangs, you are joking." "Yes, gentlemen, answered the doctor, "joking as to the possibility of such a proceeding, but not as to its wisdom. Let Miss Dupont be sent to the workhouse, where she will exchange her rich living for the plainest diet, where she will doff her cold-inviting garb, and don plain woollen frocks, where she will exchange her feather bed for a straw pallet, and her midnight oil for early candle-light bedtime,

where, above all, she will be compelled to leave off dancing in overheated rooms and go to hard work in the open air, and I will stake my reputation on her recovery."

This sally of Dr. Bangs was answered by a chorus of laughter, in which the doctor himself joined. For let it not be supposed that physicians are too much wrapped in professional dignity to enjoy a good laugh. Verily, among the best natured, most sacrificing men are physicians. They have their hobbies (who has not?), they may be wedded to their peculiar views of practice, may even sometimes make mistakes in their treatment, but their highest aim is their patients' welfare. You cavil at their fees, why, reader, they give more in free advice than you do in your charity. If a man rang your bell at night, as often as you do theirs, you would be tempted to shoot him. You would quarrel with the dearest friend, from whom you have to take as much censure, impatience, disobedience to counsels, as they receive while treating your chronic complaints. You order your carriage and flee the town when you hear that cholera or yellow fever has broken out therein; the doctor orders his carriage and drives, like Tennyson's faithful Six Hundred, "right into the jaws of death." Oh, ye workers in brass and marble, who adorn our parks with statues of heroes who have won their fame with the sword, why not with those who have won it with the scapel? Which is the loftiest hero, the one who wins fame by shedding other men's blood, or the one who wins it by saving other men's lives? Talk of "the hero of a hundred battle fields,"

why, every good physician is the hero of a thousand battle fields, among which, perchance, may be found his struggle to wrest for thee the victory from death. Our book shall not join in the hue and cry of miserable charlatans, who criticise a profession they have not brains or morals enough to appreciate. Even if it gives some good-natured pokes under the fifth rib to the materialistic portion of the medical profession, even if it attempts to anoint the eyes of such with a little mind-cure ointment, yet let it here throw down its gauntlet and challenge any one who does not acknowledge that a good physician is one of the noblest works of God.

The doctors having had their laugh out settled down to the question,—what to do with Miss Alice Dupont. Finally they agreed to act on the very principle underlying Dr. Bangs' "workhouse treatment" by sending her to Europe, with the following conditions:

First, she must go directly to Switzerland, not stopping at Paris, Baden Baden, or any like places.

Second, in Switzerland she was to avoid hotels, and make her permanent abode in some plain *chalet*, where plenty of milk, fresh meats and vegetables could be procured. Her bill of fare, carefully written out by Dr. Bangs, would have made even an anchorite tremble.

Third, the usual thin apparel of Miss Dupont was to be exchanged for thick woollens, and her arms and bosom were henceforth to be hid from admiring eyes.

Fourth, she was to be kept as much as possible in the open air, in all weathers (except great extremes of heat or cold), and especially (Dr. Bangs underscored

especially) is all conversation on her complaints to be discouraged.

“But, doctor,” said Mrs. Dupont, when the above plan of treatment was made known to her, “I notice you have not left any prescription papers for my daughter. Shall we not take a case of medicines along, for Alice is very dependent on her pepsin, ammonia, chloral, etc.?” “Madam,” answered Dr. Bangs, with that courtesy which always feathered his arrows, “I appreciate your motherly solicitude for the highest interests of your charming daughter, but I think it will commend itself to your judgment that Miss Alice is now old enough to be weaned from bottles of medicine, the weaning process generally makes the child cry, but,” he added with a significant look, “the true mother shuts her ears to those cries, because she knows they will soon be exchanged for the smiles of a vigorous youth.”

Be it said to the credit of Mrs. Dupont that the doctor's orders were carried out to the letter, and at the end of four months one would have scarcely recognized in the blooming Swiss peasant girl the former sickly habitue of the New York drawing rooms. It was at this period in Alice Dupont's history that she first met William Mortimer.

CHAPTER II.

WILLIAM MORTIMER'S FIRST LOVE EXPERIENCES.

“In receiving knowledge into the mind,” says Plato, “it is necessary that the receptacle which is destined to receive all possible forms should itself be destitute of every form. Just as those who wish to impress certain figures in a soft and yielding substance (as a wax tablet) are careful that it may not appear impressed with any previous figure.” Such at least was the state of William Mortimer's heart when he first met Alice Dupont, it had not been “impressed with any previous figure.”

Who was this William Mortimer? This was a question frequently asked, for suddenly had he risen upon New York legal circles, as a star of the first magnitude. It is one peculiarity of that city that men coming to it from the country, either suddenly disappear from public notice, so that the hero of some village becomes an unknown New Yorker, or else the unknown man of some village develops into a leading banker, politician, or merchant. Mortimer belonged to the latter class. He had never been heard of until he appeared in the celebrated case of Perkins *vs.* Perkins.

It was a divorce case, in which Henry Perkins, a man of great wealth, tried to shake off Henrietta Perkins, his lawfully married wife, with the generally believed object of marrying an actress with whom he had become infatuated, and she with his wealth. Mortimer appeared for Mrs. Perkins. He had been so quiet during the testimony-taking part of the hearing that the counsel for Mr. Perkins treated him with silent contempt. When he rose to make the closing argument scarcely anyone paid him attention, but, though hesitating a little in the start, when he got fairly launched, the judge, jury and spectators began to listen, first with wonder at the amount of legal acumen he displayed, then with admiration at his thorough sifting of the testimony and the logical precision with which he conducted his argument. When he came to his peroration, there flashed scintillations of wit, and poured forth such a stream of eloquence, there was such pathos in his description of the wrongs endured by the wife, and biting sarcasm at the nefarious conspiracy of the husband, that he held judge and jury in breathless attention. It was one of those mental triumphs, where a single mind holds captive at its will the minds of others. Before he sat down, one could have read in the faces of the jury that their verdict would be on the side of Mortimer's client.

Who is that young man? where did he come from? was the general inquiry. No one seemed to know, but Briggs, the wag of the court room, said, "He is a male Minerva, sprung from the head of some legal Jupiter, I guess he will cleave open a good many heads and

hearts before he ends his career." Which remark, as his future history will show, was decidedly prophetic. From that day Mortimer's legal reputation was made and his social position established. There was still some mystery about his origin, but when it was ascertained that he was the son of Eugene Mortimer, a wealthy retired New York merchant, whose firm had been marked A 1 by Bradstreet, no further investigation was demanded. For be he Mormon or Mahometan, saint or sinner, that was sufficient to establish his character on Change.

Eugene Mortimer had left a large fortune to his son, who spent it not in riotous living, but in acquiring a good education, and was now able to start a good pedigree for his descendants. Miss Violet Montgomery declared that Mortimer was the biggest catch in New York society. Miss Montgomery angled for him, and was assisted by enough females to have made up a good-sized fishing excursion, but either the fishers had not the right kind of bait, or the fish they were after did not swim by their hooks; they failed to get even a nibble from Mortimer, wherefore we will now disclose.

Mortimer's highest ideal of earthly happiness was a happy home. Left an orphan in infancy, brought up by stiff, solemn-faced aunts, living in boarding houses, hotels and flats, he acted as the human mind always does in forming its ideals, by making them just the reverse of former experiences. Of course the central figure in this picture of a home was a wife, and this was Mortimer's ideal: First, she must be a child of nature; he had seen in New York society so many daughters

of art, affected, made up, padded intellectually and morally, that he said "he wanted a wife who was a God-made woman, not a fashionable boarding school and society production." Of course, she must be intelligent, entirely respectable, amiable, possessing good looks, these, however, were minor considerations, but one thing was essential, she must have a nature so responsive to his own that they were to fall in love at first sight. No wonder that with such an ideal, Miss Violet Montgomery and her companions failed to put the right bait on their hooks to catch William Mortimer, but wonder of wonders, the first person whom he met filling this ideal (at least Mortimer at the time thought so) was Miss Alice Dupont.

And thus came it to pass. Mortimer's large practice broke down his health and he went to Europe soon after Alice's departure for Switzerland. After travelling through the continent for four months, he landed in the very village where the Duponts were sojourning. Their first meeting was rather romantic. Mortimer in walking over the hills and vales lost his way; seeing at a distance a Swiss peasant girl, as he supposed, he bent his steps thitherward. Alice looked very charming that morning, the Swiss air had painted her cheeks with rosy tints, her complexion under the simple regimen enforced by Dr. Bangs had become as fair as a child's, her form emancipated from fashionable fetters had regained its flowing outlines.

When Alice saw a handsome gentleman approaching, whom she recognized as an American, she posed in a most graceful attitude, making a *tableau vivant* of a

beautiful Swiss peasant girl. Mortimer's admiring gaze was not unnoticed by Alice, while his handsome face and gentlemanly bearing impressed her own heart.

Mortimer, supposing he was addressing a Swiss girl, said, "*Est-ce ici le chemin qui conduit a le village.*" With a roguish smile, Alice answered, "Yes, sir, and if my countryman will keep straight on, turning neither to the right nor the left, he will soon find himself at the village." Mortimer, overwhelmed with astonishment, exclaimed, "Is it possible that I am addressing an American lady?" Mutual explanations followed, mutual acquaintances were recognized, and it was not long before Mortimer discovered that he was talking to the daughter of a rich New York banker, and Alice, that she was facing the man whom she had often said "she was dying to meet,"—William Mortimer. The result was that Miss Dupont accompanied Mr. Mortimer on his way to the village, and continued to be his guide in his daily rambles.

Alice was wiser than Miss Montgomery, she herself used no hook, the fish would have been scared at the sight of a hook, she let Mortimer do the angling. Alice was on her good behavior,—so sweet, so gentle, so perfectly good-natured. She had quietly drawn from Mortimer his ideal, she was now doing her best to reproduce it. She kept her peasant garb, she flashed her eyes at him under her jaunty Swiss hat, she bounded over the rocks like a roe; it is true she sometimes condescended to let Mortimer take her hand to assist her over some dangerous place, and, Oh, how her little hand trembled as it touched his. Thus it went on

for some weeks, when to Alice's joy the nibbles became a decided bite; still she showed no anxiety to haul in her prize; even after being persuaded she had him on her hook, she let him play with her line. But the moment came when she felt she should wait no longer.

They were engaged in earnest conversation, Mortimer being so engrossed that he did not notice a precipice over which he came near falling. A shriek from Alice, a sudden grasp by her fair hands, then a clinging to him till she had drawn him to a place of safety, when she sank down entirely overcome. How she blushed and trembled, yea, actually wept with mortification to think that she had so betrayed herself. Mortimer undertook to dry Alice's tears, a very dangerous operation, as it only gave Alice the opportunity of flashing her eyes into his.

He began to be sentimental, Alice at once checked him. "Mr. Mortimer," she said with great dignity, "you are too much of a gentleman to betray to others the agitation I have exhibited this morning, I beg you to bury it in oblivion," then with a sigh, "I only wish I could," then hurriedly rising and dashing a tear away, she said, "let us return at once to the village, I think I shall leave Switzerland to-morrow." But Mortimer gently detained her,— "Why Miss Dupont, you must not leave me till I have at least the opportunity of thanking you for saving my life." Alice sank again into a seat by Mortimer's side, though with a resigned air as if doing it merely out of polite consideration for his request.

"Miss Dupont," began Mortimer, "I—I really can-

not thank you enough for your timely aid, it may have saved my life, would that I might hope that it might result in bringing our lives nearer together." Alice looked up with an air as of most innocent bewilderment. "Ah," thought Mortimer, "what a child of nature, she does not understand the ways of man or the strategy of lovers."

As Alice said nothing but continued her bewildered gaze, Mortimer proceeded. "I see that you do not quite understand me, permit me to speak to you plainly." "Certainly," said Alice, "for Mr. Mortimer is too much of a gentleman to say anything that any lady could not hear, besides if there is anything I despise it is the circumlocution of fashionable society. Now tell me, Mr. Mortimer, plainly, what in the world could *I* do to aid *your* life,—a man of such genius as yourself, of such fame, why," and she gave one of those happy laughs which warbled so sweetly from her lips, "do you want me to write a brief for your next case?"

"What a charming, innocent creature," thought Mortimer, "how shall I make her understand the state of my heart." "No, not that, Miss Dupont," he answered, "I do not need any one to aid me in writing briefs, but I sadly need some one to give me a happy home." Alice sprang to her feet and with a mock courtesy said, "Does Mr. Mortimer need a cook, maid or waitress, if so, let me recommend him to apply to John Smith, 250 Broadway, New York, who will for a very small fee supply one; but come, Mr. Mortimer, let us return to the village." "Alas," thought Mortimer, "if she does now understand me, she does not reciprocate my love, but I will try again."

“Miss Dupont,” said Mortimer, “why treat me thus, you *do* understand me, you must see that I do not want to banter, but to reveal the state of my heart and lay it at your feet.” “Why, Mr. Mortimer!” (*tableaux vivant* again, Alice posing as an affrighted doe startled by the hunter), then, as if perfectly overcome with her emotions, she sank down into her seat by Mortimer’s side, and put her hands to her face (not, however, covering it enough to hide the tears which moistened her eyes).

“Why, Miss Dupont, what have I done,” exclaimed Mortimer, “I certainly did not mean to grieve you thus, I only wanted to express my admiration—my love—to offer you my hand and heart.”

“Ah, Mr. Mortimer,” she said, looking up in his face with the most tender of expressions, “I do understand you now, but I feel that I am so unworthy of you—you so pure, so good, so noble, and I—” For the first time in the whole interview, Alice’s conscience had control of her mind; that conscience smote her, for she knew here was a noble-hearted man being befooled by her low comedy and high tragedy. But when she came to the “I,” another *tableaux vivant* took place in which Mortimer was the impetuous, protesting, urgent suitor, and Alice the coy maiden, yielding at last to his earnest pleading.

When the news of Alice Dupont’s engagement to William Mortimer reached New York, it made a great stir in circles where they were both well known. “The funniest match I ever heard of,” said Edgar Cooley, “that legal prude Mortimer engaged to that society butterfly, Alice Dupont! verily, he will have to send

her to the House of Correction, during the courtship, to prepare her for the marriage." Edward Spangler declared Mortimer's case to be a striking illustration of the injury a city man does himself by staying out of society. "If William Mortimer had gone more into society," said Edgar, "he would have learned from its gossip all the past history of his destined bride." He added, "Some decry society's gossip, but after all it serves the useful purpose of an intelligence office, where the character of people can be ascertained." Anson Stefman, an admirer of Mortimer, lost his patience and exclaimed, "It's a mystery to me how an acute mind like William Mortimer's could be bewitched with such an empty-headed girl." But here Dr. Strong, another friend of Mortimer's interposed, "You are making a great mistake, Mr. Stefman, in your estimate of Miss Dupont's mental ability; even granting that she has hitherto led a useless life, there is no reason to think her a fool. It takes a smart man to be a great rogue, and it requires a smart woman for a successful coquette. Why, think what Miss Dupont has had to accomplish to conquer Mortimer's will, convert his judgment, and elicit his affection. We wonder at the sage Pericles consorting with Aspasia; at Cæsar, after conquering whole nations, being led captive by Cleopatra; of cardinals and bishops dallying with Lucrezia Borgia; but each of these women must have had something besides their personal charms, each possessed mental ability; indeed, Aspasia almost controlled the politics of Athens, Cleopatra held her queenship in the face of able foes, and Lucrezia Borgia was a born

diplomat. I grant you," added Dr. Strong, "that this use of mental power is a prostitution of its noblest faculties, and that such triumphs of mind are but transient, but if Miss Dupont fails in holding her captive, it will not be from lack of mind but from want of character. Yet even here the power of a dominant idea may convert Miss Alice into a new character; I have known many an apparently light-headed, fashionable society girl to settle down after marriage and become a very devoted wife."

It might be supposed from this talk of Dr. Strong, that he had perused some of Alice's letters to her friends, announcing her engagement, for they were filled with declarations of her purpose to forsake fashionable gaities and settle down as a faithful helpmeet to "her dear William." She made more resolutions than were required by the moral law. In theory she became an extremest in prudery, Mortimer had even to argue with her against her resolution "To never set her foot in society again." "Why," he said, "Alice, I do not want my wife to be an Anchoress, we have means, let us enjoy them, let us keep open house where our friends can have a good time." "Oh, no," answered Alice, "dear William, your heart is all the home and your company all the pleasure I need."

This reaction, however, was too violent to last long. Alice could not always keep a watch over herself, and when it was relaxed the old Alice would persist in coming to the surface. It was not long before William Mortimer discovered that his "child of nature" had many of the elements of a child of the world. Though

lovers are proverbially blind, yet even the blind sometimes see more with their mental vision than others do with their eyes. Alice had little ebullitions of temper — the volcano though silent would occasionally rumble; she demanded a good deal of petting, was imperious, self-willed. Mortimer also began to see traces of duplicity, caught her several times in lies, only white ones it was true, not very black, but sufficiently so to be rather startling to a man possessing a high sense of honor. Unconsciously there grew up a feeling that there was a lack of sympathy in their views, tastes and principles; they were not, as the French would say, *en rapport*. Still Mortimer could but see that Alice was trying to please him, which made him thankful; or rather he tried to be thankful, and harder still, to be happy.

At last, after three months' courtship, Mortimer returned to America leaving Alice behind. This was the happiest part of their engagement; for, Oh, what beautiful letters she wrote him, in such a delicate, female hand, with such effusions of love, "Their separation was almost killing her, Oh, for one moment of happiness by his side!"

Two months passed and Alice returned home. It was the winter season, parties were in full blast, theatres and operas peculiarly inviting,—the old tastes returned when the tempting meats met her eyes. She plead with Mortimer to just go out a little into society, then a little more, until before he knew it he was actually becoming one of the society men of New York. "Why, what has so changed you, Alice," asked Mortimer, "I

heard you once vow 'never to put your foot in society again.'" "You, you dear love," said Alice, "I find that you are always right, you remember how you argued against that resolution and I am converted to your views; yes, love, I want always to be governed by your superior wisdom."

Mortimer kissed the uplifted lips, and determined to let Alice have all the enjoyment she wanted. But that became impossible; being engaged to Alice, Mortimer had to accompany her through her round of pleasures, and soon his head, stomach and conscience joined in rebellion. At last he had a plain talk with Alice, and told her that he would have to either give up this round of pleasure or his practice, and hinted rather strongly that he would give up both the pleasure and herself rather than his practice. There was first a fight, but when Alice saw that Mortimer meant what he said, she succumbed, and it ended, as their quarrels usually did, with fresh protestations of mutual affection.

Things went on swimmingly for a season, but though Alice gave up public balls she frequented ladies' social parties. Her long abstinence in Switzerland seemed to have had the effect that prolonged fasts have on their subjects — they become perfectly ravenous at the close. Debarred from public dissipations she made up for it by private feasts, gorging herself with high-seasoned food and rich wines; instead of keeping late hours at the opera, she sat up late in her room reading French novels; she still affected simplicity in her outward dress, but was perpetually shopping, and like the king's daughter of the scriptures, was "clothed beautifully within."

Again her health began to give way, the Swiss peasant girl's blooming cheeks were pinched and faded. She became hysterical, moody, complaining; Mortimer could not visit her without hearing of her headaches, pains, etc. Again a consultation of doctors was summoned. Again the gamut was run on allopathy, homœopathy and hydropathy. Again she grew dissipated on patent medicines. Mortimer stood it bravely; "he had passed his word," that was what he often muttered to himself. He tried to sympathize and cheer, even bought some medical books, and studied the rules of hygiene and the best methods of cure.

Mortimer was getting restive, his own health began to fail; he was ashamed to find how nervously he wrote his briefs, how he hesitated in his arguments. He consulted with his friends, they only shook their heads and said little. Finally one day he almost bounded into Alice's room, exclaiming, "I have just met a friend who told me of an entirely new plan of treatment, which has worked wonderful cures." "What is it?" eagerly asked Alice. "Why, it is something," answered Mortimer, "which is called the Mind-Cure."

CHAPTER III.

RUTH, "THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST."

It was with some difficulty that Mortimer persuaded his betrothed to let him even have an interview with a mind-curer about her case. The fact was, he himself knew little about this new treatment; he could only describe it as "something which worked through the imagination on the body." This brought on him a shower of reproaches from Alice, who, with pouting lips and tearful eyes, protested against his imputation that her disease was the effect of imagination.

Mrs. Dupont, however, became deeply interested in the wonderful accounts Mortimer gave of the cures wrought by this treatment. One woman, who had been bedridden for years, had in a few weeks taken up her bed and walked. Another had been cured of asthma, others of neuralgia, several of tumors, etc., etc. Alice listened with wondering eyes, as Mortimer skilfully detailed the cure of several cases resembling her own, and finally said, "Well, William, if father and mother are agreed, I will try this new treatment."

Mr. Dupont came in just then, and, being informed of the project, inquired, "Do you know, Mr. Mortimer, whether this Mind-Curer can cure malaria? for I notice

the doctors now-a-days ascribe so many diseases to malaria, it seems, like charity, 'to cover many' physical 'sins.'"

"Yes," said Mortimer, trying to keep his countenance straight and stretching his conscience a little, "yes, my friend told me of a lady who had malaria for years. She tried Allopathy, Homœopathy, Hydro-pathy, and every other 'pathy, all in vain, but was finally cured by this mind-cure treatment.

"Telephone for him at once," said Mr. Dupont.

"It's not a he, but a she," replied Mortimer.

"A lady doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Dupont. "Oh, then I don't want anything to do with her."

"Queer, isn't it, Mr. Mortimer," said Mr. Dupont, "that women are always the hardest on their own sex? Why, what matters it, wife, whether the mind-curer be male or female, so that our daughter is cured?"

"Well," answered Mrs. Dupont, rather reluctantly, "I agree to try her, if you think, Mr. Dupont, that she's a respectable person."

"Oh, she must be that, Mrs. Dupont," interposed Mortimer, "for my friend Simmons would have none other attend his family. Besides, I find that one feature of this mind-cure is the high mental and Christian character of its practitioners. Indeed, it enters into the very best circles of society. Why, it's the very rage of Fifth and Madison avenues. One can hardly go to a fashionable party, or tony church sociable, or literary *soiree*, but you hear it talked about. I am told that the ladies who practise it have to take a very thorough course in what they call 'meta-

physical colleges.' This lady," looking at a card he held in his hand," is named Ruth Page. I expect she is a Quakeress, perhaps some motherly looking woman, who, with that quiet refinement which always characterizes the Friends, will come as a sort of ministering angel."

Now, the fact was, this climax of Mortimer's description was wholly drawn from his imagination, and suggested by his experience as a lawyer in painting enchanting mind-pictures to gain the verdict of juries. Who Ruth Page was he knew not, only that she was what his friend termed a mind-curer. But the idea of this matronly Quakeress, in her beautifully simple garb, coming in as a ministering angel, took Alice's fancy, and she determined at once that Ruth Page should be summoned to her bedside; and when an only daughter, and she an invalid, determines anything, who can gainsay?

It was but an hour after, that Mortimer stood on the steps of a house in the upper part of New York city. On the door was simply the name, "Page." Nothing would indicate that it was the abode of a physician. It corresponded to the number of the card, and Mortimer felt sure that it was the home of the person he sought. So he simply handed his card to the servant and asked whether he could see Mrs. Page. The servant hesitated a moment, and asked, "Do you wish to see Mrs. or Miss Page?"

Mortimer produced the card with "Ruth Page" on it and said, "This is the lady I want to see."

"It is then *Miss* Page," replied the servant.

“Alas for the picture I drew of that Quakeress,” thought Mortimer. “I suppose, however, I am going to meet some antiquated spinster.”

On being ushered into the parlor, Mortimer was surprised at its quiet tone of elegance. “This can be no Quakeress’ home, either,” said he, still more puzzled. But soon his attention was attracted by the rustling of a silk dress. The door opened and in walked a young woman of rare beauty. Indeed, she burst upon Mortimer as a vision of incarnate loveliness. Her form, though slight, was graceful; her face, shaded by rich tresses of auburn hair, was painted with the bloom of health; her whole countenance was lit up with an intelligence evidently the effect of high culture. The only thing which would indicate peculiarity in her mental bias was a sort of reverie in her soft blue eyes, as if she was one who dwelt much in thought. As she stood there before Mortimer, he inwardly exclaimed, even at the risk of fealty to Alice, “The most lovely woman I ever beheld!”

Mortimer’s look of astonishment was too pronounced to escape the eyes of Miss Page. A look of quiet satisfaction played for a moment over her face, for he was not the first one who had come expecting to see some cranky, angular female hobbyist. But a suspicion began to dawn on Mortimer’s mind that he might be addressing some one else than “Ruth Page.” With some hesitation he said:

“I came to consult a lady, whom I learned resides here, about a sick friend in whom I am especially interested. Am I right in supposing I am addressing

Miss Page?" "Yes," said Ruth, trying to suppress a smile, "but please, sir, be seated."

Mortimer seated himself and began, "I have learned through a friend that you have the power to heal the sick."

"I do not claim," answered Ruth, "to heal the sick by any power that is in myself, only to induce them to appreciate the power that is in God."

"Oh, yes," said Mortimer, "I understand, you rely on faith and prayer, that is," (hesitating as if trying to feel his way), "you practice what they call Faith Healing."

"No," answered Ruth, with a pleasant smile, "for while we respect those who believe in what you call Faith Healing, we differ from them in one important point. They regard faith as the great instrument; we rely on truth."

"What?" said Mortimer, completely perplexed, "please explain further this distinction."

"Perhaps I can best state it thus," replied Ruth, evidently becoming interested at the inquiring state of her visitor's mind, "it is the truth which faith lays hold of, and not the faith itself which works the cure. All disease we believe to be the result of error, as this error is purely mental we address our treatment to the mind, and when it comes into a right condition the result must be the cure of the body."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Mortimer, "I understand now; your treatment is therefore rightly named the mind-cure."

"No, we do not like to have that term applied to it,

the proper name for our healing art is Christian Science."

Mortimer felt completely bewildered. Ruth, noticing it, said, "It would need sometime to explain fully to you the nature of our science, but if you will tell me the nature of the case I may be able to advise about it."

Mortimer was now still more perplexed. How could he talk over with this young beauty what he supposed to be the ailments of Alice? He paused a moment and answered, "I have so little knowledge of disease, being myself a lawyer and not a physician, that I fear I should misstate the case. Indeed, my object in calling was to ask you to do us the great favor of seeing my friend and trying your skill upon her."

"What is her name and where does she live?" inquired Ruth. Mortimer gave Alice's address.

"Could she not come to me?"

"No, she is, or thinks herself, to ill to leave the house."

"Well, I will call and see her in an hour."

The thought flashed across Mortimer—would he not, before bringing Ruth and Alice in contact, have to prepare Alice for meeting a beautiful young girl instead of his pictured demure old Quakeress. He feared, too, exciting Alice's jealousy, a trait which had lately been much developed. Indeed, Alice was becoming a fearful tyrant in her demands of having Mortimer entirely for herself. He began to fret under the yoke he was wearing, and sometimes almost wished it could be lifted. But what was he to do? He had come to invite Miss Page to see Alice. Yet if she came there might be a scene.

“Miss Page,” he began, with rather a hesitating air, “I appreciate very much your prompt consent to see my friend, but knowing as I do her state of mind, will you permit me to first prepare her for the interview; the fact is, this plan is my own, and my friend’s faith in this new treatment needs a little strengthening. I know we ought to consult your convenience and not our own, but if you would permit me to see my friend before a definite appointment is made, I shall feel greatly obliged.”

Ruth smiled and replied, “If you only knew, sir, our experience with new patients, you would not hesitate to ask such a favor. We are generally sent for as the last resort, after the doctors have given up the patient; we are only looked upon as a sort of forlorn hope;” then with a sigh she added, “but this is our mission. It was very much in this way they brought the sick to Jesus, yet he healed them. Therefore, we, Christian scientists, are not willing to refuse any such call.”

Mortimer hurried back to the Duponts, and as he anticipated, a storm burst when he told Alice that the mind doctress was a young girl. “Some particular friend of yours, I suppose,” said Alice, with a contemptuous air. Mortimer answered with some spirit, “I give you my word, Alice, I never heard of Miss Page until yesterday, and never saw her before to-day. I am trying to show my love for you, and feel hurt that you repay it with such suspicions. I have done all that I intend to do in this matter. You can see or refuse to see this lady, but please, at least, tell me your decision.”

Alice's curiosity had been too much excited to give up trying the mind-cure and she replied, "Excuse me, William, I know I am foolish, but you know I am weak, my nerves are unstrung, and my very love for you makes me fearfully jealous. Now, bring this Miss Page and I will promise to behave myself and give her treatment a fair trial."

Mortimer hastened back to the fair doctress and made an appointment for her to visit Alice.

"Shall I send a carriage for you?" he asked. "No, thank you," said Ruth, "I will come in my own," and, seeing the evident surprise of Mortimer, she added, "We professors of Christian science are not angels who fly nor mortals too poor to ride. We are simply the children of the Heavenly Father, who try to lead His other children to see and take the good things He has in store for them."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST TRIAL ON ALICE DUPONT OF RUTH'S
TREATMENT.

At the appointed hour a rather stylish doctor's carriage stopped at the Duponts' home. Mrs. Dupont, who had been watching from the window, gave an exclamation of surprise as she saw alight from it a very well dressed young lady. "Well, we are committed to the experiment," she said to herself, "and we must see it through." So she went down to the parlor, and having courteously welcomed Miss Page, escorted her to Alice's room. Alice had insisted that Mortimer should be present. The fact was, she had not quite got over her suspicion. She would like to see how he met this mind-doctress. Her jealousy was rather stimulated by Ruth's appearance, for though Mortimer had prepared her for the youth of Ruth, he had not for her beauty. She shot an angry glance at Mortimer, who, however, pretended to be perfectly unconscious of it, and having merely bowed to Ruth, took his seat in the further part of the room. Ruth seemed a little disconcerted by Alice's cool reception, but with quiet dignity she took her seat by her side, and soon

succeeded in drawing her into conversation. To Alice's surprise, the doctress did not inquire after her pains or probe her physical condition. Ruth addressed herself to the *morale* of her patient, inquired what she had been doing, how spending her time, what was her main purpose in life. Alice began to be interested by the very novelty of the whole affair. "Why, you're a strange doctress," she said pleasantly. "I expected you would diagnose me nearly to death, but you are trying to heal me simply by talking to me."

"No," said Ruth, "I have not begun my treatment yet."

"Well, anyway," said Alice, "I feel better already."

"Certainly, because you are drawing off your thoughts from that body of yours. You have been regarding it as the seat of what you call disease, when 'all disease exists in the mind as disturbed or inverted thought.'"^{*} Alice looked as if she did not grasp fully Ruth's meaning, and the latter added, "What is this body which you think is sick? It is non-sentient matter which reflects the thought of disease existing in your mind. Man was made in the image of God, and since God is a spirit and cannot be sick, therefore, man, his reflection, cannot be sick — all disease in an error."

"Why, Miss Page!" exclaimed Alice, "Do you mean to say that all the aches, pains, inflammations, which I have experienced for these many years, are simply the effect of imagination, why, my five senses testify against such a theory."

"I acknowledge," answered Ruth, "that as long as

^{*} Marston's *Essentials of Mental Healing*, Page 73.

you rest on the testimony of your senses you cannot realize the fact that disease is an error; but is there not a higher testimony than that of our senses, and one more reliable—that is, truth. To your eye this earth is flat. Truth demonstrates it to be round. To your eye the sun moves from east to west, while the fact is the earth on which you stand is moving.”

“Well, what do you want me to believe in?” said Alice, completely bewildered.

“Just remain quiet and listen and try to fix your mind on these truths. Remember that God is love, that he has the most sincere interest in the welfare of his creatures, that he does not want them to be sick, but well and happy, so that they may enjoy the good things he has so liberally provided for them. Remember how Jesus, when on earth, cured the sick. It is said that they were ‘possessed with divers diseases,’ now it would not be wonderful if some were affected like yourself. Try to take your thoughts off your body, your mind is all right, and your mind is what really rules the body, why should it not command the body, thus making it yield obedience to its lawful sovereign? In thinking of God, remember that ‘we are his offspring,’ for Paul quotes this saying of a heathen poet, and commends it: ‘The offspring must be like the parent.’ What is the great Father of us all,—a spirit. Does not the Bible say, ‘God is a spirit?’ Why, then, regard your pains as the production of diseased matter, even if there were such a thing as matter it would have to be subordinate to spirit. Shall the servant command the master or the master the

servant? Think of God, of how he loves you, and desires you to be well, so that you can yield your powers to his service. All disease is in the mind, change the thought, and let your mind be filled with the truth of God."

Alice listened at first carelessly, but soon became deeply interested. Whether she could understand it or not, here was something entirely new. Instead of feeling her pulse, looking at her tongue, and poking her ribs, here was a doctress who laid her hand on her mental faculties, inspected her heart, and drew her out of herself. She tried to follow the leadings of her teacher, for she realized she was being taught, not dosed. Ruth having secured her attention held it by turning over and over these truths, presenting them now in one light, then in another, illustrating them by apt similes and metaphors, till at last when Alice had completely forgotten herself, Ruth asked Mrs. Dupont to permit her to be alone with her daughter for a quarter of an hour. Mrs. Dupont and Mortimer instantly retired. On their return she found Alice sitting up and looking quite bright. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "I feel better already, Miss Page has done me a world of good! I believe my aches and pains are all gone. Why, I nearly forgot that I had a body."

"Keep on, then, forgetting," said Ruth, "and please excuse me now, for I have another engagement."

"Oh, no, don't go yet," said Alice, and forgetting her supposed invalid condition she actually rose from her couch as Ruth herself rose to leave.

Mortimer and Mrs. Dupont exchanged glances of

satisfaction when they saw this wonderful change in Alice. Mrs. Dupont, stepping forward, courteously said, "I cannot thank you enough, Miss Page, for your kindness in coming, and for the good you have already done my daughter. I hope you will take her case in hand and continue visiting her until she is entirely well."

"Have you any other physician in attendance?" asked Ruth.

"Our doctor is at present out of the city, and he told us that he would not call again until sent for," answered Mrs. Dupont.

Ruth replied, "Excuse me for my frankness, Mrs. Dupont, but I cannot attend your daughter unless I have the case alone. Our science discards the use of medicine, and it's only fair that we should not be interfered with by having medicine given to our patients while we are treating them."

"But you will let me take my chloral," said Alice, "I do not think I can sleep without it."

"Have you been taking chloral?" said Ruth, "no wonder that you have headaches. If I treat you, you must agree to bid good-bye to chloral, and trust to Him who 'giveth His beloved sleep.' When you retire to-night, try to banish all thoughts of headache, chloral, etc., and just believe that you will and must sleep. It's God's provision for his creatures, it's your right to claim it as such."

"But how about the malaria," asked Alice, "Dr. Mortar says I am poisoned with malaria, and Oh, Miss Page, if you only knew what I have suffered from that awful disease!"

Ruth tried to suppress a smile while she answered, "Our science does not believe in the existence of malaria."

"Blessed science!" exclaimed Mr. Dupont, who had unobserved entered the room. "Blessed science! If you can do away with malaria, Miss Page, you will deserve a monument higher than the one erected to Dr. Jenner. You will depopulate the hospitals, ruin the Atlantic steamship companies, burst up the apothecaries and save me from bankruptcy."

Ruth, who had not before met Mr. Dupont, and knew nothing of his family experiences, looked puzzled. Alice felt deeply mortified, and walking up to her father, said, "Father, you forget that this lady is a stranger to us. Miss Page, let me introduce you to my father. He no doubt appreciates your skill though he takes this mode of expressing it."

"Appreciate Miss Page!" exclaimed Mr. Dupont, "certainly I ought to, for I left you, Alice, this morning, in bed with a raging headache, talking of nothing but dying, and here you are on your feet walking around the room and looking as if you had experienced a resurrection. Miss Page, please put my daughter on your visiting list and send me the bill, and if she continues to improve as she has begun, it will be the most satisfactory bill I have ever settled."

Ruth simply bowed and took her departure. Mortimer had said nothing, but as Ruth turned to leave the room their eyes met. Mortimer gave her a look of grateful appreciation. Alice, who had turned to look for Mortimer, caught the expression of his face. She

appeared very much disturbed. "I believe," she said, "my pains are coming back."

"Oh, don't think that," said Mortimer, you are so much better, Alice, that I can now leave you for a little while. I want to take a trip to the Catskills with my friend, Arthur Strong, and then visit a friend at Falkill-on-the-Hudson. In the meanwhile, you can try this mind-cure treatment."

Alice somehow felt relieved at Mortimer's proposed absence, and as he fulfilled his promise to write her every day, and packed his letters full of the most tender sentiments, she forgot her jealousy and yielded herself implicitly to Ruth's treatment, who succeeded also in making Alice forget herself.

After the others had left, Mrs. Dupont said, "Alice, what did Miss Page do to you while we were out of the room?"

"Why, nothing particular, she simply bade me put myself in a receptive attitude and sat near me resting her arm on the table and shading her eyes with her hand. But somehow I thought I was being healed, and, really, after she got through her prayer or meditation or whatever else it might have been, I felt quite well. Queer, isn't it mother?"

"Decidedly so," answered Mrs. Dupont with a rather dubious smile.

CHAPTER V.

A MATERIALIST TRIES TO EXPLAIN THE MIND-CURE.

If you want to find wisdom personified, at least in the person's estimation of himself, seek a young man who has passed through the following experiences—let him stand first in his preparatory school, then graduate as the honor-man in a college, which is regarded as the *ultima thule* of scientific and literary knowledge. Let his specialty be the department of philosophy, he having dipped deeply into psychology, ethics, and mental science. Let him write his thesis on the philosophy of Mills and Spencer, and receive for it the flattering comment of his president and professors. Then let him be sent to Germany to pursue a post graduate course, in which he mounts his favorite hobby and rides it for a couple of years, winning at last his degree by some metaphysical discussion on the cognitive powers, or if he be medically inclined, on some subject in physiological psychology, for example,—“The General Problems of the origin and transmission of Nervous Force and the Functions of the Peripheral Nerves.”

Now let him return to his native land with a conviction

of the vast advancement of the German metaphysical mind over the dull, money-making brain of the Yankee. In short, let him be ground between this upper millstone of psychological learning and the lower one of inordinate self-esteem and there will come out the finest of the wheat in the shape of a self-opinionated oracle. Take this mental photograph and hang it up in the chambers of memory, for we want it to aid you in recognising Mortimer's friend, Arthur Strong.

Let justice, however, be done to Dr. Strong by stating that, owing to his sedulous attention to study and practice, he lacked that contact with the world which helps take a man's conceit out of him, by its matter-of-fact view of things, philosophy and psychology included. Let it be added though occasionally he exchanged his quiet student ways for glimpses of life, high and low, his morals were intact even if his mind was skeptical, for his was that skepticism which shows itself, not so much in direct antagonism to religion, as in the patronizing air with which it regards the Supreme Being. Dr. Strong was too much of a gentleman to swear, but too much of an embryo scientist not to scoff. He was not exactly the companion one would have chosen for Mortimer, in the inquiring state of the latter's mind. But they were old college chums, and college friendships often ignore the matter of a man's belief, so that he only be congenial.

The doctor was beginning to gather patients for his visiting list, but as yet was not so overburdened with them but that he could allow himself a short vacation. He, therefore, at once fell in with Mortimer's plan of

spending a few weeks in some quiet place in the Catskills. Mortimer, who had great respect for Dr. Strong's metaphysical knowledge, was glad of this opportunity of sounding him on the subject of the mind-cure. So after they got fairly settled down in their quiet country home, Mortimer told his friend about the experiment of the mind-cure on Alice. He gave a vivid account of his interview with Ruth, ending with a panegyric on her beauty, which led the doctor to say, "Look out, young fellow, else Alice may have to keep a careful look on you."

"Oh, no," said Mortimer with a laugh, "I am interested in this doctress only so far as she may benefit Miss Dupont; but tell me frankly what you think of this mind-cure or Christian Science."

The doctor, assuming a thoughtful mien and pausing to knock the ashes out of his German student's pipe, answered, "There is nothing remarkable in this case or in this treatment. It is simply utilizing a subjective mental state, in which the attention is called off from the disease and concentrated on some other object, which has for the time a greater power than the disease. Fichte and Hegel, whom I regard as the best German metaphysicians, hold that the notion we have of external things is purely subjective —"

"Now do come down from your pedestal," interrupted Mortimer. "You must remember I know nothing about German metaphysics. Talk of something I can comprehend."

"Well," said the doctor, condescendingly, evidently pleased with what he considered an acknowledgment of

his superior learning, "I will try to make it as plain to you as A, B, C. The mind, you know, is a great power in man. I use the term mind in a general sense, as comprehending the will, affections, and what men call the soul. This is not strictly correct, but it will serve the purpose of bringing the subject within your comprehension. Now, the mind can act on itself in normal relations and this we term reason; or it can act abnormally, exceeding the bounds of reason, under this we would class imaginations, hallucinations, etc. Then the mind can act on other minds and can convey its power of imagination to them—a sort of mental contagion, so to speak, and often as deleterious to other minds as the leper's touch to the body. That is, when the mind thus acting is itself in an abnormal condition."

"But will imagination cure a headache?"

"Certainly," said the doctor.

"Yes," argued Mortimer, "but would it make a girl, who has been sick for months, sit up and even walk down stairs, after a week's treatment, for I received a letter from Alice to-day saying she is now able to go down to dinner."

"Ah, my friend," said the doctor, condescendingly, "If you had studied mental physiology as thoroughly as I have, you would not ask what imagination could do, but rather what it cannot do. Faith is more powerful than physic. A bread pill has often been as efficacious as a dose of castor-oil. Still, we materialists hold that the mind cannot act except under the laws of nature; for example, the bread pill to purge must,

like the oil, excite the peristaltic action of the bowels. So with many other wonderful cures wrought through the mind; you can trace them all up to the laws of nature. Take this illustration,—Holding a ruler in my hand I point it to a certain part of a person's body where pain is located. I first impress the patient with the idea that there's a certain healing virtue in that ruler. I have thus stimulated four mental faculties, each of which is able to produce great effects on the body: First, *attention*; this can direct the nervous force and blood to the affected part. Second, *expectation*, which enlists the strong power of the will. Third, *emotion*, the awakening of which is like Eolus opening his cave of winds, sweeping everything before it. Fourth (if the man be a Christian theist), I have appealed to his faith and hope. We will suppose the man cured—but by what? Not by any virtue in that ruler, but by utilizing certain elements in his nature. The performer has simply played on the man's physical make-up, and by certain skilful combinations of cords has produced a new air. Thus the mind-curers, after all, use the old instrument—the body. I give them credit for producing a new operetta."

"It seems to me, then," said Mortimer, "that the question is not whether the mind acts on the body, but *how* it acts on the body. I do not see, even according to your own reasoning, but that the mind might so assert its power as to hold the body completely under its control."

"Not quite that," replied the doctor, "because there are certain points beyond which the mind cannot go in

its control over the body. This is a point you have got to keep in view, Mortimer, in weighing testimony about the mind-cure. Allow all the power you choose to the mind, but remember it is enshrined in a human body which can assert its own power."

"True," said Mortimer, laughing, "for that sourkrout which our landlady foisted on me at dinner makes it impossible for me to grasp all the intricate distinctions of your superior mind, which, luckily, has not to wrestle with a disordered stomach. But let us come to the point. What power has imagination over the body,—is it purely deceptive, or is it strong enough to accomplish a real result from an imaginary cause?"

"Certainly the latter," answered Arthur, "I could spend the evening in citing cases where pure imagination has worked the most wonderful effects on the body. There was that well authenticated experiment in France on a man condemned to die. The doctors first tied the man down and proceeded ostensibly to bleed him to death. Placing his arm in a position where he could not see it, they pricked it with a lancet, taking care not to bring any blood, still, by letting a stream of warm water trickle down the arm, they produced the impression on the man's mind that they had actually opened a vein. Then with their hands on his pulse they pretended to note the gradual outflow of his life's blood. They occasionally made such remarks as these, 'See! he is gradually growing weaker,' 'Guess he will not live much longer,' 'See! he is almost gone,' and go the man did, at least his life went, for he gradually sank and died."

“Well, I think,” said Mortimer, “that the Coroner’s verdict ought to have been, ‘Died by the hands of the doctors.’”

“Yes,” answered Strong, “nevertheless it is true that the instrument they used for their professional murder was simply the man’s imagination. Then, there’s a similar case narrated in the *London Medical Times*. Some convicts were permitted to occupy beds in a prison hospital previously occupied by patients who had died of cholera. None of them knew of this fact and none of them died. They put other convicts in new beds, in which no one ever slept, but informed the patients that they had been previously occupied by cholera patients. The *Medical Times* states that ‘three of the four convicts immediately were seized with cholera in its most malignant form and died within four hours.’ I have also seen somewhere an account of a man who was led forth to be shot. The soldiers aimed at him and he fell dead at the discharge of their guns, but not a ball was in one of those guns, only blank cartridges. Dr. Moore, in his treatise on the soul and body, mentions the case of a woman, who had a dress torn by a dog, she imagined the animal had the hydrophobia and that the virus had been communicated to her person. She died a short time after with all the symptoms of hydrophobia, though it was clearly proven that the teeth of the dog never touched her person, and, indeed, that the dog was not mad. Now, you see that all these cases were connected with the imagination, an abnormal condition of which accomplished even the death of the body.”

“It seems to me, however,” said Mortimer, “that your argument either proves too much, or else supports the very theory of the mind-curers; for if certain passions of the mind, like fear and hatred, can produce deleterious effects on the body, why may not what may be called the good passions of the mind, such as hope and love and faith, produce good effects. I believe that some of the grandest deeds in human history have been accomplished by the supremacy of the mental over the corporeal. Look, for example, at the fortitude displayed by our Arctic explorers in resisting cold, or the African explorers in resisting heat. If history is worthy of belief, Cranmer first held the hand which had signed his recantation in the flame, which was kindling about his body, saying, ‘This hand first offended and it shall first suffer.’ Another martyr, in a voice which indicated the strength of his will-power and the subjection of the corporeal to the spiritual, exclaimed, while standing in the midst of flames which were consuming his body, ‘This fire is a bed of roses to me.’”

“Still,” answered Dr. Strong, “there’s a point where the mind cannot go beyond the limits of nature. No power of the mind can keep the body from starving when deprived for a long time of food. No power of the mind can make ‘the Ethiopian change his skin.’ Besides, the mind itself is sometimes rendered powerless through the state of the brain. The most skilful mind-curer could not rouse a patient out of the stupor of a brain poisoned with opium, or appeal to the moral instincts of a raving maniac.”

“There is another objection,” continued Dr. Strong, “to all this class of beliefs, namely, that they always try to ascribe a supernatural element to natural causes. In Germany I heard much of the career of Prince Hohenloke, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Sardica, who claims to have cured paralytics by his prayers. I’ve also seen peddled about the streets of Germany bottles of water from the famous grotto of ‘Massausavelle at Lourdes, France, where, in 1858, the Virgin Mary is believed by some to have revealed herself repeatedly to a peasant girl. I have seen crutches and canes at the shrine of saints who have cured persons of lameness. I know these are called by different names,—faith cures,—but after all, their basis is in the mind, and the difficulty is to handle the mind-cure without running into superstition or fanaticism. If your mind-cure doctress can do this, she will be a greater prodigy than Joan of Arc, who, by the by, I wonder that the mind-curers do not adopt as their patron saint, for the wonders she accomplished were largely due to the hold she obtained on the minds of the French people.”

“I confess,” said Mortimer, “that my acquaintance with Miss Ruth Page has been so brief that I am not able to state clearly her theory of healing, though I know she claims a distinction between it and either faith healing or mind-cure. What do you say to visiting her yourself?”

“Well, I think I will, on my return to New York, if you will give me a letter of introduction. I confess I have a curiosity to see this beautiful priestess who sits at the door of the temple of ‘Christian Science.’”

CHAPTER VI.

MORTIMER ATTENDS A FAITH HEALING MEETING, AND
MEETS MRS. ESTHER BATES.

It was with mingled feelings that William Mortimer found himself in the village of Falkill-on-the-Hudson. He had stopped there to hunt up some facts about his father, Eugene Mortimer. Since Mortimer had become a lawyer he had carefully gone over his father's papers. He knew little of that father for he died when Mortimer was about two years old. The aunts who educated him spoke little about his parents, but Mortimer inferred, from some hints they let drop, there had been family jars over his father's second marriage.

He was surprised, in examining some of his father's papers, to find in an old account book this entry: "Paid to Mary Mortimer, my first wife, \$50,000." "Why so large a sum?" thought Mortimer. This set him to investigating further, and he found that the divorce granted Eugene Mortimer from this Mary Mortimer had been obtained in Chicago. He sent to Chicago and found that the \$50,000 was paid Mary Mortimer at the time of the divorce. "Did he buy her

off with this?" queried Mortimer. There was something mysterious about that \$50,000,—the mystery deepened his interest. He tried to track up this first Mrs. Mortimer, but no one knew her; she had disappeared immediately after the divorce. Mortimer's father had married again within a year, and in less than a year after that marriage the second wife died in child-birth, William being the son then born; two years more and Eugene Mortimer followed his second wife to the grave.

The reason why Mortimer came to Falkill was that his father had resided on a handsome country seat in that neighborhood many years previous to his second marriage; perchance he might find some one there who knew his father's history. Mortimer wanted these things cleared up before his marriage with Alice, for he desired no family ghosts to haunt his domestic hearth. Having put up at the quiet tavern in Falkill, with a lawyer's ingenuity he began to question the tavern-keeper about the former inhabitants of the neighborhood. This man, however, could only tell the history of the present inhabitants for he had recently moved there himself. But he said to Mortimer, "There is old Squire Hubbard who has lived here for over a half century, he knows all about the old families."

Mortimer hired a boy to drive over to the Squire's, who lived with his son, John Hubbard, whose home was a sort of cross between a rural boarding-house and a farm. The family consisted of the old Squire, his son John and Rachael his wife, and two young children,

Reuben and Sarah. The Hubbards were Methodists, good disciples of John Wesley, holding strictly to the faith which they regarded as the one "first delivered to the saints." Hence they had cleanliness both in their hearts and home. It was just the spot where a lawyer, used to the whirl and sin of a great city like New York, was glad to rest both mind and body.

The day after his arrival Mortimer seated himself by the side of the old Squire, who was smoking his pipe on the front porch, and engaged him in conversation. "Your name be's Mortimer, I understand," said the Squire, "well, be you any relation to Eugene Mortimer who used to live at Grasslands?"

"Yes," said Mortimer, "I believe I am, did you know Eugene Mortimer?"

"Ah, well," answered the old man, "he was a money-making fellow, rather close-fisted. I remember selling him a cow,"—and then Mortimer had to listen to a long story about the bickering of the Squire with his father about that cow. After the Squire had got all through it, Mortimer said, "Did you know his wife?"

"Yes," said the Squire, "and she was a lovely lady."

"Which wife was it," asked Mortimer, "the first or the second?" The old man at once became confused. He could tell all about Eugene Mortimer's early life, but he could tell nothing about his marriages—only knew that "Mrs. Mortimer was a very fine woman."

Mortimer thought to himself, "Here, in the impairment of this old man's mind, is certainly an argument for Dr. Strong's theory that there is a relation between the mind and the state of the substance of the brain,

for the changes in the brain through old age certainly affect the mind." *

Mortimer was in despair of finding out anything about his father from the old Squire, when the latter remarked, as if in a sort of dream, "Esther Bates used to live at Eugene Mortimer's."

"Who is she?" asked Mortimer, eagerly.

"She be's the faith-healer."

"Where does she live?" But again the old man's memory failed, — "he disremembered." "Mrs. Hubbard," said Mortimer, when they were seated at the tea-table, "do you know a lady by the name of Esther Bates?"

* Dr. Carpenter's explanation of the impairment of memory in old age is as follows: "This is in precise accordance with the physiological facts that decline essentially consists in the diminution of the formative activity of the organism, which no longer serves even for the maintenance of the cerebrum, according to the model into which it has gradually shaped itself, so that while new modifications of the acquired type are scarcely possible, even those of long standing tend to fade away, the original type being the most enduring (Carpenter, page 347). It is when the brain is *growing* that a definite *direction* can be most strongly and persistently given to its structure. * * * But as the nutritive activity diminishes, the 'waste' becomes more active than the renovation, and it would seem that while (to use a commercial analogy) the 'old established houses' keep their ground, these later firms whose basis is less secure are the first to crumble away, the nutritive activity which yet suffices to maintain the *original* structure not being capable of keeping the subsequent additions to it in working force. (idem., page 442.)"

The connection between the memory of a particular class of ideas and the structural soundness of the brain is illustrated by many examples of persons losing their memory after a blow on the head. Thus a case was recorded by Dr. Beattie, of a gentleman who, after a blow on the head, found that he had lost his knowledge of Greek, though his memory did not appear to have suffered in any other particular. A similar case is recorded by Dr. Carpenter, in which "a lad who lay for three days insensible, in consequence of a severe blow on the head, found himself on recovering to have lost all the music he had learned, though nothing else had been thus knocked out of him."

Several other similar cases might be adduced, which all seem to prove that the faculties of the mind have intimate connection with the state of the *substance* of the brain.

* Principles of Mental Physiology, William B. Carpenter, M. D., LL. D., etc., Registrar of the University of London.

“Yes, if you mean Esther Bates, the faith-healer.”

“Where does she live?” asked Mortimer.

“Why, she is in our neighborhood now, attending the camp-meeting at Pine Grove.”

“Oh, yes,” interrupted the old man, “Esther Bates! why, she called here yesterday, she’s been exhorting at the camp-meeting.”

The association of thought between Esther and the camp-meeting had furnished a clue for the brain to work again in the track of memory. *

“How far is Pine Grove?” asked Mortimer of Mrs. Hubbard.

“Only a mile distant.”

“Well,” said Mortimer, carelessly, “I think I will go over there to-night; will you also attend, Mr. Hubbard?”

“No, we cannot go to-night, but Reubie will show you the way.”

So that evening Mortimer sauntered over to the camp-meeting, taking as his guide the ten-year-old boy Reuben. He soon found himself in the sacred precincts of their rustic tabernacle, which was a simple structure, open on all sides to the weather, with a rude covering of pine branches. At one end was a platform on which were seated some ministers and lay preachers, and in their midst a sweet faced woman of about fifty. “Is that Esther Bates?” whispered Mortimer to young Reuben.

* This sudden reproduction of lost ideas is one of the most curious phenomena in man’s nature. It seems to be owing to one of two causes,—either the mind is weary and has to rest to regain its power of recollection; or the automatic cerebral action is excited by an idea, which by the law of association calls up and supplies the “missing link” in the chain of memory. Thus we often feel mortified at not being able to speak the name of the person we meet, but while conversing some word spoken will recall, “all of a sudden” as we say, the person’s name.

“Yes,” answered Reuben at the top of his voice and pointing with his hand, “there she is in the centre of the men on the stand!” Reuben’s rejoinder was evidently heard by Sister Bates, for she looked fixedly at Mortimer, as if inferring Reubie’s inquiry to be prompted by Mortimer’s anxiety about his own soul. Mortimer was exceedingly annoyed, the more so, as he discovered Reubie’s loud whisper had drawn upon himself general attention. “Well, thought Mortimer, ‘I am fated; I have just been patronizing the ‘mind-cure’ and now I am considered a hopeful subject of ‘faith-healing.’” But he settled down resignedly to listen to what might be said.

After the usual preliminary exercises of prayer and praise Esther arose. Her motherly, benevolent face, the kind accents of her voice, soon won Mortimer’s attention, and unconsciously he became one of her most interested auditors.

She began her talk by saying in an easy conversational tone, “I want, my friends, to speak to you of the Great Physician. Some of you have already been made well by him, some of you are coming to place yourselves under his treatment, perhaps there are others,”—here she paused, and Mortimer thought her eye rested on him,—“who are sick, yet think they are well, who need to be convinced of their leprosy of sin, so that, like the lepers of old, they may cry, ‘Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.’ To the first class, those who have been made whole, I would only say, it is your duty to witness for the Lord; go, then, as did the woman of Samaria and bid your companions ‘come

and see' this blessed Savior who has cleansed you from your sins. To the second class, the inquirers, I would say, as did Christ's disciples to the blind man, 'Be of good comfort, rise, he calleth thee.' Jesus with outstretched arms (and she stretched out her own arms and looked at her audience with intense feeling) is waiting for you to come and cast yourself with your sins on him."

Several left their seats and came forward and were immediately surrounded by the brethren, who seemed to be trying to counsel their anxious hearts. Esther, without pausing to notice these, proceeded: "But my chief errand here to-day is to speak to the third class; those who are sick in heart, and, perhaps, also sick in body. You have come here to-day, led by an influence which you feel but cannot describe. I will tell you what it is: it is the Spirit of God trying to lead you to the Savior. Yet, strange, is it not, you hesitate to come to Christ, though you know you are sick in heart and perhaps in body? Strange, is it not, for even the Jews, without a New Testament, like you have, to tell them of Christ, the Great Physician, yet brought their sick to Him, and the record tells us that 'He healed them all.'

"Now let me ask you to look with me into this Bible and see what power this Great Physician has. I will turn to the twenty-sixth chapter of Matthew and read His own words, 'All power,' notice, *all*, 'is given to me in heaven and in earth.' There is nothing, then, that He is not able to do. Think of this, ye that have sin-sick souls and bodies, '*all* power!' No minister of

the Gospel, however good, no priest can say this, no physician who uses medicine can say this. The doctor often has to say, 'This is a case beyond the reach of my skill.' But Jesus says that nothing is beyond the reach of his skill, for he declares, '*All* power is given to me in heaven and in earth.'

"Now, you may ask what must a person do to get Christ to exert this power? I turn to my Bible again and find everywhere written over it this single command — 'Believe.' Hear what Christ himself says about this, 'He that believeth shall be saved.' See what power faith has in the curing of the body, for we are told that a father brought his sick child to Christ. Jesus said to that father, 'If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.' Notice again *all* things. Well, then, if this father could only exercise faith the child would be healed. He did try to exercise it, for we are told that 'straightway the father of the child cried out and said with tears,' — see how in earnest that father was, — 'Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief;' and observe, *immediately* Christ healed that man's child.

"Now, my friends, that Great Physician is here to-day, for has he not said, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' He is here to heal the sick in soul and in body. He can say to the former, 'Go in peace, thy sins, though many, are all forgiven thee,' and to the latter, 'Rise, take up thy bed and walk.'" Then, with an earnestness and pathos which brought tears to many eyes, she pictured the Savior entering that very meeting and stopping before the seat of each person, saying, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?"

Mortimer had been so much interested in Esther's discourse that he gazed steadily on her while speaking. This attracted the attention of the speaker, and she concluded that Mortimer was in an "inquiring state." After she had closed her exhortation she nodded to some one to commence a hymn. Soon from a hundred voices went up the strain :

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with thy sins and fears oppressed,
And make this last resolve."

While the singing went on, Esther stepped from the platform and walked down the aisle. Mortimer's eye followed with curiosity to see what she would do next. To his utter surprise she halted at his seat, laid her hand upon his shoulder and fixing on him a searching gaze, said, "Young man, wilt *thou* be made whole by Jesus to-day?" Mortimer was so taken aback that he hardly knew what to say. His face reddened as he found himself the subject of gaze of those 'around him. Esther interpreting this as "conviction," said tenderly, "Ah, my friend, I see your conscience echoes the call of Jesus."

Mortimer drew himself up and answered firmly, though kindly, "Madam, I am much obliged for your interest in me, but I must frankly tell you I came here simply to study your faith-cure; I am not what you would call an 'inquirer.'"

Esther looked disappointed, but said in a gentle tone, "Perhaps, then, you have some bodily ailment that has led you to come here."

Mortimer, repressing a smile, answered, "No, madam, I believe I am perfectly well; indeed, I am here more out of curiosity than anything else."

"That may be," answered Esther, "but we find many who come to our camp-meeting merely from curiosity do not leave without having a sincere desire to find the Great Physician." Then fixing a searching glance on him, she added, "Cannot I induce you, my young friend, to now attend to the great question of your soul's salvation?"

Mortimer began to feel very uncomfortable. He did not want to appear rude enough to break away from her, but he longed to leave the camp-meeting. Fortunately, as it seemed to him, just then his young companion furnished a means of escape. For Reubie had fallen fast asleep and was beginning to disturb the meeting by snores which almost drowned the singing. Mortimer woke up the youthful disturber of the peace, but in such an abrupt manner that the child was terrified and set up a loud cry. This gave Mortimer an excuse for leading him out of the meeting. Esther looked very much disappointed as Mortimer rose to go, but her face brightened as he turned and whispered to her, "I want to see you again. Could I trouble you to call on me at Squire Hubbard's."

"Certainly," said Esther, "I will be there to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER VII.

ESTHER'S REVELATIONS ABOUT MORTIMER'S PARENT-AGE.

The next morning Mortimer was on the outlook for Esther Bates, as he wanted to meet her before she had the opportunity of learning from the Hubbards his name. Soon he spied her coming up the lane; strolling down to meet her, he asked her to be seated on a bench under a wide-spreading oak. Esther, not waiting for Mortimer to begin the conversation, asked, "How do you feel this morning?"

"Very well, I thank you," said Mortimer.

Esther, perceiving that Mortimer did not appreciate the spiritual application of her inquiry, said, "I had hoped from your request for me to come and see you this morning that the Lord had touched your heart last night." And she continued eagerly, "Young man, I have been praying for you almost the whole night; I don't know why it is, but I have a feeling in my heart that the Lord has a special mission on my part to your soul; there is something in your face that haunts me."

"Well, my good friend," answered Mortimer, "I do not want to play the hypocrite and will tell you frankly

that it is not about my soul I wanted to see you. I learned from Squire Hubbard that you formerly lived with a family by the name of Mortimer, who lived at Grasslands; I am a lawyer and am here to make inquiries about some matters concerning Eugene Mortimer."

"Is that all?" said Esther, with an air of disappointment, "Well, all I know is there was no class which our Savior so denounced as the lawyers, they were always trying 'to catch him in his words.' I don't want you to catch me and then use me as a witness in some lawsuit, I have better things to attend to, young man," and she rose to go.

But Mortimer gently detained her with — "Nay, stop, my good friend, I do not come with such purpose as you suspect, I only wanted to find out something about my father, for I am Eugene Mortimer's son."

"You the son of Eugene Mortimer!" exclaimed Esther, now becoming very much excited, "Is your name William?" "Yes." She caught hold of him, held him out at arm's length and gazed intently into his face. "Bless the Lord!" she exclaimed, "Now I see my prayer is answered, the Lord has indeed a mission from me to you. Why, William Mortimer, I was your mother's nurse, these arms were the ones in which you first rested, and e'er your mother expired, she said, 'Esther, follow this child with your prayers.' Oh, you dear soul!" and Esther fairly flung her arms around Mortimer's neck and wept on his breast. Mortimer was himself deeply moved; here was indeed a link between himself and a knowledge of his mother.

They sat and talked long about his mother; how he questioned Esther, and what precious links of memory were reknit! One thing he noticed,—Esther spoke very little about his father. Indeed, whenever he turned the conversation on him, Esther appeared to be very careful of her speech. Several times she seemed on the eve of telling him something, then caught herself as if having something to suppress. At last, seeing that the best way to deal with her was to frankly disclose his errand to Falkill, he said, “Esther, I want to tell you what brought me here, but you must first promise not to mention what I am about to communicate.”

“I will only promise,” said Esther, “if, after hearing it, I find I can rightly do so, for you know nothing wrong can be hidden; has not the Lord said ‘He will bring every secret thing to judgment.’”

“Fortunately, my friend,” said Mortimer, “there is nothing here which will hurt your conscience. I will tell you now what I want to find out. I never knew until recently that my father was twice married.” Then Mortimer detailed his discovery of that fact and his perplexity on finding his father paid his first wife \$50,000 at the time of their divorce.

“I knew very little about the first Mrs. Mortimer,” answered Esther, guardedly, “for she had left your father’s roof a year before I entered it.”

“But did you never hear my mother say anything about her?”

Esther hesitated. “William,” said she, “for I must call you by your first name, it reminds me of the dear little Willie I used to nurse,—William, I have some

doubt whether I ought to answer that question, for is a child to know about his mother's private sorrows?"

"Well, Esther, I revere my mother as much as you do, but is there not something in this providence of our being thrown together which seems to indicate that you ought to tell me frankly about my mother, — was she not what you would call a Christian?"

"Yes," said Esther, "she became such shortly before she died, her sorrows drove her to the Lord."

"Well, what were her sorrows?" asked Mortimer, eagerly.

Esther paused and said, "William, let me have a time for silent prayer; I want to ask counsel of the Lord."

Mortimer withdrew and loitered for some time in a neighboring grove. On returning, he noticed Esther's countenance wore a very solemn look. It was really with a spirit of reverence that he approached her, for he felt he was indeed talking with one who had been in communion with her God.

Beckoning Mortimer to take a seat by her side, she began, — "William, I think God has shown me that it is my duty to tell you all I know. When he sent you to me I thought it was for a very different purpose, but 'God's ways are not as our ways.' I felt I had a message for you and this must be it, — to tell you what I know about your mother's sorrow."

Then she began: "I entered your father's family about a month before your mother's death. He was a very stern man, and grew to dislike me because he thought I made a Christian of your mother; and from

the first she seemed to take to me, as I did to her. She was a very lovely lady, but rather sad-faced, she evidently had something on her heart. One day, while we were alone, she said, 'Esther, I notice you read the Bible a great deal, I want to ask your opinion about this passage,' and she handed me the Bible opened at that verse where Christ says, 'It hath been said, whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement; but I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causes her to commit adultery.' 'Now,' added she, 'Esther, I want to tell you something, I have found out, since my marriage to my husband, namely, that he put away his first wife simply because he did not like her. They never lived happily together, she was very strong-willed, and you know how strong-willed he is; they had frequent quarrels and finally separated, and he got a divorce on the ground of what they term 'mutual incompatibility.' Now, Esther, if you will turn to the eighteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Luke, you will find that Christ said again, 'Whosoever putteth away his wife and marrieth another committeth adultery.' You see, Esther, where that places both Mr. Mortimer and myself,' and the poor lady," added Esther, "burst into a flood of tears and cried as if her heart would break.

"Well, William, I did not know what to say, but I could not help asking your mother whether she did not know all this when she married your father. She said, 'No, God is my witness, Mr. Mortimer deceived me on that point, he told me that his first wife was a very bad

woman and left the impression on my mind that she was immoral. But since our marriage he has acknowledged that she was perfectly pure, and that it was only her provoking obstinate disposition which made him separate from her. I have bitterly reproached him, and confess that I cannot feel to him as I once did,' and then she said to me, with tears in her soft blue eyes, 'Esther, I have gone to Christ in prayer about this matter, and I want to know whether you think he will forgive me.'

"Well, William, I tried to comfort the dear lady. I told her that under the Old Testament dispensation there was a special 'offering provided for 'sins of ignorance;'' I reminded her that Jesus had used these words for his crucifiers, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do;' and that Peter had said to the Jews, who handed Christ to the Romans to be crucified, 'And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it,' and then Peter added, 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.' When I repeated these passages the dear lady looked up with joy and said, 'Esther, you have given me a great deal of comfort; now pray for me as I shall for myself.' Some days after she spake to me again and said, 'Esther, I feel that God has forgiven me, for he knows that 'through ignorance I did it,' but what am I to do about that first wife?' I said, 'Mrs. Mortimer, you can do nothing at present,' so we let the subject drop; but the loving Lord did not give your mother any opportunity to do anything concerning that first wife of Eugene Mortimer, for God soon took

your mother to himself, and I believe she is with Him in heaven to-day."

Mortimer was so much moved by this recital that he could not speak for some time. After a while he said, "Esther, I thank you for what you have told me about my mother, it has only made me the more revere her memory; still, it does not throw any light on the point I am investigating, namely, the payment of that \$50,000. If this first wife was as high spirited a lady as you represent her, I can hardly imagine why she would take \$50,000; she could not merely have been bought off." Then he paused and said, "Esther, the thought has sometimes occurred to me that she might have had a child, and that this sum was given for its maintenance and education."

"I never heard of Eugene Mortimer's first wife having a child, if she had one I think I should have known it," said Esther.

"Well, then, we must leave it as a mystery, which, perhaps, will never be solved," said Mortimer, despairingly.

"You will be sure to find it out, William," exclaimed Esther, "if it be the Lord's will, for He can bring hidden things to light. If it is any matter of importance to you, why don't you ask the Lord to direct you so you can find it out?"

"Well, I confess it is more a matter of curiosity than importance, but as a lawyer my curiosity is excited to know why my father paid her so much."

"Your curiosity had better be excited about how you can get your soul saved," said Esther, with her conscientious fidelity to her mission.

Mortimer turned the conversation to Esther's own history. He quietly drew out of her the facts that a few weeks after his mother's death she left his father's home and went with a gentleman's family to Europe. While in Germany she visited the famous Faith-Cure Home of Franké, and witnessed so many faith cures, "that she could no longer doubt that Jesus was willing and able to heal both body and soul, just as he did while on earth." After her return to America she had married, but her husband was now dead, and this bereavement, she said, "the good Lord had overruled to her sanctification, so that henceforth she resolved to devote her life to telling others of the Great Physician." She had used the little estate left by her husband in improving her education so that she could speak correct English, and, having "learned to talk in public in the strength of the Lord," was now devoting her whole life "to her mission."

Mortimer became deeply interested in Esther's accounts of instances of "faith-healing" she had witnessed. Noticing this, Esther said, "Now, William, come and attend our prayer-meeting in the camp-meeting tent at Piney Grove, and see for yourself how the blessed Lord heals souls and bodies."

"I cannot do that now," said Mortimer, "for I must return to New York to-night, but I promise to investigate this matter when more at leisure. I have been looking into the mind-cure lately and would like to study the faith-cure also."

Esther at once brightened up. "I wish," she said, "on your return to New York, that you would visit my

friend, Dr. Lawtell, at his Faith Home. I will send you a letter of introduction to him."

"Do so," said Mortimer. So they parted, Esther to pray for Mortimer, Mortimer to think over all that Esther had told him.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MATERIALIST HAS A TUSSELE WITH THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

A few days after Dr. Strong's return to the city he called on Ruth Page. These few days were occupied in giving a presentable appearance to both his mind and body. He "crammed" the former by reading Spencer, Mills and his favorite Harriet Martineau; he adorned the latter by the aid of barber and tailor. The fact was the doctor being a consistent materialist, in believing that matter held supremacy over mind, proposed to subject the intellectual and volitional powers of Miss Page by the beauty of his person. For this latter device, however, we give the materialistic philosophy no credit, for did not the Greeks thousands of years ago picture Venus as captivated by Adonis? Poor Miss Page little knew of the Goliath that was coming against her, whose only weapon of defence was the sling of the mind-curer. When, therefore, the doctor sent up his card, accompanied with his letter of introduction from Mortimer, the young girl came tripping down the stairs, and greeted him with a frank, simple cordiality which rather disconcerted him.

Ruth looked very lovely. Her simple white dress, whose only ornament was a spray of violets pinned under her chin, her bright, rosy face, and gentle, childlike manner all seemed to betoken purity and sweetness. Indeed, this picture of loveliness impressed the doctor more than his suit of clothes, or scented hair, or dignified bearing impressed Ruth. She entered the room accompanied by her mother, whose sad expression formed quite a contrast to the vivacious countenance of the daughter. Extending her hand in a cordial greeting, Ruth said, "I am glad to meet you, Dr. Strong, for I learn from Mr. Mortimer's note that you are an earnest student of medical science. The Christian scientist appreciates the influence of the medical profession, and, in turn, desires it to appreciate Christian science, but I only regret that you have not gone to some of our learned professors who could instruct you better than I."

"I am quite content with my teacher," said Dr. Strong, with a look of admiration at the fair doctress.

Ruth seemed a little annoyed, and said, "I will have to ask you to come at once to the points of your inquiry, as I have some patients to attend this morning."

"I hardly know where to commence my inquiries," answered the doctor. "Will you kindly state the main points of your science?"

"They are very few," said Ruth. "We simply try to lead the patient to right views of God and of himself."

"Well, what are your views of God?"

“We affirm that God is the power who ‘moves whatever acts and produces force wherever it is felt.’ As no wheel or belt in the machinery of a great factory is able to start itself, but each and all are kept in motion by power communicated from the engine that drives the mill, so every movement in nature and every volition of man or animal is God acting through the thing that moves.” *

“Well,” said Dr. Strong, “I would not quite agree with your definition of God, but I should think most believers in the Bible would, unless you mean it in a pantheistic sense.”

Ruth answered, “There are different shades of belief among Christian scientists, but we all believe in a God, as you do, Dr. Strong.”

The doctor tried to repress the annoyance he felt at being taken for a believer, but there is something in woman’s nature which detects by a subtle instinct whether other natures respond or not to her own. Perhaps the cultivation of the mind under Christian science is not unfavorable to mind-reading. The barometer, which tells us what the weather is to be, is generally accompanied with a thermometer, which states its temperature. The weather bureau uses both. May there not be a power in the mind-cure to gauge the moral temperature? Anyway, Ruth was more reserved after this. The doctor, in turn, felt that he must appear better than he really was, and so, assuming an air of interest, said, “I confess I am attracted by your science, and can see how it might be a benefit to a certain class of minds.”

* Marston, page 22.

“One of its principles,” answered Ruth, “which I infer from your last remark you do not yet appreciate, is its applicability to *all* classes of minds, if they will only receive it. Mental healing is based entirely on our relation to God. The more we approximate to the image of God, the more we are emptied of self and filled with God, the more we approach in moral likeness to God and the more God’s truth fills our minds, is error expelled, for error is but another name for disease.”

“You do not mean to say that all disease is an error?” asked the doctor.

“Yes,” answered Ruth. “Some one has used this illustration of our theory of disease,—the mental processes are compared to a magic lantern. The lantern itself is the mind, the light in the lantern is truth, the screen is the body, and the slide which contains the picture is thought. Whatever picture you put on the slide of thought is thrown by the light on the screen of the body. Change the thought and the picture on the screen is changed. If the picture on the slide is that of disease, it will be thrown on the screen of the body. Change the slide to a picture of health and the screen of the body will receive it as well.”

“A very ingenious comparison,” said the doctor, “but it seems to me to ignore the existence of matter. You cannot separate thought from the substance of the brain. For example, I am thinking of you now because your image is thrown on the retina of my eye, just as it would be on a sensitive photographic plate. This, in

turn, excites the action of the optic nerve, through which an active condition is excited in the optic ganglion. So what sight amounts to is simply setting in operation a physiological mechanism."

"Is that all?" said Ruth. "Why, then, don't dead men see?"

"Because the mechanism is not in working order," answered the doctor.

"Yes, but *why* not in working order? Is it not simply because the spirit has fled? You see, then, doctor, that it is the *psychical* power behind the *physical* which determines whether the man sees or not."

"Then," said Dr. Strong, avoiding the issue, "you regard man as simply psychical?"

"Yes; and here we believe is the great mission of our Christian science, — to bring the age out of its materialistic tendency. The age believes in the reality of lands and merchandise, and trusts its five senses to the last. We dispute the evidence of the senses. We plant ourselves on the centre of being and account for the effect by the cause. As long as the age regards the human body as matter, it will depend on material agents like medicine to heal its diseases. But when it recognizes that man is but mind and that mind the reflection of God himself, it will rely on mind to cure mind." *

"Why, Miss Page, you certainly do not mean to assert that you do not believe in the existence of matter?"

Ruth hesitated, but said, "There are different schools in our Christian science just as there are in your medical

* Marston, page 19.

science, yet it seems to me that the most consistent view from our standpoint is the one taught by my great professor in Boston,—that there is no such thing as matter, all is mind.”

“Plague the girl,” thought Dr. Strong, “I’d like to fling this stool at her head and see whether she believes in the existence of matter, only she is too beautiful a temple to treat with such violence. I’ll try another method.” “Miss Page, I suppose you have studied anatomy and physiology.”

“No,” said the doctress, “we confine our study to the mental and moral make-up of mankind.”

“Well, let me then state to you a fact which can be easily verified. There is a nerve which runs from the brain to the lungs, called the Pneumogastric nerve; if this nerve be cut the man at once dies. Now, nerve is certainly matter; how, then, do you reconcile this with your theory that man is not dependent on his material composition for his life?”

“Because, as I stated,” answered Ruth, “we believe what you call matter to be simply a reflection of God, and as God is a spirit, we believe it to be but a reflection of spirit.”

“What we, then, call mind, you would call spirit?” said the doctor.

“Yes.”

“Now,” thought Dr. Strong, “I’ve got this fair girl into a corner,” so he asked, “Please, Miss Page, give me some illustration of this.”

“Well, doctor, there is your arm, *that* you believe to be matter. But cut off that arm and you will still feel

the pain in the place it occupied. You know, doctor, many amputations have shown this to be the case. Many think this strange, it has puzzled medical scientists for ages to explain it. But Christian science explains it. That arm was simply a reflection of the mind, and as you cannot destroy the mind by any amputation, it remains in its place even after the surgeon's knife has done its work."

"Oh, yes," said the doctor, pretending to be convinced, but still weaving his meshes to entangle his fair opponent, "I understand, the mind and the arm are identical. Well, then, Miss Page, has not your science found out that there's a communication between one mind and another?"

"Certainly," said Ruth.

"I agree with you fully," said the doctor, still weaving his meshes, "and now, Miss Page, let us try to demonstrate this;" slipping something into his hand he stretched out his arm, with his tightly clenched fist, before Ruth, and said, with a mock air of belief, "Miss Page, will you let your mind (that is, your hand) read what is in my mind (that is, in my hand)."

Ruth hesitated and became very much confused. She looked piteously at her mother, who rose and said, "Dr. Strong, I did not think you came here to insult my daughter by trying to catch her in such a trap, I must beg you not to prolong your visit."

But Ruth interposed,—"No, mother, I should feel ashamed to turn a gentleman out of our house, because we cannot answer his arguments." Then turning to the doctor she said, "I will frankly confess that I am

not able to answer that argument, but I am so convinced of the truth of my system that I know my lack of answering is owing to my want of knowledge of it,—not to the falsity of Christian science.”

Dr. Strong himself perceived he had gone too far, and said, courteously, “Miss Page, to tell you the truth I do believe in much of your system, and beg your pardon for my rudeness in our first interview in thus trying to entrap you in an argument.”

“Certainly I pardon you,” said Ruth, very meekly, “and to show you how sincere I am, I will invite you to attend the next lecture of my class.”

“And to show how sincerely penitent I am,” said the doctor, “I will certainly be there.”

Dr. Strong rose to go, but Ruth beckoned him to be seated again. “Doctor,” she said, “I have tried to answer your questions, may I ask you one?”

“Certainly.”

“What is *your* belief concerning God and matter?”

“Well,” he answered, “concerning God, I will state frankly that I am in doubt about the proper definition. I recognize, however, that there is what might be called a divine force permeating the universe.”

“What are your views about man’s relations to this force?”

“Well, I can perhaps best answer a lady’s question by a lady’s definition. Miss Harriet Martineau expresses exactly my belief when she says, ‘All causes are material causes. In material conditions I find the origin of all religions, all philosophies, all opinions, all spiritual conditions and influences, in the same manner

that I find the origin of all diseases, of all insanities in material conditions and causes." *

"Will you please repeat that again," said Ruth.

Dr. Strong repeated it. "I thought it was familiar to me," said Ruth, "I think I can turn to the very page in the book you refer to," and going to the library she took it down. "Yes, here it is, doctor, and here is the logical sequence of this theory, as stated by your own oracle." Ruth read from Miss Martineau's letters as follows: "I am what I am; a creature of necessity; I claim neither merit nor demerit; I feel that I am as completely the result of my nature and impelled to do what I do, as the needle to point to the north, or the puppet to move according as the string is pulled." Then opening a drawer, she added, "I believe I have here the very toy from which Miss Martineau draws her simile," and taking out a jumping-jack, she held it up before the doctor, with a roguish smile upon her face, and drawing the string which made the arms and legs jerk, she said, with a bow of mock reverence, "Behold Dr. Strong according to his own philosophy."

It was now Dr. Strong's turn to redden and become confused. He was overwhelmed with astonishment. He thought he had been talking to some simple-minded girl, who had taken up with an enthusiastic ideal, but he had found one who could assert her rights even in arguing on his own premises. He could not even retain his anger, for a merry laugh broke from Ruth as she said, "A Roland for an Oliver, doctor. You cannot get angry with me, for according to the logic of

* Letters on the laws of man's nature and development. Henry G. Atkinson and Harriet Martineau.

your own oracle — Miss Martineau — ‘notions of duty and responsibility have no real foundation,’ therefore, I am not responsible for my impolite behavior.”

Angry! The doctor was captivated. He went away thinking of nothing but Ruth Page.

After Dr. Strong left, Mrs. Page turned to her daughter, and with some severity in her tone, said, “Ruth, I think it is time for me to interpose my authority and say that this must be stopped.”

“What do you mean, mother?” exclaimed Ruth.

“Your receiving gentlemen here and having these talks with them.”

“Why, mother, I have had no gentleman call on me but this one, Mr. Mortimer simply came to ask me to attend his betrothed, — Miss Dupont; he has never called since. This friend of his is evidently a gentleman, a physician, too, and if I can influence a physician to see the folly of his materialism, am I not in the very line of my work?”

“But he is no gentleman,” said Mrs. Page, “see how he tried to catch you in that trap of an argument.”

“Well, did not I catch him, too?” said Ruth triumphantly, “and certainly, mother, we cannot refuse to admit a gentleman to our home, because we have been worsted in an argument with him.”

“I have other reasons, Ruth,” said her mother, with a determined air.

“Well, mother, I think I have a right to know them before shutting our door against this gentleman.”

“I cannot state them now,” said Mrs. Page, “I insist on your obeying me.”

A sudden transformation took place in Ruth which startled her mother; the quiet, placid face was full of stormy passion, the yielding, submissive air of the young beauty was changed to one of haughty defiance. "Mother," Ruth said, "I have always obeyed you, but I am not called to obey you when you virtually require me to insult a gentleman."

Mrs. Page was alarmed, overwhelmed, at Ruth's appearance and attitude. She could not for some time control herself sufficiently to speak. Finally she said, "Ruth, I hoped you had confidence enough in your mother to obey her without forcing her to give reasons for her commands; but never mind, do as you please," and Mrs. Page turned to leave the room.

Ruth sprang after her. "No, mother, forgive me," she said, throwing her arms around Mrs. Page's neck, "I was too wicked. But, mother, I do long for some companions. We have been so isolated since we came to New York, I know no one but my few lady patients; how often I have longed for a brother, or some gentleman whom I could have as a friend and not as a lover. But I know you love me too much to ask anything of me unless you have a good reason."

"Well, Ruth," said her mother, returning her warm embrace, "I do realize how you feel; we are too isolated, you are young and ought to see some society; suppose we go back to Boston."

"No, mother, not yet, I want to try another winter in this city. I am making a start and getting a few influential friends; I have only one more lecture to give to my class, and then we will go to some quiet

country place, where I can spend the summer in further study on Christian science, for I don't want to be caught again in argument, as I was by Dr. Strong to-day. And now it's all settled, mother, and you have forgiven me, haven't you?" said Ruth.

"Forgive you, my child," answered her mother, and giving Ruth a passionate embrace, she added, "I have nothing to forgive in you, but, oh, how much you have to forgive in me!"

CHAPTER IX.*

RUTH'S LECTURE.

Dr. Strong, bent on further investigation of the mind-cure and its beautiful priestess, visited Miss Page's lecture class the next week. He was a little embarrassed on entering the room to find himself the only gentleman present. Among the ladies he recognized many who moved in the best circles of society. To his surprise he saw two young ladies with whom he was well acquainted, but whom he would rather expect to meet at a ball than at such a lecture, — they were the Misses Deveraux. "What in the world brought you here, doctor?" whispered Rose, the younger and prettier one of the two, as the doctor glided into a seat by her side.

"Beauty and curiosity," replied the doctor. Rose smiled graciously, for the first part she applied to herself, the second to Miss Page.

Just then the door of a side room opened and Ruth entered. She looked the picture of health and inno-

* It will be understood by the reader of this chapter that the author intends to represent but not endorse the views of Christian scientists, as herein expressed by Ruth. It should also be stated that some classes of Christian scientists avoid many of the manifest errors of Ruth as regards her pantheistic views of Deity, while agreeing with her in the main point of the domination of the spiritual and mental over the physical nature of man.

cence, her countenance, however, was not as vivacious as usual. Dr. Strong whispered to Rose, "Your preceptress looks very enchanting. I will have to look out for my heart rather than for my mind this morning."

"Hush!" said Rose, looking decidedly annoyed, "if you talk in meeting you will be put out."

Seating herself behind the table on the slightly raised platform, Ruth bowed to her audience, and said, by way of preface, "As this is the last lecture in my course, I will briefly review the main points we have gone over in the previous lectures." Dr. Strong secretly flattered himself that this was done partly for his benefit, and he gave her strict attention.

Ruth proceeded, — "Our science starts with the proper idea of God. He is the Supreme Being, pervading everything. As Paul said on Mars' Hill, 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' He is the divine principle pervading what men call nature, — the embodiment and fountain of life, truth, love. He has all power, nothing can resist him; therefore, what men call disease is powerless before Him, just as it was before his Son, Jesus Christ, who rebuked diseases and they fled before Him, as the devils also fled from His presence. All we have to do is to give ourselves up to be filled with God, and disease will flee from us. I say disease, in order to accommodate the truth to the comprehension of those not yet perfectly acquainted with Christian science. But strictly speaking there is no such thing as disease; what men imagine to be disease is the error of their own minds, an illusion, with which God's creatures cheat themselves, because they

refuse to come into harmony with the mind of God. Therefore, the way to deal with this illusion is to have the mind filled with the truth, this occupying the mind expels error, — ‘resist evil’ (or disease) in this manner and it will ‘flee from you.’

“The reason why men have not perceived these truths before is that ever since the race was created it has gone further and further into materialism. It has disobeyed the first precept of religion, namely, ‘Thou shalt have no other God before me.’ It has worshipped the creature rather than the Creator. Therefore has it forgotten that man was made in the image and likeness of God, and that God being a spirit, man must be the expression of spirit, and not, therefore, matter, but simply the reflection of the mind of God. When Jesus came to earth, he came to remove these false views from men’s minds, to lead them out of the darkness of materialism to the light of spirituality. He is the way, the truth, and the life; and he said, ‘He that is of the truth heareth my voice.’ If we, then, have our minds filled with truth, error, that is, disease, can find no entrance. These are the basic truths of our science of healing, just as men realize them will they bruise Satan, that is, all forms of error, under their feet.

“From these truths about God flow the right view of man. Since God is not matter, but mind, and as man is made in the image of God, man is not matter, but mind. What men term the body is really a reflection of the human mind. Take, for example, the human face, it reflects but the mind within; the mind experiences pleasure, and the muscles of the face express

that pleasure in a smile; if grief, the lachrymal ducts pour out their tears; if fear, the heart throbs and the limbs tremble. Does not this prove that every part of the body is but the expression of some mental faculty.

“This enables us to proceed another step, and examine further the nature of what mankind terms disease. They refer it to matter and say that the solids or fluids or nerves of the body are out of order. Strange that they cannot see that disease is a suffering of the mortal mind. It is of no avail to apply chemical preparations to a cause that chemistry cannot reach. It is of no use to put poultices on the body, when, as Shakespeare well expresses it, there needs ‘to be plucked out of the heart a rooted sorrow.’ Drugs heal, or rather are thought to heal, only by exchanging one disease for another. This is the confessed use of mercury and opium. They cure by poisoning the system with a worse poison than the one they pretend to relieve. We Christian Scientists recognizing this apply our treatment to the mind. We remove the cause and the disease disappears.

“Your treatment,” said Ruth, looking at her audience, “for I suppose I am addressing mostly those striving to understand our science so that they may devote their lives to relieving mankind, your treatment must be first directed to bringing your own mind into correspondence with God’s. Pause for a moment before treating your patient and reflect as follows: There is no such thing in the economy of God as disease; God is love and does not wish his children to suffer; God is truth, disease is but error, God does not wish error to exist.

Now, in the strength of God proceed to cast out this error. Has He not given, through His Son, to His disciples this commission, 'Heal the sick.' With your mind in correspondence with God's mind, address the patient mentally, since the power of truth reflected through your mind is always sufficient. But in some cases you may have to prepare the mind by rousing it with a shock from its lethargy of sin. Or you may have to calm it by drawing off its thoughts from its ailments. Be careful, whatever you do, to destroy the moral evil in the patient, while you are curing the physical one, for, after all, disease is moral evil; if people will not give up their sins they cannot experience the power of God. Thus will you keep in harmony with the divine mind, and the healing touch of His hand will suffice to cure all manner of disease."

"A theory as beautiful as its propheticness, but, alas, as mortal!" whispered Dr. Strong to Rose.

"Hush!" said Rose, impatiently, "she is about to open the question drawer. Let us listen."

Ruth took from the drawer slips of paper which she read and answered as follows:

Question. "You speak of disease as sinful error; is there no sin?"

Answer. "The only reality of sin is the awful fact that unrealities seem real."

Question. "You say man is all mind; is there not a nervous system, through which the brain acts on the body?"

Answer. "The nerves are nothing without the brain, and the brain is nothing without the mind;

destroy both nerves and brain and the mind still exists.”

Question. “Do you mean by the mind, the soul or spirit?”

Answer. “No; the term soul is used in our system in a different sense from what it is by those who call themselves theologians. We mean by it simply the reflection of God in man. There is no distinct part of man called his soul; the term soul or spirit is applicable to but one,—that is, God. God is not *in* man, for the greater cannot be in the less, but man is a reflection of God.”

Question. “What stress do you put on faith in your system?”

Answer. “We regard it as important, but we view faith as a quality of the mind; remember in our system *all is mind*. Faith and truth are correlatives, the highest faith is the acceptance of the truth.”

Question. “Do you believe, then, in exercising faith in Christ as a personal Savior?”

Answer. “Yes, if it be accompanied with works. One kind of faith trusts all to another; it says, ‘Lord, I would believe, help Thou my unbelief;’ this is a blind faith, for it lacks the chief element of true faith, which is self-reliance, which is expressed in the command, ‘Believe and thou shalt be saved.’”

Question. “Does the faith you exercise in healing differ from the idea of the faith-curers?”

Answer. “Yes, materially. They depend on the faith of the person healed, and therefore appeal to the sick to exercise faith. We depend on the faith of the person healing, as Christ exemplified in the healing of

the paralytic, — ‘Seeing *their* faith (that is, of the persons who brought the paralytic), Jesus said, ‘Take up thy bed and walk.’ We differ also in our view of God. The faith-healers rely much on prayer, they ‘plead’ with God, — ‘wrestle like Jacob did.’ We believe that God needs no persuasion to induce him to heal the sick; that was the very mission on which He sent His Son to earth, — ‘The spirit of the Lord hath anointed me to heal the sick.’ This certainly applies to man’s body, as well as to his soul. Therefore, we simply strive to bring man into correspondence with God, if man will only relinquish his materialistic views, cease regarding his body as matter, and recognize that it is but the reflection of God’s mind, and then strive to bring his mind into harmony with the mind of God; disease would flee away like the shadows of the night before the rising sun.”

Dr. Strong slipped into Rose’s hand two questions he had written, and asked her to pass them up to Miss Page. Ruth looked at them for a moment and without any hesitancy answered as follows:

Question. “What relation, if any, does your system of healing hold to medical science?”

Answer. “Our system is but the culmination of all true medical science. Man, in studying how to cure, started on the low plane of materialism. He used drugs, as he thought, to cure the ills of a material body. That was allopathy. When Hahnemann arose a step forward was taken, for homœopathy takes the mental symptoms into consideration. In the high attenuation of their medicines there is a greater oppor-

tunity for nature to work her own cure. Christian science, recognizing the fact that nature is but another name for mind, rises a step higher and discards even the pellet of the homœopathists, and brings mind to cure mind. Since God is the source of all mind, it brings God to cure the diseased mind of man, and thus returns to the simple faith of those who lived in Christ's time, who brought their sick and laid them down at Jesus' feet."

Question. "Are there not cases where the sick get well by the use of drugs? For example, the many that are treated in hospitals."

Answer. "Yes. I grant there are such cases, but it is simply the belief or faith in the remedy, which heals them, or the faith in the person administering it. For years physicians have held the belief that certain remedies have certain curative effects. Indeed, the public mind gets so accustomed to these beliefs that it becomes a part of its faith that opium causes sleep and coffee keeps a person awake. How foolish are these beliefs, how entirely dependent on the state of the mind is shown by the fact that homœopathists use coffee to put patients to sleep, while allopathists use it to rouse them from stupor. Here you find the mind of the two schools, acting in opposite directions, produce with the same so-called medicine two opposite effects. You see, then, that the cure was not in the medicine, but in the state of mind."

Miss Page then returned to the questions in the drawer:

Question. "Do you not think a great deal of disease is owing to sin? For example, drunkenness, etc."

Answer. "I would say the sin is owing to a diseased mind, for what sin is there but first originates in thought? If you master the thought, you then master the sin. Jesus put great stress on the actions of the human mind. He said that before the overt act was performed, the sin was committed in the mind. (See His Sermon on the Mount.) So again He says, 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' I may illustrate this thus: The sculptor works his model out of his mind. If in his mind has been the conception of an angel, there it stands in the marble; if in his mind the conception of a devil, there it stands in the marble. We look at the piece of marble and say it is a statue. No, it is only the reflection of the mind of the artist. So are we working out in our mind our lives. Men, as they see our actions, read the mind underneath. We talk of mind-reading, but the fact is our minds are in our lives, 'known and read of all men.'"

As Ruth concluded, her face lit up with the enthusiasm of her belief, and, as for a moment her eye rested on Dr. Strong, he was conscious of a sort of mental shock, not altogether unpleasant to experience. He whispered to Rose, "There must be a very fine mind under that beautiful exterior, but I'd like to know how much heart there is. I notice she makes everything to be mind. She seems to totally ignore the heart. I wish I had an opportunity to have a flirtation with that girl and find out whether she has any heart."

"What vain mortals you men are!" said Rose, poutingly. "I believe you think that a woman has only to look at you to fall in love with you."

“Certainly,” said Dr. Strong. “We believe in the power of mind over mind. I have only to *think* I can make a conquest and of course the conquest is made.”

Dr. Strong wanted very much to linger and talk with Ruth, but, as her table was surrounded with a number of her scholars, he merely made her a polite bow, which was acknowledged by a sweet smile. The doctor then left the hall and walked up the street with the Deveraux girls. He had hardly got out of the door before Ethel Deveraux began, “Oh, Dr. Strong, how glad I am we met you here! Do tell me, who is this Miss Page?”

“I have never met her but once before,” said the doctor. “I merely called as a scientist to investigate this mind-cure.” (And the doctor seemed to stretch himself an inch taller when he uttered that word, “scientist.”) “She referred me to her lecture for information, and therefore I came hither to-day.”

The reader will notice that the doctor also stretched the truth a little, but, amid the many phases of the mind, there is none more curious than the selection of persons to whom it entrusts its secret thoughts. There is a sort of natural affinity, or what Darwin calls “natural selection,” about this matter. Men rarely make women the repository of their hearts’ secrets, and never a gossiping woman. The doctor, therefore, was mum, but he knew he had only to touch the spring and set Ethel’s tongue going, and he would soon find out all she knew about Miss Page, and probably much more. So he bowed and said, “You must know about this young lady, for you seem to have faith enough in her to become one of her scholars.”

"Faith did not bring me here," said Ethel, sneeringly, "simply *ennui*. I got tired of balls and prayer-meetings and needed a change of thought, so, happening to hear of this Miss Page, I thought I would attend a course of lectures and get posted on this new craze, the mind-cure. But," said she, lowering her voice, "I suspect there is something wrong about that girl."

"What do *you* know about Miss Page?" asked the doctor of Rose.

"Well," said Rose, "I must confess I know very little about her. I first heard of her through my friend, Mrs. Black, whom she certainly cured of a cancer. Miss Page impresses me as a modest girl of bright mind and a perfect enthusiast in her profession."

"Well, it seems to me," said the doctor, laughingly, "we are all the 'three blind mice' as far as Miss Ruth Page is concerned."

"I am not, I thank you," said Ethel, with a toss of her head. "I can see something with my eyes shut. No young girl of that age would appear in public unless she were driven to it by poverty or by desire for notoriety. I tell you, Dr. Strong, nothing disgusts me so much as to see my own sex thrust themselves on the public gaze."

"Just what I thought," said the doctor, "when I attended with you Miss Highflieger's ball and saw the dressing of some of the ladies."

Ethel gave a furtive glance at the doctor to see how he meant this last remark, but his countenance was very non-committal. He bowed, and, leaving the ladies, returned to his office to meditate on Christian science — and Miss Ruth Page.

CHAPTER X.

HYSTERIA NEUTRALIZES THE MIND-CURE AND PUTS
CUPID TO FLIGHT.

It was with rather mixed feelings that Mortimer, on his return to New York, started for the home of his betrothed. Somehow he felt like a man slipping his head again into a yoke. His walks and talks with Dr. Strong, in the free air of the mountains, his association with the godly Hubbards and the motherly Esther, had been a sort of oasis; he was now to return to the desert of office duties and an association with a rather whimsical girl. There was a skeleton, too, to be brought out of its closet, to be shaken with all its jangling articulations before this sensitive girl's eyes. Mortimer realized that sooner or later Alice would find out about his father's marriages. When Mortimer was accepted by Alice, her father had made some inquiries, but only pursued them far enough to satisfy himself that Mortimer was a promising young lawyer with a large inherited fortune. Mr. Dupont cared not to inquire about family skeletons, so that they are only well gilded.

Mortimer's views of marriage had rather changed; at first he regarded it as wholly a matter of love, but

he had come to look upon it more as a matter of duty. But love and duty are either the happiest allies or the most uncongenial companions. Mortimer in his talk with Dr. Strong about the mind-cure naturally touched on the subject of will power. They had many discussions on the relation of the will to the affections, the doctor contending that the affections controlled the will; Mortimer, that the will controlled the affections. Once when the argument waxed warm, the doctor brought what he termed a "clincher" in saying, "William, do you suppose that you love Alice Dupont simply because you have willed to do so? Trace back the history of your heart experience and you will find (that is, if you are like most lovers) that your affections were first enlisted, then so completely did they control your will that you decided to win her for yourself."

"I cannot deny the accuracy of your description of my love experience at its commencement," answered Mortimer, "but I can see that the continuation of my affection for Alice depends on my will. I fell in love with her; she yielding her will to mine agreed to marry me; now I exercise my will to keep my affection for her."

The doctor gave a searching glance at Mortimer and said, "William, if I believed you really understood what you are asserting, I would have very little faith in your ever marrying Alice Dupont."

"Oh," answered Mortimer, carelessly, "you are always looking at these things from a philosophic standpoint; love cannot be analyzed in the crucible of German metaphysics; wait till you get in love yourself,

and you will find something which overthrows all philosophy."

Singularly, though this conversation had passed from Mortimer's mind, yet, when he started for the Duponts' that morning, it came back like a flash.

At the Duponts' door he met Ruth just leaving; he assisted her to enter her carriage, and pausing at its open window, asked, "How is your patient?"

Ruth answered courteously, "I think much improved, though not as much as I hoped."

"Why so?" inquired Mortimer.

Ruth hesitated as if at a loss to express what she desired, but said, "Our treatment depends on the patient being in a receptive state. This receptive state is much interfered with by the patient's mind being in a disturbed condition; there is something evidently worrying Miss Dupont, which I have not been able to discover; but," she added with a pleasant smile, "you will be the best physician for this, I am so glad you have returned."

"Well, we will have to try to treat the case together," replied Mortimer.

"No," said Ruth, "I will have to relinquish it to some other Christian scientist, for I start to-morrow for the country."

Mortimer entered the house and found Alice in the parlor. She looked better and stronger and very beautiful, indeed there was an animation in her countenance which Mortimer had never before witnessed; her eyes sparkled with almost an unnatural brilliancy. After the usual greetings, in which lovers are supposed

to engage after temporary absences, which on Alice's part were unusually demonstrative, Mortimer said, "I met your physician at the door, and she seems to think you lack one thing to complete your recovery."

"What is that?" said Alice.

"Why, Miss Page says you seem to have something on your mind that worries you."

To Mortimer's surprise, Alice's manner at once changed, and with a haughty repellent air she exclaimed, "I do not know what business Miss Page has with my private affairs; if she would attend to her own business and not interfere with mine, I might indeed feel better."

"Why, Alice," said Mortimer, surprised and confounded, "I have given you a wrong impression. Miss Page spoke very kindly of you and behaved like a lady."

"Behaved like a lady!" said Alice, with a scornful look, "yes, courting my lover under my very eyes, for did not I see her just now flirting with you?"

Mortimer's anger began to rise. "Alice," he said, "I will not hear such talk; your accusations involve myself as much as they do Miss Page. It has come to a pretty pass if I cannot make an inquiry as to the state of your health from your physician, without being taxed with a flirtation."

Another change came over Alice. She threw herself into Mortimer's arms, wept like a child on his neck, and said, "Oh, William, I know I am too foolish, but I do love you so much. I cannot account for my actions, they are as strange to me as to yourself; I think I am going crazy."

Mortimer was partly propitiated, still the feeling deepened of wearing a chain, and even the soft arms around his neck seemed like fetters. "Alice," he said, "let us agree to understand each other better; I tell you frankly there is no girl in this whole world to whom my heart has gone out but to you, now let it stay there, don't strain the bond which binds us; as for Miss Page, God is my witness that I have never seen her but thrice,—twice when I went to consult her about yourself, and this once, when I made a brief inquiry as to your state of health."

Another change came over Alice. She slunk away to the other end of the sofa, and with pouting lips looked steadfastly away from Mortimer. Mortimer was both perplexed and indignant. "Alice," he said, "this is altogether a queer reception to give a lover. What is the matter with you? I see Miss Page is right, there is something on your mind."

Tears burst from Alice; she sobbed as if her heart would break. Mortimer, like most men, could not withstand a woman's tears. He approached with a view of soothing her, when she sprang from him, and bursting into a fit of laughter, exclaimed, "The biggest joke of the season! You don't care for Miss Page! Ha, ha, ha! Queer, you can't be away from her two weeks without writing to her."

"Writing to her!" exclaimed Mortimer, now thoroughly angered, "I demand of you, Alice, an explanation; I have borne this behavior long enough."

"Well," said Alice, with an impudent air, "I don't see why I need to explain; you know as well as I do that you wrote a letter to Miss Page."

“Did Miss Page say I wrote her *a letter?* if so, she lied,” said Mortimer, now furious.

“Yes,—that is, she said you sent her a note introducing Dr. Strong.”

“Ah! that is a different matter, so I did; but I demand to know whether she indicated that I wrote anything else. If so, I shall see Miss Page immediately.”

“No,” said Alice, with provoking calmness, “she merely said that Dr. Strong had come to her with a card of introduction from you.” Then Alice began to laugh again. Then again flinging her arms around Mortimer’s neck, and bursting into tears, she said, “Oh, William, I don’t know why I am so foolish. Pardon me, I do love you so.”

But Mortimer freed himself from her embrace, and, rising up with a determined look, said, “Alice, I have had enough of this comedy and am now prepared for the tragedy. You profess with one breath to love me and with the next taunt me, even with laughter, about my behavior to Miss Page. You evidently have very little respect for, or confidence in, my fidelity to yourself. I, also, in our absence from each other, have been reviewing our relations, and the memory of our frequent quarrels in the past, with the experiences of this present moment, makes me feel as if the chain binding us together must be sooner or later snapped.”

“Chain,” said Alice, springing to her feet with flashing eye and quivering in every limb, “chain! has it come to this, that you speak of what binds you to me as a chain? Perhaps, Mr. Mortimer, you would then like to have it broken.”

Mortimer hesitated; it was a turning point. The chain did indeed seem heavy just then, but could *he* lightly break it? He walked up and down the room, then halting at the sofa on which Alice sat (she being again in a flood of tears), said, "We both should try to get into a better frame of mind before we talk more."

"Now that is too hard," sobbed Alice, "I am not in a bad frame of mind; it is only you who persist in worrying me nearly to death."

"Well," said Mortimer, cynically, "I had better abbreviate my call, then, for I may injure your mind so much that a hundred mind-curers cannot heal it."

Alice immediately stopped crying, and then with a laugh put out her hands, saying, "Come, William, let us make up. I will try to do better; I am really ashamed of myself."

But Mortimer did not stretch out his hand. He took another turn around the room, then, with a determined air, planting himself in front of Alice, said, "I may have spoken too hastily, but I confess I cannot bear to be treated as I have been by you to-day, especially as the cause of it all is your taxing me with an interest in a lady in whom I have never felt the slightest interest except as your physician."

Alice again burst into tears and said, "I did not tax you. I only noticed how affectionately you regarded her when I caught you talking with her at her carriage window."

"Caught me! Miss Dupont," exclaimed Mortimer, "I will not submit to such insinuations, nor keep you

bound to one whom you think is liable to be 'caught' in self-compromising actions." And before Alice could answer he strode out of the room, shut the door after him with such a slam that the waiter hurried to see what was the matter. To his surprise he found his mistress lying fainting on the floor.

A loud call brought her mother. Alice was taken to her room, where she repeatedly swooned. Mrs. Dupont in great alarm sent for the nearest doctor. One was found but a few doors distant, who had heard the neighborhood talk of the wonderful cure of Mr. Dupont's daughter by the mind doctress. Dr. Dissle was therefore surprised to be summoned to the house; but as doctors do not hesitate over rich patients he immediately came. His first question was, what brought on the trouble? No one knew. Mrs. Dupont suspected, from the servant's account of the slamming of the door, Mortimer must have taken his departure after some quarrel between him and Alice. This she could not tell the doctor, who, however, perceiving the hysterical condition of his patient, administered a nervous sedative and soon had the satisfaction of seeing Alice sink into a gentle slumber, then he took his departure, having warned her mother to abstain from all conversation with her daughter.

It was only on the third day, when Alice was able to sit up, that Mrs. Dupont quietly extracted from her some confirmations of her suspicion, yet, as to the cause of her quarrel with Mortimer, Alice was dumb. No questioning could wrest the secret from her. But what worried her mother most was, there were no signs

of Mortimer's return. Day after day passed, and though Alice was frequently at the window looking out, yet no call or even inquiry after her health came from Mortimer. At last Mrs. Dupont said to her husband, "I think it is due to Alice that you should hunt up Mr. Mortimer and demand why he so neglects his betrothed."

"Oh," said Mr. Dupont, carelessly, "there are as good fish in the sea as out of it. If William Mortimer does not want to marry my daughter, I do not propose to drag him into the marriage."

"No," said Mrs. Dupont, "that is not what I mean; but I do not wish Alice to go on wearing the engagement ring of a man who treats her so shamefully."

We left Mortimer hurrying from the Dupont mansion. He repaired to his bachelor lodgings, locked the door, sat down and meditated. He was reviewing his past with Alice and taking an introspection of his own heart. "Well," he said, "somehow I feel as if at last a chain is broken that has been binding me, and," clenching his fist and bringing it down on his knee, "I will not have it riveted again. I will break off this engagement now and forever." Pulling out a secret drawer he took therefrom a miniature, a lock of hair, a package of letters, and, wrapping them up in a neat bundle, rang the bell. His valet appeared. "John," said he, "take this card to Mr. Dupont's, ask to see Miss Alice, and hand her this package. If you cannot see her alone, bring it back to me."

After an hour John returned. "Master," he said, "I saw the butler and he said that Miss Alice was sick

and a doctor attending her, and he knew I could not see her alone."

"Well, what did you do with the package?"

"Brought it back, sir."

Mortimer taking the bundle tossed it into the drawer. "Perhaps it's as well," he said. "I will wait first to hear from Alice."

But day after day passed, at last came a note from Mrs. Dupont, saying she thought that Mr. Mortimer ought to know that since his last visit her daughter had been very sick. At first some feelings of compunction rose in Mortimer's heart, but then again returned the feeling of impatience to have the chain loosened. He answered Mrs. Dupont very coolly, saying that "he was extremely sorry to hear of her daughter's illness, but, as Mrs. Dupont had not stated that Miss Dupont desired to see him, he felt that it would be presumptuous to call."

Mrs. Dupont was now in a strait. She had written to Mortimer without her husband's knowledge. She did not want to confess that to him. She could not read the note to Alice, because Alice had not asked her to write to Mortimer. But she must do something, so she told her husband on his return.

Mr. Dupont read the note and then said, "Well, this is a pretty muss. But one thing is apparent to me. This man wants his engagement with our daughter broken. Now, wife, I beg you to let Alice be the first to break it."

"But how can it be done?" said Mrs. Dupont. "She is too weak to speak about it."

"Well, anyway, ask Dr. Dissle."

“Oh, I can't mention such a matter to a person out of our family.”

“Pshaw! A doctor is father-confessor for everyone. He knows all the love secrets and other secrets of his patients. Leave it to me; I'll have a talk with the doctor.”

Dr. Dissle, on being consulted, said, “Mr. Dupont, I would have this matter settled some way. It will do your daughter more harm to be kept in a state of suspense than to have the thing decided either way.”

Mr. Dupont acted on the advice. He took the first opportunity to break to Alice the state of affairs. At first Alice was hysterical, but this was controlled by a dose of assafetida. Then she was disconsolate; then she was mad, at least mad enough to say that if Mr. Mortimer had not wished to see her as soon as he heard of her extreme illness he might go.

“Well,” said her father, seizing the opportunity, “suppose you let your mother tell him so.”

“No, not yet. Suppose we wait a day or two.”

Mr. Dupont waited, though with great reluctance. By this time Alice was beginning to feel the tonic effects of wounded pride. “Let him go,” said she. “Take this ring and send it to him, with this message: ‘Miss Dupont cannot but gather from Mr. Mortimer's utter neglect of her that his feelings have changed. She therefore places this ring at his disposal.’”

When Alice's letter and ring were received by Mortimer, the flame of love seemed to flicker for a moment in his heart, but it was like the last flickering in the socket before the candle goes out. He waited

for an hour, meditated, then rose and took the package he had previously prepared, put his hand on the bell-handle, then stopped, went back, and attempted to write a letter. He wrote one, then tore it up; wrote another, tore it up, then another, tore it up; then, gathering all the fragments together, threw them into the fire and rang the bell. Handing the package to his servant, he said, "John, leave this at Mr. Dupont's door."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MATERIALIST HOLDS A PHILOSOPHICAL POST-MORTEM ON MORTIMER'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

Dr. Strong did not know of Mortimer's return to the city until the day after the latter's final break with Alice. The doctor had been longing to have a talk with Mortimer about Ruth, for somehow he could not keep her out of his thoughts. So, like a man who wishes to conceal the state of his own heart affairs, he was no sooner seated in Mortimer's room than he began inquiring particularly after Alice. "How is your charming *fiancée*?" asked the doctor, as he took down a pipe always kept for him on Mortimer's mantel; "has the fair mind-curer healed Alice's mental and physical woes?"

"I know very little about Miss Dupont," said Mortimer, doggedly.

"*Miss Dupont!* has it come to that, why, what's the matter? Have you been indulging in a love quarrel, so as to enjoy the deliciousness of a make-up?"

"It will never be a make-up," said Mortimer, solemnly.

Dr. Strong was about to laugh at the solemnity of his friend's tone, when turning and catching Mortimer's eye he saw it was no time for jesting. He therefore said kindly, "Well, William, I don't want to interfere with your love affairs, for I have a great respect for both yourself and Miss Dupont, who with all her eccentricities is a noble girl."

"Doctor," said Mortimer, "the fact is I have found out that your theory is the correct one, the will cannot control the affections. I believe I did once love Alice, but my affection began to weaken under her peculiar eccentricities. Still, I would have done my part if she had not in our last interview behaved like a — a fiend!" gasped out Mortimer.

"A fiend! why, that's a very hard word to apply to any woman."

"Well, hear the story, then, Doctor," and Mortimer proceeded to narrate the events of which the reader has been informed in the last chapter.

Dr. Strong heard him calmly through, though when Mortimer mentioned Alice's jealousy of his letter introducing the doctor to Ruth, the doctor puffed his pipe very vigorously. Still, he heard Mortimer patiently through, and then turning to him said, "William, I expect you will break with me now, as you have with Alice Dupont, but I must clear my conscience by telling you that you have acted like a fool."

Mortimer's face flushed. "Look here, Strong," he said, "I can stand a great deal from you, but I won't stand that."

"Yes," said the doctor calmly, rising and refilling his pipe, "you will not only have to stand it, but your conscience will yet force you to indorse it. Now hear me. I have never inquired particularly about the symptoms of your betrothed. It was none of my business. I was not her physician. But I can tell you this, and any physician will confirm it, that you have quarrelled with Miss Dupont simply because you happened to meet her when the poor girl was suffering from a fit of hysteria."

"Hysteria, fiddlesticks!" said Mortimer, "it was insane and unwarranted jealousy. Besides, am I to keep an engagement with a girl who goes off in what you call hysteria, because I simply write a card of introduction for a friend, or talk ten minutes with her female physician?"

"I grant you," replied Dr. Strong, "that it is both insane and unwarranted conduct in Miss Dupont, but still there would not have been this jealousy had she not have been in this hysterical state of body."

"There is your cursed materialism again," said Mortimer, "you would have me believe that the character of a woman is dependent on her state of body. I suppose, then, you would think that my duty was, when Miss Dupont behaved so, to have simply bid her good morning."

"Certainly," said the doctor, "what the girl needed at that time was not a lover but a physician."

Mortimer broke out into a fit of laughter. Dr. Strong knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and said with evident annoyance, "Well, William, I guess you have got the hysterics yourself now."

“Oh, no,” said Mortimer, “you ought as a doctor to know that the other sex have the monopoly of that disease.”

“I know no such thing. All the best medical writers hold that this peculiar morbid excitement of the nervous system, showing itself in occasional convulsive paroxysms and diversified functional disorder, occurs in men as well as in women, though of course it is a misnomer to name it hysteria. But, Mortimer, what do you find to excite your mirth in my simple proposition that what Miss Dupont needed was medicine.”

“I was thinking,” said Mortimer laughingly, “how beautiful it would be to test your theory by a practical application, and what a wonderful change it would thus introduce into the methods of courtship. For example, a man prepares himself to propose to the girl he loves. Since, as you say, men can have the hysterics, he first fortifies himself by filling his pockets with a sort of travelling drug store. He puts therein a box of assafetida, a phial of Hoffman’s anodyne, another of fluid extract of valerian, another of camphor water. When ringing the door-bell of his fair one’s home, on the momentous evening which is to decide his fate, he finds his hand trembles; down goes that hand into his pocket, and he takes two or three assafetida pills. On meeting his beloved in the parlor, his heart begins to palpitate, he quietly turns his head and takes a swallow of valerian; when he comes to the fatal moment, he discovers some hesitancy in his speech, — awful thought, — incipient paralysis may be setting in! he immediately swallows a pill of strychnine. We will suppose he gets

through his part of the love scene, having thus successfully warded off the hysterics. Now, he is to be equally careful lest he may cause too great nervous excitement in his beloved, which might develope into hysteria. He says, 'Irene, I love you.' Irene begins to tremble, her face flushes, tears start in her eyes, she becomes wildly agitated. The kind and judicious materialistic lover takes in the situation. He says, 'Stop, my dear, don't answer me until you have swallowed this,' and he gently presses to her sweet lips — his bottle of Hoffman's anodyne. She takes a draught, and oh! blessed effect of matter over mind, she becomes calm, and like a cooing dove sweetly whispers, 'Alphonso, I am thine forever.'"

Dr. Strong could not help joining in the hearty laugh of Mortimer, and the laugh restored the *entente cordiale* between the two friends.

"But now, seriously speaking," said Mortimer, "doctor, is there not to be taken into account in such nervous disorders the moral condition of the patient? Suppose, for example, there had not been jealousy in Alice Dupont's heart, would she have had what you deem a fit of hysteria? It is this point which confounds me when I attempt to view man only from the standpoint of his material organism; there seems always to lie behind the material the spiritual, or as the mind-curers would say, the 'fixity of thought in proper or improper directions.'"

The doctor answered, "There is, undoubtedly, behind the body a mind, and that I have never denied. The only thing where we seem to differ is whether there is

behind the mind a body. Take, for example, this very disease, hysteria. Physicians often resort to shocks on the mind to relieve its paroxysms. One of our best medical writers, Dr. Wood, * says, 'It will sometimes be advisable to speak in a decided tone in the presence of the patient, of the necessity of shaving the head and applying a blister should she not be soon relieved. Strong mental impressions have a powerful influence over the disease; and sufficient consciousness often remains during the apparent coma to appreciate an observation of this kind. It does not follow that because such a mental impression may prove useful the patient has been counterfeiting illness. It acts by replacing one impression by another more powerful for a time.' "Where I differ," continued the doctor, "from our fair mind-curer is that she would ascribe this to the shock produced on the moral sensibilities of the patient; I would ascribe it to a strong impression made on the nervous centres, and as hysteria is often accompanied with tenderness of the spine, this strong impression on the emotional centres may act revulsively upon the cerebro-spinal cavity by calling off irritation from those centres which give convulsive movements."

"Well, doctor," said Mortimer, "when you get into your medical metaphysics I cannot follow you, but I would ask you this question,—do you not acknowledge that the will has much to do with hysteria? the very example you cite of conquering it by threatening to shave the patient's head is really rousing the patient, through fear, to exert her will power."

* A treatise on the Practice of Medicine, Geo. W. Wood, M. D. Article, Hysteria.

The doctor answered, "As an ultra-materialist I do not believe much in will power, but I acknowledge that some of the ablest physiologists hold that the patient may herself do much in controlling the tendency to the hysterical paroxysm by a determined act of the will."

"Well, doctor, you have converted me to believe that the affections control the will; therefore, according to these medical authorities, diseases like hysteria have an intimate connection with the moral character of the patient."

"Well, I acknowledge," answered the doctor, "that from this standpoint your logic is conclusive, but as a consistent materialist I would drop out one of the premises in your argument; I do not view as you do the will as a moral faculty. I believe the will is part of the mind, and that thought is but a secretion or nerve movement of the brain."

"'May God have mercy on your soul,' as the judge says when he condemns a man to be hung," replied Mortimer. "I would like to ask you one more question. If thought is only the secretion of the brain, what secretion or vibration of the brain gives the I—the thinker himself—the one person who remains the same through his whole life amid the thousand changes of thoughts and feelings? You coolly try, doctor, to take one link out of my argument; I do not take any out of yours, for you have yourself confessedly left out one which renders your materialistic theory utterly useless. Yours is the tumbling arch because it lacks a keystone; there is nothing to bridge the space between the man,—the Ego,—and his physical make-up."

Dr. Strong did not answer his friend. He sat and puffed away at his pipe, but at last said, "Mortimer, since we are having a very confidential talk together, I will say to you that this Miss Page has set me to thinking. I, of course, do not accept her theory, for it is nonsensical; but the fact that a young, beautiful girl, who might shine in the highest circles of society, should voluntarily give up her life to proclaiming a theory which she believes will benefit the human race, is an enigma to me," and he added with a sigh, "that fact itself is the severest blow my materialism has ever received. Here is something more than matter, here is soul. Now, I am going to make another confession to you; I find this heart of mine beats pretty rapidly when I come in contact with Miss Page. I acknowledge that your project of dosing it, even with assafetida, would not keep it quiet in her presence; now what do you advise me to do?"

"Let it beat on, my good fellow," said Mortimer, slapping his friend on his back, "and I will warrant that if her heart only responds, it will be the best case of mind-healing that Miss Page ever effected."

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. DUPONT PERFORMS A WONDERFUL MIND-CURE
ON HER DAUGHTER.

Lest the cure about to be narrated should tax the reader's faith, it may be well to premise some quotations from high medical authorities. To the exclamation (!) of the reader we oppose the quotation ("), a mode of argument even older than the Socratic, for did not Herodotus, the "father of history," defend his toughest statements by his oft repeated "they say?" What is most history, after all, but respectable gossip? and what would the lawyer, doctor, and, for all that, the minister, do without his "they say?" But to the "'s.

Sir John Hunter, the celebrated English surgeon, once wrote, — "As one state of the mind is capable of producing a disease, another state of it may effect a cure." Daniel Hack Tuke, M. D., M. R. C. P., etc., etc., whose work on the "Influence of the Mind on the Body" is considered a standard one, accepts this statement of Hunter's with one modification, namely, that the *same* emotion may effect different results on the body, thus he says, "Fear may heal as well as cause disease."

Sir Benjamin Brodie records a case which illustrates both Hunter's aphorism and the experience of Alice Dupont. He says that a young lady, who had long labored under hysterical neuralgia of the hip and thigh, immediately lost all her symptoms by being thrown from a donkey she was riding. On this incident related by Brodie, Dr. Tuke remarks, "When we see the mental emotions caused by the fall from a donkey cure a disorder, of which Dr. Copeland says, 'There are few diseases less under the control of medical treatment,' we can scarcely exaggerate the importance of attacking disease psychologically."

Dr. Rush, who, in his day, was regarded the apostle of American medical science, gives in his "Letters" many remarkable cases of cures effected by emotions awakened in patriotic breasts during the war of the Revolution. He affirms, "This was the case in a more especial manner with hysterical women, who were much interested in the successful issue of the contest." The same effects on hysterical patients were observed by Dr. Cullen in Scotland during the war of 1745-6.

Now, the author does not wish to compare the state of Alice Dupont to the case above mentioned,—a woman cured of hysteria by a fall from a donkey—for that would be a reflection on our hero, William Mortimer; but he humbly submits to the skeptical reader whether, in face of the opinions and facts above quoted, he is to be doubted when asserting that Alice Dupont's break with Mortimer, instead of killing her, actually cured her. But to the facts of the case.

When Alice returned her engagement ring, she sent

with it a picture of herself, and the note she then wrote had this equivocal phrase, "she placed the ring at Mr. Mortimer's disposal." Alice secretly hoped the disposal Mortimer would make of said ring would be to bring it back, and kneel at her feet in penitent adoration. Mrs. Dupont saw the state of affairs, and, realizing that the very uncertainty in Alice's mind was retarding her recovery, concluded that the bridges must be burned behind her daughter before she could win a victory over herself. When the package came back from Mortimer Mrs. Dupont opened it, and, discovering it contained all that Mortimer possessed of Alice's love tokens, wisely conjectured it was intended to express the final break of their engagement. She determined to utilize this returned package for a final break-off of Alice's heart from Mortimer, but, with the wisdom of the serpent combined with the harmlessness of the dove, she calmly waited an opportunity to make a *coup de main*. The opportunity soon came. They were alone, Alice being in a quiescent but pensive state. Suddenly Alice broke out with the exclamation, "I cannot stand this suspense any longer. Mr. Mortimer has not even noticed my note. I wonder whether he is out of town."

"No," said her mother. "I have reason to know he is in the city."

"Are you sure of that?" said Alice.

"Perfectly sure. I suppose he is happy now, when he finds the chain broken which bound him to you."

"Oh," said Alice, unconsciously divulging the subject of their love-quarrel, "that is the very expression he used."

"He called his engagement to you *a chain*, did he?" exclaimed her mother. "And now in his utter heartlessness he hurls back in your face the last links of that chain. I knew it was too heavy a blow, my daughter, to have it suddenly come upon you, so I have not before given you this package. Open it and see what it contains."

Alice slowly opened and inspected its contents, then began to cry.

"You might as well save your tears," said Mrs. Dupont. "They are certainly wasted on such a hard-hearted wretch as that Mortimer. Why, you ought to rejoice that you have escaped marriage with such a man."

"Ah, mother, somehow I cannot," said Alice.

"Well, cry on, then," said Mrs. Dupont. "How it would flatter William Mortimer's pride if he saw those tears."

Alice stopped crying, but still whimpered, "Anyway, mother, there is nothing left for me but a blighted life."

"Pshaw," said Mrs. Dupont.

Alice was enraged at the unsympathetic behavior of her parent. "I tell you what it is, mother," she said with vehemence, "there is nothing left of life for me to enjoy, I shall retire from the world and go into a convent."

"Just what William Mortimer would like," said Mrs. Dupont. "How agreeable to him your being where the sight of you will not trouble him again."

Alice pondered; she began to feel she must do something desperate to avenge herself. With a tragic

air she rose and said, "I believe I will commit suicide; how William will feel when he finds he is my murderer!"

"Relieved," calmly answered Mrs. Dupont.

"Why, what do you mean, mother?" exclaimed Alice.

"Just what I said, for he has broken this engagement on the plea that you are a poor, hysterical girl, whose physical condition is such that no man could live with her. Now, if you will only go and commit suicide you will furnish him one of the best proofs of the truth of his assertion. Society, instead of saying, — poor Alice! will say,—poor Mortimer!"

"Well," said Alice, despairingly, "mother, what would you advise me to do?"

"Be yourself, that is all; avenge yourself on Mortimer by showing society your own noble nature. Let it know that Mortimer lies when he pictures you as a poor, weak, hysterical creature; yea, let him see what a noble prize he has lost, and lost forever."

Alice began involuntarily to straighten herself up. Had not her mother's hand touched the right cords? But conscience also began to work in Alice. She remembered that the real cause of their quarrel was Ruth Page. She said hesitatingly, "Mother, I ought to tell you something, because it might change your opinion about this matter. The cause of our quarrel was that I blamed William with showing too much affection for Miss Page."

"And did he get angry when you taxed him with this?" answered Mrs. Dupont, "then he must have been guilty, for he would have only laughed at your suspicions had he been innocent."

"Yes, he got fearfully angry."

“Has it come to that?” exclaimed Mrs. Dupont, “that Mortimer could be engaged to you and be flirting with another girl whom he actually introduces into our family as your doctress; why, what a deliverance you have had, Alice. But remember this, that society with its hundred gossipy tongues will soon be discussing this affair. Mortimer will not dare to allude to Miss Page, he will throw the whole blame on your hysterical, unreasonable disposition, will picture you as a mere show card in society’s windows, which drew him into a bad bargain. What you really need is to put forth every effort to show how physically strong you are.”

“And I am strong,” said Alice, rising and pacing the room, “I feel I can conquer this disease. I will let William Mortimer know that I am not the weak creature he claims; mother, where is our carriage? I want to ride out in the park this afternoon.”

Mrs. Dupont was about to utter an exclamation of surprise and caution, but wisely judging that it was a crisis which ought to be utilized she rang the bell for the carriage. While it was coming she kept Alice actively at work in arraying herself so that she might make a good appearance. When the carriage came Mrs. Dupont could hardly suppress a smile as she saw her daughter sweep majestically down the stairs, and that unsupported. The girl was transformed. A look of strong determination took the place of her former vacillation. Their carriage swept up the grand drive of Central Park. Every one who knew the Duponts stared with evident surprise at Alice, who, in turn,

realized that gossip had already been busy. This only nerved her the more. Suddenly Mrs. Dupont called to her driver to stop, at the same time beckoning to a gentleman passing in another carriage. It was Dr. Strong, Mortimer's friend. "Glad to meet you, Dr. Strong," said Mrs. Dupont, "I know you are well acquainted with the best hotels in Austria, which one in Vienna would you recommend?"

Dr. Strong was immensely flattered, and named a few, but added, glancing at Alice, "If you are taking a trip for health, you had better board in some quiet family."

"We are not going for health, only for pleasure," responded Mrs. Dupont, "Alice, you know, used to be an invalid, but that is all passed now."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dr. Strong, "why, I am glad to know it; I heard"—and the doctor just caught himself in time not to betray Mortimer's confidence, "I heard that you were going to the German Spas."

"Don't believe all you hear," said Mrs. Dupont, with a significant look at the doctor, "there are always two sides to a story; good morning, doctor, come and see us soon, glad to hear you are succeeding so well in your practice; we do not expect to be troubled with sickness again, since Alice has been relieved of her worries, but if we are we may ring your door-bell."

"Good gracious!" thought Dr. Strong, "that was the most fortunate thing which ever happened to me for there right in the midst of the fashion of New York City was my doctor's carriage stopped by Mrs. Dupont. I noticed what an impression it made on the Joneses

and Smiths, when they drove past; they will, of course, think Mrs. Dupont stopped me to consult about her daughter. But how well Alice looks, what does Mortimer mean by flinging such a beautiful girl? What lies he told me about her health, why, she looked as blooming as a peach." And so she did, for the fresh, crisp air had painted Alice's fair skin with a lovely hue.

"Alice," said her mother, "there could not have happened anything more fortunate. Did you see how admiringly and astonished Dr. Strong gazed at you? he has evidently heard one side of the story, now he is converted to the opposite. All this will go back to Mortimer, and he will find himself deserted by his very friends; besides, there were the Smiths and Joneses, who heard you laughing and talking with Dr. Strong, and saw how happy you looked. The Smiths and Joneses will tell everyone that it is *you* who flung Mortimer. Now let us go home, and we will take this ride every day."

But "the wisdom of the serpent" did not stop here. Before the carriage reached their home Mrs. Dupont stopped at Tiffany's, making the excuse of getting her watch repaired, and while there despatched a note to Mr. Dupont. It ran thus: "Have just had a ride with Alice in the park. She is as happy and healthy as a lark. Be sure to bring Mr. Parks home to dinner with you." Now, Mr. John Parks was a junior member of the firm, and a former admirer of Alice. Having business to transact for the firm in Europe, Mr. Parks had timed his voyage so as to accompany Mrs. and

Miss Dupont on their last European tour as far as London. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dupont hoped it would make a match between the young people; but, alas! though young Parks, on the first day out lost his heart, on the second day Alice lost her dinner, and continued losing it all the way over, so that Cupid had no chance of shooting his darts; all the love projects of Dupont, Parks & Co. were thus upset by unsentimental Neptune, who is no respecter of persons, lovers included. All the recollections Alice had of Mr. Parks, was a handsome young man whom she did not love, yet found to be a convenient *companion de voyage*. However, when Mrs. Dupont said to her daughter, "I have just received a note from your father, saying that Mr. Parks is to dine with us to-day," Alice busied herself in putting on her best apparel.

Mr. John Parks tried very hard to play the agreeable, he had a good fund of anecdote and repartee, they had a merry time at dinner, and in the evening Alice sang and Mr. Parks hung over her in admiration. As he rose to go he said, "Miss Dupont, I noticed you riding in the Park to-day."

"Did you?" said Alice, flattered at the thought that she must have attracted general attention.

"Have you lately tried horseback riding?" asked Mr. Parks.

"No, but I am very fond of it."

"Well, may I venture to ask you to ride with me?"

Alice looked at her mother, who said, "How kind of you, Mr. Parks, to propose it. Alice used to ride much in Europe, but since her return to this country you are

the first gentleman who has been thoughtful enough to extend her this invitation." The invitation was accepted.

But this was not all. Saturday came, and Mrs. Dupont said to her husband, "I want you to go with me and Alice to church to-morrow."

"Go to church!" exclaimed Mr. Dupont, "why, wife, if you want to go to Coney Island I am ready; but after the fatigues of a business week to have to endure"—

"The fatigue of worshipping God," interrupted Mrs. Dupont. "Husband, arn't you ashamed of yourself? I tell you this, if you will ease your body more by resting it in your church pew you will have a healthier as well as a happier family."

"How do you make that out?" asked Mr. Dupont.

"By the history of our family in the past. What has it been but a record of worldly dissipation, balls, dinner parties, theatres, trips to the seashore, ostensibly for rest, but really for a greater round of pleasure. Why, no wonder that Alice is broken down, we must call a halt, and have a change. The greatest change I can conceive of is to cease being fashionable heathen and become respectable Christians."

"Why, wife, what has come over you? I wish you had only found this out long ago, it would have saved me a great deal of money," said Mr. Dupont.

"Well, now since I have found it out, I want you and Alice to support me in it; you have a pew in Dr. Gospeller's church, which you have not entered for a year. Let us all be in that pew to-morrow morning."

If the Duponts made a sensation in Central Park, they

made a greater one by their appearance in church, for who but knows that a fashionable church is sometimes quite as much a centre for society gossip as are the parlors of Fifth Avenue. Dr. Gospeller preached that morning on "Cast your burden on the Lord." Mr. Dupont heard very little of it. He was settling in his mind whether he would offer the next day to buy some stock of Mr. Van Hilter, who sat in the next pew. Mrs. Dupont had a general notion that it was a good sermon,—that she ought to be a better mother in her spiritual relations to Alice, and she filled up the time with making good resolutions. But Alice sat with her eyes so intently fixed on Dr. Gospeller as to attract his attention. By that peculiar faculty of the mind, which physiologists, for lack of a better name, have baptized "Unconscious Cerebration," while the doctor was fervently delivering his sermon, he at the same time was considering the case of his interested auditor. In one of his most effective passages, while the audience was rivetted on the speaker, supposing that his attention was rivetted on his discourse, Dr. Gospeller was thinking to himself, "I wonder what has brought those worldly Duponts to church again. Ah! I remember hearing their daughter has had a love scrape. Guess the poor thing has been driven by her afflictions to the Lord. Notice how intently she is listening. I think I will call at the Duponts' to-morrow and have a talk with Miss Alice on the subject of religion."

And what was Alice Dupont thinking of, with her attention so rivetted on the doctor's discourse that she heard almost every word of it, that she took in and

applied it to her own case, having her heart fairly touched by its spiritual applications? What was she thinking of? — Ruth Page. That power of association, which starts a current of thought by some suggestion eliminated from another current and yet lets the two currents flow on side by side, had started up from the very similarity of the doctor's theme, to themes dwelt on by Ruth in her past conversations with Alice, the remembrance of Ruth herself, then naturally of Mortimer, and then of their love-quarrel. Thus side by side ran on Alice's meditation on the doctor's sermon and on Ruth and Mortimer. Yet, somehow, when the doctor concluded his last prayer with the petition "that if any heart had come there that morning with a burden, they might cast it on the Lord," Alice's mind converged both lines of thought in one, and, casting her burden on the Lord, she left the church strengthened in both soul and body.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAITH-HEALER WRESTLES WITH OLD SI.

Old Si was a character, and a very holy one too, — like Enoch, he had walked with God. The neighborhood was full of anecdotes of the humble, sincere faith of the old saint; of how he had dedicated one-fifth of his scanty earnings to the Lord, and worn his coat one year longer than it ought to have been worn, so as to give some garment to the poor; of how he sat up late at nights studying his Bible, and then wrestled with the Lord in prayer, like Jacob of old, till the morning broke. But now Si's faith was sorely tried. His grandson, aged five, the only son of his only son, "a chile uv de cuv'nant," as Si called him, dedicated to the Lord from his birth, for whom Si had prayed "dat de chile might be like John de Baptizer, filled wid de Holy Ghost," — this child, so dear to the old man, lay very sick. Nights of prayer had been spent by the grandfather, but the child grew worse. Si's faith was sorely tried, yet he prayed on, struggled on, apparently hoping against hope.

Esther, in one of her walks to the camp-meeting happened to pass Si's cottage. The door was open,

and she saw the figure of Si's wife, Chloe, bending over the bed, and heard her cry out with a pathos of entreaty, "O, gud Lawd, spar de chile, spar de chile." The interest of Esther was at once aroused. She passed in the open door, and said kindly to Chloe, "Is the child sick?"

Chloe was touched by the evident sympathy of Esther and answered, "'Es, Misses, bery sick, I be's 'fraid its gwine to die."

"Don't say 'fraid, Chloe," said a voice from the chimney corner, "remember what de Shoemite (Shu-namite) wumen sed when her chile wus ded, 'It be's well wid de chile.'"

Esther started, and looking round beheld the venerable form of old Si. She had often heard of him, and her interest was awakened to talk with one who bore such a character for sanctity. "You are, I see, a firm believer in the wisdom of God," said Esther.

"'Es, Missus," said Si, "an so does I b'leeve in 'Is lub; I b'lieve he lubs me so strong dat he will not act to me or to de chile unadvisedly. Bles'd be 'Is grate an 'oly name!"

"But you believe also that God will be influenced by our prayers?" said Esther.

"Sartinly, I have bless'd pruffs uv dat fact in 'Is dealings wid ole Si fur three score yars and ten."

"Well, you know the Bible says 'Whatsoever we ask believing we shall receive.'"

"'Es," said Si, "I jes b'lieve all dat."

"Well, if you then have faith enough to believe that God can heal the child and ask Him to heal it He will do so."

“Don’t ’no ’bout dat,” said Si, “de gud Book tells us, Dabid besot de gud Lawd fur ’is chile, an Dabid farsted an went in an lay all de nite on de grund an wrestled wid de Lawd, yet de Lawd did not spar dat chile.”

“Ah,” said Esther, “there was a special reason in that case, the Lord had made up His mind that that child must die.”

“How do me ’no den but de Lawd has sorter made up ’Is mind dat dis er chile mus’ die, fur, as Paul sez, ‘Who hath known de mind uv de Lawd, or who hath bin ’Is coun-seller.’”

“But, my friend, how do you know but the Lord has made up His mind that this child shall live, and therefore you can pray for it?”

“’Es, and me will pray for it,” said Si, determinedly.

“But you have not been praying with faith enough,” said Esther.

“Meh lady, dat all may be troo, fur I ’fess my stronges faith be’s but as a gran uv mustard seed; it seems to me, howsomever, dat de faith I mos need jes at present be’s dat which wud ’nable ole Si to say, ‘Not my will but Thine be done.’”

“But if it is not the will of God that any sick ones should die,” said Esther, “if we only pray for their recovery with faith; do you not know what the Apostle James says, ‘The prayer of faith *shall* heal the sick?’”

“’Es, dat is tooly so,” said Si, but fixing a searching glance on Esther he asked, “does not you be’s expectin’ sum time to die?”

Esther hesitated and said, “Yes, I confess I do;

but here is a young child just starting life who might do so much good if he was spared to grow up as a Christian."

"Ah, dat is jes de rub," said Si, "p'r'aps de gud Marster sees it be better fur de little un to go to heben jes now, while it wud be sartin of gwine dar, than fur it to grow up an wander as a prodigal from de Fader's home. Dar wuz my son, Jeems, de fader uv dis chile, de Lawd taught ole Si a lesson on dis particler pint in de hist'ry of dat son uv mine. When Jeems wuz a baby he wuz close to deth, how we prayed den fur dat chile; I felt de Lawd mus' spar him; I pleaded dat bery varse you spoke uv 'bout de pra'r of faith healing de sick. I besot de Lawd to gib me dat faith as wud move de bery mountins. Well, He answered my pra'r 'zactly as me asked; but, my friend," and Si looked solemnly at Esther, "Jeems growed up an wandered away from de Lawd, an I shud feel sorter uv surer 'bout 'is salvation, if de Lawd had had 'Is own way an taken Jeems den to His blessed self. So, while ole Si be's praying honesly fur de chile's recuv'ry, he be's tryin' to feel dat de gud Lawd knows de bes'."

Esther's warm heart was touched, but she did not want her theory to be so easily demolished, and she said kindly, "Well, my friend, I do not wish to shake your resignation to God's will, but I think if you will remember what great promises the Bible makes to the prayer of faith, you would find sufficient encouragement to pray for the child's recovery and expect it."

"I have thot uv all de many promises uv de gud Lawd, an I intend to keep up a heap uv prayin', an I wud be

right glad ter have your pra'rs jined to mine fur de chile's recuv'ry, an dat jes now."

"Well," said Esther hesitatingly, "I will willingly join in prayer with you for the child, but you know the Bible says 'we must anoint the sick before we pray for them.'"

"Be's you a Cat'lick?" inquired Si, anxiously, for he had a dread of the holy oil of the Romanists.

"Oh, no, I am a Protestant. I anoint with oil because the Apostle James says we must pray for the sick, 'anointing them with oil in the name of the Lord.'"

"Dat be troo, but dat varse can't mean dat de anointin' be's essentialer to de cure, for we neber read uv de blessed Jesus anointin' de sick wid ile before he healed dem."

"Yes," answered Esther, "but he told his disciples to do so."

"Whar?" asked Si.

Esther answered somewhat severely, "Si, don't you believe that the Apostle James wrote under the direction of the spirit, and that Jesus spoke through him?"

"Sartinly, Missus, but I'se only thought dat you said de Lawd spoke it by de word uv 'Is own mouth. De 'Postle Jeems wuz an experienced 'postle, but I don't see how dat 'postle could have intended it as a gin'ral rule, fur de t'other 'postles prayed fur de sick an healed dem widout anointin' dem. Dar wuz Paul dat raised de young man dat fell asleep under 'is preachin,' and den felt out uv de winder case. De account don't

say nothin' 'bout Paul's anointin' 'im fust wid ile. Dar agin wuz Pub'lus (Publius) who done lie sick wid a bloody flux. De 'postle prayed fur dat sick man, but didn't 'noint 'him."

"Still, Si," said Esther, "anointing must have been common in those days for the Apostle James speaks of it as a direction all would understand."

"Dat may be," said Si, "but many things common in days uv 'postles are not common now. De Acts uv de 'Postles tells us dat de sick wuz healed by de shader uv Peter fallin' on dem, guess even your shader, Missus, couldn't heal de sick. We be told, also, dat hand'chifs an apons took from de body uv Paul wuz brought to de sick an de diseases wuz taken straight away; guess your hand'chif, Missus, wouldn't help any more than your bottle uv ile, kase it be written, 'God wrot *special* miraculars by de hands uv de 'postles;' guess dese healins by hand'chifs, apons an ile, de Lawd intended to be special to dose days."

"But, Si, the apostles did heal the sick, and this shows that the sick can be healed by God's people."

"'Es, ma'am, but dey did not allers do it."

"Why, Si, what do you mean?"

"Jes what I asarted, Missus, does not Paul say to Timothy, 'Trof'mus (Trophimus) have I lef sick at Letum (Miletum);' its mighty sartin dat Paul had to leave Trof'mus sick; he didn't heal 'im wid 'is prayer and faith."

"But there may have been some special reason in Trophimus' case."

"Don't know 'bout dat, only know it's mighty sartin

dat de 'postle lef 'is friend sick. Den dar wuz Pafroditorus (Epaphroditus) whom Paul says wuz his'n 'panion in labor and feller soljur; he wuz nigh unto death, but de Lawd had marcy on 'im."

"Ah," said Esther, glad of an opportunity to corner Si, "does not that show that the Lord must have had mercy on him on account of Paul's prayer of faith?"

"Dat may be and may not be," said Si, "I stick to de record; it don't say nuthin' 'bout Paul's havin' anythin' to do wid Pafroditorus' recuv'ry, only sez God had. Den agin if de pra'r uv eben de 'postles allers healed de sick, why didn't der pra'rs heal der own diseases?"

"Why, undoubtedly they did," said Esther.

"Couldn't be so allers," said Si, "dar wuz dat thorn in de flesh uv Paul; he couldn't git rid uv it though he prayed an besot de Lawd hones'ly three times."

"Yes, Si, but the Lord kept it there for the apostle's spiritual benefit."

"Ah, Missus," said Si, "dat is jes de pint; so de Lawd keep dem thorns uv sicknesses in 'Is people's flesh for der benefit. Dars my ole wife, Chloe, an a godly, prayin' woman she be's, but de Lawd has kept a thorn uv rheumatiz in her legs for de las twenty yars."

"Ah, Si," said Esther, "you're a good man, but I'm afraid you don't live up to your privileges; you forget that the blessed Lord came to earth to 'bear our sicknesses.'"

"Yes," said Si, "but not alwus to take dem away, fur ef I read my Bible rite, we'll have more or less

uv sickness till we departure dis life. I don't find it written dat dar will be no more sick on earth. We will av to wait till we be's come to de bles'd Emanuel's land, whar only de habitant shall say, I be's no more sick; and to dat heben whar de Lawd makes all t'ings new, before we cum to dat state whar dar be's no more pain. I tank you fur your'n kindness, Missus, but if you will plaze put dat little vial uv ile in your pocket an jes fall on your knees an pray fur de Holy Ghost, which be's de only kind uv healin' ile we need, to come strait down into our inmust hearts, so that we git both faith in de gud Lawd, an s'mission to 'Is will, den Missus, whether de chile lib or die, we'll be's able to say, as Jesus did, 'Not my will but thine be done.'"

It was some comfort to Esther and a greater one still to Si that the baby was finally restored to health. Esther could not forego stopping at Si's cottage a few weeks after and saying, "Well, Si, the prayer of faith has cured the sick, after all."

"'Es," said Si, "Missus, de gud Lawd has indeed heard our feeble 'titions, but it 'minds me uv a sayin' uv my ole mudder 'bout de babes, she says, 'Sum babes av to be rized wid de bottle, but de way uv natur is de bes arter all.' Now, it may be, Missus, dat sum babes av to be rized frum sickness by your'n bottle uv ile, but I tink de ole-fashun'd, nat'ral way be's by pra'r and s'mission."

CHAPTER XIV.

ESTHER AND RUTH MEET. THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND FAITH-HEALING VIEWS.

How strangely are people brought together in this world! Ruth Page is a mind-curer living in New York, Esther Bates is a faith-healer attending a camp-meeting on the Hudson. Neither has heard of the other, neither sets out to meet the other, yet, as the stone carried by the iceberg from polar regions meets sand swept out from the Hudson, and both lie side by side at the bottom of the Atlantic, so two lives, starting from different points, with different aims, often come together and remain side by side for life. By a very simple train of events Esther and Ruth were brought together. Mrs. Page had heard that Falkill-on-the-Hudson was a healthy, restful place; she proposed to Ruth to go there for the summer and Ruth acquiesced. They stopped at the village hotel to look around for a quiet boarding-place. The landlord argued that the Pages were pious folk, that pious folk liked good and clean meals, and since Squire Hubbard had both, the Pages ought to go to the Hubbards. In this logic the Pages concurred and the Hubbards recognized their

coming as a special providence. Mr. Mortimer's room had remained vacant since he left. Like all boarding-house keepers they would have preferred gentlemen, but Mrs. Page was so quiet and Miss Ruth so lovely that they might be entertaining angels unawares. Rubie soon made friends with Ruth, and in his childish confidence told her all about his friend—Mortimer, described his many virtues, and showed with triumph the presents Mortimer had given him.

The Hubbards also were full of praises of Mortimer, and of hopes that Sister Bates' influence had been beneficial to his soul. Ruth would hold Rubie in her lap and quietly listen while he told his long story about Mr. Mortimer. Mrs. Page, however, as soon as she found Mortimer had been there, held a hurried consultation with Ruth. She proposed to leave the house and neighborhood, but Ruth contended there was no probability of Mortimer's returning, as he had told Rubie he would not for that summer at least. Mrs. Page was not quite satisfied with Ruth's reasoning, but letting the subject drop waited for further developments.

Esther, since Mortimer's departure, had been a very frequent visitor at the Hubbards'. She had endeavored to lead the old squire to a higher faith,—to cast on the Lord his bodily ailments, which in his case were frequent attacks of rheumatism. The squire, however, proved a constant backslider. He would embrace Sister Bates' belief in dry weather, but, in wet, the squire backslid to coal oil and old women's teas.

A few evenings after the arrival of the Pages, Esther

came up the lane, with a bunch of wild flowers gathered for Rubie, singing her favorite hymn,

“Am I a soldier of the cross.”

Ruth was attracted by the sweet countenance and voice of the singer, who, unconscious of her auditor, passing round the side of the house entered by the dining-room door. Not finding the Hubbards, Esther was about to leave, when Rubie spying her, ran and taking her by the hand, dragged her to the front porch to see his friend, Miss Ruth Page. Esther, supposing she was one of the camp-meeting folk, followed Rubie, and to her surprise found a young lady, who, from her dress, she set down as “belonging to the fashionable city folk.” She was about to retire, when Ruth, who at once recognized in Esther the one she had heard so much of from the Hubbards, stepped forward and said, “I suppose you are looking for Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, they have gone to the lower part of the farm to look after a sick lamb in their flock, will you not rest a little while with me till they return?”

Esther was attracted by the kind manner of Ruth. She thought, “Here is one of those fashionable New York beauties; her heart is in the world, I must try to do her some good.”

“You’re a new boarder here, I suppose,” said Esther.

“Yes, I came here with my mother to find a quiet place in the country, and God has directed us to this sweet Christian home.”

The surprise in Esther’s honest face was so evident that Ruth, thinking it indicated some doubt about that

being a Christian home, said, as if inquiringly, "The Hubbards are of your persuasion, are they not?"

"Yes," said Esther, "but I did not suppose you were a Methodist."

"I am not," said Ruth, "though I have a great respect for that denomination."

"What church do you belong to?"

"I do not belong to any church. At the West we attended the Congregational church, in Boston the Unitarian, and in New York we did not attend any particular church."

"Very bad for the health of your soul," said Esther, "these folks who are always going from one church to another are like rolling stones, they do not gather much of the gospel moss."

"I think you are about right," answered Ruth, "judging from my own experience; I have often wished that I had some church connection, for there are some things in religion I would like counsel about from a pastor."

Esther immediately became interested; here was an opportunity to do good. She looked at the fair face of Ruth, and thought of the angels, but then with a sigh, of the bad angels. "My young friend," she said; "I see you believe in a God, do you believe in a Savior?"

"Why, certainly," said Ruth, "I am devoting my life to Christian Science."

"Christian Science!" exclaimed Esther, "I thought science was opposed to Christianity."

"Not necessarily," said Ruth, "for when the Bible

speaks of the 'oppositions of science,' it says it is 'science falsely so-called.'"

"Why, you seem to have read the Bible," said Esther.

"Yes," answered Ruth, with a smile, "and studied it; it is in the Bible that I learn of the Great Physician, to whom I am trying to lead others for the healing of their bodies."

"Why, you can't mean that you're a faith-healer like myself," said Esther, completely bewildered.

"No," said Ruth, "I practise what is commonly known as the mind-cure, though this is not the right name for our science."

The mention of the "mind-cure" brought up at once to Esther's mind the idea of his majesty who is represented with hoofs and horns. She had heard at the camp-meeting of this new doctrine that had appeared in New York, and which was regarded by many of the sisters as a snare and delusion of the devil. Some of said sisters had special cause for disliking it; as it had lost them many of their converts, who professed to find this Abana and Pharpar of Christian Science better than the Jordan of the faith-curers.

Esther was about to depart and shake the dust from off her feet against Ruth, when the latter gently detained her. "Don't go yet," she said, "I want you to talk longer with me. I believe you can do me good." The fact was, Ruth's heart was longing for just such a friend as Esther; that good, motherly heart, that strong purpose to do her duty which characterized Esther Bates seemed to be the prop which Ruth needed for her own soul's support. So Ruth determined to

make friends with the faith-healer, in spite of the latter's seeming repugnance. Moving her seat nearer Esther, and taking her hand in her own, she said, "My friend, I believe there are a great many things about which we believe alike, perhaps there are others you can instruct me in, let us be friends, I do need a good, Christian friend."

Esther's kind heart could not resist the appeal. "My dear child," said she, grasping Ruth's hand, "I do want to be a friend to all mankind, especially to those to whom I can do good; but, speaking plainly, I fear you have never been converted."

"Well, then, help convert me now," said Ruth, "but first let me tell you what I am already converted to. I believe in God as the good, heavenly Father, and in Jesus Christ His Son as the Savior both for the soul and body; I believe in living a good life and thus at last dying a happy death and going to heaven."

"Why, do you believe all that?" said Esther.

"Yes," said Ruth, "and therefore I am trying to lead people to go to God for the healing of their bodies."

"Why, then, do you call it mind-cure, and not as we do, faith-healing?"

"Because we believe that faith is a quality of the mind."

"Of the mind!" said Esther, "why, daughter, faith comes from the heart; does not the Bible say, 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness?' don't you believe, daughter, that all men need converting in their hearts?"

"Yes," said Ruth, "converting to the truth."

Esther was puzzled. The distinctions of the mind-curer were too metaphysical for her understanding. "Tell me, then, plainly," said she, "do you believe in revivals of religion, where people are converted by the Holy Ghost?"

"I believe there's a psychological phenomena in revivals. The penitent comes into the idea or belief that he is condemned of God, and is burdened with the sense of guilt which is called conviction. He is now willing and desirous to be saved, and is taught to believe that he is to think or imagine that God now forgives or saves him." *

"It is then, after all, an impression made on his *heart*," said Esther.

"Well, call it either mind or heart," answered Ruth, "I am willing to admit that God uses this impression for conversion; indeed, I have seen men thus impressed.

"Still, it seems to me," said Esther, "that there's a very wide difference between our views on this subject. You regard this whole matter of conversion as a sort of—what is that big name you called it by?"

"Psychological phenomena," answered Ruth.

"Yes," said Esther, "but you thus mean to explain it on natural laws."

"Oh, no," said Ruth, "we believe in faith. Read our best writers and you will see they exalt faith as much as Jesus did. We believe with you 'all things are possible to him that believeth.'"

"Yes, but you do not recognize the Holy Ghost as the producer of that faith," said Esther.

* Evan's Divine Law of Cure, page 215.

"That depends," answered Ruth. "Some of our Christian Scientists recognize the Holy Ghost as a divine being, others as a divine influence."

"Well, which view do you hold?" asked Esther.

"I have not," answered Ruth, "paid enough attention to this point to decide it. My study of the Bible has rather centred my mind on God as the Father of us all, and in His fatherly love I find the encouragement and aid for my work."

"But," said Esther, "the highest display of God's love is His so loving the world as to give His only begotten Son as a propitiation for our sins."

"True," answered Ruth, "but it is rather to Christ as the Great Physician that my thoughts go out."

"Ah! my daughter," said Esther, solemnly, "where there is need of a physician there is some disease to cure."

"Yes, and do we not exalt Jesus as a curer of disease through the mind?" replied Ruth. "Is not our very science named Christian Science?"

"But," said Esther, there is a worse disease than that of the body—the disease of the soul, which I call by the plain name of sin; have you never, my daughter, realized that by nature you are a sinner?"

"I cannot say that I have," answered Ruth, "except when I felt sick; then I tried to realize that all disease is an error, and I blamed myself for entertaining this error as being a sin on my part."

"What would you do, then," asked Esther, "with those cases in the Bible of whom Christ said, 'Ye shall die in your sins?'"

"I should ascribe, as He does, their state to sin, and their sin to spring from an error, namely, that there is a profit in sin. Is this not so especially with all classes of vice? Does not the drunkard drink because of the erroneous impression that drink makes him happy, the gambler gambles with the error that cards or dice afford him gain?"

Esther looked pained. "My daughter," she said, "I am not able to argue with you, for you are a much better educated person than I, but I think you will find God's word teaches a very different idea of sin than you hold, and that the experience of mankind endorses God's view of sin."

"Well, what is that view?" asked Ruth. "I really do want to believe as God wants me to."

Esther answered, "It seems to me that both the Bible and human experience teach that the root of sin is in the hatred of the heart against God and His holy law, also in the love of what is evil. You know what Christ said to Nicodemus, 'Ye must be born again.' A man must have a new heart before he can live a new life."

"Ah, yes," said Ruth, "and we believe that *truth* can give him that new heart; you know what Christ says, 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free.'"

"Yes," answered Esther, "but the heart must be prepared for the reception of that truth as the ground is for the seed."

Ruth answered, "I don't think that we are as far apart as you suppose, for many of our writers hold that

sin is a moral evil or disorder, but we do hold that Jesus introduced into this world a cure for all evils or disorders."

"I agree with you there," said Esther, "for that is the creed of the faith-healers. But I ask you to think of this, all men do not come to Christ for the cure of their bodies, nor for the cure of their souls; now, the heart that will not come to Christ must be as the Bible states 'at enmity against God.' The sinner loves sin, rolls it as a sweet morsel under his tongue; he must, then, need a change of his nature before he can become a good man. I think, my young friend, if you will reflect on this, you will see that something more is needed than a mental influence to make a man good."

"But," said Ruth, "by 'mental influence' *we* mean the power of the divine mind which must change man's heart, his appetites, his aims, —"

"Yes," interrupted Esther, "man must be made all over again; he then becomes what the Bible terms, 'a new creature in Christ Jesus;' yea, he needs in effecting this a provision for the guilt of his past sins."

"Oh, that is supplied," said Ruth, "by his abandoning those sins and leading a better life."

Esther looked searchingly at Ruth and asked, "Would the judge remit the guilt of the murderer's sin because he promised to stop murdering his fellow men and lead a better life? Would not punishment for his past sin be still meted out to him?"

"Certainly," said Ruth, "in that case it would be so, because murder is an awful crime."

"But," said Esther, "is it not an awful crime to

disobey the commands of a good and holy God?"

"True," answered Ruth, thoughtfully.

"What, then," continued Esther, "must the sinner do? not only get his mind in a better state, as you would say, but he needs an atonement for his sins, and he must avail himself of that atonement."

"Then," said Ruth, now deeply interested, "as I understand you, he is to go to Christ as the Great Physician to *heal* him of his sin."

"Yes," answered Esther, "but also to have the guilt of those sins atoned for, and to receive the regeneration of the Holy Spirit." *

Ruth had drawn nearer to Esther, and as she concluded her little sermon, Ruth put her arms around her neck and said, "Sister Esther — may I not call you such — you are the very friend I would like to have; I think when you understand my views, you will find in many points we agree, will you be my friend and help me know Christ better?"

Esther's warm heart was touched, and she responded, "Ruth, I do like you, and I want to be your friend." And from that hour the heart of Ruth clave to Esther as the heart of Jonathan to David.

* For further differences between "Christian Science" and "Healing by Faith," see Chap. IX, "Ruth's Lecture."

CHAPTER XV.

ESTHER'S SUSPICIONS AROUSED ABOUT MRS. PAGE,
WITH A TERRIBLE DENOUEMENT.

Who can explain the magnetism of some persons which attracts others to them, as the magnet does the iron? — this, however, is an illustration, not an explanation. Persons possess magnetism who have neither goodness, beauty, nor intellect. There, for example, is that good man, Mr. Lawful; you believe him to be a saint, yet he does not attract you half as much as that worthless scapegrace, Tom Lawless. You would like to give Tom a good shaking for his deviltries; indeed, you resolve to give him the downright cut when you next meet; but Tom comes to you holding out his hand, and out goes your heart. There are people you cannot help liking in spite of their many faults; others who have no personal magnetism, notwithstanding their many virtues. You may wonder at Beauty marrying the Beast, but somehow the Beast had a personal magnetism for Beauty. Who can analyze this subtle attractive influence which goes out from some persons.

The Christian Scientists denounce any attempts to exert influence over others by what is called animal

magnetism. Neither do they believe in personal contact such as laying hands on persons. Let their views in this respect have the credit they deserve of tending to morality, which cannot be said of all the other isms of the present day.

Now there are some things in the theory of the mind-curer, as to mental and moral influence, with which we can all agree. To the fundamental principle that the mind of man has power over other minds we heartily say amen; but they also claim that God, behind the mind of A and acting through it, will influence the mind of B, so as to cast out disease, — to which we are partly converted, but not wholly. In the view of the author, it makes a great difference what the disease is; be it a bad case of colic, caused by acidity of the stomach, the branch to be thrown into this bitter *Marah* is not the mind of another, but a good antacid. *Magnesia* in this case would be more potent than prayers or mental influence, because the antacid is God's provision for neutralizing the acid; the same remark applies to many other diseases, for which God has provided healing medicines. But is there not a class of cases, perhaps the largest, in which physical disorders are connected with mental states? What do you propose to put back of these mentally connected diseases? The materialistic physician points to the apothecary's shop, the Christian Scientist to God. He claims that a man full of God and truth can influence that mind, and through it that body for its healing. Well, why not let us all say amen, for though some may have made fools of themselves by the applications

they have given to this truth, the truth remains. The mind-curer is also right in asserting that the whole tendency of medical science has been towards materialism. Allopathy and homœopathy virtually hold that the body is matter and must be cured by matter. Is it not time to call a halt, and inquire whether God cannot use something besides matter to cure? Has God so utterly handed over the healing art to M. D.'s that no room is left for prayer to the great I AM? The savage always invokes the Great Spirit before attempting the healing of the body. According to * Eber, the ancient Egyptians always repeated pious maxims while compounding and administering medicines. Thus is it with the savage and the heathen,—how is it to-day with the civilized and the Christian? More honored, we fear, in its breach than in its practise. If mind-cureism will refresh our minds with the fact that there is a divine influence, let us therein rejoice.

But to the case in question,—the influence of one person over another. Here were two women, one young, the other old; each having theories of their own; neither possessing any points of mutual attraction; yet insensibly Esther was dominated by Ruth. According to the law of gravitation, the larger body attracts the smaller, in this case it was the reverse,—little Ruth attracted Esther. Yet the babe Moses attracted the Princess of Egypt; and when another babe slept in Bethlehem's manger He drew to Him even wise men from the East. Anyway, however you may explain it, Ruth was an irresistible attraction to

* Preface to fifth edition of "Egyptian Princess."

Esther. Esther would go to the camp-meeting and pray "that God would keep her heart from going out too much to that dear but misguided girl, until she was soundly converted;" but then next morning, Esther would go back to said misguided girl, and spend a whole day by her side. Only occasionally Mrs. Page appeared. Once or twice Esther met her walking to the village.

One day, while Esther was taking her customary morning walk to the Hubbards', she met Ruth watching for her at the outskirts of a thick wood. Ruth's usually placid face was much disturbed. "Esther," she abruptly began, "I came to meet you so that we can talk together about my mother. I scarcely know how to commence, for I'm afraid of giving you a wrong impression; she is a dear, loving mother, and is always planning how to please me; indeed, I fear she has indulged me so much that I cannot bear to be disappointed."

"Well, what is the disappointment this time?" asked Esther.

"I want to remain here all summer, but my mother wants me to leave immediately."

"To leave here?" exclaimed Esther, "why, Ruth, why should you? You cannot find a healthier, sweeter spot on earth." And then with a sigh she added, "How can I do without you?"

"I must confess," said Ruth, "that my mother for the first time in her life seems to act unreasonably toward me."

"But she must have some reason," said Esther, "is

she dissatisfied with the Hubbards or their table?"

"No," answered Ruth, "she likes both. The true reason, at least the one I suspect, is so involved in mystery that I hesitate to mention it, but I must tell you my suspicions, so that you can advise me. I suspect it is all about Mr. Mortimer."

"About Mr. Mortimer!" exclaimed Esther, "what Mr. Mortimer?"

"That William Mortimer who stayed at the Hubbards', you must know him, for the Hubbards say he met you while here."

"Do you also know William Mortimer?" exclaimed Esther.

"Yes, but very slightly." And then Ruth detailed how he came for her to attend a lady to whom he was engaged, and how Mrs. Page tried to prevent her from seeing him again.

"What was the cause of your mother's objection to your acquaintance with William Mortimer?"

"That is just the mystery," answered Ruth. "Mother put it on the ground of the impropriety of my receiving young men at our house; but I did not receive him as a friend; indeed, I never expect to meet him again, and why mother is so worried about this Mr. Mortimer I cannot imagine." Ruth spoke all this in her artless manner, but Esther found herself strongly moved. Is it not strange how suspicions sometimes arise in one's mind, often apparently unconnected with any reason for them; you *feel* things sometimes, they seem to proceed from something else than your reasoning powers?

“Ruth,” said Esther, “are you sure that you have never seen or heard of Mr. Mortimer before?”

“Perfectly sure,” said Ruth. “I never remember even hearing of him.”

“Or of the name?” inquired Esther.

Ruth waited and pondered. At last she said, “Your question brings up an incident in my childhood that I had entirely forgotten. I once found a book in my mother’s library. On the title-page was written the name — Eugene Mortimer; my mother gave me a hard scolding for taking that book from the library, for she said it did not belong to us.”

“Ruth,” said Esther, “when did your father die?”

“When I was a babe,” answered Ruth.

“How old are you now?”

“I am just twenty-six.”

Esther sat and pondered a long time. At last she asked, “Ruth, where were you born?”

“Well, now,” said Ruth, laughing, “I must have been born in two places. I always supposed that San Francisco was my birthplace; that was the impression I got from my mother. But lately I happened to find an old Bible, and in it was written, ‘Ruth M. Page, born in Chicago.’ I asked mother about it, and she said that she was passing through Chicago for San Francisco at the time of my birth. I asked her what the M. in my name stood for, and she said there was a relative, then living but now dead, whom she named me after, but that he turned out to be so bad a man that she dropped his name from mine. Indeed, she asked me never to mention the subject again, as it

would be a lifelong worry to me to know that I had ever borne his name."

Esther began to fairly tremble, for the suspicions which had been aroused in her mind were deepened by Ruth's words; but, containing herself, she asked carelessly, "Ruth, how came you to be living in New York?"

Ruth answered, "When I finished my education in San Francisco, which, thanks to the liberality of my mother, was a very thorough one, I met a lady from Boston who gave me such an interesting account of Christian Science and the wonders it had wrought that I induced mother to go to Boston and let me take a full course therein. After spending two winters, I formed the purpose of devoting my life to healing the sick. I did not want to attempt it where I was known, because, you know, Esther, Christ said, 'A prophet is not without honor except in his own country,' so I urged mother to let me practise my healing art in New York City. I had heard of the great success of other Christian Scientists there. Mother seemed very unwilling to go to New York, but I teased her so much that she finally agreed to let me try just one winter there and then return to San Francisco. Mother has never been well since we went to New York; she keeps herself so secluded that it is wearing on her health. I think she would never have thought of Mr. Mortimer had it not been for the excitable state she has got into, this is getting worse every day, and I begin to fear for her reason."

"Ruth, one question more, I do not want to pry into

your private matters, but for a certain reason I would like to know whether you are comfortably off?"

"Perfectly so," said Ruth. "My mother invested the money my father left her in San Francisco, and it rolled over; I suppose mother is worth about \$75,000." All this was told in so artless a manner that Esther saw not a shadow of suspicion, about her mother, rested in Ruth's mind.

"Well, now," said Esther, "since you have mentioned the name of Mr. Mortimer, I will tell you how I came to know him." She then related to Ruth how Mortimer had sought her out, hoping to find something about the \$50,000 paid to his father's first wife; also about the mystery of that father's divorce. While Esther was telling the story she watched Ruth narrowly, but though Ruth appeared very much interested, she evidently had not the slightest suspicion that Esther thought she was somehow connected with that story. At last in despair of thus getting a clew, Esther said, "Ruth, you have studied the mind more than I, and are far better educated; do you think that God ever puts into the mind impressions without affording facts to refer them to?"

"I don't exactly understand you," said Ruth.

"Well, what I mean is this; suppose I should have a strong impression made on my mind that certain things had occurred which ought to be brought to light for the good of certain parties, and yet had not a single proof on which to establish my impression; what ought I to do about it, let it drop or pursue it?"

"That, of course, would depend on a great many

circumstances," said Ruth. "One thing, however, I am fully convinced of; that is, that God often gives to the mind impressions before he furnishes a single fact to establish them. God has so made the body that certain of its vital functions are performed without any conscious effort on our part; thus the heart beats, the lungs inhale and exhale, the stomach digests its food. So also there seems to be in the mind powers which act independently of our own volition; the physiologists term this 'unconscious cerebration,' but this expresses the effect, not the cause. Now, Esther, I cannot see why God should not by a simple impression on the mind direct us as to our duty; indeed, there sometimes seems to be in man a sort of divine intuition which leads him to right conclusions, as the instinct of an animal guides it to proper actions. I love," continued Ruth, "to think of God's control over me as utilizing something more than my natural faculties; that He can through His Spirit develop new faculties to meet special emergencies of my being. Hence, if an emergency should arise where I found an impression on my mind that certain things had important relations to myself or others, I should carefully weigh that impression as a possible guide to my duty."

"You could not have expressed better," said Esther, "the answer I needed to my inquiry. I have, Ruth, an impression about you. If you should ask me why, I might not furnish what might seem a valid reason; if you ask for facts, I cannot produce a single one, unless it be my inference from the facts you have just stated."

"Well, tell me frankly what that impression is," said Ruth.

"Are you willing to hear it? if so, calm yourself, for it may startle you."

"Oh, no," said Ruth, laughingly, "nothing you could say would startle me, I have such confidence in you, Esther."

Esther paused, and, shading her eyes with her hand as if in prayerful meditation, waited for a moment and then said, with suppressed emotion, "Ruth Page, I have an impression that your right name is Ruth Mortimer, and that you are the half-sister of William Mortimer."

"Of William Mortimer!" shrieked out Ruth, starting to her feet and quivering in every limb, "why, Esther Bates, are you crazy?"

"Perhaps I am," said Esther, "but according to your own reasoning we should not scorn impressions."

"Tell me, then, right off, where you got that impression," said Ruth.

"That is the remarkable thing about it," answered Esther. "It has been in my mind some time, even before you mentioned the facts which you have just stated, and which would seem only to confirm it. I had prayed over this matter of William Mortimer's sometime before I met you; but somehow, at our first meeting, an impression came to my mind that the Lord sent you here to aid me in finding out this mystery connected with William Mortimer."

"What would I give," said Ruth, "if your impressions could only be turned into realities; but, Esther, we are treading on very dangerous ground, let us try to dismiss this subject; indeed, I wish you had not spoken to me about it; it seems to reflect on my mother, and

I cannot believe my mother would have kept her daughter in ignorance of such a fact."

Esther began to see she had gone too far. Her inherent sense of right chided her for doing anything that would weaken a daughter's confidence in her mother; she said to Ruth, "You are right, let us try to drop this matter."

Ruth tried to do so, but in vain. It began to work on her mind. She could not drive it from her thoughts, it followed her in her waking and sleeping hours. At last she went to Esther and said, "You must have a talk with mother over this matter; I cannot drive out of my mind the suspicions you have awakened, and since you started them, it is due that you should strive to have them removed."

So Esther went to talk with Mrs. Page. Esther was a poor person to manage such an affair, she was too honest, she could not for the life of her approach a subject by tortuous ways; when, therefore, she went to Mrs. Page, she told her right out all her suspicions. "I had rather, madam, be honest with you," said Esther, "it may, indeed, make you despise me, if my suspicions are unjust, but I unfold every thought of my heart to you, as I desire to do to my God."

At first Mrs. Page was deeply agitated, which only tended to confirm Esther's suspicions; but by the time Esther had finished, Mrs. Page regained her composure and said, "Now, my friend, since you have tried to meddle with my affairs I will prove how foolish and sinful you have acted. I will tell you the cause for my dislike of Mr. Mortimer, I know a fact which Ruth

does not know or even suspect. This same William Mortimer has broken off his engagement with Miss Alice Dupont because she accused him of an attachment to my daughter. This has come to my ears, how, I will not tell you; but do you wonder, under these circumstances, that I do not want Ruth to meet Mr. Mortimer, and thus perhaps furnish a confirmation of Miss Dupont's slander."

Esther felt as if she should sink through the floor. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Page," she said, "I see now how unfounded my suspicions were, and I regret the wrong I have done in suggesting them to your daughter's mind. Please pardon me," and Esther wept tears of penitence.

"I pardon you," said Mrs. Page, "but I think you will see now that your duty is to aid me in inducing Ruth to leave before Mr. Mortimer appears on the scene."

"Mrs. Page, may I state this to Ruth?"

"Yes, I wish you would; I have tried to bring myself to do it, but somehow I could not."

Esther sought out Ruth, and with many supplications for her pardon told her all; indeed, she humbled herself in the dust before her. "Oh, Ruth," she said, "what have I done; here I might have caused bad feeling between you and your mother."

Ruth heard Esther calmly through and then said, "Esther, you have, indeed, put my confidence in my mother to a sore strain."

"Oh, do not say that," said Esther, "you know what the Bible says, honor your father and mother."

“God knows I want so to do,” said Ruth, “but I confess that my faith in my mother’s veracity is sorely taxed; this is the most surprising story I ever heard — that Miss Dupont, who always treated me so kindly, should quarrel with her lover about myself; he never visited me but twice, and then to consult me about her health. God knows that there never rose a feeling in my heart to William Mortimer, except that of respect for a man who seemed to be a gentleman, and not one act of his ever betokened the slightest regard for me, except as a healer of his betrothed. I believe it is all a hallucination in my mother’s mind, and it only confirms my suspicion that her mind is becoming affected. But this is not all, said Ruth, looking at Esther, earnestly, “there are some things still left unexplained; I demand that you shall now go with me and hear my mother explain them, as I believe she can.”

“Oh, excuse me, Ruth. I have already done mischief enough. I know your mother does not want to see me again.”

“Come with me,” said Ruth, with an authoritative air, “you have started in my mind suspicions; you must not leave me till they are removed or confirmed.”

Mrs. Page was sitting by the window with her head resting on her arm. She lifted it up as Ruth and Esther entered, and there was a frightened expression on her face. Ruth went right to her mother, and said, “Esther has told me all you told her. I firmly believe you are mistaken about Mr. Mortimer’s having quarrelled with Miss Dupont.”

“No,” said Mrs. Page, firmly, “I am sure of it and can prove it to you.”

“Then,” said Ruth, “it is only more important that some things should be cleared up. Mother, I never before asked you this question, but I must ask it now. Am I your own daughter, or did you adopt me when I was a babe?”

“Why, Ruth! Why do you ask me such a question? Certainly you *are* my own daughter.”

But Ruth did not yet seem satisfied. “Then please tell me who was my father—what was his name. You have always led me to believe it was Page.”

“I refuse to answer that question,” said Mrs. Page, doggedly. “It is one you would never have thought of asking had not that wretched woman there filled your mind with suspicions about your mother.”

“Esther Bates has not filled my mind with suspicions,” said Ruth, becoming somewhat excited, “and I don’t want to think that one whom I have always loved as my mother has reason to fear the suspicions of any woman. I want, yea, demand, that you shall now explain this fact. You doubtless remember I once found a Bible with my name written ‘Ruth M. Page.’ You told me that M. stood for the name of a person who had turned out so badly that you did not want me to know who he was, but I demand now to know whether that M. stood for Mortimer.”

“Ruth, I am getting very weak and you are getting very excited. I beg you to stop this foolish questioning.”

“I will not stop,” said Ruth. “My whole reputation

is at stake. If there is any mystery about my birth, I demand that now, having become of age, I shall be informed of it."

"There is none," said Mrs. Page. "As I have just assured you, Ruth, you are my lawfully-born daughter."

"Was my father alive when I was born?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Page.

"Were you living with him then?"

"No, I was traveling, and passing through Chicago."

"Were you divorced from him at the time I was born? Now, answer me, mother, for if you do not inform me about this, I declare that I will have it looked up. I have a right to know who my father really was."

Mrs. Page rose from her chair, her face pale but determined. "Ruth," she said, "you have forced your mother to divulge a secret which she has tried to keep for your sake, as well as for her own. You shall have it now, since you thus wrest it from me. You are the daughter of myself and Eugene Mortimer. He wanted to get rid of me because he hated me and loved another woman. I found this out, and, in my indignation, I scorned him, yea, left him, demanding my rights in only one respect, namely, that out of his vast wealth he should make a liberal allowance for our yet unborn child. He gave me that \$50,000. How faithfully I have kept it, how lavishly I have spent it on you, how fully I have gratified your every desire, you well know. I hate the very name of Mortimer, and I did not want you to ever bear that accursed name. My maiden name was Page. I retook this after my divorce, though you

were baptized Ruth Mortimer Page because I wanted your legal rights guarded. Yet I tried to obliterate that hated name from my memory and keep it from your knowledge. And there is another reason which made me careful to keep these things from you. I have not a single paper to establish the facts which I have just stated. The divorce record only shows that the \$50,000 was paid to myself. Your name was not mentioned in the proceedings. I had a secret paper drawn up by a lawyer, in which your father, Eugene Mortimer, owns you as his child, but, unfortunately, I have lost that paper. I kept it in my bosom, traveled with it, but while in New York mislaid it. I came here this summer with the very purpose of hunting up the lawyer who drew up that paper, but I find he is dead. I cannot even remember the names of the witnesses. The paper was drawn up the night I left Grasslands; I only remember that one of the witnesses signed it with his mark. Now, Ruth, this secret has so long rankled in my breast that it has almost crazed me," and the poor woman, pressing her hand to her brow, added, "My head throbs so that I can hardly say more, but I must say this to you: Never expect any recognition from William Mortimer, for to recognize you is to condemn his own father. He will rather spurn you. He is the son of a faithless father and of a woman to whom, if God's Bible be true, Eugene Mortimer was never lawfully married. William Mortimer is in God's sight to-day the bastard; Ruth Mortimer is the only rightful child of Eugene Mortimer. I know that human laws would not regard it so, and that William Mortimer,

as a lawyer, will care very little for divine laws. He will spurn you as his father did me, and try to defame my character to shield his father's reputation." And then her mother added in trembling tones, "I am through, Ruth. I may have been wrong in deceiving you as to your parentage. God forgive me if I have been, but He knows that it was for your good I tried to keep you in ignorance of these facts. I shall still love you, Ruth, even if you hate me."

"Hate you!" said Ruth, as she sprang forward to clasp her mother to her heart. But before Ruth reached her, with a shriek Mrs. Page fell to the floor. "Oh, my mother, my mother! I have killed you!" cried Ruth, and it did seem as if Mrs. Page was dead, for she lay there perfectly motionless and totally unconscious.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORTIMER MAKES HIS REPUTATION AS A LAWYER IN THE CELEBRATED CASE OF SIMPKINS VS. SIMPKINS.

When we left Mortimer, Mrs. Dupont was striving to put him in the pillory of public derision. After the re-entrance of her daughter into society, in apparently perfect health, Mortimer was regarded as a hard-hearted Turk. He was pointed at as a Bluebeard in training for cutting off his wives' heads by practising on the hearts of his sweethearts. Wise mammas warned their daughters against him, nevertheless, strange to relate, these daughters treated Mortimer as if they would like to run the risk of having their fair heads decapitated. But society did not stop here—the story grew by endless enlargement. First, gossip had it that the engagement was broken off by Mortimer's becoming tired of Alice Dupont,—then, just the reverse, Alice had got tired of Mortimer. Then gossip's curiosity was excited—why did a good girl like Alice Dupont, who was now so regularly at church, sewing bees and missionary societies, have to break her engagement with Mortimer? “Ah!” said Mrs. Tonguey to Mrs. Peeping, “don't tell, but I've discovered there was a

woman in the case"—how that woman changed chameleon-like with the character of every woman who discussed her; first, she was a mind-curer, then a faith-healer, then a spiritualist, then, oh, something awfully bad. Talk of the heartlessness of surgeons, as they carve up human bodies, thrusting their sharp knives into tender parts and severing sensitive nerves; but the surgeon never equals the skill and delight with which a female gossip amputates and dissects human character,—there was nothing left of Mortimer after he had been under the surgery of these gossips; poor fellow! his reputation could not even be cremated, for there was nothing left of it to cremate.

Mortimer stood it calmly and bravely, but when his friend, Dr. Strong, after meeting Alice in the park, bounded in his room and began echoing the hue and cry, Mortimer's patience broke down. He thereupon told the doctor the whole story of his final interview with Alice. It was now the doctor's turn to wince, while Mortimer detailed how his simple letter of introduction, for the doctor, was the spark which ignited the flame of Alice's jealousy. He wound up by saying, "Doctor, I challenge you to find in any action of mine to Miss Page anything but what would betoken merely respect. You know the merits of Miss Page."

"Indeed I do," said Dr. Strong, "and though I think you should have made more allowance for Alice's hysterical condition, yet I confess I would have broken an engagement with any girl who used me as a target for such unjust accusations; Mortimer, give me your hand, I beg your pardon; I will stand by you, old boy,

even if I earn the enmity of the Duponts and lose the chance of having them as my patients." But Mortimer acted still more wisely; he withdrew from society and devoted himself to his practice. Dr. Strong advised Mortimer to take as his specialty Medical Jurisprudence. "It's a rich field and a lucrative one," said the doctor, "and one you may succeed in, since you have studied so much on the mind. You will be surprised to find how many legal cases are connected with mental physiology."

Mortimer took his friend's advice. Soon a case occurred which drew to him much attention. It was reported in the newspapers, discussed in medical and legal circles.

The case was as follows: Mr. Simpkins a man of great wealth had suddenly exhibited signs of insanity, at least so his family contended. Singularly, Mr. Simpkins had always ready at hand a good reason for his seemingly mad freaks. He first showed his mental disturbance by his peculiar attire; he would appear at parties with a sky-blue coat covered with stars, white vest, and red pants. His wife and family tried to dissuade him from wearing this rather striking garb, but he persisted in so doing. He said, "Look at my dress and compare it with the attire of that English lord's, whom all you ladies are going wild over, or with that American dude's, whom I saw my daughter walking with yesterday, which is the most sensible dress of the two? My dress at least preaches patriotism, while that of your friend the lord or the American dude only tends to prove the Darwinian theory. I know it looks

ridiculously, but that's my very purpose in wearing it, I want to show the ridiculousness of any departure from common usages in dress. I expect to be laughed at, for every one must be laughed at who attempts a public reform, especially in dress; I am rich and independent and can stand the laugh of fashionable boobies." The result was that Mrs. and Miss Simpkins withdrew from society and let the star-spangled-banner-suit wave. But soon what they regarded as another freak appeared. One day, to their consternation, Mr. Simpkins sent for a number of furniture wagons, and into them was piled a very valuable library of novels which adorned their parlor, — Mr. Simpkins' avowed purpose being to make an *auto de fe* of them all. His family protested and wrung their hands. They even sent for a doctor to examine their father to see whether his mind was unbalanced. Mr. Simpkins answered calmly to the doctor's questions, but when the doctor tried to convince him that this holocaust was unnecessary, the latter stooped down and taking up one of the novels read a passage from it, then said, "Doctor, would you like your own daughter's mind to be exposed to such a picture of vice? Please say nothing more; I know what these novels contain. They ought to be in the fire, or they will kindle the fire of hell in my daughter's heart."

The doctor heard the passage read, and turning on his heels exclaimed, "If it be insanity to burn such books, I wish every father in this city would become insane."

But another incident occurred which threw Mr.

Simpkins' family into perfect terror. They discovered that he was constantly visiting cutlery shops, and bringing mysterious bundles therefrom. They inspected his room while he was away, and the drawers, closets and book-cases disclosed a sight which made their blood fairly curdle, — knives, daggers, dirks and stiletos of all kinds lay there in abundance enough to murder a whole regiment. Then the patience of the family broke down, and a writ of *de lunatico inquerindo* was sued out. The family had heard of William Mortimer's skill in a former case, and they retained him as their counsel. Mr. Simpkins with his wealth was able to retain Mr. Coke, one of the ablest lawyers at the bar. The trial came off, and it was a great one; the courtroom, as the newspapers said, "was crowded with the female aristocracy of New York." William Mortimer coolly surveyed his fair audience, and in turn was earnestly surveyed by them. He was really to them a greater object of curiosity than Mr. Simpkins, for had not Mortimer plunged a dagger into Alice's heart, while as yet Mr. Simpkins with all his knives and daggers had not decapitated even a cat.

The counsel for Mr. Simpkins took the ground that his client was the victim of a most villainous domestic conspiracy; that his wife and children only desired to get possession of his money, therefore were trying to have him adjudged *non compos mentis*; that Mr. Simpkins was acting from the highest motives in using his large fortune to correct the evils of society, and instead of being sent to Bloomingdale, ought to have a monument erected to him in Central Park. As to his

peculiar dress showing insanity, Mr. Coke laughed at the idea. He had procured a photograph of the dress worn by a noted society swell. This he put by the side of Mr. Simpkins' photograph, — arrayed in his star-spangled-banner-suit, — and asked, amid a chorus of laughter from both jury and spectators, which of the two men was the most sensibly dressed. As to the novels, Mr. Coke had one rescued from the burning pile, from which he read a certain passage in open court, under which reading the ladies hid their faces behind their fans, and the judge had to interrupt the reading. "You are perfectly right, your Honor, in interrupting the reading," said Mr. Coke, "I beg your pardon and that of the ladies present for reading that passage; I only wanted to prove, what the moral sense of yourself, the jury and the virtuous spectators here present must agree to, that a father does not show insanity by burning such books." When, however, the learned counsel came to the question of the knives, daggers, etc., he evidently appreciated he had a more difficult point to explain. But Mr. Coke had so well paved his way to the sympathy of jury and spectators that they were disposed to look more leniently on this matter. Mr. Coke had quietly subpoenaed a few millionaires, they all knew Mr. Simpkins and liked him for his many good traits, and had a sort of sympathy with him from the fact that millionaires are very subject to be "persecuted for righteousness sake" in the way of being sent to insane asylums, or having their wills contested, by their relations. •

Mr. Mahemay was first summoned. "Mr. Mahemay,"

said Lawyer Coke, "how long have you known Mr. Simpkins?"

"For over thirty years."

"What is your opinion of his judgment in financial affairs?"

"A man of rare judgment and of sound mind in all things pertaining to money."

"Would you take his opinion to-day on an investment of a half million dollars?"

"Yes, and of a million."

"Well, Mr. Mahemay, what do you think about his investing so much in these weapons? Do you regard it as a sign of insanity?"

"No, sir, for then we would have to erect in Wall street the largest insane asylum that was ever built."

"Why do you assert that so confidently, Mr. Mahemay?"

"Because there are hundreds of men wasting their money on much less useful articles."

"Relate a few examples, if you please."

"It would be impossible to enumerate one-tenth of the instances where men are annually spending small fortunes in bric-a-brac, ceramics and knick-knacks. You, of course," said Mr. Mahemay, with a smile, "have heard of a certain peach-blow vase, for which it is rumored a check of a round \$30,000 was handed over. And as for bronzes, the money annually invested in them is probably millions. I do not wish to call names, but I know of one man who has spent tens of thousands on guns, his house is a perfect armory; another, on

fishing-tackle, his mansion looks like a whaling warehouse. Another has ransacked all lands for different kinds of pottery; another has nearly ruined himself on a collection of pocket-knives; another will soon be bankrupt if he don't stop buying clocks;" and, casting a glance at the fair spectators, Mr. Mahemay dryly added, "I know of one lady who has spent thousands on an asylum for cats, and as for poodles, they have ruined many a family."

The audience here laughed, the judge rapped and said, "The witness will please confine himself to the evidence."

"That is just what my witness is trying to do, your honor," said Lawyer Coke, "I might have asked him about fast horses and yachts; you, yourself, know, your honor, how many by these ruin themselves and their families yet no one thinks of putting them in an insane asylum." *

Mr. Coke then summoned a noted apothecary; "Mr. Pepper," he asked, "have you among your customers any who spend large sums on narcotics?"

"Yes," said Mr. Pepper.

"How much is the highest amount you have ever sold to a single person in a year?"

"Well, take all narcotics, opium, chloral, and the different bromides, I should say about a thousand dollars worth."

* Appleton's Art Journal states that "Nearly \$40,000 were paid recently for a pair of vases eleven and a half inches high, and of rare though not æsthetically beautiful form; and still more recently, a bureau, inlaid with celebrated Sevies plaques, brought \$100,000. The sum of \$250,000 has been expended during the last ten years by an English collector in the purchase of a marvellous and inordinate hoard of old pottery and porcelain of all shapes, sizes, ages, nations and dates."

“Has that customer ever been judged insane, Mr. Pepper?”

“No, not that I ever heard of.”

“Mr. Pepper, what is your candid opinion about the use of narcotics in what are called the best circles of society?”

Mr. Pepper looked inquiringly at the judge and said, “Am I compelled to answer that question; it may injure my business.”

“Your honor,” interposed Mr. Coke, “permit me to state my reason for that question. I am trying to prove that men and women regarded as sane are spending their money on what tends to produce insanity, and yet no one ever thinks of depriving these of their liberty, while here is my client, whom his family want to shut up in an insane asylum because he is simply making a good collection of cutlery.”

“Mr. Pepper, you can answer,” said the judge.

“Well,” said Mr. Pepper, “I should judge that the use of narcotics in what are called good circles of society is very large.”

“Do you judge it is larger than the use of intoxicating liquors?”

“I would not say larger, but I am convinced it is more general.”

Mr. Coke then summoned witnesses on all sorts of human quirks, indeed, before he got through, it seemed as if he had proven one-half of New York City to be in a state of insanity, that is, if his much injured client had to be judged insane.

All this time the tide of sentiment was strongly set

against Mortimer's side of the case. Mrs. Simpkins and her daughter sat with their faces veiled; they could not stand the glances of contempt hurled at them by their female acquaintances. Mortimer sat very composedly, he rarely put any questions to Mr. Coke's witnesses.

On the second day Mortimer opened his side of the case. The court-room was densely packed; among the auditors were many well-known physicians, and the fashionable circles were represented by women who pushed and shoved for a place in a way that would have disgraced the frequenters of a prize ring. Mortimer opened his case with a brief argument. He simply claimed that though the opposing counsel had very ingeniously shown the vagaries of other people they had not accounted for the object of their client in possessing so many daggers, stiletos, etc. Mortimer said he would confine himself to two points, namely, to prove that Mr. Simpkins was insane, and that the direction of his insanity was so dangerous that he could not be safely left at large. The first witness he called was Mrs. Simpkins. She testified that one night before retiring she found under the pillow in the bed, which she and her husband occupied, a dagger. This caused a thrill in the female portion of the audience. Mr. Coke tried to break down this testimony by severe cross-examination, but Mortimer was ready for the emergency. He called the daughter, who testified that her mother had shown her the dagger under the pillow. But in his cross-examination, Mr. Coke asked, "How do you know, Miss Simpkins, but that your mother put it there herself?"

Miss Simpkins burst into tears and exclaimed, "Do you think my mother wants to prove anything false about my father?"

Mr. Coke looked triumphantly at the jury, as much as to say, "Ah! you see how this matter stands. It is a conspiracy between mother and daughter."

But Mortimer further proved that when Mrs. Simpkins came to advise with him on this case he had counselled her to have other witnesses to the daggers; these witnesses were summoned, and they testified that on a certain night they inspected Mr. Simpkins' bedroom, and there found a dagger, stiletto and dirk under Mr. Simpkins' pillow. The only loophole left was the question, "Who put them there?" but this was closed by Mortimer's producing witnesses who testified that no one had been in the room that day but Mr. Simpkins, and that in the morning the weapons were not there. Still, the question recurred, "What did he want to do with those weapons?" and over this the opposing counsel wrangled the rest of the second day.

On the third day, Mortimer called Mr. Simpkins himself to the witness stand. As he stepped into the witness box arrayed in his star-spangled-banner-suit, there was a general smile, which was responded to by Mr. Simpkins, who looked around on the audience with perfect good nature, and who answered Mortimer's questions with perfect composure. "Mr. Simpkins," said Mortimer, "did you put any daggers and dirks under your pillow in the bed which you and your wife generally occupy?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Simpkins, "I could have spared

all of your yesterday's questioning and cross-questioning if you had only summoned *me*. I freely acknowledge that I have several times put daggers, dirks and stiletos under my pillow."

"Why, Mr. Simpkins, have you done this?"

"For the same reason, Mr. Mortimer, that I suppose you have often slept with a pistol under you pillow; you know there have been some fearful murders and robberies in our city lately, and I wanted to be ready to protect my family."

"Why did you choose daggers instead of a pistol?"

"Because pistols may miss fire, but a dagger is always reliable."

"Why did you have so many, then?"

"Because I thought if I was attacked, while I used one weapon, my wife could seize another, and our cry for help would bring our servants who could use the others." Mr. Coke looked with a self-satisfied air at the judge and jury, while his client was giving such logical testimony.

Mortimer, however, without being at all discouraged, went on. He questioned Mr. Simpkins about different kinds of weapons, their effectiveness, cost and so forth; every question was correctly answered; indeed, it seemed that Mortimer's questioning was rather proving Mr. Simpkins' sanity. At last Mortimer abruptly asked, "Mr. Simpkins, what do you think of the Fenians?"

"I object to that question," said Mr. Coke, hastily springing to his feet, "it has nothing to do with the case in hand."

"Your honor," said Mr. Mortimer, "I beg to differ

from my learned friend; I think I can prove that it has much to do with the case in hand."

"Well, proceed, Mr. Mortimer," said the judge, "and we will see where you come out."

"Mr. Simpkins," asked Mortimer again, "what do you think of the Fenians?"

For the first time Mr. Simpkins showed excitement, and he answered in thundering tones, "I think they are a pack of robbers and ought to be hung."

"Well, Mr. Simpkins," said Mortimer, soothingly, "they are a pretty hard crowd, but why do you dislike them so particularly?"

"Because they want to take away a part of my Dominion."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Simpkins, I understand, you own Canada and all Great Britain, don't you?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well, how did it come into your possession?"

"Through my marriage with the Queen of England."

"She is, then, your lawful wife?"

"Yes," said Mr. Simpkins, with a majestic wave of his hand.

Mr. Coke here became excited himself and called out, "Be careful, Mr. Simpkins, how you joke about this matter. I, of course, understand you as joking, but the jury may not." Mr. Simpkins gave a look of intense scorn at Mr. Coke.

"Your honor," said Mr. Mortimer, "I hope you will allow me to proceed with my own witness without interruption."

"Mr. Mortimer will proceed," said the judge.

“Mr. Simpkins, of course you are right,” said Mortimer, “but why don’t you go to England and claim your wife?”

“Why, don’t you know there’s a woman sitting there near you who says she is my wife?” answered Mr. Simpkins. “My Vic won’t acknowledge me as long as that woman is living.”

“It’s a hard case,” said Mortimer in sympathetic tones, “but I suppose when that woman there (pointing to Mrs. Simpkins) dies, the Queen will at once acknowledge you as her husband.”

“I am certain of it,” said Mr. Simpkins, triumphantly.

“Well, now, tell me, Mr. Simpkins,” said Mortimer, in a confidential tone, “is there not some connection between that suit of clothes you wear and this fact that Victoria is your wife?”

“Certainly there is, I embody the United States Government, and my rightful wife embodies Great Britain; she has her royal crown, and I have my star-spangled-banner-suit; won’t it be a magnificent sight when we sit on the throne together—Brother Jonathan and Queen Vic,—I in this suit and Vic in her royal robes, why, it will usher in the millenium,” and Mr. Simpkins chuckled with satisfaction.

“I agree with you perfectly,” said Mortimer, “but why don’t you try to get a divorce from this woman in America, who thinks she is your wife, and then marry the queen?”

“I proposed it, but she refused to accede to it.”

“Then you will have to wait till she dies, will you not?”

“Yes, sir,” answered Simpkins with a sigh, “and I wish she would hurry up and do so.”

“Your honor,” said Mortimer, “I here rest my case.”

Mr. Coke then took the witness and examined him on many other points, carefully keeping him off the subject of the Queen. Mr. Simpkins' answers were perfectly correct on finance, politics, and a score of other subjects; indeed, they showed an unusually good judgment. When Mr. Coke began his closing speech he used these answers of Mr. Simpkins to the best effect, and contended that it was sheer madness to shut a man up in a mad-house because he had the single harmless delusion that he was the husband of the Queen of England. This was Mr. Coke's main point,—we need not detain the reader with the variations he played on that single cord.

Mortimer began his argument with a careful analysis of hallucination. He drew a distinction between hallucinations arising from false perception of the senses, as, for example, a person believing that he had seen a ghost, which hallucination is harmless except to himself, and the hallucinations arising from derangements of the brain which impel the person to wrong actions, such as murders, theft, etc. He cited many examples to prove that the mind might apparently reason correctly in certain train of ideas, but be completely deranged on others, which derangement was often the beginning of chronic mania. Mortimer cited two cases recorded by that learned English jurist, Lord Erskine; one, of a man who indicted Dr. Munro for confining him without cause in a mad-house. This

man underwent a most rigid examination by the counsel of the defendant without discovering any appearance of insanity, until a gentleman came into court who desired a question to be put to him respecting a princess with whom he had corresponded in cherry-juice. He immediately talked about the princess in the most insane manner, and the cause was at an end. But this having taken place in Westminster, he commenced another action in the city of London, and on this occasion no effort could induce him to expose his insanity, so that the cause was dismissed only by bringing against him the evidence taken at Westminster. On another occasion, Lord Erskine examined a gentleman who had indicted his brother for confining him as a maniac, and the examination had gone on for a great part of a day without discovering any trace of insanity. Dr. Sims then came into court and informed the counsel that the gentleman considered himself to be the Savior of the world. A single observation addressed to him in this character showed his insanity and put an end to the cause. Several years ago a gentleman in Edinburgh, who was brought before a jury to be "cognosced," defeated every attempt of the opposite counsel to discover any trace of insanity, until a gentleman came into court who ought to have been present at the beginning of the case, but had been accidentally detained. He immediately addressed the patient by asking him what were his latest accounts from the planet Saturn, and speedily elicited proofs of his insanity. *

* Abercrombie's Intellectual Philosophy, page 232.

“I need not stop to prove,” said Mortimer, “that the case on trial here is one of hallucination; even my learned brother, the opposing counsel, has virtually admitted it. But, unfortunately, it belongs to the most dangerous class. It is one of those cases, which you will find treated of in medical works, which often develops into confirmed insanity. Some writers say ‘that in hallucination the mind reasons correctly but on unsound data,’ this, however, is not a fair statement. The maniac reasons plausibly and ingeniously; that is, he catches incidental and partial relations and so rapidly does his mind do this that it may at first be difficult to detect their fallacy. But, as in this case, strike his hobby and reason at once flies off at a tangent. The man is deranged on one point, while his wit, acuteness and versatility of talent makes him appear sane on all others. Smartness is no sign of sanity, some of the smartest men and women in this country are to-day in insane hospitals. Still, this peculiar case is one of the most dangerous ones to be left at large, because it lies in the line of homicidal tendencies. Who can doubt but that in this man’s mind there is a firm purpose to get his wife out of the way so that he may marry Victoria. You might laugh at his delusion on this point, as you do at his clothes, were it not that, while the wearing of such clothes will never lead to murder, the concealment of daggers under his pillow will undoubtedly cost his wife’s life. I acknowledge that Mr. Simpkins may be what one witness affirms, a good judge of investments; he may, as my learned brother has proven, have been no more

extravagant in the purchase of daggers than men who buy bric-a-brac; but the point is this, his peculiar monomania is of such a nature that it is dangerous for him to be left at large. He needs to be placed where he will be safe from harm to himself or others. It is not merely the law of self-preservation, but love for her husband and desire for his proper care, which has led this devoted wife to ask that his sanity may be inquired into and that he may be placed in Bloomingdale until his malady shall be healed, or alas! as I fear, develop into chronic insanity." The jury returned a verdict finding lunacy.

Mortimer thus won his case and made his reputation, then society turned round and voted him a marvel. Mothers who had warned their daughters against him plied him with invitations to their homes. At the conclusion of the trial Dr. Strong took Mortimer in his carriage to his lodgings, and, grasping his hand, said, "Old fellow, I am proud of you."

"Well, doctor," said Mortimer, "I am only ashamed of my ignorance, for the more I study the mind, the more I realize how little science has fathomed its depths. But, I confess, this case of Simpkins' leads me to think that the mind-cure rightly used might be of great avail in some forms of insanity. What is this monomania but the domination of the will and reason by some strong mental impulse, which sometimes drives the patient to even murder? Yet so learned a physiologist as Dr. Carpenter* contends 'that whilst the disordered physical state of the brain, when once

* Carpenter's Mental Physiology, page 674.

established, puts the mind beyond the control of the person, yet that in the incipient stages, or in the convalescence of patients, much can be done by influencing him to exert his own volition.'

“‘Thus,’ adds Dr. Carpenter,* ‘the judicious physician, when endeavoring either to ward off or to cure mental disorder, brings to bear upon the patient exactly the same power as that which is exerted by an educator of the highest type.’ Dr. Carpenter further states that while going through the wards on the female side of the lunatic asylum at Hanwell, England, Dr. Connoly, the physician in charge, remarked to him ‘It is my belief that two-thirds of the women here have come to require restraint through the habitual indulgence of an originally bad temper.’” †

“Now,” said Mortimer, “it seems to me that the mind-cure, in laying its axe at the root of moral disorder, is one of the most efficient instruments that could be employed in certain cases of mental aberration. If Drs. Carpenter and Connoly are right, and certainly they are high authorities, right impressions on the mind are both preventive and curative of insanity. As I understand the mind-cure, it proposes to bring to bear on the mind the love, truth and light of God. If these are not healing powers, what are? I can see that in structural disorder of the brain there is no opportunity for these to act on the mind—as the mind-curer would say, “it is not in a receptive state”—but in that large class of mental disorders which are unaccom-

* Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*, page 675.

† *Idem*, page 663.

panied with change of the substance of the brain, why would not this kind of treatment be beneficial?" *

* Since writing the above the author has met with the following account, which so endorses the views above suggested, that some cases of insanity might be cured by a purely mental treatment, that it is here appended. He found it copied in the *Nantucket Journal*, July 23, 1887.

"A female inmate of the Dearborn County (Ind.) Asylum has, according to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, been cured of a strange hallucination in a rather singular manner. The patient was a middle aged lady by the name of Coloway, who believed she had a pup in her stomach, and while reasonably intelligent upon every other subject vehemently insisted that a young dog had taken up its abode in her stomach, and the presence of the unwelcome animal was the cause of all her physical ailments. The insane idea caused her to be extremely troublesome to her keepers, as she governed herself according to the supposed whims of her internal companion, and at certain times must have certain kinds of food and certain kinds of drink, because the pup within her wanted that kind of nourishment, and nothing else would appease its supposed viciousness. If her whims were not complied with she would become almost ungovernable, and her annoyances of that character caused her to be a source of constant trouble. Nothing had ever been said or done that could remove these vagaries from the mind of this unfortunate woman, who would bark like a dog and in other ways attempt to imitate the actions of such animals. Having repeatedly asserted that if the pup could be removed from her stomach she knew she would recover health, the superintendent resolved to work a plan that might convince her that the cruel creature that had troubled her had been taken away. A physician was consulted and thought the scheme could do no harm, and it might do good. The patient was visited, and after listening to the proposition of an attempt to relieve her of her affliction, she consented to undergo the experiment, and agreed upon a future day when the doctor should attempt and make the trial. In the meantime a pup was procured and everything got in readiness, the woman being led to regard the undertaking as a very serious and important one. She was placed under the influence of a narcotic, and the pup that had been secured for the occasion was given a sufficient quantity to keep it quiet. Soon as the patient began to recover from the influence of the drug she vomited, and at the opportune moment the pup was dropped into the vessel which received the contents of her stomach. The woman beheld the animal and firmly believed she had thrown it up, and speedily reviving from the effects of the narcotic, she wanted to feel and examine the creature that had been, as she supposed, ejected from her stomach. The animal recovering from the stupor became quite frisky, much to the surprise and delight of the poor patient, who insisted on fondling and caressing it, while expressing herself as feeling wonderfully relieved by its removal and perfectly restored to health. She had ceased to complain, and is entirely free from the peculiar hallucination that possessed her, and is now as pleasant and quiet as any inmate in the Asylum. She guards with most jealous care the pup that had so long, as she imagined, dwelt within her, fearing that if it is not kindly treated it might weary of its acquired freedom and manage to return to its human abode, and then all her pain and suffering would come back. The cure that has thus been effected is the subject of much comment among those acquainted with the history of the affair."

“Well,” said Dr. Strong, “our best authorities on insanity are more and more leaning to moral treatment.”

“Doctor,” said Mortimer, “to change the subject, I think you will have to put *me* under treatment. I studied too hard on this case. My head throbs just now as if it would burst.”

“Stop, right off, then,” said Dr. Strong, “and take a vacation.”

Mortimer answered, “I guess I will do so, and I don’t know of any better place than that quiet home of the Hubbards’.”

CHAPTER XVII.

MORTIMER'S REVERIE AND THE SPECTRE HE BEHELD.

Mortimer was arranging his private papers before going into the country. In looking them over he came across a package returned by Alice after the final break of their engagement. On receiving it Mortimer had simply thrown it into a drawer, he being then very busy with a legal case. As the package again met his eye he took it out, and, while opening it, a box dropped out on the floor. It was a small box of sandal-wood, exquisitely carved, evidently costly. Round it was bound a blue ribbon, to which was tied its tiny key.

"Why," exclaimed Mortimer, "I do not remember ever giving this to Alice, but I gave her so many things I could easily have forgotten this one." He turned it carefully over in his hand, holding it before the fire, and the flames, kindled afresh from the letters he had thrown therein, cast a lurid glow over its polished surface. "Queer, isn't it," thought Mortimer, "that I cannot remember ever giving such a beautiful gift to Alice. Verily, here one of the laws of the mind seems to fail, that is, the power of association in refreshing the memory.

“ Ah, how our old professor of mental science used to harp on that point. I can remember to-day his pet definition as freshly as if I had just heard it from his lips. ‘Gentlemen,’ he used to say, ‘the principle of association is founded upon a remarkable tendency, by which two or more facts or conceptions, which have been contemplated together, or in immediate succession, become so connected in the mind that one of them at a future time recalls the others, or introduces a train of thoughts, which, without any mental effort, follow each other in the order in which they were originally associated.’* I can see the old Prex rolling that off with a look as wise as Solomon, and then adding, ‘Gentlemen, this is called the association of ideas, and various phenomena of a very interesting kind are connected with it.’ Phenomena of a very interesting kind will doubtless be connected with the opening of this box. Let me see.”

Mortimer unlocked the box and found a package wrapped round with silver foil. Within was a card, on which were some pressed forget-me-nots. On the back of the card was written in Alice’s handwriting, “Geneva, July 6, 1875.”

“Why, what occurred then at Geneva?” said Mortimer, thoughtfully. “Oh, I remember now. It was the week after I was accepted by Alice; when we visited Geneva. I purchased a bunch of forget-me-nots and pinned them on her bosom, but I did not think she cared enough for me to preserve so carefully to this day that little gift.” He held the card in his hand for

* Abercrombie’s Intellectual Philosophy, page 83.

some time. "Somehow," he said, "I cannot throw these into the fire. It does seem sacrilege." Carefully wrapping them up again and locking the box, he opened a secret drawer in his writing-desk. While doing so something rattled in the drawer. He put in his hand, and, taking it out, found it to be a photograph of Alice. "How came I to overlook this in making up that bundle I sent back to her? How provoking!"

He took it out and gazed at it. Alice was then in full health, her face was lit up with the vivacity of youth. Her ruddy face, her soft blue eyes, the tresses falling over her fair neck, all combined to make a fascinating picture. Mortimer gazed intently at it. The fire again flickered and threw weird shadows around the room. Mortimer rose and paced up and down.

"I declare," he exclaimed, "some evil spell is upon my mind. Here is a girl that I have given up,—given up entirely—and yet as I look at that face to-day I believe I would not dare to meet her again for my own safety. But that was Alice Dupont when I first knew her. Well, she was indeed lovely then, and, if she had only character behind that lovely face, I might still love her. But Alice Dupont is a very changed girl; now she is a peevish, moping, inert bundle of flesh and bones." The flame on the hearth flickered a little again. "Still, she has been sick. Perhaps I ought to have exercised more forbearance. It was rather hard to break off our engagement when she was so weak."

Mortimer walked to the door to see that it was securely locked, then, as if addressing himself, said,

“William Mortimer, this thing must stop! This is sheer weakness and folly. I believe I will hurl this photograph into the fire,” — his hand was upraised — “but let me take another look. Why, there on Alice’s bosom are the forget-me-nots which she has now returned. Oh, yes, that brings it all back again. I remember now, after purchasing them at the market, we passed a photograph gallery, and Alice looked so radiant that morning I begged her to have her picture taken. We could not wait for it to be finished; it was sent to me afterward, and, in the hurry of unpacking, I thrust it into that drawer. It does seem too bad to make a holocaust of these old love-tokens. But I must keep them out of my sight. Ah, here I have it!” and, taking an old cigar-box, he constructed in the back of the drawer a separate apartment, in which he put the photograph and flowers.

“Now,” he said, “I have buried Alice Dupont. Perchance, if I should die, some one may find these old love-tokens, but who cares? Dead men tell no tales, and dead men don’t care what tales are told about them. But I must have some fresh air. This room is intolerably hot, and here I have been steaming over this matter for an hour.”

He put everything carefully to rights, donned his summer overcoat, and was starting out, when he exclaimed, “I wonder whether I did put those forget-me-nots in with the package.”

So he unscrewed the partition, took out the photograph, and, sitting down again, gazed at it, — how long he perhaps did not realize — but, as he rose to put the

package again in the drawer, he glanced to the other side of the room and there was—Alice Dupont! not exactly in material form, but there was a sort of immaterial image just like the one in the photograph. Mortimer almost shouted aloud. He pressed his hand to his brow. "I am," he exclaimed, "either in the spirit world or out of my head." He looked again,—there was the image still, but fast fading away. He rushed to the other end of the room to see it more distinctly, but when he got there it had disappeared!

Just then a knock came at the door, and in walked Dr. Strong. "Why, Mortimer, what is the matter with you?" exclaimed the doctor, as he noticed the wild look and pale face of his friend.

"Nothing," said Mortimer, doggedly.

"Oh, yes, old fellow, something's up. Your mind is hung outside your face to-day."

"Doctor," said Mortimer, throwing himself on a lounge and pressing his hands to his brow, "I do not know what to make of what I have just seen."

"When? what?" asked the doctor, getting excited himself at the manifest excitement of his friend.

"Doctor," said Mortimer, with a solemn face, "you may not believe me, but I am willing to swear on the Bible that I have just seen standing in that corner of the room Alice Dupont."

Dr. Strong threw himself back in the chair, and said, with a burst of laughter, "Ah, is that the state of affairs? Why, I thought you were cured of Alice Dupont, but, poor fellow, you have had a relapse. You, of course, mean that you saw her with your mind, not with your eyes."

"No," said Mortimer, earnestly, "I saw Alice Dupont *herself* standing there in that corner."

Dr. Strong cast an anxious glance at Mortimer and said, "Tell me frankly, had you been looking at some picture of her?"

"Yes, I confess I had."

"For how long a time?"

"Only for a few minutes."

"That could not have been. Let us see, when did you begin to look at that picture?"

"Well, about nine o'clock."

"Just as I thought," said the doctor, pulling out his watch. "It's now about half past ten. Probably you were gazing at it for an hour."

"Well, how do you account for this, anyway?" asked Mortimer, impatiently.

"Why, old fellow, you have simply here what would largely account for all the ghosts which have ever been seen by mankind. But first," said the doctor, "let me examine your eyes."

After inspecting them the doctor remarked, "There is no trouble there, but the reason I examined them was that illusions of this kind are sometimes due to some cause destroying the parallelism of the visual axes, like a tumor of the orbit, thus making a person see two images instead of one. * But your delusion," said the doctor, "belongs to the class of false perceptions which you spoke of in your argument in the Simpkins case; that is, by looking long at any object, and then turning the eye in another direction, the eye in certain

* Hammond, on Nervous Diseases, page 325.

states will reproduce that object. Dr. Darwin made various experiments of this kind. One he thus relates: 'I covered a paper about four inches square with yellow, and, with a pen filled with a blue color, wrote upon the middle of it the word BANKS in capitals; and sitting with my back to the sun, fixed my eyes for a minute exactly on the centre of the letter N in the word. After shutting my eyes, and shading them somewhat with my hand, the word was distinctly seen in the spectrum in yellow colors on a blue ground; and then on opening my eyes on a yellowish wall at twenty feet distance the magnified name of BANKS appeared on the wall written in golden characters.' Abercrombie mentions a case almost exactly similar to yours. He says a friend of his was one day looking intensely at a small print of the Virgin and Child, and had sat bending over it for some time. On raising his head he was startled by perceiving, at the farther end of the apartment, a female figure, the size of life, with a child in her arms. The illusion continued distinct for about two minutes.

"But there's another class of these spectral illusions, where through unconscious construction of the mind such spectres are spontaneously produced. Sir John Herschel, in his 'Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects,' states that he was subject to the involuntary occurrence of visual impressions, into which geometrical regularity of forms entered as the leading character. The fact is, Herschel was reproducing the subject of his studies. Sir Isaac Newton affirms that he was able to recall a spectrum of the sun by going into the dark and directing

his mind intensely, 'as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which is difficult to be seen.' Sir John Brodie, in his 'Psychological Inquiries,' gives many instances of these spectres produced almost at will. Here we have the explanation of all that is real in spiritualism. For example, a mother has lost a child; she broods over its image and finally gets it so photographed on her mind that she really sees the image, as Sir Walter Scott saw that of Lord Byron. Scott, in his 'Demonology and Witchcraft,' writes that having been engaged in reading with much interest, soon after the death of Lord Byron, an account of his habits and opinions, he was the subject of the following illusion: Passing from his sitting-room into the entrance-hall, fitted up with the skins of wild beasts, armour, etc., he saw right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onward toward the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as are usually found in a country entrance-hall.

"Dr. Hibbert, the well-known psychologist, relates the following anecdote in his 'Treatise on Apparitions:'

‘A whole ship’s company was thrown into the utmost consternation by the apparition of a cook who had died a few days before. He was distinctly seen walking ahead of the ship, with a peculiar gait by which he was distinguished when alive, owing to one of his legs being shorter than the other. On steering the ship towards the object, it was found to be a piece of floating wreck.’”

“Do you think that this betokens any serious disease of my brain?” asked Mortimer, anxiously.

“No,” said the doctor, “but it shows your brain needs rest.”

“Well, I am just waiting for an answer from Esther Bates as to whether the Hubbards can give me a room. If so I shall spend some weeks with them.”

The next day Mortimer received the following letter:

WILLIAM MORTIMER, ESQ.:—

My dear friend: I beseech you not to come to this neighborhood *now*; I cannot give you the reason, but I know if you knew it you would agree with me. It is connected with something I have found out about your father’s first wife and the \$50,000, at least I think I have found out something very important. I will write you soon again or come to New York and explain.

Your sincere friend,

ESTHER BATES.

“How provoking!” exclaimed Mortimer, “what is the matter with Esther, she has written just enough to raise my curiosity. Well, I don’t want to offend so good a friend as Esther; I will wait for a few days, and in the meanwhile take a trip to the seashore.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CURIOUS CASE OF MRS. PAGE AND ITS MORE
CURIOUS TREATMENT.

When Mrs. Page swooned, she was at once lifted to her bed by Ruth and Esther. At first she seemed to be entirely unconscious,—indeed, Esther thought she was dead—but a slight twitching of the face and movement of the arm gave assurance that she was still alive. Then she passed into a convulsion, then into a stupor. After her mother had come out of the stupor, Ruth made the terrible discovery that the mental faculties were entirely suspended, her only medium of communication with the external world being through the senses of sight and touch, yet, unless touched by some person or thing, she seemed lost to everything passing around her. Mrs. Page had evidently no knowledge where she was; she did not recognize even her own daughter.* Her appetite was good, but she ate indifferently whatever was offered her, as both taste and smell seemed to be dormant. From the first moment of her attack she lost her speech.

When this unexpected blow came upon Ruth, she

* For a similar case to this see London *Lancet*, Nov., 1845,

seemed utterly bewildered, but, soon regaining her composure, devoted herself unremittingly to her mother. It was well that Ruth's attention was thus absorbed, for it kept her ignorant of a storm of criticism which was raging around her.

As soon as the news of Mrs. Page's swoon came to the ears of Mr. Hubbard, he saddled his horse and prepared to go to the village for a doctor. Esther, happening to see him, ran out and said, "Where are you going?"

"To the village for a doctor," answered Mr. Hubbard.

"Well, let me first ask Miss Ruth what doctor she would prefer."

When the question was put to Ruth, she promptly answered, "None; but please ask Mr. Hubbard to take this telegram to the village, and I will not trouble him further."

The telegram was directed to a mind-cure physician in Boston, requesting his immediate presence. Mr. Hubbard flew off with the telegram, and the next morning the mind-cure doctor arrived. He was a very gentlemanly, quiet man, but it surprised the Hubbards that he brought no medicines. His only treatment of Mrs. Page was to sit by her side, though he was careful that she should be kept perfectly quiet and that the food prepared for her should be simple and nutritious.

Esther drew Ruth aside, and said, "I hope you are praying for your mother, as I am, for 'the prayer of faith shall heal the sick.'"

"I am much in prayer," answered Ruth, "but it is

rather to bring my own heart into communion with God than to direct Him about his treatment of this case. I still believe that God can cure the sick without the use of medicines."

The Hubbards were all up in arms. "I never saw such an inhuman act," exclaimed Mrs. Hubbard, in great wrath. "The idea of a daughter permitting her mother to remain in such a state without medical treatment; for I do not call it medical treatment for a man to just sit by the bedside of a dangerously sick woman and look as wise as Solomon. Why doesn't Miss Page send for one of the celebrated physicians of New York?"

"You are right, Rachel," chimed in her husband, "and I think also that we, who pretend to be good Methodists, ought not to harbor such people under our roof. As soon as Mrs. Page is able to be moved, I shall clear them out."

Then, to the astonishment of all, the old squire spoke up. The squire rarely said anything; he usually sat in his chair and meditated on his Bible, or else took a stroll over the farm. To the astonishment of the whole family, the squire burst out with,—"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Leave that girl alone; she's a better Christian than you, judging from the spirit you have just manifested. That girl loves her mother; she is trying to do what she thinks is best for that mother. Leave that girl alone, I tell you," said the squire, in authoritative tones.

"But, father," interposed Mrs. Hubbard, "does not the Bible say that faith without works is dead, and did not John Wesley teach that doctrine? Now, where are

the works in this case? Ought not Miss Ruth to send for a doctor who would give her mother some medicine?"

The squire answered, "She is showing both her faith and works by relying on God as the Great Physician, and I am willing to let her try the experiment of relying on God. As for your human doctors," continued the squire, "what do they, after all, know about the brain? Why, I believe there are many cases where doctors hasten the patient to the grave, when, if nature had been left to take its course, he might have recovered. There was Sallie Jones; she went crazy. The doctors came and shaved her head and blistered her body till she looked like a plucked chicken and a roasted one, too. And where is she now? In the lunatic asylum. There was Tim Sparks; he had fits, they bled and dosed him, and now he wriggles worse than an eel with shaking palsy.

"Do not misunderstand me," said the squire. "I recognize medicines as a provision of God for the healing of the body, and, when properly used, they often save life, but I tell you that the tendency of even you Christians is to make an apothecary's shop of your stomachs, and not use your bodies as temples of the Holy Ghost, and I further tell you," said the squire, now becoming somewhat excited, "that when a good girl like that Ruth Page wants to try God as her doctor she shall try him, and, if you dare to turn her out of this house, you will have to turn me out with her."

The Hubbards were perfectly astonished, for they had never heard their old father talk in such a strain. They began to think that either he was becoming crazy

or had lost his heart with Ruth, but, as the squire held the purse-strings, they wisely held their peace.

After all, the squire was not as illogical as he seemed. Had he only known, he might have quoted some acknowledged medical authorities to sustain his point—that nature herself often works a cure. Dr. Carpenter, the noted physiologist of England, says that “expectant attention has been known to arrest the disorganization of tissue and restore healthful action.” Dr. LaRoche of Philadelphia, in a paper which attracted great attention from American physiologists, showed how common it was, in cases where delirium, lethargy, etc., had occurred, and had been diagnosed as owing to disturbance of the function of the brain through disorganization, etc., for the mind to become clear, even “when the brain is greatly diseased, when inflammation of the coverings is present, even when there is change in the brain substance itself.”

As already stated, Mrs. Page’s mind seemed to remain in vacuity. She would open her eyes and gaze around with an idiotic stare. After a few days, the mind-doctor had the windows thrown open, and the sudden light made Mrs. Page close her eyelids. He rang the dinner-bell near her bed, and it seemed to disturb her. He loudly called her by name, and her lips moved, though without articulation. “These are hopeful signs,” said the doctor. “Her mind is regaining its power.”

But when her mind came out of this state of idiocy, she passed into a state of second-childhood. She had to be fed with a spoon, though gradually she learned

to feed herself. She would look intently at Ruth, and then feel her, as a blind person feels an object he is trying to investigate.

On the tenth day Esther asked for a few moments' private conversation with the mind-cure doctor. "Doctor," she said, "I am anxious to know what you think of the chances of Mrs. Page's recovery, and do you think she will recover her mind? It is of vital importance to her and others that, even if she dies, she should come to her senses sufficiently to answer some questions."

"I will tell you frankly how the case stands," answered the doctor. "Mrs. Page is now in a state of imbecility. Her brain is in what we call suspended action. She has lost her memory, or, rather, it is so impaired that she cannot recollect anything. But cases are not rare where the former vigor of the mind has returned, even when the patient has been for months destitute of reasoning powers. Some have so completely lost what they knew before, that they had to commence their education over again, even from the alphabet. There is, however, this singular phenomenon accompanying such conditions, namely, that after slowly acquiring partial knowledge, the former knowledge will come back as in an instant.* Give her anything she desires in the line of food."

Fortunately, Esther followed the doctor's suggestion as to nourishment. While she had little confidence in medicine, she had much in food, "for," she, argued "after Christ had healed the daughter of the ruler of

* See numerous examples of this in Carpenter, Tuke, Brodie and Abercrombie.

the synagogue, he commanded that something should be given her to eat." So Esther and Ruth devoted themselves to nourishing Mrs. Page, even if they did not give her medicine.

It was a study in psychology to watch the different faculties of the mind gradually wheeling into line, and resuming their normal positions, as if awaiting its final rally for the great effort to reconquer health. The first to wheel into line was the power of association. Mrs. Page made no effort to feed herself, until Ruth, who always showed her mother the spoon before feeding her, fixed in her mind the idea of feeding one's self. * At first, Mrs. Page tore in pieces all the flowers they gave her, then she began to arrange them in patterns. They then gave her patchwork, and she gradually fell into the habit of assorting the colors. These little incidents greatly pleased the doctor. He said they showed that the mind was beginning to act normally, for here were exhibited attention, discrimination and a slight degree of order. When she regained strength enough to walk around the room, she was much entertained by examining the pictures on the wall. The doctor noticed this and procured a series of colored views. As he sat by his patient, turning them over one by one, she became as interested as a child in its picture-book. When her gaze fell on one of the pictures, she became violently agitated and passed into a fit of spasmodic rigidity. A smile of satisfaction was on the doctor's face. "I thought so," said he, "the cloud on her mind is lifting. You will soon find her better."

* See similar case in London *Lancet*, Nov., 1845.

The doctor beckoned Ruth apart and said, "I have tried an experiment which has resulted as I anticipated," and he showed her the picture which had so affected her mother. It was that of a mother and her daughter. "I noticed," added the doctor, "the intense affection you have for your mother, and had no doubt that it was fully reciprocated. I have touched the spring and the mind responds."

The doctor's prognosis proved correct. Mrs. Page gradually improved until she was herself again, with one exception — she did not remember anything connected with the commencement of her attack. Ruth gently hinted at the subject of their previous conversation, but her mother did not seem to remember it. She only remembered being taken sick while talking with Ruth. She even forgot that Esther was then with them. "This is not at all wonderful," said the doctor, "many similar cases are on record. But," added he, "I think it is necessary to give her a shock of some kind, for then one of two effects will result — either it will plunge her into delirium, or else recall the whole past."

"Would you think it wise, then," inquired Ruth anxiously, "to now try the experiment of a shock?"

"I would wait a little while," answered the doctor, "something may occur in the providence of God to produce this shock."

CHAPTER XIX.

MORTIMER'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE ON THE SCENE.

Mortimer, after his trip to the seashore, had spent a month in the Adirondacks. All this time he was burning with impatience to hear from Esther, for not a single line had she written to him. At last he determined, notwithstanding Esther's injunction to the contrary, to stop at Falkill on his return home.

The Pages and Esther were sitting on the porch — Mrs. Page having recovered sufficiently to leave her sick-room, though her memory was not yet regained. While engaged in conversation, a boy from the village appeared, with a note for Esther. It was from Mortimer, saying that he was at the village hotel and must see Esther at once. Before starting for the village, Esther drew Ruth aside and told her of Mortimer's being there. "How unfortunate!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Not at all," answered Esther, "I tried to keep him from coming here, but God knew better; and, Ruth," she added, "suppose I have to tell all that we have discovered to Mr. Mortimer, what are your own desires about being recognized by him as his half-sister?"

Ruth drew herself up with dignity and said, "I will

never ask Mr. Mortimer to acknowledge me as a relation; I am too proud to ask any favors of him."

"Ruth," said Esther, "pride is a very great sin; I do not blame you for self-respect, but I do for talking about being 'too proud.' As soon as you get proud, God will humble you."

"Well," said Ruth, with a sigh, "I am sure I have had enough to humble me, and to make me lie low at His feet; here am I without a relative, except my mother, and I sometimes fear she will not be long spared; the only friend I can lean on is yourself, Esther."

"Then lean on me in this matter," said Esther, "I will tell Mr. Mortimer *all*, but you can trust me not to sacrifice any interest of yours."

"I do not object," said Ruth, "to this, but there is one point in regard to which my purpose is immovable, namely, to have no personal communication with Mr. Mortimer until I have found legal proofs that I am his half-sister, and, even then, he must be the first to propose a recognition of the relationship; and, Esther, promise me solemnly this, that you will use every means to keep Mr. Mortimer from meeting me till those proofs are afforded."

"I promise," said Esther, and sealing her promise with a kiss she left Ruth and sped to the village.

"Esther, what does all this mean?" demanded Mortimer, as he met her in the private parlor of the hotel; "I have waited two months, and though you have excited my curiosity you have not appeased it by even one line."

"William," said Esther, calmly, "I did write you a

month ago, and asked you to make an appointment to meet me in New York."

"I never received the letter," said Mortimer, now a little mollified.

"Then it was simply through God's providence that you did not," said Esther, "He wanted you to come here just at this time and in this way; I already see an answer to my prayers."

"Well, then, do not keep me in suspense, but tell all you know about this supposed discovery of yours."

Now occurred one of those singular freaks of the mind which often perplex us, yet which prove how completely we are at the mercy of our mind's condition. Before Esther met Mortimer, she had carefully planned out what she wanted to say, had it all arranged, even to the wording of the final sentence. But, to her surprise, as in a moment, it fled from her memory, or rather, it lay there in such a jumbled condition that she could not arrange it in any logical order. Esther looked so helpless that Mortimer, realizing he must come to her aid, kindly said, "Sister Esther, I see it all; you have something to tell me which you are afraid to divulge lest it should distress me. Now, don't be afraid to tell me *all*."

"I am not afraid to tell you all," said Esther, dolefully, "if I only knew how to go about it. I suppose you will hardly believe me, William, but I have forgotten just what I wanted to say."

Mortimer took in the situation and answered, "Esther, let me give you a starting-point. You remember that you wrote about having discovered the reason of the payment of that \$50,000."

“Ah, yes,” said Esther, pressing her hand to her brow, “now I have it,” for somehow the missing link reunited the whole chain of memory, and her plan for divulging the secret to Mortimer came back with orderly precision.

“William,” she began, “I want you to listen to me calmly, as I have something to divulge which affects not only yourself but others. You already know that your father had another wife, that he was divorced from her, and that he paid her at the time of her divorce \$50,000.”

“Yes,” said Mortimer, “these facts seem clearly established.”

“I have now found out,” continued Esther, “that first wife is still living.”

“Oh, no!” exclaimed Mortimer, “I hope you are deceived, Esther.”

“Wait and hear me,” said Esther, “I have not only found this out, but have met her.”

“When?”

“Wait,—you promised to let me tell my story in my own way.”

“Well, tell it then,” said Mortimer, with a sigh, settling himself down into forced composure.

“This first wife,” continued Esther, “left your father in great wrath; indeed, they parted with such mutual dislike that each tried to blot out the knowledge of the other’s existence; she went to San Francisco and stayed there till a few years ago, and has lately come back here.”

“Oh, Esther,” broke in Mortimer, “your kind heart

has been imposed on, some miserable creature has found out about this first marriage of my father, and is planning to extort money from me, by personating his first wife."

"You there very much mistake," replied Esther, "this lady is independently rich, and, so far from wanting to have anything to do with you, would like to put the ocean between you and herself for the rest of her life."

"Well, why not let her do it, then?" said Mortimer.

Esther paused and put her hand to her eyes, as if in prayer. Mortimer watched her. He saw there was something yet to come, and he waited impatiently for Esther to go on. At last she said, "There is some one else in this case, for I have found out that this first Mrs. Mortimer had a child by your father, and that the child still lives."

"Impossible!" burst in Mortimer, "I tell you, Esther, some one has been imposing on you; don't you know how carefully I inquired about that very point? every one who knew my father, said he had no child by his first wife."

"The reason of that impression," said Esther, "was this—the child was not born until five months after the first Mrs. Mortimer left Grasslands; it was born in Chicago, and it was to support that very child that your father gave that \$50,000 to Mrs. Mortimer."

"Why was it not, then, so stated in the writ of divorce?" asked Mortimer.

"Because Mrs. Mortimer wanted, as I told you, to blot out the memory of your father, so she retook her

maiden name, and the child was called by that name, and until lately never knew that its father was also your father."

"Is this child a son or a daughter?" asked Mortimer.

"A daughter."

"Oh, how unfortunate!" exclaimed Mortimer, "here is some miserable woman who will be claiming me as her half-brother; Esther, cannot you get them to go away? I do not want this thing to be the subject of gossip, I have suffered enough already from gossips."

"William Mortimer," said Esther, "you might well be proud to own that daughter as your half-sister; indeed, she is the one who should rather scorn you."

"Scorn me!" exclaimed Mortimer, "why, what have I ever done to her?"

"Nothing," answered Esther, "but your father put away her mother for a cause which the Bible does not recognize as a just cause for divorce, and the Bible says that whosoever thus putteth away his wife and marrieth another himself commits adultery; according then to the Bible, this daughter is the only lawfully born child of your father."

"Esther," said Mortimer, now thoroughly angry, "I won't take that, even from you."

"Then take it from God," answered Esther.

If she had been a man, Mortimer would have felled her to the floor, but though thus outraged in feeling he could not help respecting Esther's evident conscientiousness. Restraining himself, he said, coldly, "I have no doubt of your intention to act rightly in all this, but I do believe you have been grievously

deceived, and had I known that all this mystery was about so ridiculous a story I would not have come hither. I will now have to ask you to leave me, Esther, I shall have nothing more to do with this matter. I defy this woman and her daughter to worm money out of me on such a flimsy yarn; I am a lawyer and can defend myself and my father's memory from their outrageous insinuations. You can go, Esther; good-bye."

But Esther Bates calmly kept her seat. "William Mortimer," she said, "I am here to induce you to do your duty, and if you kill me I will not depart. I don't care for your hating me, so that your soul is saved; but I tell you, you cannot have your soul saved if you propose to neglect any claim on you, which God has in His providence established. You utterly mistake this mother and daughter, if you think they have any blackmailing scheme. I have just left the daughter; she refuses even to see you until her relationship can be established by legal proofs, and even then she refuses to see you unless you shall make the first advance to have that relationship recognized."

"Refuses even to see me," said Mortimer, now becoming interested, "why, she must be a highflier."

"I don't know what you mean by that word," said Esther, "but when I tell you who that daughter is, I think, from what you know of her already, you will see —"

"Why, Esther, do you mean that I have ever met her, tell me at once her name."

"You have not only met her, but admired her; thank God, not as a lover, but as a lady you could not help respecting."

"Why, Esther Bates, I believe you are crazy, what has come over you, and why don't you tell me her name at once?"

"Because," said Esther, with provoking coolness, "I want you first to solemnly promise that you will not attempt to discover her until she is able to produce legal proofs of her relationship to you."

"I will promise no such thing," said Mortimer, "I want to know who this woman and her daughter are."

"Well, then, good-bye," said Esther, rising to leave.

But now Mortimer was as anxious to keep Esther as he had been to expel her from his presence. Planting himself between her and the door he said, "Esther Bates, you shall not leave this room till you have told me that girl's name."

"Then," said Esther, calmly taking her seat, "I will stay here all night."

But Mortimer knew that would never do. He tried to coax Esther, but she was firm. At last Mortimer said, "Esther, I surrender, I will solemnly promise what you ask."

"Solemnly, in the sight of God?" asked Esther.

"Yes."

"Then be seated, for I want you to calm yourself."

"Oh, you provoking woman, tell me quickly."

"Well," said Esther, slowly and deliberately, "the name of that daughter is Ruth."

"Ruth!" said Mortimer, pondering, "whom have I ever known by that name? Why, Esther," and he looked wildly at her, "you certainly don't mean Miss Ruth Page?"

"Yes, though her right name is Ruth Mortimer."

"My God!" exclaimed Mortimer, completely overwhelmed. He covered his face and bowed his head. When he lifted it up again he found Esther on her knees in prayer.

She remained thus some time, finally rose, and, going to Mortimer, put her hand on his shoulder, and said, "William Mortimer, what do you propose to do about all this?"

Mortimer answered, "In such an important matter I must have time to think."

"Yes," added Esther, "and to *pray*. And now, William, let me ask you to leave here immediately. Miss Ruth is in this neighborhood, and I am afraid that you might accidentally meet."

"I'll take the early morning train," said Mortimer, "but before we part, Esther, tell me frankly and truly all you think you have found out about this matter."

Esther then detailed every circumstance connected with the discovery of the relationship, with which the reader has been already informed. Mortimer was deeply interested, but he said, and evidently with feelings of regret, "If Mrs. Page has lost that paper, I am afraid this can never be established. Still, Esther, you are right; it was a providence that brought me here. I will at once search out this matter, and, as a lawyer, I know how to go about it better than the ladies. I do not give up hope of finding at least one of the witnesses. But before we part, Esther, I want to beg your pardon for the way I have behaved."

"No need of that, William; it was all very natural,

and I knew God could make you behave right at last," and she folded Mortimer in her motherly embrace and gave him the kiss of peace.

Mortimer did not sleep much that night. He was struggling as a man struggles with various inclinations. The more he thought about Ruth, the more he felt inclined to acknowledge the relationship. How he would like to have just such a sister to counsel and cheer him, now that he was without father or mother, and now that his former ties with Alice Dupont were broken! He could then spend the rest of his life unmarried, for his sister could keep house for him, and what a pleasant home they might have together! But then, there was Mrs. Page. He would probably have to take her also to his home. He knew nothing of this lady; she might prove the most disagreeable of acquaintances. Then, what would society say? It would be inclined to regard this story of their lately discovered relationship as an incredible romance, and so many explanations would have to be made. Still, Ruth was a sister of whom any man might be proud, and her whole position in this matter only increased Mortimer's respect for her, and made him believe there might be something in this story. Mortimer tossed on his bed while balancing in his mind the pros and cons of the whole affair. At last he exclaimed, "I solemnly vow before God that I will use every means to investigate this matter, and, if this story be proven to be true, I will own Ruth as my sister." Then, for the first time, for hours, his mind became calm and he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XX.

ALICE DUPONT APPEARS WITH A NEW CHARACTER.

What has become of Alice Dupont? Perchance the reader has asked that question, wondering that some hints were not given of the fate of this harshly treated, badly used and sorrowful young lady. A pause must then be made here to give a few chapters in her biography, lest the reader's mind should publish a wrong edition. For, mark you, gentle reader, this psychological fact, that while perusing a story you unconsciously pirate the author's copyright, by forming in your mind a picture of what the actors in the plot ought to do, and you get very angry with the author if in the denouement he does not treat them as you have in your piratical edition. This peculiar action of the mind has been named by our physiologists,—"Unconscious Action of Mechanism of Thought,"—which sheds as much light on the subject, as a tallow candle in the hand of "Liberty Enlightening the World" would on the harbor of New York. The truth is that no one can think for another; here the creating divinity of thought within us asserts its prerogative. One mind can indeed suggest to another mind, but there it stops;

the individual mind may, indeed, chameleon-like, take a momentary color from surrounding objects, but sooner or later will return to its individuality of thought. Hence, however the mind-curer may influence for a time another mind, by the purity and intelligence of his own, yet he cannot produce a permanent effect, unless the mind of the patient is in a proper sanitary condition. As we understand Christian Science, its true apostles recognize this fact.

But to return to the case of Miss Alice Dupont. One might have supposed that the mind-cure treatment of her mother would prove but temporary in its benefits. This is the great argument of the anti-mind-curers. "Allow," they say, "that the power of an idea can be correlated into a physical force, and the lame be thus made to walk, yet after the excitement of the new idea subsides the patient must relapse, just as the idea that a house is on fire may stimulate a bed-ridden patient to run out of the door, but as soon as his fears are relieved he becomes bed-ridden again." Now, as the author is not defending mind-cureism, he might safely leave this argument to be answered by its modern apostles. But, as to the ability of a strong mental impression to produce a *permanent* cure, he calls attention to the fact that such physiologists, as Carpenter and Tuke, cite many cases where a strong mental impression, once directed to the body, has resulted in a permanent cure of the disease with which that body was then affected.

Please, then, gentle reader, before you paint your own mental picture of Miss Alice Dupont's future,

allow yourself to be introduced to a blooming young lady, "a fair and radiant maiden," riding over the hills and valleys of Scotland, accompanied by a bright, dashing, Scottish lord of interminable pedigree, said to be the heir of a Lord Dalrousie; said heir being very anxious to ally his name and title to the rich daughter of the several-times-millionaire, Mr. Dupont. If William Mortimer could see Alice Dupont now, with those sparkling eyes and that sweet face which has turned many a Scottish laddie's heart, he might experience feelings of regret that he had been so hasty. Well, not to detain the reader, let it be stated that after Mrs. Dupont's judicious mind-cure treatment of her daughter, as narrated in a previous chapter, Alice became a new girl. One taunt hurled at her by Mortimer, in their parting interview, was, "that she lacked in character" (which, unhappily, was backed by her own behavior on that memorable occasion), had been like the setting up in her brain of an electric battery, electrifying her mind with the current of a new purpose, which gave forth its healing shocks whenever memory re-established the circuit. One dominant idea took possession of Alice, namely, to prove to society in general, and William Mortimer in particular, that she was not a weak, hysterical girl—that she *had character*. If some one had appeared and offered Alice the chance of going as a missionary to the Cannibal Islands, or had even presented a martyr's pile for her to mount, she would have deemed herself equal to the occasion. But as neither Cannibal Islands nor martyr piles offered themselves, she did a much more sensible thing—

devote herself to being as useful and agreeable as possible. Her flirtation with Mr. John Parks, however, was soon ended. Mr. Parks proved rather insipid, while Miss Alice so visibly revealed her ennui that his pride became offended, and as is usually the case with matches prearranged by parents, the very efforts to foster, tend to prevention.

Mr. Dupont, having occasion to visit Paris, invited his wife and daughter to accompany him, which invitation was promptly accepted, since they were glad for the present to be out of the gossip of New York. Having met a young lord — Dalrousie, on the steamer, and the father of said lord having ascertained that Mr. Dupont was one of the rich men of New York, he therefore encouraged his son and only heir, Robert, to pay attention to Miss Dupont. The son was red-headed, gawky, and altogether rude of speech, yet he was rather an agreeable change to Alice from Mr. Parks. When, however, the heir of Dalrousie fell desperately in love with the American heiress and began to give some hints thereof, Alice shook him off as a lady would brush a fly from her dress; she no longer needed any one to lean upon, she could manage her own affairs, even those of the heart. "Beside," she said to herself, "have I not had enough of men, they are all vanity and vexation of spirit; I will remain fancy-free for the present at least." But Mr. Dupont and the Lord of Dalrousie thought differently; they had laid their heads together — Mr. Dupont being perfectly willing that his daughter should marry a prospective lord, and the lord that his son should marry an American heiress

— Mr. Dupont accepted the invitation of Lord Dalrousie to visit him at Balnagorwan Castle. This was rather premature, as Mr. Dupont had not consulted either wife or daughter. The former at once acquiesced, the latter decidedly demurred. “Why,” said Mr. Dupont, speaking of it to his wife, “I never saw such a change as has passed over Alice. I formerly needed only to say, ‘Alice, my love, do so-and-so’ and she would yield at once to my wishes. Now she is as stubborn as possible, I really believe she will not go with us to Balnagorwan Castle.”

“She is not stubborn,” replied Mrs. Dupont, “Alice has refused the young lord, this makes it extremely awkward for her to visit under his father’s roof; could we not compromise the matter by staying at the Inn in the neighboring town?”

Thus it was arranged. The young laird persisted in his attentions, which gave Alice a difficult role to fill, but she managed not to offend the young suitor, yet at the same time accepted so many invitations from other lairds that she had a bevy of admirers. The beautiful young heiress from America became the cause of several encounters among her rival suitors. Somehow Alice began to tire of the attention of the Scottish youths, and, when Lord Dalrousie and Mr. Dupont discovered there was no prospect of success to their match-making, Mr. Dupont hurried on to Paris, leaving as the only memorial of his family’s visit several broken-hearted young men who took vows of perpetual celibacy, which, however, they soon forgot and ignored, as is the manner of all youths, whether they be Scotchmen or Yankees.

So much for the mental transformation of Alice Dupont; now for the moral. The only thing for which Alice remembered Ruth gratefully was the new view Ruth had given her of the love of God. Over this Alice pondered until she saw that here was a power she had little understood and still less utilized. In reflecting over the time wasted on flirtations in the Scottish highlands, she realized that, to redeem her reputation for character, she must first reform her do-nothing, self-pleasing and insipid methods of existence. While, therefore, Miss Alice Dupont left some broken hearts behind her in Scotland, she herself carried to Paris a burdened conscience.

At this juncture she fell in with a pious American girl who was deeply interested in the McCall mission. This companion, Miss Constance Savage, induced Alice to visit one of their meeting-places. Here Alice beheld with wonder and interest the humble workmen listening to the story of the cross and the wonderful effect it had on their hearts and lives. She frequently slipped off with Miss Savage to attend these meetings. One day the subject of the speaker's discourse was "The Love of God in Christ Jesus, our Lord." As he spoke of the manifestation of that love in God sending His Son, and of the Saviour's love in dying for our redemption, of His infinite compassion to the sin-burdened and heart-sore, Alice broke down and wept like a child. To the surprise of Constance, she remained behind when an invitation was given to any who wished to talk with the minister about the salvation of their souls.

Alice took her seat between a poor fishwoman and flower girl, and waited to be talked with by the minister. The minister himself was surprised to see this richly dressed American lady in that place, but with a wise tact, having first conversed with the fishwoman and flower girl, and sent them away, he entered into conversation with Alice. He talked with her kindly and she to him freely, and, as she poured out the penitence of her heart for what she considered her past useless life, guided her to Him who could not only sympathize but regenerate.

Her parents soon noticed a change in their daughter; she lost her taste for the grand opera. What was the matter? Mr. Dupont made a quiet investigation and tracked his daughter to the McCall mission, where, to his horror, he found her among its most active workers. A scene ensued. Mr. Dupont for the first time swore at Alice (though he had often practised before on his clerks.) "I will stand anything from you," he said, "except this. I did not object even to your being intimate with a mind-curer, but this consorting with the very *canaille*, who pray and sing psalms and claim to be converted,—this is the last straw to break the camel's back. Alice, pack your trunk immediately; we return home to-morrow, *via* London."

Alice answered not a word, though her face flushed at the oath. With a quiet dignity she left her father's presence, went to her room and began packing her trunk.

Mr. Dupont, having fumed for two hours and worked off his bile, began to feel worried, then penitent. "I

am ashamed of myself," he said, "for swearing at my own dear daughter. I will go and beg her pardon." Mr. Dupont knocked at Alice's door—no response; he pushed it open—Alice was not there; he looked for her trunk—it was gone. "*Sacristie!*" exclaimed Mr. Dupont, for even his profanity had become Frenchised, "what has happened?" The *femme-de-chambre* appearing at the time, Mr. Dupont demanded, "Where is mademoiselle?"

"She left by the train for London," answered the servant.

"*Mon Dieu!*" ejaculated the father. It was but a moment until he was in a *voiture*, flying to the station. Fortunately he arrived before the train started, and found his daughter. "Alice, what does this mean?" demanded her father.

Alice calmly replied, "It simply means, that while I am willing to obey my parents in the Lord, I am not called to live with a father who has so little love or respect for his daughter that he calls on God to damn her. I am of age and fortunately have sufficient money in my own right to live independently of my parents."

Explanations and apologies followed from Dupont *pere*, reinforced by the entreaties of Dupont *mere*, who had now arrived on the scene. There was a general make-up, in which Alice came out victor. There was a little stiffness between parents and daughter, some readjustment of their strained relations was needed, yet Alice behaved so well and with such quiet, righteous self-assertion, that her parents found out that at last Alice Dupont *had obtained a character*.

CHAPTER XXI.

WONDERS OF THE MIND SEEN BY ALICE DUPONT IN
PARIS. — STIGMATIZATION.

Mr. and Mrs. Dupont came to the conclusion that the only thing was to get their daughter home as soon as possible. "I don't want to even visit London," said her father, "for who knows but Alice may take up there with the Salvation Army." So, finding that a steamer of the "*Compagnie Generale Transatlantique*" sailed in two days for Havre, he engaged passage therein. That left them a day in Paris, and Mr. Dupont, not wishing to leave Alice out of his sight, accepted an invitation from his friend, Dr. Soupé, to visit a hospital, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, to see a remarkable case of religious ecstasy. As this combined religion with entertainment, Mr. Dupont judged it would meet the different tastes of his family. Alice rather demurred, on learning that the ecstatic passed through a condition which claimed to reproduce on her body the sufferings of the Savior on the Cross. "Oh, doctor," she said, "does this not savor of blasphemy?"

"No, mademoiselle, you non-comprehend. This

female has no idea of doing anything irreverent; indeed, it is her very desire to honor her Savior, by imitating him in his Passion, which leads her into these experiences."

Female curiosity surmounted any remaining qualms of conscience, and Alice set out with her father and the doctor to visit the Convent to which this ecstatic belonged. Dr. Soupé knew the Mother Superior in charge, and as Paris Catholics have no qualms of conscience about proselyting wealthy Americans, she treated the Duponts with great consideration. She led them into a room where, on a plain pallet, lay a young girl, evidently of highly wrought nervous temperament. She was lying on her back, her arms being extended outward, and her feet close together,—in the position a person would be if nailed to a cross; the face was turned upward, the eyes expressing the most profound absorption in thought. All the time Alice was gazing at her, there was no movement of her person, except that produced by slight respiration. The "Mother" explained that she had for a long time been in a state of ecstasy. As Alice's look showed she did not understand what was meant by that state, the "Mother" went on to say, "For some months past Sister Louise has, on every Friday, been visited with a celestial vision, which brings before her vividly the scene of the Crucifixion; she sees the blessed Savior nailed to the cross, and while beholding the incidents of his crucifixion, finds them repeated in her own body. Our attention was first called to this miracle by the rigid state of her limbs and her unconsciousness to external

impressions; when we spoke to her she answered not, but kept her eyes fixed, as if gazing into heaven. We watched her carefully, thinking that she might be about to pass to Paradise. But how astonished were we to find, coming out on her hands and feet, exactly in the place where the nails would be driven, livid spots, and from these spots issuing blood; also on her side, over the region of the heart, where the spear pierced the Savior's side, another spot, from which also issued blood. The bleeding ceased as soon as her repetition of her Savior's crucifixion was over, but the spots remained, as you can see for yourself." Alice bent over the extended hands and feet, and there were the spots, just as the "Mother" had described. "It is a remarkable fact," she added, "that on Fridays, about noon, — the time our Savior was probably nailed to the cross, — the bleeding returns, and about three o'clock this sister repeats the death-scene of the crucifixion. It is now," said the "Mother," "about eleven o'clock, and if you will visit with me some other points of interest in the Convent, we can return about twelve, and see whether the miracle is repeated."

About twelve the Duponts returned. The girl had apparently not moved since they last saw her, but her countenance was marked by expectancy, as if she herself was looking for the return of the miracle, as she considered it. The spots on the hands and feet showed no change, except they were redder, as if the part was filled with blood; in a short time blood began to exude from these spots, until sufficient was collected to trickle down on the bed-clothes. The party became

so interested that they waited till the time for the death-scene. Its approach was announced by an increased activity in Louise; sighs escaped from her lips, tears ran down her cheeks, her mouth opened as if craving drink, her respiration became very labored, the plaintive sighs changed to heavy moans, her tongue, dried with thirst, seemed to adhere to the roof of her mouth. Alice began to feel faint, but her intense interest in the scene made her struggle to keep up, especially as she saw that the ecstatic was approaching the climax of her action. Suddenly, a convulsion shook the ecstatic's frame, the palor of death crept over her countenance, the pulse became scarcely perceptible and the whole surface of her body was bedewed with a cold perspiration, a loud groan issued from her lips, her head dropped upon her breast, and to all appearance she was dead. Involuntarily, a cry burst from Alice's lips. The "Mother" came to her and said, soothingly, "Be not alarmed, Sister Louise is now repeating the death of her Savior; she will soon repeat his return to life." So, indeed, it was; for after a few minutes a faint glow spread over the body, the breast gently heaved, color mantled to her face, she raised her head from her breast, opened her eyes, and gazed on the bystanders with a look of calm satisfaction. Then, as if in a transport of rapture, she threw herself on her knees, and burst forth in thanksgiving for the honor the Savior had conferred on her. Rising from her knees, she sat on the edge of her bed, and the "Mother" approaching her said, "Sister, can you give us any description of what you have seen?"

“Words cannot express it,” exclaimed Louise, “I can only say that I found myself suddenly plunged into a vast flood of bright light, from which more or less distinct forms began to evolve themselves; then I witnessed successively the scenes of the crucifixion. I beheld the cross on Calvary, and our blessed Lord nailed to it; also the scenes around the cross, heard the hooting of the rabble, the taunts of the Scribes and Pharisees, and saw the parting of his raiment by the soldiers. Christ stood so distinctly before me, that I could even hear His dying cry, and could watch the gradual ebbing out of His life. When He expired, I seemed myself to pass from this life, and was unconscious until I opened my eyes and saw you all standing around my couch.”

“But do you really believe you saw the Savior?” inquired Alice.

“Certainly,” said Louise, with an air of commiseration at the weak faith of the questioner. Alice was about to respond, when Mr. Dupont, fearing a theological battle, hurried his daughter from the convent, having first politely thanked the “Mother,” and left a large contribution in the box at the door. A park was near and on one of its benches the party were soon seated in deep conversation.

“Dr. Soupé,” said Mr. Dupont, “what led you to ask me to witness such a confounded imposture as that?”

“Not an imposture at all,” said Dr. Soupé, very coolly, “I can show you, my friend, from medical authorities, which are recognized as sound, plenty of

similar cases, and that they can be accounted for on natural causes." *

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Dupont, whose indignation was not yet appeased, "this 'can be accounted for on natural causes,' by supposing they have beaten that girl black and blue, and then stopped the bleeding until the hour of twelve arrived, when they let it return."

"Your theory is more miraculous than the thing itself," answered Dr. Soupé, "for I have never heard of any styptic which could be so timed in its effects that a person should be beaten at nine, the blood from the wound arrested until twelve, then let flow again till four, and then again arrested in its flow."

Mr. Dupont, recognizing the force of this answer, became somewhat mollified and said, "Well, then, doctor, let us hear *your* explanation."

"I think," said the doctor, "I can explain it from the effect of the mind on the body, where certain states of mind produce marks on the skin and even bleeding, such cases are too well established to be doubted. So able a scientist as M. Alfred Maury, who had no sympathy with any belief in the miraculous character of these phenomena, admits that they belong

* See an exactly similar case to the one described above in the case of Louise Lateau, reported in Macmillan's Magazine, April, 1871, which case Dr. Carpenter says, "has undergone a scrutiny so careful, on the part of medical men, determined to find out the deceit, if such should exist, that there seems no adequate reason for doubting its genuineness." The various stages of the ecstatic's death and recovery to life, given above, have been reproduced from the account given in Brierre de Boismont's celebrated work on "Hallucination," from the part where he narrates the history of the Ecstatic of Kaldern—Marie de Moerl—a case, the facts of which, as De Boismont shows, have been attested beyond dispute. Since De Boismont assigns no miraculous character to the case, his testimony to the facts are the more reliable.

to a certain group of psycho-physical facts. He says that in these visionaries the power of imagination, aided by the concentration of attention, directs the blood to the place where they fancy themselves affected. As for the bleeding itself, we know that the transudation of blood from the skin through the perspiratory ducts (apparently owing to the rupture of the walls of the cutaneous capillaries) under strong emotional excitement, is a well established fact. So asserts Dr. Carpenter,* and this distinguished physiologist says of the case of Louise Lateau, exactly similar to the case in the Convent we have just visited, 'that there is nothing in it that the physiologists need find any difficulty in accepting.'

"Well, I find difficulty in accepting it," said Mr. Dupont, rather abruptly, "do you mean, doctor, to assert that imagination can make a person sweat drops of blood?"

"No," answered Dr. Soupé, "that is, if you mean by imagination a mere phantasy of the mind, but I do assert, and my assertion is sustained by examples which can be cited, that when attention and expectation are strongly directed to a certain part of the body, results do follow in this very way. For example—persons have dreamed that they were beaten, and on awaking have found marks of bruises on their body."

"Whew!" said Mr. Dupont.

"You may 'whew' as much as you please at it," said Dr. Soupé, "these are facts which have been established by witnesses too reputable to be disputed.

* Mental Physiology, page 690.

But if you want a case in point, where imagination, concentrated attention and sympathy conjoined have reproduced even bodily wounds, I refer you to the well attested case narrated by Dr. Carter, in his work on the 'Pathology and Treatment of Hysteria' (page 24). Carter says, 'A lady, who was watching her little child at play, saw a heavy window-sash fall upon its hand, cutting off three of the fingers; and she was so much overcome by fright and distress as to be unable to render it any assistance. A surgeon was speedily obtained, who, having dressed the wound, turned to the mother, whom he found seated, moaning, and complaining of pain in her hand. On examination, three fingers, *corresponding to those injured in the child*, were discovered to be swollen and inflamed, although they had ailed nothing prior to the accident. In four-and-twenty hours, incisions were made into them and pus was evacuated; sloughs were afterwards discharged and the wounds ultimately healed.' *"

"Well, then, doctor," said Mr. Dupont, "how do you explain the case we have witnessed?"

"Simply, that the girl, having her nervous system wrought up to the highest tension, imagined that she beheld her Savior being crucified, that her sympathetic attention was strongly directed to his wounds, that she repeated, through the action of her mind on the muscular tissues and circulation, the vision she fancied she had seen. It is, after all, but the law of sympathetic action, often exhibited in certain states of the mind and body, where the sight of a peculiar state in another

* See an almost similar case narrated by Dr. Tuke in his "Influence of the Mind upon the Body," page 260.

person will repeat that state in the spectator; just as women go into hysterics or faints when they behold others in these conditions. In this particular case there should also be considered Sister Louise's firm faith, or rather, to speak more philosophically, her intense expectation, then you have the apparent miracle resolved."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Dupont, "you Frenchmen have large imaginations and boundless expectations."

"Well," answered Dr. Soupé, with more politeness than his accuser, "we can always give a philosophical reason for our expectations." *

* In the Cyclopædia of the Practice of Medicine, edited by Dr. H. Von Ziemssen, Professor of Clinical Medicine in Munich, Bavaria (Vol. 14, page 527), occurs the following judicious summing up of the false and true in Stigmatization: (The italics are our own.)

"One must, therefore, constantly be on one's guard against deception. This remark is still more applicable to the blood-staining of the sweat and tears sometimes observed, and especially to those greater hemorrhages from particular circumscribed portions of the skin. The latter are said to occur particularly on the hands and feet and on the chest and forehead, and in such a manner that a bladder-like elevation of the epidermis first takes place, when the serum in bulla, at first clear, becomes of a bloody color, and then, after flattening of the skin, a flow of blood takes place, often tolerably abundant and persisting for a length of time. This phenomenon, described as Stigmatization, in which superstition beholds a recurrence of the wounds and bleeding of Christ, has in most known cases become so suspicious, from the conduct of the patients themselves, and from that of the priesthood, who have derived great benefit therefrom, that it may be doubted whether we have not as a rule to deal with mere fraud. At any rate, those cases are not convincing in which a rigorous inspection has been avoided. . . . On the other hand, the possibility must not be denied that, under certain circumstances, in consequence of the rupture of the smaller vessels, bloody admixtures may appear in the sweat and tears, and that thus also more considerable hemorrhages may occur."

CHAPTER XXII.

DR. STRONG GIVES A SHOCK TO MRS. PAGE, WHICH
RESTORES HER MEMORY.

On Mortimer's return to New York he sent immediately for Dr. Strong. The latter was deeply interested in his friend's account of Esther Bates' supposed discovery of a relationship between Ruth and Mortimer. "I believe every word of it," said the doctor, enthusiastically, "yes, now come to think of it, Mortimer, there is some resemblance between you and Miss Page."

"Oh, imagination!" exclaimed Mortimer, "how great is thy power of discovering evidence for thy wildest assertions."

The doctor, rather nettled, replied, "Well, I confess it is a stretch of imagination to find any resemblance between you and such a good looking young lady. There is one point, too, in Esther Bates' theory which does not seem to harmonize with the facts in the case, for, according to it, since you are twenty-five, Miss Page must be twenty-six; now, she does not look to be a day over twenty-one."

"That does not trouble me in the least," said

Mortimer, "I have known women look younger and many older than their asserted age; Miss Freduka, whom the parish record proves to be thirty-five, swore in court the other day that she was but twenty-five. Remember, my friend, that age in the female sex is a most uncertain quantity. Miss Page has, at least, presumptive evidence in her favor, for she reverses the usual ways of womankind by claiming to be older than she looks. Besides, I can easily see how a girl who has led such a quiet life, and whose mind-cure belief would make her respect prudence and virtue, might preserve her youthful looks. No, doctor, the matter of age is not the difficulty in this case, it is rather the finding of that important paper which Mrs. Page asserts she once had from my father. Beside, even if such a paper be produced by Mrs. Page, the witnesses to it may have long since departed this life."

Dr. Strong sat some time pondering and at last said, "Mortimer, what would you say to my going up to Falkill and investigating this matter?"

"Just what I would like above all things," answered Mortimer. "You are a disinterested party and could weigh the probability of any evidence produced better than Esther Bates. But would it not be a little awkward for you, doctor?"

"No," he answered. "I want to converse more with Miss Page about her Christian Science, and I rather suspect from our last interview that she regards me as a sort of materialistic heathen, so I would like to improve on my past reputation."

"Well, invent any excuse you please, but don't

return without some news," said Mortimer, and thus they parted.

DR. STRONG'S LETTER TO WILLIAM MORTIMER.

"Private and important."

DEAR MORTIMER:

I know you are burning with impatience to hear about my meeting with the P.'s. Well, to make a long story short, I presented myself at the Hubbards' shortly after my arrival at Falkill. Mrs. P., her daughter, and E. B. were sitting on the porch. As I opened the garden gate, Miss P. started up and looked eagerly at me, as if to determine whether it was really myself, then whispering something to E. B. she advanced to meet me—rather coldly—did not put out her hand. Her first greeting was, "Dr. S., may I ask that you proceed no further; my mother is in a very peculiar condition of mind, I am afraid to risk her meeting strangers." I tell you, old fellow, that was rather a cold-shower-bath sort of reception. I did not want, however, to be thus shut out, especially as Miss P. looked like an angel dropped from the sky. So I put on my best manners and courteously answered, "Miss P., hearing of your mother's sickness, I came all the way hither to see whether I could not be of some service to you. I know you set no value on my medical treatment, but it is not to urge this upon you that I have come, it is rather to study your treatment, to learn more if I can of your Christian Science; I also hoped that I could serve you as a friend, but of course I do not wish to obtrude on your desired privacy."

"Did Mr. Mortimer send you here?" she asked.

"No, I can truly say he did not, it was my own proposition to come hither, but when he heard of my coming, he asked me to serve him by striving to find the witnesses to a certain document, the truth of which he feels deeply interested in establishing."

"Then you know *all*, Dr. Strong?"

"Yes, Miss P., everything, and now will you not permit me to be your friend; I have no other desire than to serve you to the best of my ability; I may over-estimate that ability, but it does seem to me that I could investigate this matter better than you,

and could do it without attracting as much attention. It is evident, Miss P., that you need at this juncture a gentleman friend."

"You are right, Dr. S.," she replied, "in saying that I need at this juncture a gentleman friend, and it does seem as if God had sent you; but I will be candid with you; my mother took an aversion to you at your first call at our house, which was deepened by finding that you were a friend of Mr. M.'s—" and she paused and seemed really distressed to know what to do. I saw, however, that I was gaining ground, so I said, "Miss P., you now, at least, know I am here, and the object of my visit; suppose you think over this and I will call again to-morrow evening."

"Well, Dr. S.," she replied, thoughtfully, "I think we will thus let it stand for the present." I simply bowed and was leaving, when, seeming to think she had treated me rather coldly, she said, "Dr. S., I hope you will not infer that I do not appreciate your kind intentions, it is only my mother's feelings that I am considering."

"You are perfectly right, Miss P.," I answered, "I appreciate fully your wisdom in this matter." Well, somehow I slept badly that night, I was in rather a nervous state, so the next day determined to foot it over this lovely country and breathe its invigorating air. I stopped at the house of an old colored man, known here as "Old Si." He is a venerable looking negro and as pious as Abraham. I undertook to run him on his faith a little, but I confess he gave me back a Roland for an Oliver every time. (I will tell you all the conversation when I get back). Incidentally I asked him—how long he had lived here. He said for over half a century. The thought immediately struck me that he might know something about your father; I inquired and found to my delight that he had worked at Grasslands. I asked him whether he had ever seen the first Mrs. M. He looked guardedly at me and said, "What does you's no 'bout dat fust Missus M.?"

I saw that there was no use of fooling with that old darkey, so after extracting from him a solemn promise not to repeat what I was about to say, I told him that it was of the greatest importance to one of the purest, best of women to establish something connected with the first Mrs. M., and added, "Si, I speak

to you in perfect honesty, and call upon God to witness that I am trying to find out this, simply to benefit a fellow being."

"Quar you's call on de Almighty fur to be's your witness," said Si, "when you's sez you's don't b'lieve in an Almighty; go 'way, you're like all des atheists, you's mighty independent uv dat Almighty till you's want to use 'Im; guess you'll want to use 'Im still warse when you's come to cross de ribber uv death."

Well, M., I never met with such a case, I would have given him up, but I saw I might strike some important discovery, so I stuck to him, and, really, the fellow made me swear on the Bible, and declare, when I did it, that I believed in a God, before he would go on, and then he said, "Young man, you's does b'lieve in a God with you's conscience, its you's heart which be's de trubble; as de gud book sez, 'de fool hes sed in 'is heart dar is no God.'"

Well, I submitted to even this verdict of Si on my moral character, to get at the old darkey's information. "Si," I said, "did you ever see the first Mrs. M.?"

"Offen, she wuz a lady, she alway treated ole Si berry kind, she looked, howsomever, sort uv broken hearted."

"Do you know the reason, Si?"

"No, I only knows de master and her parted."

"How did you know this?"

"Well, I be's called to de house to witness a paper dey drew up dat night dey parted"

Oh, M., how my heart jumped into my throat when I heard this, but I carelessly asked, "Why, Si, how could you witness a paper, can you write your name?"

"No, I jes made my mark, de lawyer-man dat drew de paper, sort uv wrote his name to say dat wuz truly Si's mark, dey sed dat wuz totally sufficient."

I talked more with the darkey, but that was all of importance that I could find out. This, you notice, exactly corresponds with Mrs P.'s statement that one witness signed that paper with his mark. Now, if only that paper could be found, and the other witness. I send this right off, before seeing Miss P. this evening, as I know how glad you will be to hear all this. I suppose Si would say, if he knew how I was led to come here, "Dat wuz a special providence."

Yours as ever,

H. S.

The reader can easily imagine the effect of this letter on the mind of William Mortimer. Indeed, it satisfied him that one-half of the evidence needed to prove the truth of Mrs. Page's statement was at hand. How impatiently he waited for the second letter from his friend, the doctor! It soon followed and read as follows:

DEAR MORTIMER:

I take up my story where it left off. That evening I visited again Miss P. (She certainly is a beautiful girl and a perfect lady.) She met me this time very kindly. Indeed, she came to meet me outside the gate by a bush which hid us from the sight of her mother and E. B., who were again sitting on the porch. She explained she did not want her mother to see me, as Mrs. P. had been strangely agitated after I left, the evening before.

She said, "Dr. S., I have been thinking over this whole matter and talking with E. B. about it, and, though I highly appreciate your kindness, yet I will have to decline your offer. I really do not think you could aid us. You are a physician; what we need at this juncture — I speak plainly — is a lawyer. I think I will do nothing more about this matter till my mother is able to be moved to New York. I will then employ a lawyer and will endeavor to find the paper. You would, however, do me a favor if you will inform Mr. Mortimer of this and tell him that my object in employing a lawyer is not to enforce any claim on him, for I have none to enforce, but only to establish my parentage. But, before we part, I want to thank you, doctor, for your kindness in this matter. I do appreciate it highly," and she put out her hand to bid me good-bye.

But I calmly put mine behind my back and said, with a smile, "Miss P., you believe in a providence, and I am now going to convince you that a providence has sent me here, and I hope it will convince you also that a providence must keep me here." So I told her what I had found out through old Si.

I watched the effect of this on Miss P., for I wanted to see whether these Christian Scientists could exercise the same control

over themselves which they claim over others. Well, for a moment Miss P. did seem thrown off her equilibrium, but only for a moment, then, clasping her hands in prayer and looking upward with a heavenly smile of perfect peace, she simply ejaculated, "Thank God."

She turned and went to the porch, evidently intending to inform her mother of the good news. I, being somewhat dazed, followed her uninvited. As soon as Mrs. P. saw *me* she gave one wild shriek and went off in a swoon. There was no time to parley, so I lifted Mrs. P. in my arms and carried her into the parlor and laid her upon a lounge, and, without asking Miss P.'s permission, gave her some stimulants which soon brought her too, when, fearing my presence might bring on another attack, I quietly withdrew. The H.'s followed me to the door and said they were glad that at last Mrs. P. had fallen into the hands of a regular physician, for, according to their statement, the only treatment the poor woman has received was that of a mind-cure doctor from Boston, who simply sat by her bedside and looked wise. So I am all right with the H.'s, and, as far as they are concerned, will not be debarred from their house. I expect, however, to return to New York in a few days, but politeness will, of course, require that I should call and inquire after Mrs. P.'s health before leaving here.

Yours in haste,

H. S.

P. S. A messenger has just come from the H.'s, saying that the shock given to Mrs. P. by my sudden appearance has recovered Mrs. P.'s memory.

It will not do to let the doctor tell the story any further. He is not a disinterested witness, for his nervous system has received too great a shock from the battery of Ruth's eyes. Besides, there were some facts of which he was ignorant, which we will now relate.

After Ruth returned to the porch on the first evening of Dr. Strong's appearance, her mother acted quite wildly, and demanded to know whom she had been

talking with. Ruth had a struggle, between her conscience and the truth, in trying to keep her mother from knowing that it was Dr. Strong. Esther Bates, however, came to her aid, and they together diverted Mrs. Page's attention, finally getting her to bed, where, exhausted by the reaction from her mental tension, she fell asleep. Then Ruth took Esther aside and told her all. Now, to Esther "a medical man" was the incarnation of irreligion, the more so, in this case, as she had learned from Ruth that Dr. Strong was somewhat of a sceptic. Esther urged upon Ruth that it would be a great sin to cease relying wholly on God and to employ as an ally a sceptical physician. Therefore, Ruth, to allay the upbraidings of her own conscience, determined to give the doctor a cold shoulder. When she met him again she performed that duty somewhat with the feeling of a martyr, as she had desired to cultivate his acquaintance, with the hope of converting him to her Christian Science. The news he had brought about the discovery of one of the missing witnesses to the paper, — Old Si — the providential effect of his presence on the recovery of her mother's memory, conspired to make Ruth feel under lasting obligations to Dr. Strong.

A remarkable change had indeed passed over Mrs. Page, caused by the shock received by seeing Dr. Strong, for every faculty of her mind appeared now to have regained its normal action. Indeed, Mrs. Page was so composed that Ruth could talk freely with her mother over all the events which had transpired since the latter's attack of sickness. Esther Bates also told

Mrs. Page about her informing Mortimer of his relationship to Ruth, and about Dr. Strong's discovering the missing witness, — Si.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Page, “I now recall the fact that the witness who signed his mark was a colored man.”

The next day Dr. Strong appeared on the scene. This time he was evidently doubtful about his reception, but Ruth warmly greeted him and introduced him to her mother. Esther Bates, fearing the coming of this medical sceptic, had betaken herself to the camp-meeting. She was, however, somewhat mollified by hearing from Ruth, on the next day, how kindly the doctor had inquired after her, how he had praised her self-possession during the scenes of the previous evening, and how reverently he had spoken of Si's Christian character.

“He may not be altogether given over to the devil,” said Esther. “Let us unitedly pray that he may be converted to faith in Christ as a physician for his soul and body.” And she added, solemnly, “I believe, Ruth, if God would thus convert some of those leading New York doctors, it would produce as great effect in that city as the conversion of Saul of Tarsus did in Damascus.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

A MENTAL TOURNAMENT, IN WHICH THE MATERIALIST RECEIVES A WOUND IN HIS HEART.

The next day the doctor called on Miss Page, making the double excuse of a desire to inquire after her mother's health and of bidding Miss Page good-bye, as he intended returning to New York. Finding Ruth alone, he proposed a short walk down the shady road, "as he desired the opportunity of conversing with her about her Christian Science." Little Rubie appearing on the scene, Ruth graciously accepted the doctor's invitation and as graciously requested that she might take the boy along to gather some wild flowers, which request the doctor was too polite to refuse, yet too human to relish.

Dr. Strong was impressed with the fact that a change had come over Miss Page, not, however, in her beauty, for her face, glowing with health and freshened by the country air, seemed more beautiful than ever. But, as she walked by his side, dressed in a simple garb of white, her very innocence so added to her seeming youth that again the doctor questioned whether

this child beauty could be one year older than Mortimer.

While as lovely as ever, Ruth was more sedate. The vivacity which had bewildered the doctor's mind at their first interview, was toned down,—a natural effect of the trying scenes through which she had so recently passed. Her manner toward the doctor was not at all constrained. Ruth had seen little of gentlemen's society, and, in the purity of her own nature, was happily ignorant of the total depravity that is in mankind. She evidently regarded the doctor as a friend, to whose kindness she was indebted, her only thought concerning repaying that kindness being to convert him to the truth. They had reached a spot where the wild flowers were abundant, and, while Rubie ran off to gather them, the doctor took the opportunity to open up the subject of the mind-cure.

“I have been thinking, Miss Page,” he began, “of our first conversation and of the points presented in your interesting lecture, and, while there are many things I fail to comprehend, yet on the general subject of the influence of the mind over the body I have been deeply interested. Indeed, our foremost physiologists are devoting more attention to this department of medical science. Perchance your Christian Science deserves credit for turning public attention in this direction, and there may yet be more harmony between the views of the physiologist and Christian scientist.”

“I do not see,” answered Ruth, with a simple frank-

ness which entertained rather than offended the doctor, "how there can be any harmony between persons who stand on the opposite sides of a gulf as impassable as that between Dives and Lazarus."

"Oh, no," said the doctor, "it is not quite as bad as that, Miss Page. Science does recognize a kind of 'divinity in man, rough hew it as we may.'"

"Yes, and you do indeed 'rough hew it,' for hear how one of your scientists defines consciousness," and she took a slip of paper from her pocket and read, "'The consciousness, when scientifically examined, reveals itself as a quality of brain or mode of manifestation of molecular activities of the organized brain substance.'"*

But the doctor desired to avoid a discussion with Ruth and therefore said, "I will not attempt to defend my science, but humbly crave to be taught your own."

"Now," said Ruth, playfully, "you are coming to a hopeful state. Please, then, take your proper position as a scholar at the feet of your teacher," and, seating herself on a bench near by, the doctor being seated on the ground, she began:

"Look around you, Dr. Strong, on nature arrayed in all the loveliness of this fall season. Everywhere you see the proofs of Christian Science, for everything on

* Quoted from Lester F. Ward, A. M., (of the Smithsonian Institute) article in the *Christian Register* of Boston. That paper asked of leading scientists their opinion on the question — whether there were any positively ascertained facts which make it difficult to believe in the immortality of a personal consciousness, also whether the question should be considered outside the pale of science. As to the first question, Mr. Ward's reply is a fair reflex of the average opinion in all the other replies. As to the second, he answers with a decided negative.

which your eye rests speaks of one Great Cause. You remember those beautiful lines of Wordsworth, —

“ I have seen
 A curious child who dwelt upon a tract
 Of inland ground, applying to his ear
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
 Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
 Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
 Mysterious union with its native sea.
 Even such a shell the universe itself
 Is to the ear of Faith, and there are times,
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
 Authentic tidings of invisible things;
 Of ebb and flow, and ever during power;
 And central peace subsisting at the heart
 Of endless agitation.’ ”

As the fair girl repeated these lines her face lit up with the enthusiasm of her belief, and the doctor's heart unconsciously responded to the last words, — “ Endless agitation.” Ruth, however, was too much absorbed in her subject to notice the doctor's countenance, for her eyes were resting not on him but on that nature whose every beauty led her up to nature's God, so without pausing she continued, — “ On that nature is written — healing. You mow yonder grassy lawn and at once nature goes to work to make the scythe-cut blades spring forth again; you hew down yonder tree and at once from its stump springs up the new sapling; you wound your finger and at once nature throws out healing plasms to unite the wounded part; the highest power confessedly of your ablest physician is to assist nature in her healing. When nature's tendencies to

heal cease, the decree goes forth that the body must yield to death. These voices in which God speaks through nature are but echoes of His truth. That truth proclaims that there exists a divine, saving principle, a universally diffused life, which seeks to impart itself in healing power to everything that lives. Who was it that uttered those words which contain the very essence of religion, — ‘I am the Way, the Truth and the Life,’ — but He, the Christ, the life of men. I beg you, Dr. Strong,” and her eyes turned to him with earnest look, “to ponder this fact, that nature and nature’s God, and Christ the Revealer of God to us, all proclaim healing.”

“Why, then, Miss Page,” said the doctor, “are not all healed. You speak of nature’s proclaiming healing, I grant it in the applications you have cited to support your theory, but I also find written over nature and man — inevitable death.”

“I will answer your question,” said Ruth, “by another — is not death itself in one sense healing? Look at that flower there, it has ceased blooming, its stalk is withered, as you would say, ‘dead,’ its seed begins to fall to the earth, but as Paul tersely puts it, in its very death is the prophecy of life, — ‘That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die;’ thus even death has its recuperative tendencies.”

“But, Miss Page, all men do not view this matter as you do; even granting the existence of a God, and that the mission of His Son is in the line of healing, the fact remains that many, like myself for example, are so full of doubt that we never accept these truths. I speak plainly, I do not wish to play the hypocrite.”

Ruth cast a look of compassion on the doctor and said, "I will answer you as frankly. If you persist in standing aloof from the truth and the life, you cannot be healed. This life power is embodied in Jesus, the Christ. He is not only the life but the light; 'In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.' Suppose I want to get the healing power of the sun, could I have it by burying myself in a cellar, or by shutting out with curtains his rays. Would I not rather expose myself to the sun's light? Nor would I have to worry about making the sun shine, my only concern would be to bask in its warm rays. So with my soul, there is the sun of righteousness arising upon it with healing in its beams, healing for both soul and body; what am *I* to do, scoff at the idea of the existence of that sun, or at the healing power of its beams? Should I not rather open my heart to have him come in and expel the darkness of sin and irradiate it with his light; yea, should I not in the silence of my soul hold communion with my God, praying that His life and light might make me whole?"

Dr. Strong was considerably affected by this simple argument of Ruth, more so than he was willing to acknowledge. When she had concluded he took his eyes off her face, on which he had been intently gazing, and fixed them, like her's, on the far distance, and thus they both sat and pondered. But insensibly his thoughts reverted from these truths to their speaker. Who was this girl? he had never met her like before; so pure, so guileless, so enthusiastic over her peculiar belief, he could not bid down that admiration which all

men instinctively feel for a pure, spiritually minded woman, unless said woman be a crank. But Ruth Page could not be numbered among cranks. She was a child of nature, striving to work out problems, too high, perchance, for her, but problems which interested her as tending to benefit humanity. Ruth did not interrupt the doctor's cogitations, she sat looking at the distance, and, as she had promised Esther, praying for his conversion. But unfortunately for the chances of that conversion, Ruth first broke the silence. The thought recurred to her that she had not explained one cardinal point in her Christian Science, namely, the unreality of matter. Remembering, too, how she had failed to answer the doctor's argument on this point at their first meeting, she felt in duty bound to retrieve her failure, so she broke the silence by saying, "Dr. Strong, it seems to me that your difficulties would be resolved if you would adopt our view of the human body."

"What is that view?" asked the doctor, as if in doubt of Ruth's meaning.

Ruth replied, "What we call matter, including the material body, has existence only as a false seeming. The supreme reality in the universe is spirit." *

As a critical listener of a magnificent oratorio starts at some false note and finds his opinion of the performer at once lowered, so the doctor started and revolted at this utterance of Ruth. Unfortunately, too, she had now abandoned her stronghold of spiritual truth, and had come out on a battle-field, where her opponent was much better equipped. Before opening his

* See Evans' Esoteric Christianity, page 57.

batteries, the doctor drew her further on, by asking with seeming humility, "What sphere, then, do you assign to the senses?"

"There are no such things, strictly speaking, as material senses," answered Ruth, "what people term the senses are but the reflections of the mind, because all is mind. If the mind be absent from the body, the body has no sensation."

"True," answered the doctor, "still, if you put a piece of ice before a person who had never seen ice, that person's mind could not tell whether it was cold or hot until he had tested it with his senses. Here is one of many examples which I might cite to show that mind and matter are mutually dependent."

Ruth could not answer this argument. She retreated to her stronghold — the spiritual side of the argument — but, alas, the gates had been left open and the enemy could now follow her even therein. "I acknowledge," she said, "I cannot answer your argument, doctor, but I fall back on the truth. The Bible, which furnishes the true account of man's creation, expressly states that man is not matter, because it says that he was made 'in the image and likeness of God;' it also tells us that God is a spirit; therefore, man made in the image and likeness of God must be spiritual, not material."

"I am not very familiar with the Bible," answered the doctor, "but I have read with some care the first two chapters of Genesis, for they are the battle-ground between us materialists and the Christian Theists. Now, these chapters plainly teach that man has both a

spiritual and material nature, for they make a clear distinction between man's body 'formed out of the dust of the ground,' and his soul, of which it says, 'The Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul;' besides, according to the Bible account, the body was first formed as a distinct entity, afterward a soul was enshrined therein. If I remember aright, there is a verse in the Bible which makes the same distinction in speaking of man's death, — 'the dust returns unto the earth *as it was*, and the spirit returns unto God who gave it.' I am no theologian, Miss Page, but the Bible itself thus recognizes man's body as material; besides," added the doctor, gallantly, "however clearly it may be proven that Adam was made of matter, we might have supposed that Eve, judging from her daughters, was made of some finer material; had not the Bible expressly said, 'that the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept, and he took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof, and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman?' I am afraid, Miss Page, that however we may admire your sex, yet we will have to catalogue even the female body under matter."

Ruth was at a loss to answer the doctor, who, wise enough to not press his advantage, turned the subject by saying, "I confess, Miss Page, that since I first met you, I have given more attention to the relation of the mind to the body, and I am surprised to find how much our leading physiologists and metaphysicians lean to views which assimilate to your own. Take, for

example, your claim 'that mind can act independent of the senses,' or 'that sensation can arise from within;' Prof. Muller asserts that a person blind from infancy, in consequence of the opacity of the transparent media of the eye, may have a perfect internal conception of light and color.* The Scotch metaphysician, Reid, speaking of perceiving external things through the senses, declares that no man can show it to be impossible for the Supreme Being to have given us the power of perceiving what he calls external objects without such organs. Even Sir William Hamilton acknowledges that 'however astonishing, it is now proved beyond all rational doubt that in certain abnormal states of the nervous organism perceptions are possible through other than the ordinary channels of the senses.'"

"Ah, Dr. Strong," said Ruth, "we have higher authority than the names you have mentioned, for we ask of you men of science what God asked of Abraham, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' Can you look upon the human body, and say that the Maker exhausted his power of giving sight to it when he created the retina, the optic nerve and its ganglionic centre? Are these, after all, the real seeing power? Is there not behind them all the *ego*, the self? *This* death itself cannot destroy. What is that *ego*? Even according to your own interpretation of the Bible's account of man's creation, it is the spiritual part of his nature,—the breath of life breathed into him by God himself, bestowing so divine a character that Christ himself calls men 'gods.' I acknowledge there is left a

* Muller's Elements of Physiology, pages 1059, 1060.

schism in human nature, the opposition of the flesh to the reign of the spirit,* but does it not seem a just aim for man to strive to have this spiritual nature so in harmony with God that the fleshly nature shall be in submission to the spiritual? And here is the point of our Christian Science," added Ruth, speaking with great earnestness. "Granting for the moment that I am right in this view, is it not a logical conclusion, that the pervading of the soul with the presence of God would tend to make the body sound? Is not the presence of the Almighty a healing presence? for he both 'forgiveth all our iniquities and healeth all our diseases.'

"Oh, doctor!" and the tears started in her eyes from her deep emotion, "when I think that One has trod this earth who came from Heaven to seek and to save that which was lost, and that the simple touch of the hem of His garment restored health to a human body, I do want to stretch out my own hand of faith to touch this life-giving Christ, so that I may feel the health-current flow not only into my soul but also into my very body. Doctor, would you strike down that outstretched hand with your philosophy? Cannot you rather bring yourself to say, 'If I may but touch the hem of His garment I shall be whole?'"

Ruth in her earnestness had looked right into the eyes of the doctor. There was no tenderness of love in that look,—it was rather the gaze of conscious truthfulness—but under that look he seemed to stand transfixed. He gazed upon her with admiration

* Esoteric Christianity, pages 41, 42.

mingled with perplexity. "What is it," he asked of himself, "in this young woman that so strangely moves me? I sometimes feel like clasping her to my heart, and then again I simply admire her as a beautiful combination of purity and intellectuality. Where lies her power over me? I wish I had never met her — no, not exactly that. I wish we could understand each other better."

While thus pondering Ruth interrupted his thoughts by rising and saying, "I will have to return to my mother, as she cannot yet be left long alone."

So they walked silently side by side. At last the doctor managed to say, "Miss Page, I would very much like to continue our acquaintance when you return to New York."

"Certainly," said Ruth, with a frankness which showed that she understood the doctor's proposal as simply that of a friend.

Rubie came up and gave Ruth a bundle of wild flowers.

"How beautiful they are!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Take one, then," said Ruth, "and think of the Creator."

"Yes," said the doctor, looking meaningly at Ruth, "and of his creatures."

But Ruth, thinking that the doctor referred to the subject of their past conversation, said, guilelessly, "Yes, doctor, it is when we best understand the Creator that we see his wonders in his creatures."

The doctor was not quite satisfied with this reply, and, when they reached the garden gate and Ruth put out

her hand to bid him a friendly good-bye, he looked steadily at her and said, "Miss Page, I must make a confession ere we part. While looking at this flower I will think of the Creator," — Ruth's face brightened — "and," added the doctor, "of His relations to his creatures, but there is one of his creatures whom I shall think about every hour. I only wish I could hope she would thus think of me."

Ruth started. The look, the tone of the doctor were unmistakable. It was the first time that on the ears of this young girl, kept secluded from the world, had fallen the accents of love. It was a new revelation to her soul, and she received a shock greater than any she had ever given her patients. She lost her usual self-possession, blushed and seemed much confused, but at length said, "Dr. Strong, I shall ever think of you as a friend, to whose kindness I am greatly indebted and for whom I have the highest respect."

"Is it to be 'only this and nothing more?'" pondered the doctor, as he walked back to the village.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALICE AND MORTIMER MEET AGAIN.

The Roman writer, Lactantius, in his treatise on "The Workmanship of God or The Formation of Man," says: "The mind which exercises control over the body appears to be placed in the highest part of the head, as God is in heaven; but when it is engaged in any reflection it appears to pass to the heart, and as it were to withdraw to some secret recess, that it may elicit and draw forth counsel, as it were from a hidden treasury." The heathen philosopher unconsciously re-echoes the phraseology of the Hebrew prophets, which uniformly assigns the emotions to the heart. The natural feeling of man on this subject is illustrated by the gesture-language of both civilized and savage; the man of fine breeding "lays his hand upon his heart," and Tyler, in his account of the Indians, states that "they express fear by putting the hands to the lower ribs, and by showing how the heart flutters and seems to rise to the throat." To all that the physiologist answers with a contemptuous smile. "Impossible," says he, "that the heart can be the original seat of any emotion, for it must be originated in the

brain and conveyed to the heart, through the nerves supplied from the pneumogastric and sympathetic systems." To all which we bow with humility, yet humbly inquire, "What, sir, sets in motion the pneumogastric and sympathetic systems?" To which he replies, "That hidden force of life the seat of which has not yet been precisely located." "Exactly so," we answer, "and, therefore, until you locate the seat of life, smile not contemptuously at us inheritors of the pneumogastric and sympathetic systems, if we believe that in the body, — this temple of the Holy Ghost, — the Shechinah reveals his glory in a Holy of Holies, whereinto the foot of scientists has never entered. There are some things left in the human make-up, "not dreamt of in our philosophy," Oh, brother investigator of this body "fearfully and wonderfully made."

After which soaring, we will descend to earth again, lest, Icarus-like, our wings should get melted and our pride become our ruin. On that earth we find our heroes and heroines pursuing the unsentimental humdrum of life. Ruth is at the Hubbards, nursing her mother and packing her trunks for their return to New York. Dr. Strong is driving his gig around the streets of New York, and gaining reputation every day. "Oh," he sighs, "I wish I was only married; queer, isn't it, that celibacy stands in the way of a physician, yet aids a clergyman. There is Rev. Alphonso Spooks, his church was crowded with fair listeners, and his wardrobe supplied with wrappers, slippers, etc., until he was married, then his audience dwindled to nothing, and his apparel ceased to be an altar for the sacrifices

of his fair worshippers; while I am confronted daily by some mother who says, 'Oh, doctor, why don't you get married, we would so like to employ you, but you know the girls feel a delicacy.' It is all in their mind," said the doctor, and this expression brought to his mind Ruth Page. As for our friend Mortimer, he has been busy with numerous law cases and apparently forgotten that there ever existed such a person as Miss Alice Dupont; the only woman now in his thoughts being Ruth, whom he yearns to hail as a sister, said yearning being increased by the admiration Ruth excites by her firm refusal to have anything to do with him until her sisterly relation is fully established. Our other friend, Miss Alice Dupont, has returned to New York, joined Dr. Gospeller's church, been elected a member of all its missionary societies, and, in what time she can spare from attending to the heathen on the other side of the globe, is trying to minister to those in the city of New York. Thus, you see, all our characters are at the present juncture removed as far from the emotional state as possible, yet, perchance, a single spark falling into one heart (pardon our ignorance, Oh, physiologists, we should have said one mind) may set the whole aflame; as the historic cow, by overturning a single lamp, is said to have kindled that great fire in Chicago.

Mortimer was sitting in his office when a plainly dressed man entered; he was a hard-faced man, one of those faces which grow hard from the desperate struggle of the mind over earning sustenance for the body. His first salutation was, "I need some money,

I think I see a chance to make it; I hear you're a very smart lawyer, I want you to take my case."

"State your case," said Mortimer, "and I'll let you know whether it can be honestly made."

The man did not seem to like the emphasis Mortimer put on the word "honestly." He said, as if apologetically, "I don't want to cheat any man, I only want my rights."

"Well, go on and tell me your story," said Mortimer, "then I can decide whether you have any rights in this case."

"Mister, the story is this: My little May was run over by a carriage. She was playing in the street—poor child! she had nowhere else to play—and a carriage drove fast down the street, and, before little May could get out of the road, the wheel had passed over her body. Poor May!" and the strong man bowed his head and said with a sob, "The doctor says she'll be a cripple for life."

"Whose carriage was it?" asked Mortimer.

"That is just what I came to you to have found out," said the man, "for I want to sue its owner for damages."

"Did not the carriage stop after it ran over the child?"

"No. It was driven by a darkey, and the place where May was run over was just by a corner, and the darkey dashed round the corner."

"Was there any one in the carriage?" asked Mortimer.

"That I don't know," said the man. "It was one of those shut up carriages, and the curtains were down."

"It's a most inhuman act," said Mortimer, "for any one to run over a child without stopping to see what injury they have done. I don't so much wonder at the darkey's doing it, for he had the fear both of the law and loss of position, but, if the person who owns that carriage is able, they ought to pay for your child's injury. I will take your case."

"On how much?" said the man,—"one-half of what you get?"

"On nothing," said Mortimer, angrily. "I am doing this not for money, but to help a poor fellow being. I want, however, to know whether you are really so poor as you represent," and, taking his hat, Mortimer said, "I will first go with you and see the child."

The man led Mortimer to a room in the third story of a tenement house. The room was scrupulously clean, though bare of comfort. The mother, Mrs. William Saunders, was of that honest-faced Scotch peasantry which drink in the Bible and their catechism with their mother's milk. On a mattress in the corner lay her only child, little May, a sweet blue-eyed lassie of eight years, whose bright eyes and cheerful face seemed to give the lie to her father's assertion that she had been seriously hurt. Saunders, seeing the look of incredulity on Mortimer's face, pulled back the bed-clothes and pointed to the limbs of little May, which were indeed paralyzed. Mrs. Saunders seemed from the first to take to Mortimer. So did the child. His heart went out to them in deep sympathy. He said, "Mr. Saunders, I will take this case, and, if I find the owner of that carriage to be a responsible person, will do my best to get for you pecuniary redress."

"I don't want you to do anything dishonest," said the Scotch wife. "I would rather bear this cross uncomplainingly."

"Hush, wife," said her more cautious spouse. "There is certainly nothing 'dishonest' in trying to get some money for our little May, for, otherwise, if we should die she might be sent to the poorhouse."

"Mrs. Saunders," interrupted Mortimer, "I promise you I will inflict wrong on no one, but, after finding the owner of the carriage, will first give them the opportunity to do something for little May. If they refuse, then will be time enough to determine whether to carry this matter to the courts."

"Well," said Mrs. Saunders, resignedly, "you seem to be an honest man, though you are a lawyer. I will leave the case to your best judgment, and may the good Lord direct you."

"Saunders," said Mortimer, "the first thing to do is to find some competent witness who could identify that carriage."

"I know one," replied Saunders, "my neighbor, Tim Jones. He was coming to his dinner when May was run over. He saw the carriage and driver, and swears he could identify them again."

"Send him to my office," said Mortimer.

Tim came, and, after being put through a severe examination, Mortimer was satisfied that Tim knew enough to identify the carriage. "Now, Tim," he said, "I want you to return here in an hour. In the meanwhile, I will call a detective."

At the time appointed Tim reappeared, and said,

“Mr. Mortimer, I saw that very carriage just now standing a few doors from your office.”

Hearing this, the detective hurried him away in pursuit, and in a short time returned, saying, “We have got the carriage and Tim has identified it and the darkey. We have brought them both to your door.”

Mortimer hurried down and found a coupé. Its blinds were down; Mortimer opened its door, and there sat very composedly—Miss Alice Dupont! Miss Dupont said nothing, but hurled a contemptuous glance at Mortimer, who was completely upset. “Miss Dupont,” he began, “I beg your pardon. I had no idea that it was your carriage which my man had stopped. Please excuse me and proceed on your way.”

“No, Mr. Mortimer, I shall do no such thing. The grave accusation has been made against my servant that he ran over a child and has injured it for life. If this be the case, I wish all possible reparation to be made. You will oblige me if you will tell me where the child lives. I will meet you there and see what reparation should be made.”

Mortimer gave the number, and, hailing a cab, followed Alice's carriage and arrived at the Saunders' in time to offer to assist her in alighting. Alice declined his assistance and coldly said, “If Mr. Mortimer will lead the way to the child's room I will follow.”

Mrs. Saunders was surprised to see Mortimer enter accompanied by a lady. The former was about to make explanations, when Alice, stepping forward, said,

“I have learned, to my great sorrow, that my servant ran over and seriously injured your child. I was not in my carriage at the time. Had I been I should have stopped and rendered assistance. I come now to do everything in my power to atone for the injury.”

Mrs. Saunders' heart was touched. “Sure,” she said, “such a fair lady as yourself would not injure any one. Here is the child that was hurt,” and she led her to May's bedside.

“Alice stooped and kissed May. The tears started in her eyes as she saw the paralyzed condition of the little sufferer, and she asked, “What physician have you?”

The mother answered, “The physician to the poor.”

“Well,” said Alice, “I will send my own physician immediately. I will also see that more comfortable quarters are provided for you all,” and, glancing at Mortimer with a look of scorn, she added, “Your lawyer need not bring suit. Let him state the damages expected, and, if not wholly unreasonable, they will be paid.”

Mortimer was stung to the quick. He stepped forward and said, “Miss Dupont, Mrs. Saunders will bear witness that I counselled her to make no legal claim for the injury inflicted on her child until the injurer should have the opportunity of offering reparation.”

“Yes,” broke in Mrs. Saunders, whose wrath began to rise at having Mortimer assailed. “Far be it from me to touch one penny of your money, miss. I am poor and afflicted, but I can earn my living

without the help of those who have injured me."

It was now Alice's turn to feel rebuked. She saw her desire to be avenged on Mortimer had carried her too far. "I beg," she said, "both yours and Mr. Mortimer's pardon for impugning the motives of either, but I do plead for the favor of doing all I can for the little sufferer. May I not, Mrs. Saunders?" and she went and laid her hand affectionately on Mrs. Saunders' shoulder and looked up in her face with a winning smile.

The mother's heart was melted, and she answered, "Sure, and we will be friends, if your ladyship so wish."

Alice left the room, and Mortimer, soon after, the house. He was thoroughly angered. Pride added to his resentment, for, just before Alice left, he had politely said, "Miss Dupont will please command me in any way that I can be of service to her," and Alice had answered, with a supercilious air, "I cannot imagine anything in which Mr. Mortimer can be of service to Miss Dupont."

"I am half a mind," said Mortimer, "to enter suit against Miss Alice Dupont for the injury inflicted on little May. It might bring down a little the airs of her ladyship."

The next day Mr. John Parks called on Mr. Mortimer and handed him a check of \$10,000, signed by Miss Alice Dupont. "Miss Dupont," he said, "besides this, agrees to pay a year's rent for the Saunders and to obtain for Mr. Saunders a much better situation than he at present occupies. If Mr. Mortimer does not deem

this sufficient reparation, Miss Dupont would be glad to be so informed."

"I am not the one to determine this matter," answered Mortimer. "That must be left to the parents of the child, but I shall frankly tell them that, in my opinion, Miss Dupont has done already more than could be legally required."

"I never knew Miss Dupont to do otherwise," said Mr. Parks, glad to get in a side hit at one whom he knew was Alice's former lover. "Indeed, I have been very much impressed in my acquaintance with Miss Dupont, which, lately, I may say, has been quite intimate, that she is a lady of the highest character."

Mortimer politely bowed, though he felt like pitching Mr. John Parks out of his office window.

The latter rose and said, "Of course, Mr. Mortimer, if you have any communication to make to Miss Dupont in regard to the acceptance of her offer by your clients, you will address it through me."

"I believe I understand, Mr. Parks," said Mortimer, with a touch of irony in his tone, "the proprieties of this matter without troubling you for further advice."

The Saunders were only too glad to accept the generous provision of Alice. Mortimer took care that a full release should be given by them of all claims against the Duponts and even the unlucky driver. This he sent not to Mr. John Parks, but to Mr. Dupont. Her father was shocked at finding the sum Alice had paid, and asked, "Did that rascal Mortimer wheedle you out of it?"

"No," said Alice. "Mr. Mortimer had nothing to

do with it, but it was worth ten thousand dollars to me to have an opportunity of showing my scorn for William Mortimer," which remark was decidedly unchristian, coming from a lady lately professing such a change of heart, but it is a remarkable fact that most men and women interpret the command "to love their enemies" as having one important exception, — those who have jilted them.

CHAPTER XXV.

DR. STRONG SUGGESTS A CURIOUS MENTAL METHOD
FOR RECOVERING THE LOST DOCUMENT.

Though Mrs. Page had recovered her memory, her system remained prostrated by the mental tension she had undergone. It was, therefore, late in the fall before she could be removed to New York. This interval was one of deep anxiety to Ruth, who was impatient to return and search for the missing document. At last, however, with the assistance of Esther (who, through Ruth's earnest entreaty, had accompanied her home), Mrs. Page was safely moved to her New York residence. Hardly had they got settled before Dr. Strong appeared on the scene. Ruth felt a mingled embarrassment and relief in the doctor's presence. His words at the garden gate still rang in her ears, yet she felt the need of some one to counsel her in the present dilemma, and, since Dr. Strong fully understood her mother's history, he seemed to Ruth a sort of providential prop to lean upon. Mortimer also encouraged the doctor's visits to the Pages, as they enabled him to keep informed of the state of affairs in that household, which, in the meanwhile, resolved itself into

an investigating committee. Ruth and Esther searched every room, closet, drawer for the missing paper. They took up carpets, they went over Mrs. Page's private papers, but, alas! no trace of the missing document was found. Of this state of affairs Dr. Strong was cognizant, and he racked his own brain for devices to assist Mrs. Page's memory. Ruth appreciated the doctor's kindness, but, alas! their views were so opposite on the general operations of the mind that, though many plans were proposed by the doctor, none seemed to impress Ruth favorably.

One evening the doctor rang the door-bell so violently as to astonish its inmates. Ruth, who happened to be looking through the parlor blind, seeing the agitated condition of her visitor, hastened to open the door herself.

"Oh, Miss Page," burst out the doctor, as soon as they met, "I have discovered a sure way for stimulating your mother's memory. Now please hear me patiently, for I realize that I must first convince you that it is not at variance with your theories of the relation of the mind to the body. I have been carefully studying the effects of hypnotism and of the somnambulistic state, and I find numerous examples of the recovery of lost links of memory when a mind is in this condition. Mr. Braid's experiments in this direction are peculiarly interesting.* Mr. Braid discovered that

* See Carpenter's full endorsement of the fact of artificial somnambulism in his *Mental Physiology*, chapter XV. Tuke, in his *Influence of the Mind on the Body*, says, "The investigations of Mr. Braid did throw a flood of light on the influence of the mind over the body." Tuke also claims that Braid's investigations were but a repetition on an extensive scale of Sir John Hunter's experiments on himself.

by the subject's own muscular sense, ideas could be suggested to the mind of the hypnotized somnambule. Thus, if the hand be placed on the top of the head, the somnambule will draw himself up and assume a demeanor of the most lofty pride; or, if his head be bent forward and the hands folded together, the somnambule will assume the attitude of reverent devotion." *

"But this looks like magnetism, Dr. Strong, and we Christian Scientists will have nothing to do with magnetism."

"I realize that fact," said the doctor, "and it's not that phase of hypnotism that I want to utilize. All you will need in your mother's case is to avail yourself of one feature of the somnambulistic state, one which exactly accords with your theories of Christian Science, namely, the supremacy of the mind when its native powers are unfettered. It is one peculiarity of somnambulism that no remembrance is preserved of anything that has occurred during its continuance. This state is, in fact, the highest condition of mental action, for the mind is not disturbed or distracted by external objects. Yea, therein mind asserts its supremacy over outward sensation, man is for once independent of his environment, so that the sleeper clammers dizzy heights, traverses narrow planks; this the mind, distracted by its waking state, would not dare to attempt. I cannot see, Miss Page, a better argument for the truth of your theory as to the native independence of the mind of all external causation than

* Carpenter, page 602.

this experiment if it should prove successful. You also can aid in this by directing the current of your mother's thoughts, for it has been often noticed that if the mind has been strongly impressed with a subject before falling asleep it will continue that subject in its sleeping hours."

"Well," said Ruth, thoughtfully, "there does seem to be much in what you say, doctor. I can easily see how God could use this particular state to direct my mother's mind to the place where the document lies hid. Besides, I can tell you something which I have never before mentioned, — that, since my mother's late sickness, she has often walked in her sleep."

When Ruth mentioned this, the doctor was in an ecstasy of delight, and said, "There is, then, a strong probability of your having an opportunity to try this experiment on your mother."

"Oh, how I wish that opportunity would soon come!" said Ruth, with a sigh.

"Well, Miss Ruth," said the doctor, cautiously feeling his way, "one method of inducing somnambulism is by inducing the patient to maintain a fixed gaze on some object, thus stimulating the faculty of concentrated attention. Mr. Braid always hypnotized his patients by first inducing them to maintain a fixed gaze on some object."

"But," said Ruth, "this again seems to me to savor of magnetism."

"True," argued the doctor, "but all that magnetism really does accomplish is through utilizing the natural tendencies of the mind. We all know that a fixed

look at anything will accelerate our falling asleep; thus the auditor of a tiresome sermon finds that his efforts to keep awake, by fixing his attention on the speaker, only increases his sleepiness. I do not ask you to abandon one of your mind-cure theories, but I do plead with you to utilize this means of letting your mother's mind, freed from the distractions of this material earth, assert its own prerogative and develop its natural powers. Let me read to you," said the doctor, "a well authenticated case which is quoted in Carpenter's 'Mental Physiology,' of the wonderful stimulating effect to the brain of a somnambulistic state. Carpenter says: 'The following was narrated by the Rev. John de Liefde, as the experience of a brother clergyman, on whose veracity he could fully rely:

"'I was a student of the Mennonite Seminary at Amsterdam, and attended the mathematical lectures of Prof. Van Swinden. Now, it happened that once a banking-house had given the professor a question to resolve, which required a difficult and prolix calculation; and often, already, had the mathematician tried to find out the problem; but as, to effect this, some sheets of paper had to be covered with figures, the learned man at each trial had made a mistake. Thus, not to fatigue himself, he communicated the puzzle to ten of his students — me amongst the number — and begged us to attempt its unravelling at home. My ambition did not allow me any delay. I set to work the same evening, but without success. Another evening was sacrificed to my undertaking, but fruitlessly. At last I

bent over my figures for a third evening. It was winter, and I calculated till half past one in the morning—all to no purpose! the product was erroneous. Low at heart, I threw down my pencil, which already by that time had beciphered three slates. I hesitated whether I could toil the night through, and begin my calculation anew, as I knew that the professor wanted an answer the very same morning. But lo! my candle was already burned in the socket, and, alas, the persons with whom I lived had long gone to rest. Then I also went to bed, my head filled with ciphers, and tired in mind I fell asleep. In the morning I awoke just early enough to dress and prepare myself to go to the lecture; vexed at heart at not having been able to solve the question, and at having to disappoint my teacher. But, oh, wonder! as I approached my writing table, I find on it a paper, with figures in my own hand, and (think of my astonishment!) the whole problem on it solved quite right, and without a single blunder. I wanted to ask of my *hospita* whether any one had been in my room, but was stopped by my own writing. Afterwards I told her what had occurred, and she herself wondered at the event, for she assured me no one had entered my apartment. Thus I must have calculated the problem in my sleep, and in the dark to boot; and what is most remarkable, the computation was so succinct, that, what I saw now before me on a single folio sheet, had required three slatefulls closely beciphered on both sides during my waking state. Prof. Von Swinden was quite amazed at the event, and declared to me that whilst calculating the problem

himself, he had never once thought of a solution so simple and concise.'” *

The doctor's skilful casuistry, reinforced by this example, converted Ruth to trying the experiment. When Ruth communicated her purpose to Esther Bates, the latter denounced it as a “delusion and a snare.” “You are leaving God to trust in an arm of flesh,” she said.

“No,” answered Ruth, “dear Esther, God has often used the sleeping state to communicate knowledge to His people; see how he directed by a dream the Wise Men in respect to the way they should travel, also by the same instrument the journeyings of the parents of our Lord. Does not the Bible clearly teach that God can reveal to man while in sleep knowledge which he could not otherwise obtain.” †

“Well,” answered Esther, resignedly, “I will not interfere with your expectations, for I know that God can use even the foolishness of man to accomplish his own purposes.”

Ruth could hardly suppress a smile at the blunt honesty of Esther, however uncomplimentary to herself, and she answered, “Well, Esther, you pray and I will watch.”

* Carpenter's *Principles of Mental Physiology*, page 593. London edition.

† Job, XXXIII, 14-17.

CHAPTER XXVI.

RUTH'S EXPERIMENT ON HER MOTHER. A SOMNAMBULISTIC FEAT.

With beating heart and hurried footsteps Ruth hied to her mother's room, expecting to find her asleep, for Dr. Strong had prolonged his call to a late hour. To Ruth's surprise her mother was sitting, in her *robe d'nuit*, by the open grate, gazing therein in deep abstraction. "A penny for your thoughts," said Ruth, as she stooped over her mother's chair.

Mrs. Page raised her eyes to her daughter's and said, in a tone which indicated deep agitation, "Ruth, I was pondering over that lost paper. The more I think of it, the more I am persuaded it is somewhere in this room. I was thinking whether some one might not have entered the room during our absence and abstracted it."

"Mother," said Ruth, soothingly, drawing her mother's head to her own bosom and gently stroking her brow, "Mother, you must stop worrying about that paper, because your very worry throws your mind off its normal track and confuses your memory. What you now need is sleep. Come, let me try to put you

to sleep, as I have often done, by passing my hand lightly over your forehead."

"Well, I must lie down first," said her mother.

Mrs. Page threw herself on the bed, and Ruth, having carefully arranged her mother's pillows, sat by her side and gently stroked her forehead. Ruth said nothing, for she did not want to interrupt the current of her mother's thoughts, which had been last occupied with the missing manuscript. Ruth also tried to concentrate her own mind on the subject of the lost manuscript, because, according to her Christian Science, there is a way of communication between the mind or spirit of one and the mind or spirit of another, by which thought may be transmitted and an influence exerted.*

It was not long before Mrs. Page sank into a gentle slumber which soon passed into a deep sleep. Once Mrs. Page started when a knock came on the door and Esther entered, who had been spending a night of special prayer for Ruth, and, with her faith, "as large as a grain of mustard-seed," had been mixed some larger grains of female curiosity. Ruth motioned to Esther not to disturb her mother, and, turning to the sleeping one, gently stroked her forehead. Mrs. Page again sank into a deep slumber. Ruth gently glided to Esther's side and whispered, "I think an opportunity will come to-night for testing the effect of the somnambulistic state on my mother's memory."

Esther shook her head. She had no faith in such psychological experiments; she stuck to faith and

* W. T. Evans' Divine Law of Cure, page 277.

prayer. Still, her kind heart sympathized with the anxious daughter, and, gently kissing Ruth, Esther said, "I will return to my room and my knees."

So they parted, Esther for her devotions, Ruth for her sentinel-like position at her mother's bedside. Ruth noticed that her mother was evidently dreaming. There were starts, sometimes sobs. Indeed, Mrs. Page seemed so agitated by her dream that Ruth was about to awaken her, when a sweet smile stole over her mother's face. A suppressed sigh of relief followed. Then, to the surprise of Ruth, Mrs. Page sat up, then rose up. Ruth was about to place a restraining hand upon her mother, when she noticed that the latter was fast asleep. Her eyes were indeed open, but they had that vacant look which characterizes the somnambulistic state. Ruth, trembling with excitement, withdrew from her mother's side and watched.

Mrs. Page walked calmly and steadily to a chair in the centre of the room. Lifting it, she took it to the front of her wardrobe (which stood at the other end of the room), then, mounting the chair and standing on tiptoe, felt with her hand over the top of the wardrobe. A look of disappointment passed over her face. Evidently she had found nothing. She halted for a moment, as if in perplexity, then, descending from the chair, took a higher one, and, mounting it, reached her hand completely over the wardrobe; so that she could pass it behind its back, then drew forth a waterproof. With intense eagerness Ruth now watched every movement of her mother, who first shook the waterproof, as if expecting something to fall from it, but,

alas! nothing fell to the ground. With a groan, Ruth saw her mother again begin to fold up the waterproof.

"Alas!" she said to herself, "the somnambulistic state did indeed set my mother's mind on a track of thought, but it proves, like those pursued in her waking state, to be the wrong one."

But look! Mrs. Page, after folding up the article, paused, hesitated, then unfolded it again, and, putting her hand into a pocket on its inside lining, drew out a bundle of papers. Ruth was now so agitated that she had to support herself by a chair. Mrs. Page, however, seemed perfectly composed. She deliberately seated herself by the centre-table, laid the package on it, untied its cords, broke its seal and took out three papers. The first she glanced at and laid aside; so with the second. But the third she carefully inspected, then gave a nod, as if of approbation, returned to her bed, carefully put it under her pillow and went on in her sleep, which was as calm as that of a babe on its mother's bosom.

Ruth was so agitated that she could hardly keep from crying out. However, waiting quietly, until persuaded that her mother would not be disturbed by her movements, she glided to the bed, slipped her hand under Mrs. Page's pillow and withdrew the packet; then carrying it to the table, turned up the gas and proceeded to inspect its contents. The first paper was a letter from Eugene Mortimer to his first wife acknowledging one of her's, which had stated her purpose to leave Grasslands and apply for a divorce. The second was a letter from Eugene Mortimer, ap-

pointing a final interview with his first wife in order to agree on some provision for her yet unborn child. The third was a paper, from the very reading of the title of which Ruth knew it was the long-sought-for document, this she opened and carefully read. It fully corroborated Mrs. Page's statement that Eugene Mortimer had given her the \$50,000, in consideration of her agreeing to a divorce, and for the maintenance of herself and her unborn child.

Ruth sank on her knees and uttered a fervent prayer of gratitude to God. She was about to awaken her mother when Esther glided into the room; the latter, while spending the night in prayer, had somehow felt, about that time, that her prayers were answered. She came down to reassure the anxious heart of Ruth and found her with the document in her hand. It was well that Esther came, for she suggested to Ruth to let her mother sleep quietly on till the morning, when, refreshed by her night's slumber, her train of memory could better recall the history of the waterproof. Both Esther and Ruth were with Mrs. Page, when, after her morning breakfast, she sat down to chat with them.

"Hope you had pleasant dreams last night, mother," said Ruth.

"No," answered Mrs. Page, "I really had no dreams; I fell asleep thinking about that lost document, but it went out of my mind when I woke this morning."*

"Well, mother," said Ruth, "I had a sort of dream about it."

* It is a remarkable fact that somnambulists never recollect on waking the thoughts which have passed through their minds during previous sleep, or the events with which their actions have been concerned.

“What was it?” eagerly asked Mrs. Page.

“Why, I thought that you put that paper in the pocket of a waterproof which you had mislaid before you started for the country.”

Mrs. Page thought for a moment, pressed her hand to her brow, then looking wildly at Ruth, exclaimed, “Oh! it has all come back to me now. Yes, I remember that in dressing for the train I took that bundle of papers from my bosom and put it in the pocket of a waterproof expecting to replace it in my bosom. You remember, Ruth, that you looked at your watch and found that we barely had time to reach the train, in the hurry I forgot all about the paper until I got into the train and found it was gone, then I thought I would yet find it in my trunk, as that was its usual depository when I removed it from my bosom. I forgot all about putting it in the pocket of the waterproof.” Then, again pressing her hands on her brow, she exclaimed, “Where could I have put that waterproof? Ah, yes, I remember now, in my haste I tossed something on the top of that wardrobe.”

In a moment Mrs. Page had siezed a chair and placed it by the side of the wardrobe. But Ruth sprang to her side and gently folding her in her arms, said, “Mother, all is well, the document is found, I have it,” and she drew the package from her pocket and placed it in her mother’s hand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A LOVE-TIE BROKEN AND A RELATIONSHIP ACKNOWLEDGED.

On what small hinges turn the doors of our lives! The finding of that document was, indeed, the turning point in the lives of many of our characters. Esther, after the scene just narrated, hurried to Mortimer's office and recounted the finding of the lost paper. Mortimer at once telephoned for Dr. Strong, who, on hearing Esther's account, exclaimed, "Surely, William, there is now sufficient proof of Mrs. Page's statement to warrant you and Ruth in recognizing your relationship."

"Enough to convince my heart," said Mortimer, "which has been longing to claim Ruth's sisterly affection; still, as a lawyer, I see some missing links to make the chain of evidence complete, yet I am willing, if Ruth is, to at once recognize our relationship. I can see," he added, "some benefit in our meeting now, for it will enable us to consult together concerning further proofs. Besides, there may be a little awkwardness in our meeting as brother and sister for the first time, but if we could now become a little acquainted, when

further proofs arrive we would be prepared for brotherly and sisterly demonstrations."

Dr. Strong smiled and said, "Well, there is something in your view of the case, would you like me to see your sister, for such I shall henceforth call her, and arrange for your meeting?"

"Certainly," said Mortimer, "you could not do me a greater favor."

So the doctor drove hastily to Mrs. Page's. He had hardly entered the parlor when Ruth came in. Her first exclamation was, "Oh, doctor, how can I thank you enough for your suggestion about my mother. It has resulted in the discovery of the paper," and she was beginning to narrate the events of the last night, when Dr. Strong interposed with, "Yes, Miss Page, Esther has been to Mortimer and told him all, and I come to say he thinks the time has arrived when you ought to meet each other; he is sufficiently persuaded of the fact of your mutual relationship."

Ruth hesitated and pondered. At last she said, "Please, Dr. Strong, tell Mr. Mortimer that I shall be happy to meet him."

But the doctor still lingered, a desire mounted to his heart to come to some understanding with Ruth. He felt sad, that in this matter of recognized relationship he had no part; he also saw that the mind of Ruth would now be absorbed with her brother, and feared that he himself might drift out of her thoughts. Ruth was so preoccupied with her own joy that she did not at first notice the doctor's melancholy, but suddenly in the midst of her animated conversation, she paused and

said, "Why, Dr. Strong, you do not seem to rejoice as much as we do over this." Then fearing she had not shown sufficient gratitude for Dr. Strong's part in the happy denouement, she added, "I am afraid I have not expressed fully how grateful mother and I feel to you. We shall never forget your kindness."

"Don't speak of it," said the doctor, "there is nothing in the world that I would not do to serve *you*."

Ruth started, for the doctor's tone and look reminded her of his parting words at the Hubbard's. Unconsciously she blushed, and ill-concealed her own agitation. The doctor felt encouraged to proceed. "Miss Page," he said, "I am the only one who seems to be left without a newly discovered relationship; you remember my telling you at the Hubbard's gate that I should keep the flower which you then gave me and always think of the giver; I confess I have been thinking so much that I cannot longer keep my thoughts to myself. Will you permit me to express them in words?"

Ruth now fully understood the doctor's mind, but it had a very different effect than the doctor anticipated, for she wanted to avoid that declaration of love which she feared was pending. The concentration of her mind on this point relieved her embarrassment, and, with perfect kindness of manner yet with firmness, she answered, "Dr. Strong, since our talk at the Hubbard's I have been thinking what I would do if the relationship between Mr. Mortimer and myself was established, I will now confide to you my plans. I have come to the firm purpose to devote my whole future life to the practice of Christian Science. I feel that I owe so much to the

goodness of God, that I should devote my life to doing good to others. I have some doubts whether I shall ever live under the same roof with my brother, at least not until he marries; my remaining life will be quietly spent with my mother and devoted to the practice of my profession."

The doctor looked rather puzzled and asked, "You certainly, Miss Mortimer, do not intend to commit yourself to celibacy, — the highest mission of woman is to grace a home."

"It may be so with some," answered Ruth, "but God has given me a special mission, and see, Dr. Strong, how he has fortified me for it with arguments from my own history; our claim for Christian Science has been established by the wonderful recovery of my mother's reason, under the treatment of that Christian Scientist from Boston, — by the recovery of her memory from that mental shock, — by the identification of that lost paper through the somnambulistic state — all these have certainly proved that the mind has its own faculties independent of the bodily senses."

These utterances of Ruth were very distasteful to the doctor, but concealing his chagrin, he replied, "Miss Mortimer, permit me to suggest whether you are not seeking an ideal which you can never realize; your ideal is to guide the intellect to the appreciation of truth; it seems to me that you are better adapted to guide the heart to the appreciation of love. You would be a priestess in a temple of science, have you not a far higher mission — to grace a home?"

"Dr. Strong," said Ruth, calmly, "I see that you

have not understood me, I do not dispute your view of the highest mission of womanhood, but you will agree with me that love must be the essential to her rightly fulfilling that mission; now, I confess to you, that though I have met some gentlemen whom I respect, I have never yet seen one that I loved; indeed, doctor,— and here I make a confession at the risk of lowering myself in your opinion,— I have come to the deliberate conclusion that there is nothing in my own nature which responds to that sentiment called love; no, my mission is to teach the mind, not to affect the heart.”

“How, then,” said the doctor, cynically, for Ruth’s words chilled his own heart, “do you anticipate any pleasure from this newly discovered relationship with my friend Mortimer?”

Ruth answered, “That is something entirely different, I can love my mother and I think I could a brother, but I have always supposed the love in relationships established by God to be very different from that in relationships established by ourselves; and now,” said Ruth, glad to have the opportunity of turning the conversation, “I can see how God has prepared me for sisterly affection toward Mr. Mortimer, for, ever since my three brief meetings with him, he has been more or less in my thoughts. Besides, he will come into my life as a counsellor and protector, so that I will have no need of ever marrying, and thus can devote my whole life to my Christian Science.”

Dr. Strong was himself surprised at the sudden revulsion in his feelings towards Ruth. “Christian Science be hanged,” he said to himself, “why, this

girl is as much under hallucination as was Simpkins." "Do I understand you, Miss Mortimer," he asked, with a contempt illy concealed, "that you have come to the firm purpose never to marry because you are so wedded to your Christian Science?"

"Yes, doctor, God has called me to devote my life to His truth, and has indicated it by never awakening in my heart that love which is essential to married life."

The doctor's offended pride at Ruth's tacit refusal, and at her clinging to a theory against which his materialism revolted, caused an entire change in his feelings toward her—the idol he had worshipped lay shattered at his feet. "This girl," he said to himself, "is all head and no heart, even her head is so turned by her mind-cureism that she is merely a beautiful fanatic. I have let myself be influenced by her originality and her magnetism, for I grant she possesses both, but I've barely escaped a life-long folly, there could be no permanent unity of soul between us." These thoughts passed with lightning rapidity through the doctor's mind, but feeling thankful that he had not gone too far to gracefully retreat, he said, "Miss Mortimer, you, of course, are the only judge in these matters, I would not hinder you from achieving your aspirations; I trust, though we differ in our beliefs, we shall always continue our friendship."

"Certainly, doctor," said Ruth, "I hope you understand I appreciate the great kindness you have already shown me, and I trust that my brother's friend may always continue my own." And so they parted.

Hardly had the doctor left before Mortimer entered. Mortimer approached Ruth with the utmost frankness, held out both his hands to grasp hers, which were as cordially extended. He said, "Ruth, my sister, I thank God for what he has done in proving our relationship."

"So do I," said Ruth, "and I feel especially grateful that all this comes so manifestly through His providence."

They sat for a long time together talking over the history of the past. Somehow Ruth felt at once at home with her brother. After Mortimer's experience with Alice, and Ruth's with Dr. Strong, it was an unspeakable comfort to have a relationship established where their affections could go out to each other without the sentimentality which characterizes lovers. Each needed a counsellor, and the mind of each seemed exactly fitted to supplement the other's, for Mortimer's logical mind was balanced by Ruth's quick perceptiveness, and his tendency to sedateness by Ruth's vivacity.

They had not talked an hour before they realized that a missing link in their lives had been supplied. Each, however, silently noticed the changes that had passed in the other since they last met. Mortimer had grown still handsomer. His face was a little paler, but its strong intellectual cast so predominated that it made him, in Ruth's eyes, the very impersonation of manly beauty. For the first time she realized in Mortimer her ideal of a man. To Mortimer, Ruth seemed equally attractive. The troubles through which she had passed had taken the girlish look from her countenance, while her beauty was thereby increased and the strong intellec-

tuality of her face was softened by her very trials. She still retained that simplicity of manner which had so charmed Mortimer from the first. They sat for an hour and talked, every moment becoming better acquainted and better understanding each other.

When he rose to go, he said, "Sister Ruth, it may be too soon to talk about our future plans, but the time must soon or later arrive when we will live under the same roof. I want you to say to your mother that I will be very happy to provide a home for you both, if you will let me share it with you."

"My dear brother," said Ruth, "do not worry about that now. God has already done so much for us that we can safely leave the future with Him. Let us direct our attention to fortifying the proofs of our relationship."

"But am I not to be permitted to come and visit you as a sister?" asked Mortimer.

"Certainly," answered Ruth, "and I want to be all the comfort to you I possibly can."

Ruth, on returning to her mother's room, found Mrs. Page in rather a gloomy condition. "Why, mother," she exclaimed, "I expected to find your face radiant with smiles this morning. You have found a son and I a brother." Then she eagerly related how promptly Mortimer had come to her after the discovery of the document and what a delightful interview they had enjoyed.

"Well, Ruth," said her mother, "I know it is wicked in me, but somehow I cannot get over my feelings of dislike to a son of Eugene Mortimer's, but I must

confess he has treated us both very handsomely. I will try to love him. I suppose my wicked heart feels some jealousy that there is some one now to divide our affection."

"Not to lessen it, however," answered Ruth. "I shall love you just as much as a mother, though I love Mr. Mortimer as a brother."

Ruth turned from her mother to search for Esther, whom she found in her room in prayerful meditation. "Esther," said Ruth, "I do feel that we are indebted to your faith and prayer for this precious discovery, and now, dear friend, since God has made you such a help to us in the past, is it not an indication of his providence that you should remain with us through your future life? My brother has already proposed that my mother and I shall live with him, but somehow I do not feel like doing this. I want to keep a home of my own, and, Esther, I see that what I will shortly need is not a maid but a female companion, for I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that my mother's health is fast failing. Come and live with me and be my lifelong friend and counsellor. I have abundance of means, even if my mother dies, to keep up a nice home, for I am her sole heir."

"Well, Ruth," answered Esther, "I realize that I am growing old, and fear I shall be a burden to you."

"Never, never," said Ruth. "Now regard it as settled."

"But I may want to attend camp-meetings," said Esther, "and may at times be absent from you."

"Attend as many as you please," answered Ruth.

“I will go with you, and we will put up a sign on our tent, ‘Esther, the Faith-Healer, and Ruth, the Christian Scientist.’”

“Oh, you naughty girl!” said Esther. “But I cannot help loving you, in spite of your naughtiness.”

And thus it was settled, Mrs. Page herself being pleased with the arrangement, since she realized her failing health and was glad to have Esther left as a protector to her daughter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHEREIN SOME VERY IMPORTANT EVENTS OCCUR.

As Mortimer's visits to his sister grew more frequent the doctor's decreased. His pride felt wounded by Ruth's tacit refusal, the more so as his theory that Ruth was "all head and no heart" was rather contradicted by the wealth of sisterly affection she expended on Mortimer. The doctor, however, still retained his affection for Mortimer and had visited Alice Dupont and explained to her the discovery of the relationship. Dr. Strong was surprised at the little interest Alice manifested. The only remark she made was "I am glad they have come together as brother and sister, for I was persuaded the first time I ever saw them together that William Mortimer was very much taken with the mind doctress." The doctor, however, was sceptical as to the complete ending of Miss Dupont's affection for Mortimer. Indeed, he formed a plan of bringing them again together, but gradually he became convinced that his project would prove fruitless.

One surprising effect, however, was accomplished by his frequent visits to Alice,—the doctor gradually began to see excellencies in Miss Dupont which he had

never before discovered. Alice began to see excellencies in Dr. Strong which she only wondered she had never before realized. Mr. Parks grew still more insipid and Dr. Strong still more interesting. The doctor was gaining reputation as a physician, and even the Duponts *père* and *mère* did not regard him with an unfriendly eye, the more so because they realized there was no prospect of a match between their daughter and Mr. Parks. The only antagonism remaining in Alice's heart to Dr. Strong was to his materialistic scepticism. This, however, led her to devote more attention to the doctor's conversion, which the doctor rewarded by more attention to Miss Dupont. Finally they became so interested in these mutual benevolent intentions, that it became evident to Alice's parents that the prospects of the doctor's converting their daughter to his views of matrimony would be carried out, before Alice's conversion of the doctor to her views of religion.

Spring had now arrived, and, in the meanwhile, the other witness to the paper had been found and his signature attested. When Mortimer came to announce this fact to Ruth, he said, "Now, sister Ruth, since the evidences of our relationship are clearly established, why need we live longer apart? Let me carry out my cherished plan of having a home where you, your mother, Esther and myself can live together. Besides, I think it is due to all concerned that our relationship should now be publicly announced."

"Brother," cried Ruth, "I acknowledge that all this seems reasonable, but you know my Christian Science makes an important distinction between *what seems* and *what is.*"

"But, my dear sister, you certainly do not now doubt our relationship."

"God forbid!" said Ruth, and the tears started in her eyes. "I believe it would kill me if it should ever prove to be a mistake."

Mortimer himself started and exclaimed, "I believe it would kill me, too," but then, recovering himself, he said, "Ruth, we both are acting foolishly; it is established. Now let us plan about our future."

"But, brother," said Ruth, "do try to find some one whom you can marry, and then you can have both a sister and wife to care for you."

"Why, Ruth," answered Mortimer, "how can I marry when I do not love?"

"But," said Ruth, "you once loved Alice Dupont."

"Yes," said Mortimer, "but somehow I do not any longer. I respect Miss Dupont and acknowledge that I misjudged her character, but, while I feel penitent for my part in that love scrape, my penitence does not revive any affection for that lady, and I will now tell you a secret. I find Dr. Strong is visiting Miss Dupont quite frequently. Indeed, he sounded me last night to see whether I could brook his being a rival in my supposed affection for Miss Alice. Dear Strong! I soon convinced him that I only wished him success."

Ruth laughed and said, "Well, I confess there is one thing which is beyond the ken of even Christian Science, and that is whom people will marry. Love is certainly something which defies prophecy. But is there not some one else, brother, whom you might love?"

"No," answered Mortimer. "I have thought over all my lady acquaintances and see no one who fills my ideal of a woman, unless," he added, playfully, "I can find some one like you, dear sister."

"Well," said Ruth, "I must then cultivate more acquaintance among female Christian Scientists and try to find a helpmeet for you. But now, brother," she continued, "there is another matter which you must bear with your sister when she speaks plainly about."

"What is it?" asked Mortimer. "I know you used to give lectures, but as yet you have not tried one on me. Proceed, Miss Lecturer."

"I don't want to lecture you," said Ruth, "for my sisterly affection is too great to attempt that task, but I do urge you to take more care of your health. You are taxing it severely by your large law practice."

"You are right," said Mortimer. "I have to-day had a warning in an attack of vertigo. What would you advise me to do?"

"Go out into society," said Ruth. "You need some diversion, and," she added with a smile, "perhaps you will thus find not only health but a wife."

"I think I'll take your advice," said Mortimer, "and go in a few evenings to a party at the Descheills'."

The next day Mortimer was very busy in court. He sat up late that night, rose early the next morning, was kept busy all that day in his office, then ate a hasty dinner, then went to his bachelor lodgings and began dressing for the party. But he was again interrupted by a client, who came to see him about a case he was to plead on the morrow. At a late hour, jaded and

worn out, Mortimer dashed away in his carriage to the Descheills' party. He himself noticed a little unsteadiness in his gait, and that his head swum a little, but he managed to enter the parlor and salute his hostess. After spending a half-hour in that light chatting with the fair sex which requires no exertion of brain, Mortimer, feeling oppressed by the heat of the room, was thinking of returning home, when, while passing a group of persons, he noticed in it Miss Alice Dupont. She acknowledged his slight bow of recognition. Her companion, who happened to be a society fop, Tennis Doyle by name, called out, "Mr. Mortimer, you're just the gentleman we need advice from at the present time."

"Why so?" inquired Mortimer

"We were discussing," said Doyle, with an affected drawl, "whether the man who shot Miss Dupont's cat ought to be hung or not. Now, part of the jury are haters of cats and say that a man who shoots one should be regarded as a public benefactor. You, we suppose, are impartial on the subject of cats, and, as you are certainly competent legal authority, we desire your opinion on the case."

Mortimer banteringly replied, "Mr. Doyle, I believe you are the descendant of an Irish lord. You must, then, be acquainted with the famous verdict of the Irish jury, 'Not guilty, but don't do it again.'"

A general laugh ensued, joined in by all but Alice.

"Why don't you also laugh, Miss Dupont?" said Doyle. "You seem to be taking this matter very seriously."

“I don't see anything to laugh at,” said Alice. “If a man is guilty I think he ought to be punished, so that he will not have the opportunity of *doing it again*,” giving a significant look at Mortimer.

“Then you would leave no place for repentance, Miss Dupont?” said Mortimer, with a significant look at Alice.

Alice made no answer, but, turning to Mr. Doyle, said, “Will you give me a little rest from this legal knowledge and offer me your arm, as I would like to see what has become of my mother.”

A sudden freak seized Mortimer to have it out with Alice. That determination which comes from a frenzied brain, which, in its excitement, knows no barriers and respects no decorum, seized Mortimer, and he said to himself, “I will have an answer from that girl to my question before she leaves this room.” He turned and followed Alice and Doyle. Soon they stopped and Alice, as if weary, seated herself. She saw Mortimer approaching, and the wildness in his eye made her fear some catastrophe, but there was no way of escape. Mortimer came up, and, perfectly regardless of the many eyes that were resting upon them both, planted himself in front of Alice and said, “Miss Dupont, I must have an answer to my question. Is there no place for repentance?”

Alice, rising up with dignity and looking Mortimer steadily in the face, said, “When a man wrongs a woman in private and then insults her in public, if that woman feels as I do now, there would never be any place for repentance for that man.”

Mortimer turned on his heel and walked off as one dazed. He started for the door, even forgetting to bid his hostess good-night. He was actually going out of the door without hat or coat, when the servant stepped up and said, "Mr. Mortimer, are you looking for your carriage? Let me call it while you are getting your wraps." Mortimer had once helped this man out of a legal scrape. He, seeing that something was the matter with Mortimer, carefully assisted him into his carriage and whispered to the coachman, "Thomas, I am afraid your master has been taking something too strong to-night. See that he gets into his bed safely."

The coachman, who was a pious Scotchman, was shocked. "Ah," he said, "this shows what these parties will bring a man to. My minister denounces theatres and operas, but I believe more men and women are ruined by these late suppers than by a hundred theatres."

It was with great care that Thomas helped his master out of the carriage and put him into the hall with his hands on the banisters, but as Mortimer tried to ascend the staircase he fell headlong. Thomas lifted up his master, and, as he carried him to his room, noticed that Mortimer's breath did not smell of drink and that his arms seemed paralyzed. He ran for a physician, who, on seeing Mortimer, said, "This may prove a very serious case. I desire to have his regular physician called; he knows better than I the former state of the patient."

Thomas immediately ran for Dr. Strong. He had just returned from escorting Alice home, who had told

him of Mortimer's behavior. "He was drunk," said Alice. "I never thought that William Mortimer would be found in such a condition." Dr. Strong was much angered by hearing of Mortimer's conduct to Miss Dupont. Nevertheless, when Thomas came after him, he responded to the call.

As soon as he saw Mortimer's condition his anger departed. He gave Dr. Buccom, the other physician, a rapid sketch of the pressure that Mortimer's brain had undergone through overwork.

"Just what I supposed," said Dr. Buccom. "Here is a plain case of neurasthenia, conjoined with cerebras-thenia, with some tendency to myelasthenia."

These terrible names seemed to Thomas, who was standing by, the death warrant of his beloved master, and, knowing that an intimate friendship existed between Ruth and Mortimer, and thinking she ought to be informed of his approaching death, he hastened early in the morning to Mrs. Page's. "Oh, Miss Page," he exclaimed, with the tears running down his face, "my dear master is going to die."

"You surely do not mean my brother," exclaimed Ruth, forgetting in her excitement the secret of their relationship.

"No," said Thomas, "not your brother, but my master, Mr. Mortimer."

"Oh, tell me, Thomas," exclaimed Ruth, "what is the matter and how it happened."

Thomas rapidly detailed how Mortimer had tottled to his carriage after the party and his subsequent attack.

"Who is there with him?" asked Ruth.

"Dr. Buccom and Dr. Strong."

“Go, then, Thomas, and ask Dr. Strong to come and see me. But wait,—tell me *why* you think your master is going to die.”

“Oh, Miss Page, if you’d only heard the awful names Dr. Buccom gave to my master’s disease! He must be at death’s door.”

An hour of the most intense anxiety passed. Fortunately Esther was near to soothe Ruth, who was in a paroxysm of anguish. “Let us not despair, dear Ruth,” said Esther, “until we see Dr. Strong, it may not be so bad as Thomas imagines.”

When Dr. Strong came Ruth rushed up to him saying, “Oh, doctor, tell me, is my brother living! Oh, let me go to him, I will die if he dies!” and the poor girl wrung her hands.

“Why, Miss Mortimer,” said the doctor, soothingly, “you’re mistaken about your brother, his condition is dangerous but not necessarily fatal; indeed, he already seems better, though his paralysis, which I believe to be more the result of nervous exhaustion than organic lesion, still continues.”

“Doctor, are you telling me the truth? Thomas has just been here, he overheard the diagnosis of Dr. Buccom, and he says Dr. Buccom declared my brother had a complication of awful diseases.”

Despite the solemnity of the occasion, Dr. Strong could not help smiling. “Why, Miss Mortimer,” he replied, “all that Dr. Buccom meant by those medical terms was that your brother is suffering from nervous exhaustion, accompanied with exhaustion of the brain and tending to exhaustion of the spinal cord.”

Ruth felt immensely relieved, but Esther, who never neglected an opportunity to hit the doctors, said, "You have, anyway, nearly killed Ruth with your big medical terms. I don't see why you doctors complain that you can't understand that simple word, — faith, when you expect people to understand such big Greek and Latin words."

But Ruth interposed, as she always did when Esther and the doctor began their wordy battles. "Doctor," she said, "you can see the trying position I am placed in, I want to go this very moment to my brother, but would it be proper?"

"Not at all," answered the doctor, "the flat he occupies is filled with gentlemen, and a young lady would there be sadly out of place."

"What shall I, can I do!" exclaimed Ruth, "to think of his lying sick and I having no opportunity to help him!"

The doctor pondered and said, "Miss Mortimer, I think it would not be out of place for Mrs. Bates to visit him; indeed, she might remain with him through the day, I will see that he has a male nurse at night."

"But, Dr. Strong, how I wish I could try my Christian healing on my brother, it is just the case my science can benefit." This was too much for the doctor, he turned and abruptly left.

A week of intense anxiety passed. Under the influence of narcotics sleep was induced, yet it had not the restfulness of natural slumber. His organs of speech and arms were still partially paralyzed, though the left arm had more ability to move than the right.

"It is," said Dr. Buccom, "what Dr. Hammond* terms anapeiratic paralysis, where the organs most used are the ones affected, such as writer's or telegrapher's paralysis. Now, our patient has been lately using his organs of speech in pleading, and his arms in writing or gesturing, hence these reflect the nervous exhaustion of the brain."

But much to the puzzle of both the wise doctors, though Mortimer came in his recovery up to a certain point, they could not get him beyond it. Both brain and body seemed to be in a state of inertia, yet by smiles and frowns which passed over his face, and by nods in answer to questions, the physicians saw their patient's mind was still active. While reflecting on the case, Dr. Strong recalled the recuperative effect of the shock given to Mrs. Page by the sight of himself. "I wonder," he said, "if, after all, the meeting of Ruth with her brother might not have a decidedly beneficial effect."

The opportunity came for him to suggest this plan to Dr. Buccom, for Dr. Buccom chanced to remark, "I believe we have not discovered the originating cause of this attack, let me ask you frankly, Dr. Strong, was our patient ever in love?"

"Yes," answered Dr. Strong.

"Did this attack come on in the presence of the person he loved?" Dr. Buccom further inquired.

"No, not exactly, he met a lady whom he had formerly loved, but between whom and himself all such sentiment has passed, at least so Mortimer affirms."

* Diseases of the Nervous System, W. H. Hammond, M. D., page 786.

“That may all be so,” said Dr. Buccom, “yet in his stage of cerebral excitement the mere sight of her might have been a spark to ignite the combustible matter in his brain. Here,” he continued, “is really the secret of a large class of cases which are considered new attacks. I was called the other day to a man who had become crazy by having suddenly communicated to him by his daughter, her secret marriage with a man he disliked. Every one blamed the girl for so startling her father, and called her a murderess. Now, the fact is that if something else had happened to startle him — a vivid lightning flash, an earthquake — he would as easily have become deranged; the combustible was there only waiting for the igniting spark.

“I could mention a dozen business men whom I meet walking around the streets of New York, they are under the pressure of great mental strain; some event may drop a spark into the combustible material, it may be a financial loss, or a sudden shock; they may jump off a ferry-boat, or cut their throats, or blow out their brains. People will blame the agent which drops the match, while the true cause has been the inordinate previous brain pressure. Paradoxical as it may seem, most men commit suicide long before they die. If our medical science is to be effective it must go hand in hand with moral science. We direct our efforts often entirely to man’s physical condition, when we ought rather to be aiming at his moral regeneration; we prescribe opium and chloral to make him sleep, when we ought to be enforcing temperance in his brain work. I could cite to-day a hundred intemperate people in

brain work to one intemperate in drink. This William Mortimer, as I learn from his servant Thomas, professes to be a total abstainer, but I tell you he is one of the most intemperate men that walk the streets of New York, even though he never permits a drop of liquor to pass his lips."

"You are perfectly right," responded Dr. Strong, "and now we are talking about moral and mental influences, I would like to suggest what has been suggested to me by knowing something of Mortimer's past history. He has a sister to whom he is intensely attached and she to him. It was only lately through a peculiar chain of circumstances that their relationship was discovered. Indeed, it was this discovery, and the resulting excitement of his emotional faculties, which I believe greatly aided in the strain on his mind which culminated in this attack. How would it do, Dr. Buccom, to try the effect of her presence on him?"

"Just the thing," answered Dr. Buccom, "I was reading only yesterday Prof. Carpenter's explanation of the curious fact that the muscles of the body may be paralyzed beyond the power of the will, yet not beyond the power of the emotions.* Now," added the doctor, "if we could bring some power to act both on the volitional and the emotional parts of this man's nature, it might have the most happy result; suppose you do procure the presence of his sister."

"But, Dr. Buccom, I must in candor tell you, this sister of his is a mind-curer."

"Horrors!" exclaimed Dr. Buccom.

* Carpenter's Mental Physiology, page 321. (Sec. 263.) American edition.

“Yes,” said Dr. Strong, “and what is worse, if her presence should prove beneficial, she would ascribe it to her ‘Christian Science,’ as she terms it.”

“Horror of horrors!” reiterated Dr. Buccom, “yet,” he added, “I am not willing to grant that our medical science is afraid of such a senseless vagary as the mind-cure; Dr. Strong, I am willing to try this experiment of his sister’s presence if you are.” Dr. Strong immediately waited on Ruth and proposed that she should visit her brother.

Ruth was surprised at the proposition, especially after the doctor’s previous demonstration of the impropriety of her presence in Mortimer’s bedroom. “What has so changed your mind?” asked Ruth.

The doctor had to explain, with many haws and hems, that they hoped the sight of his sister would so awake Mortimer’s emotional faculties that it would aid his volitional powers. Ruth said nothing, but turning to conceal the smile on her countenance, hurried from the room and soon reappeared ready to go to her brother. As she stepped from the elevator in the flat, Dr. Strong said, “Please wait here a moment till I see whether your brother is in a proper state to see you;” he soon reappeared with Dr. Buccom, whom he introduced to Ruth; the latter cautioned Ruth to enter the room quietly, and to be ready to leave when he motioned to her to do so.

As Ruth entered the room, Mortimer was lying apparently motionless, with his eyes turned upward as if he was lost in thought. He did not notice Ruth’s entrance, and this gave her the opportunity to consider

his appearance. Oh, how her heart sank as she saw the pallor of his face and the evident weakness of his body. But the comforting thought came to her — God has in His providence brought me here, He will use me for my brother's healing. Dr. Buccom motioned to Ruth not to say a word; he handed her a chair, but in so doing made a noise, which attracted Mortimer's attention and caused him to turn his eyes towards the door. When he saw Ruth, his face flushed, every lineament quivered with excitement. Lo! his mouth opens, with a voice trembling with excitement he exclaims, "O, Ruth, Ruth, have you come at last, how I have been longing for you!" The poor girl was overcome with excitement and before Mortimer's physicians could hinder her she sprang forward to him — the paralyzed arms stretched themselves out and Mortimer clasped Ruth to his heart.*

Dr. Buccom stepped forward to take her away, saying, "This meeting has so far had a beneficial effect, but it must not be prolonged."

"No, no, doctor," said Mortimer, "you mistake, do leave my sister by my side, I feel calmer and better for her very presence." So Ruth took her seat by her brother's bedside, and for a long time he lay gazing at her as if the very sight was a feast to his soul; gradually the eyelids began to droop and he sank into a gentle slumber. When he awoke, Mortimer was a new man mentally and physically; it took weeks, however, for him to regain his strength. The visits of

* For cases of paralysis removed by experiencing strong emotion, see Tuke, Chap. XVI, Sec. 11.

Ruth proved so beneficial that she came every day with Esther and spent an hour with her brother.

It was not till Mortimer was quite recovered that Ruth told him of the scene at the Deschiell's party. "I tell you this," said Ruth, "because I think it ought to be known for the credit of Dr. Strong, who I learn is engaged to Miss Dupont, and who, notwithstanding, seems to have no feelings of revenge for your treatment of her."

The doctor came in just then and Mortimer said, "Strong, Ruth has just told me of what occurred at the Deschiell's party, I beg you to make my most sincere apologies to Miss Dupont, and assure her that I did not know what I was doing, I was entirely out of my mind."

"Both Miss Dupont and myself understand it all and we have forgiven you;" and he added laughingly, "I suppose Esther Bates would call it 'a special providence,' for while explaining your conduct to Miss Dupont, I found the opportunity to explain to her the state of my own bewildered brain and heart, and now Miss Dupont has calmed me as (looking at Ruth) your sister's presence has calmed you, and I expect to invite you both to our wedding next fall."

Mortimer and Ruth heaped sincere congratulations on the doctor. "But, Mortimer," said Dr. Strong, "I want you now to prove that you have renounced all affection for my *fiancée* by surrendering that picture which you once showed me."

"Certainly," said Mortimer, "I forgot I had it," and as he took Alice's photograph out of the drawer,

Mortimer was surprised to think that the sight of that face had ever affected him.

“Now, doctor,” said Mortimer, “since you have the prospect of a home, I want you to aid me in inducing this sister of mine to give me a home. I must get out of these bachelor quarters, I may have another attack and the last one has proved that I need the presence of my sister. Dear Ruth,” he added, looking at her affectionately, “I owe my life to you and we must never be separated again, at least if you want my life to continue.”

“Brother,” said Ruth, “let us not talk of that now, for whatever may be in the future, the great necessity for the present is your taking a trip to Europe, and perhaps you may there find a bride, then, if she agrees to it, your sister will come and with you spend the rest of her days.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A HORRIBLE REVELATION.

Moral insanity is the despair of medical science. Look at the testimony of the medical experts in the Guiteau trial, when wise men not only from the East, but also from the North, West and South, gathered in Washington City to decide whether the assassin was sane. Any unbiased mind, viewing the mass of contradictory opinions on Guiteau's mental and moral condition, must come to the conclusion that medical science has not yet determined how far moral states are responsible for physical derangement. Neither has it learned to draw the dividing line between depravity and insanity. Dr. Hammond, in his voluminous "Treatise on Nervous Diseases," (page 336) says "what Dr. Prichard formerly described as moral insanity can now be classed under imbecility." Since the medical profession cannot arrive at some definite agreement on this point, is it to be wondered at that people outside of it, are impatient at a delay which makes orderly citizens timorous about being assassinated by some insane crank, so-called. Or is it to be wondered at that the public outside of said medical

profession has become impatient of the new-fangled vocabulary,—“kleptomania, dypsomania and homicidal dementia”—and is returning to the old terms,—stealing, drunkenness and murder?

Besides, that somewhat old-fashioned book (in some people's opinion), the Bible, is still held in reverence by many, which book has a very summary way of dealing with much that now passes for insanity, by ascribing it to total depravity and to the devil. “Out of the heart,” said the Great Teacher, “proceed murders, thefts, etc.” Judas, who would now stand a chance of being classed by medical experts as insane (indeed, as presenting an illustrious example of mania combined with melancholia, the mania impelling him to his betrayal, the melancholia to his suicide), this Judas has his case thus summarily disposed of by the Bible,—“The devil entered into him.” There is, however, we allow, one difficulty in applying this theory about Judas to the present generation; namely, that if all the people in these United States whom the devil enters into were adjudged to be insane, the country might be bankrupted in building Insane Hospitals. But to the case in hand. If, after reading it, the physician prefers classifying it under monomania, let him not quarrel with those who may apply to it the verdict of the Bible on Judas.

After Mortimer's departure for Europe, Ruth devoted herself entirely to her mother, whose rapidly failing strength betokened her approaching death. The only apparent thought Ruth gave to Mortimer was to write him a long weekly letter, in which she kept him posted

on all events about which he would be interested. The only by-play in her letters was the reminder that he had two duties to perform, — first, to regain his health; second, to bring back with him a wife. Mortimer felt at first disappointed at the want of affection in Ruth's letters, yet, as he read carefully between the lines, he could perceive a deep undertone of love murmuring through them all.

His letters, and they were more frequent than Ruth's, dwelt mostly on his travels, yet incidentally mentioned how constantly his sister was in his thoughts. They also contained some by-play in the descriptions of ladies he met and his efforts to fall in love with them, so far unsuccessfully.

After Mortimer had been absent four months, all of a sudden Ruth's letters stopped. He waited a week, and became so anxious that he was about to engage passage home, when the following despatch reached him:

WILLIAM MORTIMER,

Care of American Exchange in Paris:—

Something terrible has happened. Come right home.

(Signed) DR. STRONG.

We will leave Mortimer for the moment while we investigate the cause of Dr. Strong's despatch. As stated before, Mrs. Page rapidly sank, and a few months after Mortimer's departure, passed from earth. Ruth and Esther tenderly nursed her to the close of her mortal life, which was clouded by a deep gloom. Singularly, Ruth's presence seemed to annoy her, for when she entered the room her mother averted her face.

It was hard for Ruth to watch anxiously at the death-bed of a parent, where no tenderness of love was to characterize their parting, yet her noble spirit rose to the emergency. She did not worry her mother with her presence, but like a guardian angel saw that everything was done to ease her closing days. Esther, taking in the situation, served Ruth by constantly serving her mother.

At last the end came. Poor Ruth was overwhelmed with a sense of loneliness. "Esther," she said, "you are the only one left in the world to me; oh, promise me now that you will never leave me."

"Certainly, my dear child," said Esther, as she folded Ruth in her motherly arms, "but you forget that you have a brother."

"I do not forget this," said Ruth, "oh, how I praise God for revealing my relationship to William Mortimer before I was left an orphan; but, Esther, I do not know why it is, somehow there has been a shadow on my heart ever since the sun broke through the clouds of this mystery of my parentage; I have really been afraid to let my heart go out to William Mortimer as a brother as I would like, yet I cannot control my affection;" and she added, "Esther Bates, as much as I loved my mother, I never have loved her as intensely as I do my brother, William Mortimer."

This conversation took place on the evening of the day in which they had buried Mrs. Page in Greenwood. Esther, ascribing Ruth's gloom to the peculiar nature of her parting with her mother, and the strain of the

day's sad scene, answered soothingly, "Ruth, let us go to bed now, you are worn out, and you need to have your mind clear for to-morrow, when you will have to decide your plans about the future."

"Yes," said Ruth, "I must examine, to-morrow, mother's papers, and see what I must do about the property she has left me in her will," then added with a sigh, "oh, how much I need my brother just now."

"Well, forget your brother and everything else, and try to rest your mind on God," said Esther.

"Ah, that is the true way," answered Ruth, and they knelt together and in communion with their Elder Brother found "rest for their souls."

The next morning Ruth awoke quite well and cheerful. After their breakfast they went into the library, and Ruth brought out the box which contained her mother's will; she was about to open it when Dr. Strong was announced. "Oh, I cannot see him now," exclaimed Ruth, "though I appreciate his kindness in calling;" but then she stopped and said, "Esther, I do not know but this call is providential. I am little acquainted with legal forms but think there ought to be a witness to the opening of this will, though, after all, there can be no contest about it, for I am the only daughter of my mother and she has often told me she made me her sole heir and executrix."

Dr. Strong having been invited up to the library, Ruth unlocked the box, the key of which Mrs. Page had taken from her bosom and handed to Esther the day before she died, saying, "Esther, I have always

kept my will a secret from Ruth. Why so, you will understand when my papers are examined." The first paper Ruth took out was Mrs. Page's will. She opened it, read its first line, started to her feet, exclaiming, "Why! what does this mean?" her hand trembling so that she could not hold the paper.

Dr. Strong, seeing something was wrong, motioned to Esther to support Ruth, and, picking up the paper from the floor, said, "Miss Mortimer, shall I read it for you?"

"Thank you," said Ruth, faintly leaning her head on Esther's shoulder.

Dr. Strong read Mrs. Page's will. It bequeathed all her real and personal estate to her adopted daughter, Ruth Morton.

At the bottom of the will was a note to the effect that in another paper marked "A" in the same box would be found an explanation of the name of "my adopted daughter." Ruth sprang to the box, drew out the next paper and tremblingly handed it to the doctor.

He glanced over it, then said, "Shall I read this? There seems to be something here you might wish to have kept secret."

"No," said Ruth, "there is nothing I wish kept secret. I only desire that every secret thing shall be brought to light. If my mother has just cause for thus disinheriting me, all right; but I only wonder that she kept me thus long in ignorance of this adopted daughter of hers."

Dr. Strong read as follows:

“I, Mary Page, formerly the wife of Eugene Mortimer, make this my last and true confession. I acknowledge that I have hitherto lied in my statements about the child born to myself and Eugene Mortimer, after my divorce from him. Therefore, let me first state that fortunately witnesses are still living and records are in existence which can prove that, however I may have lied in the past, what I am now about to state is absolute truth. After my separation from Eugene Mortimer I went to Chicago, where a child was born. This child died three years afterward. I was then in California, living in a hamlet called Scioto. In order to keep the money which Eugene Mortimer gave me, fearing, as I did, that his son William might claim the \$50,000, I had the child quietly buried, then left Scioto, removing to St. Louis, where I obtained from an orphan asylum a female infant but a year old. The parents of this child, Robert and Elizabeth Morton, were descendants of a good English family. They had left their native country with a view of making their fortune in America. Here, however, they lost all their property and died within a week of each other, leaving their only child so destitute and friendless that it was sent to the orphan asylum. There I found it and from thence took it to adopt it as my own. I gave it the name of Ruth M. Page, thinking that I could use the M. either to mean Mortimer or Morton, as I might find best for my own interests. Do you ask why I did all this? I confess before God that it was my covetous desire to keep the \$50,000 and my hatred of Eugene Mortimer,

whose purpose for his daughter I thus delighted in cheating. I did this because I loved to do it.*

“Since I have met William Mortimer and witnessed his kindness to myself and Ruth, I feel that I have done him a wrong and that the sin of his father ought not to be visited on his head; I realize also the wrong I have done to Ruth, who has repaid my life-long injury to her by a life-long devotion to me; I can only try to atone for it by beseeching William Mortimer not to disturb her, — a poor, lone girl, — in the possession of the money I leave her. I would have made this confession before, but I could not bear the thought of the upbraiding which would come to me from this adopted daughter; but now as my days are drawing to a close, and as I believe William Mortimer will not take the money from a poor, unprotected orphan, I have divulged this secret, and as a slight reparation for the injury I have done Ruth Morton Page, my adopted daughter, I leave to her all my fortune, and I direct her to these proofs for establishing her true parentage — First, the records of death in St. Louis will show that Robert and Elizabeth Morton died there in the year 1840 of smallpox, within a week of each other, leaving an only child — a daughter. Second, the records of

* Dr. Ray in his “Treatise on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity,” fifth edition, Boston, 1871, (page 223), says: “I once asked a patient, who was constantly saying or doing something to annoy or disturb others, while his intellect was apparently as free from delusion or any other impairment as ever, whether in committing his aggressive acts he felt constrained by an irresistible impulse contrary to his convictions of right, or was not aware at the moment that he was doing wrong. His reply should sink deeply into the hearts of those who legislate for or sit in judgment on the insane: ‘I neither acted from an irresistible impulse nor upon the belief that I was doing right. I knew perfectly well I was doing wrong, and I might have refrained if I had pleased. I did thus and so because I loved to do it. It gave me an indescribable pleasure to do wrong.’”

the city and of that Orphan Asylum will show that said child was taken into that asylum. Third, the records of that asylum will show that on such a day I visited it and obtained the child of Robert and Elizabeth Morton to adopt as my own, and in order to identify myself I left a peculiar ring which can be found in that asylum." (A description of the ring here followed). "As to the death of the child born to me of Eugene Mortimer, this can be established by the physician who attended it in its last illness, he, I learn, is still living; also by the undertaker who attended to its burial. Its place of burial will be found in the hamlet of Scioto, near the country house I then occupied, with a stone on it marked Ruth Mortimer Page. I have now at last told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I call Almighty God to witness to this, may He have mercy on my soul."

A painful silence followed the reading of this paper. Ruth lay sobbing on the bosom of Esther Bates, who said nothing but evidently was in earnest prayer. At last Ruth got composed enough to say, "I am afraid this is all true."

"It looks like it," said Dr. Strong, not knowing what better to say.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruth, "what will William Mortimer say, what will he think of me, I am afraid he will despise me, he will never be persuaded that I knew nothing of this; oh, I can stand it all except to think that he, to whom my heart has so gone out as a brother, is now to be lost to me! Oh, God! permit me now to die; why, why hast Thou inflicted on me, a poor, helpless girl, such an injury!"

This woke up Esther. "Ruth," she exclaimed, "lose everything, but don't lose your faith in God; His ways are not as our ways, His thoughts are not as our thoughts; there is a cloud of mercy in all this which may yet break in blessings on your head."

"No, I will not lose my faith in God," said Ruth, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him; but, Esther and Dr. Strong, I do beg you to do one favor for me, it is the last I shall ever ask of you; if you believe that I had not the least suspicion that such was my parentage, then do try to make William Mortimer so believe. I shall never see him again, I will not touch a cent of this property, it belongs to him; here, take these papers," and handing them to Dr. Strong she said, "please hand these to Mr. Mortimer when he returns, and bid him good bye from Ruth Morton."

"No, Miss Morton," said the doctor, "I will not take the papers, let Mrs. Bates keep them, Mortimer has full confidence in her; but now, Miss Morton," he added, "let me beg you to think this matter over, I will see you again to-morrow," and handing the papers to Esther, he whispered, "let me see you in the parlor." Esther followed the doctor to the parlor and left Ruth alone.

The moment they were alone Dr. Strong said, "Mrs. Bates, I dislike to take you away one moment from Ruth, for I fear she may commit suicide, she seems so over-burdened with a sense of mortification and despair at the effect she supposes this will have on William Mortimer; but, Mrs. Bates, I just want to say this, I shall cable immediately for William Mortimer, and shall

see him on his arrival and will do my best for Ruth; she is a noble woman and entirely innocent in this whole transaction; and I tell you," said Dr. Strong, with an emphasis that showed his very soul was in the declaration, "if William Mortimer is not the greatest fool on earth, he will see that the name of that young lady becomes in truth Ruth *Mortimer*."

"You don't know Ruth as I do," replied Esther, "there is not the slightest fear of her committing suicide, she is too unselfish."

"What in the world has selfishness to do with a person committing suicide?" inquired the doctor.

"Because," answered Esther, "the most selfish thing a person can do is, by taking their life, to plunge others into distress in order to escape distress themselves."

"Well, what do *you* think she will do?" asked the doctor.

"I think she will refuse to ever see Mortimer again."

"That she shall not do," exclaimed the doctor, "if Mortimer feels as I think he will, I shall see that they meet again."

Esther went back to the room to try to comfort Ruth, but the latter seemed inconsolable. "I do not care," said Ruth, "about the loss of the money, but I do care about the position this places me in as regards Mr. Mortimer. I have tried to act in the most circumspect manner towards him, for I confess that something inscrutable seemed to hold me back from what might be regarded as proper sisterly demonstrations; only once have I given way to my feelings, that was when we parted on the steamer; but to think that then my

arms were around the neck of a gentleman to whom I have not the slightest relationship and that I actually kissed him ;” and poor Ruth’s virgin modesty rebelled at this remembrance. “Then, again, Esther,” she continued, “I cannot but blame Mortimer for not himself discovering all this before. I trusted not only to his affection, as a supposed brother, but to his knowledge as a competent lawyer ; when he assured me that the discovery of the paper and of its witnesses established our relationship I was satisfied that it was established. Yet,” she musingly added, “I do believe he was himself deceived ; he is too noble and too pure to claim my sisterly affection if he did not really believe I was his sister ; but one thing is certain, we must never meet each other again.”

“Ruth,” said Esther, calmly, when she was able to get in a word, “it seems to me that you overlook one possibility — that the love Mortimer held to you as a sister may continue to you as a friend, yea, as something more than a friend.”

“Stop, Esther Bates,” said Ruth, authoritatively, “never dare to hint such a thing to me ; no, my peace of mind will depend on my never again seeing William Mortimer.”

Ruth was uncommonly taciturn the rest of the day ; indeed, she spent most of it alone in her room. In the evening, however, she came and talked calmly with Esther over the subject of the wonderful ways of God’s providence, avoiding all mention of Mortimer. When they parted that night Esther offered to sleep with Ruth, but she said, “No, Esther, my mind is perfectly

calm now and I am so tired out that I shall not wake till morning."

Esther, however, stole in the middle of the night into Ruth's room; she was lying in a calm slumber, though her pillow showed that it had been moistened with her tears; Esther felt so satisfied about Ruth's condition that she went back to her own room and fell into a profound slumber. It was unusually late when Esther awoke; she hurried to Ruth's room, but Ruth was not there. She went through the house, but still could not find Ruth. She asked the servant whether Miss Ruth had gone out, "Yes," said the servant, "I saw her leave the house this morning with a satchel, probably she has gone on some errand."

Esther waited till noon and then went to consult Dr. Strong, feeling half ashamed to confess her suspicion that Ruth had left the city. The doctor advised her to wait till evening, for he said, "It would be extremely awkward to institute a search for Miss Morton when she may have merely gone to call on a friend."

But night came, yet no Ruth. Esther then began to be in great alarm; at her earnest solicitation Dr. Strong employed a detective, who, on returning the next morning, reported that a lady answering to their description of Miss Morton had been seen to take a train for the North. The detective was ordered to go in pursuit; he did not return for a week and then reported that after tracking the lady as far as Albany he could not trace her farther. Nothing remained to do but to await the return of Mortimer, who was expected in a few days.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SEARCH FOR RUTH.

When the Cunard steamer reached her dock, Mortimer found Dr. Strong awaiting him. As soon as Mortimer met his friend, without even stopping to pass the usual greetings, he abruptly asked, "What has happened! Is Ruth dead?"

"No," said the doctor, wishing to delay the revelation till he got Mortimer into Esther's presence.

"What, then, is the matter?" demanded Mortimer, "I see you have some terrible revelation to make, why keep me longer in suspense."

"Mortimer," answered Dr. Strong, "I certainly have proved my friendship for you long enough to have you now trust its wisdom; I ask you to simply wait till we get to Ruth's house, where Esther is waiting for you, she will tell you all; but, to ease somewhat your mind, I will say that what you are to learn is not necessarily an injury to any living soul."

Mortimer sank back in his carriage, until he reached the house, then he sprang out, the doctor quickly following him. Esther was standing in the parlor, he fairly glared at her and trembling with excitement exclaimed, "Where is my sister?"

"Sit down a moment," said Esther, gently drawing him to a seat by her side while Dr. Strong took his place on the other side, "I want to tell you something."

"I won't hear anything," said Mortimer, "but about Ruth, I had a horrible dream about her just two weeks ago" (the doctor and Esther glanced at each other, it was just the day when Ruth fled). "I saw her in my dream come to me, imprint a kiss on my cheek, and then say, 'Good bye, William, forever,' and she glided from me. I demand," said he, looking sternly at Esther, "an answer to my question, — where is Ruth?"

"I don't know," gasped out Esther.

"Mortimer," interposed Dr. Strong, "just try to quiet yourself and I will tell you all." He then began and narrated the events of which the reader was informed in the last chapter, he dwelt particularly on the fact that the heaviest part of the blow to Ruth was the termination of her supposed relationship to Mortimer, and the greatest anxiety on her mind was lest Mortimer should believe she had not been entirely ignorant of her parentage.

Mortimer listened to the recital with moody silence, then sprang to his feet saying, "Esther, come and go with me."

"Where are you going?" asked Esther.

"To St. Louis; why, those detectives are a pack of fools, they might have known that the first place Ruth would go to would be St. Louis, to test the truth of her mother's account about her parentage; and the next place would be Scioto, California, to find whether Mrs.

Page's account of the death and burial of her own child could be verified."

"Why, Mortimer," said Dr. Strong, "you do not propose to go to California in search of Ruth."

"Yes," replied Mortimer, "and to the ends of the earth rather than relinquish my search for her, I cannot live without Ruth."

For the first time Dr. Strong smiled and looked at Esther, whose countenance wore a look of intense satisfaction. But she interposed with, "William, you do not really need me, you yourself know best how to search for Ruth; besides, you must remember I am growing old and cannot hurry through the world as fast as yourself."

"No, no," said Mortimer, "you *must* go, Esther. I shall need you, not only to help me find Ruth, but to plead my cause with her; yes, dear friend, you who have been such a friend to me thus far must not forsake me now."

"I will go," said Esther. A few hurried preparations were made and they started together for the West.

On their journey to St. Louis, Mortimer had the opportunity to talk more calmly and fully with Esther. She told him she had found that Ruth had not taken anything with her, she had been careful to leave all Mrs. Page's property untouched. "Indeed," added Esther, "the only wonder to me is how she has money sufficient for her journey."

"That gives me hope," said Mortimer, "that we may overtake her ere long, her money must run out and her flight be thus brought to an end; but what a girl Ruth is,

how few in like circumstances would have thought of giving up Mrs. Page's money; indeed, she has a lawful claim to it, for there is nothing in that agreement between her and my father to bind Mrs. Page to give it only to *his* child, — but Ruth has such a high sense of honor."

"It seems to me," replied Esther, "that Ruth's real reason was her fear that if she touched any of it, it would make her seem to you an accomplice with her mother."

"She need not have feared that," said Mortimer, "I know the pure, lofty soul of Ruth too well to have a shadow of such a suspicion."

"But, William," asked Esther, "how was it that you as a lawyer did not know that even if a paper was found which established the anticipated birth of a child to Mrs. Page, proof was still needed that Ruth was that child."

"Esther," replied Mortimer, "I will make a confession. There has been all along a feeling in my heart that the very link you mention ought to be supplied. I once came near sending a lawyer to Chicago to examine into this very point, but I somehow felt, I cannot tell you why, that if this relationship was disproved, Ruth would do this very thing, leave me, and I could not brook the thought of it, I wanted her at least as a sister. Esther," he added, "some may laugh at it, but I assure you, for I have had it so often happen in my experience that I cannot doubt it, there is a power of prophecy in the human mind. People sometimes are surprised, while passing through certain scenes, by the impression that they have somehow

been through it all before. Some explain this by supposing a previous existence of the soul — no, it is the prophesying power of the soul which has already foreshadowed the coming event.”

“Well,” said Esther, “that accords with my own view — that the spirit of God, which is also ‘the spirit of prophecy,’ when it takes up its abode in a human heart, does as Christ said, ‘Show his people things to come.’”

On reaching St. Louis, Mortimer and Esther sought out the orphan asylum; they found that Ruth had been there; also tracked her to the health office where the death of her parents was recorded; also found that she had obtained the ring Mrs. Page left at the orphan asylum to identify herself, and that she had then left for the West. “Just as I thought,” said Mortimer, “Ruth has gone to California to verify the truth of Mrs. Page’s story about the death and burial of her own child. We will rest here for a day, for this will enable me to examine the evidences of Ruth’s being the child of Robert and Elizabeth Morton, I want this established before I meet Ruth.” This was so fully established that Mortimer said to Esther, “There is now no doubt that Ruth Morton is not the slightest relation to me — thank God!”

Esther saw the drift of Mortimer’s thoughts and intentions, and she began to fear he was building too much on what he supposed were Ruth’s feelings toward him. “William,” she began, “as we will in a few days be at Scioto, where we may find Ruth, I want to prepare you for something.”

"Something about Ruth?" inquired Mortimer, anxiously.

"Yes," answered Esther.

"Well, speak it right out, Esther. You are a good woman and I believe every word you say."

"William, I see you have so much affection for Ruth that I am afraid, when you meet her, you will at once propose to her."

Mortimer, amid all his gloom, could not help laughing, but answered, "Well, Esther, suppose I do, would that be anything wrong? There is not the slightest relationship between us."

"But, William, have you ever thought that it takes two to make a bargain?"

Mortimer started, and said, "Why, Esther, do you think Ruth would refuse me? I do not want to flatter myself unduly, but, if I read her heart aright, she loved me with intense affection."

"Yes," answered Esther, "but as a *brother*."

Mortimer seemed much distressed; this was evidently a new thought. He could not sleep that night. Esther's suggestion had worried him more than he was willing to allow, the more so because it brought to his memory the caution which Ruth had exercised in their personal intercourse. Still, there was one event which Esther was ignorant of. This he determined to tell her and let her judge whether it should afford him the encouragement he hoped.

He therefore said to Esther, the next day, "You seem to think it's doubtful whether Ruth loves me."

"No," said Esther, "I did not say that. I merely

said it might be doubtful whether her love was anything but sisterly affection."

"Let me then tell you something, Esther. You did not see our parting on the steamer."

"No," said Esther, "as you were taking leave of each other, Dr. Strong hustled me away as if I was so much baggage."

"Well," said Mortimer, "when you left us no one was near. I longed to give Ruth a parting kiss, for I somehow felt we might never meet again. She read my mind, and, in bidding me good-bye, put up her mouth. As I stooped to kiss her she seemed to be so completely swept away from her usual self-control, that she flung her arms around my neck and exclaimed, with a most passionate embrace, 'Oh, William, I cannot let you go, my heart seems almost breaking. I cannot live without you.' It was so different from Ruth's usual reserve that in my surprise I hardly returned her embrace. Then, as if recalling herself, she fairly leaped from my arms, and said, 'Oh, what am I saying? God forgive me!' and she turned and actually fled from me.

"I think the very remembrance of this scene was what made her so guarded in her subsequent letters to me, and it is this which overwhelms her with mortification to think that she had poured out the wealth of her heart's love on one who was no relation to her. This, in one sense, encourages me; in another it makes me anxious lest she should experience that revulsion of feeling which makes us sometimes hate with that intensity with which we previously loved."

Esther said nothing, but looked out of the car window. Mortimer, half angry at her un-sympathetic silence, said, "Esther, I feel so miserable that I can't be made more so. Therefore, if you have any more shadows to cast over my hopes, please cast them now."

"There is something else I do want to say," replied Esther. "I want you to promise me one thing, — that, even if we find where Ruth is, you will let me be the first to see her; also that before you meet Ruth you will let me say something to you."

"Horror of horrors!" said Mortimer. "You have already worked up my mind to a state of suspense, and you want to prolong that suspense even after we have found Ruth."

"William," quietly replied Esther, "have I not already done enough to prove that my only wish and aim is your highest good?"

"I beg your pardon, dear friend," said Mortimer, now thoroughly ashamed of his hasty words. "Ever since we first met you have shown an unselfish care for my higher interests. Forgive me, I beseech you," and Mortimer looked so humble and penitent that Esther could but forgive, but she said, "Remember, William, that you have solemnly promised me this."

At last they reached Scioto and found that Ruth had been there, but had left as soon as she had proved that part of Mrs. Page's confession relating to the death of her own daughter. Ruth had also visited the grave of Ruth Mortimer Page, had found the undertaker who buried the child and the physician who had attended it in its last sickness. She had then left,

taking the train for San Francisco. Mortimer, after investigating other evidences which his legal knowledge suggested the importance of to strengthen the proof that Mrs. Page's first and only child was buried in Scioto, hurried on to San Francisco, but there all trace of Ruth vanished. He spent a week at the hotels, utilizing every means to get on her track, but all in vain. A case of suicide of a young woman had occurred. Mortimer visited the morgue and was relieved to find that the body bore not the slightest resemblance to Ruth.

Another week passed, yet no tidings of the missing one. Mortimer began to feel discouraged; Esther, however, felt hopeful. "Have patience, William," she said. "God will yet answer our prayers."

"Well, then, Esther, you keep on praying and I will keep on watching."

"I don't believe God ever intended any such parceling out of duty, William, for he says to each person, 'Watch *and* pray.'"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THREE CLERGYMEN DISCUSS CHRISTIAN HEALING, AND INCIDENTALLY GIVE A CLEW TO RUTH'S WHEREABOUTS.

Mortimer was resting in the reading-room of the hotel, pondering what more could be done to find Ruth. A gentleman attired as a clergyman sitting near him noticed the anxious expression on Mortimer's face, and, suspecting there was some sorrow in his heart, drew him into conversation. They were beginning to feel quite well acquainted, when two gentlemen entered and greeted Mortimer's new acquaintance as the Rev. Dr. Lockett, saying to him, "We saw your arrival in the morning papers, doctor, and want to engage you to speak at a grand union meeting to be held to-night."

Mortimer rose to leave Dr. Lockett with his friends, when the doctor gently detained him, saying, "Let me introduce to you Rev. Dr. Samply and Rev. Mr. Bruce. Brethren, this gentleman is, like myself, a stranger in your city and probably feels lonely. Perhaps he may find some cheer even in us sober-faced ministers."

Mortimer pleasantly replied, "My name is Mortimer, William Mortimer of New York city. I am a lawyer

and always feel at home with clergymen, for while they teach the principles of law, we attend to putting them into our practice."

None better appreciate a pleasant hit than clergymen, they shook Mortimer heartily by the hand, Dr. Lockett replying, "I have some sympathy with Mr. Mortimer's view, for I was a physician before becoming a minister, and it has always been a consolation to me to know that I was once a practitioner, even if now I am merely a poor preacher."

"Speaking of practising," said Dr. Samply, "reminds me that a new kind of both preaching and practice has appeared here lately."

"What is this new thing under the sun?" inquired Dr. Lockett.

"They call it Christian Science. You must have heard of it, for it originated somewhere down East."

"Yes," answered Dr. Lockett, "I have heard of it in many places."

"Well," exclaimed Dr. Samply, "did you ever hear such a mess of nonsense and mixed theology? Why, they actually assert that disease is an error and that there is no such thing as matter."

"Have they cured any persons in your city?" asked Dr. Lockett.

"They claim to have done so," answered Dr. Samply, "but I think all their apparent cures are due to the influence of the mind over the body."

"Perhaps so," was all the reply Dr. Lockett made.

Mr. Bruce, who had set listening intently to the conversations of the other divines, here broke in with

“Dr. Lockett, if I mistake not, you have yourself written something on the relation of Christianity to bodily healing. Did I not see it in the *Orthodox Review*?”

“No,” said the doctor, breaking out for the first time in a hearty laugh. “It was offered to that *Review*, but they considered it so awfully un-orthodox that they sent it back post haste, as if fearing it would spread contagion through their whole establishment.”

“Why, Dr. Lockett,” exclaimed Dr. Samply, “I thought you had the reputation of belonging to the strictest sect of the Orthodox.”

“I thought so, too, until I wrote that article. Indeed, before sending it to the *Orthodox Review*, I read it to several brethren, also considered of the strictest sect, and they detected no heresy. Indeed, one of the brethren was so enraged at what he termed the stupid mistake of the *Review* people that he insisted upon my sending it to the *Mental Monthly*. They published it at once, and it has been widely copied in both religious and secular papers.”

“Please give us the main points of your article,” said Dr. Samply.

“If you have patience to hear it, I will narrate a history which led to the writing of that article.”

“Certainly,” said Dr. Samply. “Let us hear how Dr. Lockett got numbered among the heretics.”

“I was one day,” began Dr. Lockett, “hastily summoned to visit a dying member of my church. She was a devoted Christian and belonged to a family of sincere Christians. I was sent for because the

doctors had informed her that she could not live out that day. Indeed, mortification had set in and her system refused to respond to medicines. She had made all her preparations for death and called me in, as her pastor, simply with the view of the comfort it would afford her dying hour to have prayer offered and the promises of God's word repeated. With that object in mind I went to visit her, and, after prayer, bade her good-bye, not expecting to see her again till we met in heaven. As I sat pondering the case that night in my study, the thought suddenly came to me, 'You never uttered a prayer for her recovery.' 'But why should I have done so?' I asked myself. 'She has been attended by competent physicians and they declare that her disease has reached a stage where medicines cannot have the slightest effect. Is not this an indication that it is God's purpose to remove her to Heaven?' But then the question arose, 'Are God's purposes to be interpreted by the want of success of medicines? Does it follow, because medicines will not cure the sick, that prayer for their recovery can be of no avail?' But the thought occurred, 'Is it right to strive to detain on earth one so well fitted for Heaven? Is it not better for her to depart and be with Jesus?' for I recalled what Paul said to the Philippians, — 'Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.' Still, Paul adds, 'Nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful to you, and, having this confidence, I know that I shall abide and continue for your furtherance and joy of faith.' Now, while it might be better for this sick one to depart to Heaven, is it not

better for the 'furtherance and joy of faith' of others that she should 'abide in the flesh?' For here is a mother with two young children peculiarly dependent on her care and instruction, with a husband who needs her help in bringing up his family. May not we assume that it might be better for her to abide longer on earth? 'I wish, at least,' I said to myself, 'I had prayed to God to spare that woman's life.' But then the thought recurred, 'Would it not have been regarded as the utmost fanaticism, when her physicians, and able ones, too, declare her case beyond recovery?'

"I visited the house the next morning, expecting to find crape on the door-bell, but none was there, for the lady whom the doctors had thought would die hours before was still living. I returned to my home in a fearful struggle of mind. I had not had courage that morning to propose prayer for the recovery of the lady, though I prayed in general terms that 'if it be possible this cup might pass from her.' It was simply that genteel *nunc dimittis in pace* which we clergymen often give to our dying parishioners. But I could not rest and, on returning home, went to my closet and there did most earnestly plead for her recovery, at the same time confessing my sin before God, in that I had not had boldness to try to induce others to pray with me for the recovery of that sick one. I went down to her house on the next day. The lady was still alive, but the doctors said it was simply one of those cases of death where the tenacity of life prolongs the dying agonies.

"I determined to wait no longer. I called the family together and said, 'I want to know whether you are

willing to join with me in prayer for the recovery of this sick one. You are all the professed people of God. He has told us in His Word that 'if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven.' He has also told us that 'the prayer of faith shall save the sick.' I want you, however, to clearly understand, that, while we attempt to offer this petition in faith, we should also recognize the superior wisdom of God. We will therefore not attempt to dictate to Him. We will lay the sick one's case before Him, stating the arguments which seem to us can be urged for her recovery; for example, the importance of her living yet longer for the sake of her husband and children, the glory which God might get to His own name by showing how He could recover the sick when human skill has failed, the power that lies in Christ to heal the sick, which He evinced on earth, and the willingness He then evinced to heal the sick when friends applied to Him in their behalf. We will ask Him to spare our friend, not merely to gratify our desire to retain her on earth, but for the benefit her prolonged life might bring to others. We will also ask God to bless and direct the earthly physicians so that they may use proper remedies for her recovery.'

"To my surprise the family not only acceded to the proposition, but seemed anxious for prayer to be thus offered. I believe if ever a circle of believers lifted up united prayer with fervent desire it was offered at that time."

"Well, what was the result?" asked Dr. Samply.

“I can only say,” replied Dr. Lockett, “that a change for the better began that day. The medicines commenced to have effect, and that lady is now living in sound health.” *

“This case set me to thinking on the whole relation of a Christian faith to the diseases of the body. I threw my reflections into an article, in which I attempted to sustain these propositions: First, that every sick person should take their case to the Heavenly Physician as much as to the earthly one; second, that if either ought to have priority it should be the Maker of the body over its mender; third, that Christians have so unconsciously drifted toward materialism, that the first thought of most when sick is to go to the drug store or the physician, and often it is not until they get dangerously ill that they begin to ask for the prayers of the church, the Heavenly Physician being used as a sort of forlorn hope. I therefore suggested whether it was not well for the church to call a halt and inquire, ‘Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Physician there? Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?’” †

“But what has all this to do with Christian Science?” asked Dr. Samply.

“Why, just before the event narrated I met with a Christian Scientist. I paid very little attention to her theories, except to study them as a matter of curiosity, but this case led me to re-examine them, and, though I find in their teachings much loose theology

*The case thus described agrees in all points with one which came under my own observation.—THE AUTHOR.

†Jeremiah viii, 22.

and many impracticable methods, yet I have been impressed with this, — that what these people are really aiming at, that is, the Christ-believing portion of them, is to make people realize what a power still abides in Christ for the healing of both soul and body. Some of them have gained, at least, a perception of what man's body might be if it was only filled with the spirit of God. I am inclined to treat them kindly, with the hope that the attention they are calling to this subject may lead men to investigate more what Christ is and what he is willing to do for poor, suffering humanity. I am not afraid of these Christian Scientists working harm by such tenets as 'Disease is an error' and 'There is no such thing as matter.' The stubborn facts of life give abundant proof that disease is a reality and matter a tangible substance. But I thank God that, while we have doctors' signs and drug stores on almost every square, to refresh our minds with the fact that man's body needs medicine, some one has arisen to jog our memories with the fact, that besides and above all these man needs the Great Physician."

Mr. Bruce had been listening with such intense interest to Dr. Lockett that it attracted the attention of Mortimer. As soon as the doctor had finished, Mr. Bruce said, "Perhaps, then, you brethren will not consider me unorthodox if I state a case that came under my own observation. My wife was sick with Hay fever, which she yearly suffers from. A Christian Scientist came to my house, — a young lady, a perfect stranger to us, but under her treatment my wife has perfectly recovered."

“What is her name?” demanded Mortimer, becoming excited.

“Singularly, I cannot tell you,” answered Mr. Bruce. “But why are you so interested, Mr. Mortimer?”

“Because I am here looking for a young lady who is a Christian Scientist, and much depends on my finding her.”

“Well, I will tell you all I know about this young lady. I have been compelled lately to rent a room in my house, and had advertised it in the papers. A few weeks ago a lady of very genteel appearance came to our house and, after looking at the room, engaged it. She seemed especially pleased to find it was the home of a clergyman. I asked her, of course, for her references. She answered, ‘I have none, for I am a perfect stranger in this city. I came here on a private matter of great importance to myself and had hoped to obtain employment, but so far have failed, except to get some copying. I have, however, money enough left to at least pay room rent in advance for a month. I ask you to let me stay, and give you as my only reference—God. If you find that He gives me strength to live as a child of His, keep me; if not, turn me out.’

“I looked at the pure, innocent face of that young girl and could not but feel that I was standing in the presence of one whom God had given his angels charge over. I consulted with my wife, and we agreed to let her stay. We soon found we were indeed entertaining an angel unawares. I have never met a more devoted Christian. She spends all the time she can spare from her writing in visiting the sick among the poor. One day, when

my wife was suffering from her usual attack of Hay fever, she asked permission to try what she termed 'a silent treatment.' My wife was relieved and has continued since without an attack. This led us to converse with her on her Christian Science——”

Mortimer could stand it no longer. He rose abruptly, saying, “Mr. Bruce, may I speak to you for a moment in my private room?” As soon as they were alone he exclaimed, “Mr. Bruce, I have no doubt but that the lady you have just described is the one I am looking for, but why cannot you tell me her name?”

“I was about to state,” answered Mr. Bruce, “when you called me aside, that she asked as a favor that we should not ask her name, but simply call her ‘Sister.’ My wife, however, though she will give me no reason for her impression, insists that her name is Ruth Morton.”

“Thank God!” ejaculated Mortimer. “Ruth is found at last!” Then, grasping Mr. Bruce’s hand, he said, “You have indeed done one of the noblest deeds of your life in giving shelter to this lady on her simple reference—God. I feel that a man who shows such a Christian spirit can safely be trusted with my secret.” Mortimer then related to Mr. Bruce the whole history of Ruth and himself. Mr. Bruce became deeply interested and invited Mortimer to at once go with him to his home to see Ruth.

“No,” said Mortimer, “let me first call Mrs. Esther Bates, a Christian lady who has accompanied me on this journey. I promised her that she should see Ruth first, and I now see the wisdom of this plan. She will prepare Ruth for our interview.”

Esther was in transports of joy when Mortimer announced the discovery of Ruth. "I felt all along," she said, "that God would answer our prayers." Esther went immediately with Mr. Bruce to his home. Finding that Ruth was in her room, she went up and knocked at its door. Ruth, supposing it was the servant, simply responded, "Come in." Esther entered. Ruth was sitting at the window in deep meditation. Ruth turned, sprang to her feet and threw herself into Esther's arms. Even Christian Science could not control nature's emotions. She lay weeping there for some time, then gasped out, "Thank God you have come! Oh, Esther, what I have gone through! But what brought you here and how did you find me?"

Esther answered, "A friend who loves you more intensely than I do brought me here."

"Yes," said Ruth, "it was God. I knew He would not forsake me."

"But God uses human instruments," said Esther.

Ruth looked at Esther with an anxious look, and said, "You cannot mean William Mortimer sent you after me. Oh, Esther, did he believe that I was innocent in this whole transaction?"

"Yes, perfectly so."

"Thank God! Then I can now die happily."

"No, no, Ruth, do not talk of dying. You may have just begun the happiest part of your life."

"Ah, Esther, I have nothing now to live for. If it be God's will I would rather leave this sorrowful earth, but, if not, then stay with me till I can get some employment."

"But, Ruth," said Esther, "you have not asked me about Mr. Mortimer. Are you not anxious to know how he feels toward you after this discovery.?"

"Esther Bates," said Ruth, looking sternly at her, "if you be, as I believe, my true friend, never mention to me again the name of William Mortimer. My only anxiety is that he should not blame me in this matter. I realize fully that he and I must part forever. I hope it was not wrong in me that in my innocence and ignorance I loved him as a brother."

"But, Ruth," said Esther, "why not continue to love him? I know that he loves you just as much, yea, more than he ever did before. Ruth, I sincerely believe that William will himself sink into a decline if you are now to be forever separated."

"Esther, stop!" said Ruth. "I tell you I can't bear one moment to think of William Mortimer. The only peace I have is to banish him from my mind."

"Ruth Morton," said Esther, affectionately putting her arms around her, "I want to ask one favor of you in return for all I've tried to do for you in the past. Promise that you will grant it."

"But first tell me what it is," said Ruth.

"No, I feel that I am right in extracting the promise first."

"Well, Esther, I have so much faith in your wisdom and your love for me that I will promise you."

"Solemnly?" asked Esther.

"Yes, solemnly, in the sight of God."

"I want you, then, to promise me that you will see William Mortimer before this day closes."

"Why, Esther, you are crazy. Do you realize that Mr. Mortimer is in Europe and I in America?"

"No, I realize that William Mortimer is in San Francisco, almost dying with impatience to see Ruth Morton."

Esther then detailed the history of Mortimer's return and his search for Ruth, also the proofs he had found of there being no relationship between them.

"What then does he want to see me about?" said Ruth.

"That he must answer for himself," said Esther, with a significant smile. "Oh, you foolish girl! do you think a man would put himself to all the trouble that William Mortimer has to find a young lady unless he has something important to tell her? Ruth, cannot you see how William Mortimer loves you?"

"Oh, Esther, don't let me meet William Mortimer. I do not think I could stand it."

"But, Ruth, you have solemnly promised me to meet him and I hold you to your promise, for I know he has his very soul bound up in the purpose of making you his wife."

"Then I must refuse him," said Ruth, decidedly.

"Well, at least see him and tell him that yourself," said Esther, "for I now go to bring him."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A NEW APPLICATION OF THE MIND-CURE.

Esther hurried back to the hotel and found Mortimer waiting impatiently for her. "What kept you so long?" he demanded.

"I was trying to persuade Ruth to see you."

Mortimer looked disappointed, but earnestly asked, "Esther, do you think Ruth would refuse me, if I now ask her to become my wife?"

"You must ask and find out for yourself," said Esther, cautiously.

"Then take me to her at once."

"Wait," said Esther,—"William Mortimer, you made me a solemn promise that you would first let me tell you something before meeting Miss Morton."

"Well, speak it out quickly," said Mortimer, "for I can't stand this suspense much longer."

"Mortimer," said Esther, "I want you before having a meeting with Ruth, which may result in your spending the rest of your lives together, to ask yourself this question, 'Do I know my own heart sufficiently to thus bind myself to Ruth Morton?'"

"I only know," said Mortimer, solemnly, "that I

love Ruth with the most intense affection, so much so that my whole future life seems suspended on her consent."

"But you must remember that you once thought you loved Alice Dupont with the same fervor."

"Never, never," said Mortimer, emphatically, "I never felt to Alice Dupont as I do to Ruth Morton; that was a sort of first-love romance, which was only nontinued afterward from a sense of duty. My love to Ruth will be continued by my abiding affection."

"Why, then, were you so affected by the sight of Alice's picture, and again by your meeting her at the Deschiell's party?"

"Oh, you provoking woman," said Mortimer, "let me go to Ruth, I will explain all this at another time."

"No," said Esther, firmly, "remember you solemnly promised me not to see Ruth till I had a talk with you; answer me first, — why did you have all these changeful experiences with Miss Dupont and yet expect to escape them with Ruth Morton?"

"Well, if you force me to answer, you force me also to confess, — yet I acknowledge I cannot explain my confession; but, Esther Bates, somehow since the first time I met Ruth, her image has never been out of my mind. I believe the paroxysm of apparently revived affection for Alice Dupont was really the intense undertone of love for Ruth, so that the sight of Alice's picture revived not so much her memory as it did the hidden current of love in my heart for Ruth. I cannot tell you how impatient I felt to have that relationship established, and I cannot express the secret disappoint-

ment I felt that she was to be only a sister. Give me Ruth, or rather let her give her heart to me, and you will find that the course of our love will never be interrupted."

"I am satisfied," said Esther, "come, William, and meet Ruth Morton."

Ruth while awaiting Mortimer's visit had solemnly determined to receive him courteously, to thank him for his kindness, and then announce to him her unchangeable determination to never see him again. She also determined if, as Esther had hinted, Mortimer made the proposal that she should become his wife, to show him that it was not for his own best interests, and that she was proving her unselfish regard for him by refusing his offer; for this she thought was the only way to hush society's gossip, and let Mortimer pursue uninterruptedly his successful career as a lawyer. What a pity, she said to herself, it would be to have such a noble man as William Mortimer burdened with a wife whose history has already been the theme of a thousand tongues. For already the story of the discovery of the lost paper, and of Ruth's identification as Mortimer's sister, had leaked out; Dr. Strong had told it to Alice Dupont under the bond of the most solemn secrecy, fortified by the fact that it was a part of that solemn secrecy which always exists between lovers. Alice, as a faithful daughter, not yet married and therefore owing obedience first to her parents, had confided it to her mother; and her mother as a faithful wife who should have no secrets from her husband had confided it to Mr. Dupont, and Mr. Dupont as a faithful

partner in the firm of Dupont & Co., had confided it to his firm; and thus, dear reader, you see that through the very faithfulness of mankind this secret was borne on the wings of the wind and dropped, with a hundred explanations, additions, subtractions and multiplications, into the ears of New York society; yet, lest that already monopolizing metropolis should claim any merit in this respect, let it be clearly understood that the same method is practised in all other cities of the United States, yea, for all that, in its villages. It was this fact, as well known to Mortimer as to Ruth, that made her think she could present a last and convincing argument against their marriage.

Another thought reinforced this purpose of Ruth — had she not a special mission for the cause of Christian Science? To it she felt indebted for the sustaining power which had carried her through her late deep and varied trials. “I have tested,” argued Ruth, “the truth of the great principle it proclaims, that He who is the way, the truth and the life can so fortify the soul with His abiding presence that it can triumph over all evils within and without. Yes, my mission is not to be the wife of William Mortimer,” — and she unconsciously heaved a sigh, — “but to be a humble teacher of Christian Science.” Such were Miss Ruth Morton’s cogitations as she awaited the coming of William Mortimer.

Mortimer was occupying his mind with very different thoughts, he was concocting a peculiar plan of assault on Ruth’s heart. He fully appreciated that heart was prepared to withstand an open attack, and therefore

quietly arranged for a flank movement. Mortimer's sagacity had already served him many a good turn in law, but it was now to be utilized in the rather different practice of love. He walked silently by the side of Esther, on their way to Dr. Bruce's, only interrupting the silence by one remark—"Esther, please do me this favor, enter with me Ruth's room, but leave it when I cough and drop my handkerchief on the floor; but, if I call, you be ready to re-enter."

"Certainly, if you so wish," said Esther.

They were met at the door by Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, to whom some hint of the situation of affairs had been given by Esther, and who were deeply interested in the successful issue of Mortimer's suit. When Mrs. Bruce saw the handsome face and noble bearing of Mortimer, she became still more interested, and as Mrs. Bruce afterwards confessed, "she never in her life felt so tempted to play the eaves-dropper," but to her credit be it said that she went instantly to work to divert her mind by preparing some nourishment for Ruth, for as she expressed it, "The poor child has been through a severe strain already, and may utterly break down." But Ruth, as she sat in the parlor awaiting Mortimer's visit, did not look like breaking down. There was indeed a paleness in her usually rosy cheeks, a slight compression of her lips as if the spirit within was nerving the body to its task of duty; still, there was that serenity of face which showed that the storm had passed and there was in that soul a great calm. But fidelity to the truth compels us to state that, the moment Mortimer entered the room, the storm again burst over

that heart. Ruth could not but realize it herself, she bent before it for the moment as the stalwart oak bends before the sudden blast, but the very consciousness of these feelings made her exert an almost superhuman effort to collect herself.

Mortimer, on the other hand, showed no embarrassment or unusual agitation. On entering the parlor with Esther, he went right up to Ruth, and with the utmost nonchalance, yet with his customary politeness, said, "Miss Morton, I have called as soon as I could ascertain your place of residence here, for I flatter myself that you might be interested to hear about my trip abroad," and without waiting for a reply Mortimer launched into a very graphic recital of his European tour.

Ruth was completely taken by surprise. She had expected that Mortimer would burst upon her with protestations of affection, and overwhelm her with appeals, while here he was sitting by her side, simply as any friend would, and talking of such an unromantic subject as a trip to Europe. Somehow a feeling of disappointment rose in her heart. Mortimer, however, went on to give Ruth a rapid sketch of his European tour. He never even mentioned Ruth's letters, he seemed to utterly ignore the very existence of such a person as herself. Esther looked on in surprise, "What has come over William?" she said to herself; her own curiosity became excited to see how he would manage when he came to the cause of his sudden return to America.

Suddenly he stopped in his narration and said,

“Excuse me, Miss Morton, I forgot to thank you for your kind letters, I cannot express how much I enjoyed them, and how I missed them when they ceased coming; I was in great anxiety when Dr. Strong’s dispatch came.”

“Dr. Strong’s dispatch!” exclaimed Ruth, for the first time speaking, “what do you refer to?”

Mortimer then detailed how Dr. Strong had cabled him to come right home, telling him that something terrible had happened. “I cannot describe to you, Miss Morton,” he added, “the fearful state of suspense I went through on that eight days’ voyage, I could not get out of my mind that something awful had indeed happened to you.”

Mortimer then graphically described his arrival in New York and Dr. Strong’s and Esther’s revelation of the discovery of the paper that accompanied Mrs. Page’s will, which explained Ruth’s right name and parentage. Here again Ruth forgot herself and exclaimed, “Oh, Mr. Mortimer, I hope you do believe that I was entirely ignorant of the facts that paper disclosed; this is my only anxiety about this whole matter.”

“Why, Ruth,” answered Mortimer, “I know you too well to doubt for a moment your innocence.” (She started when Mortimer called her Ruth, but he acted as if he was not conscious of having used that name, he was now so in earnest with his account that it seemed as from sheer force of habit it had dropped from his lips). “I believe, yea, I know that a suspicion of this fact never entered your mind, and therefore to establish your innocence in the matter I immediately went to

work to ascertain the truth of Mrs. Page's statement."

He then circumstantially detailed his search at St. Louis and at Scioto for proofs of Ruth's parentage; indeed, he added many Ruth herself had not discovered, and at last concluded with, "Miss Morton, I am sure the most complete and satisfactory evidence is in existence of your being the daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Morton. I have also discovered that your father was a lawyer, a cultured gentleman, and your mother a refined lady; indeed, they were related to one of the best families in England, and trace back their lineage to the Earl of Morton. Why, Miss Morton," he pleasantly added, "I should not wonder if you yet find that you can claim the title of Lady Morton."

"I care nothing for titles," said Ruth, "but I do thank God that the respectability of my parentage is so clearly established."

Mortimer had led Ruth's mind so far away from what she had anticipated as the object of his visit, and so absorbed her mind with the subject of her established parentage, that she had insensibly relaxed the watch she had set over herself, and thus it came to pass that, while listening to Mortimer, her eyes gazed with a wistful look of love intently into his own. This was not unnoticed by Mortimer.

But he was now coming to the crisis. His courage almost failed, for, though he had executed his flank movement on Ruth's mind and drawn off her mental forces in pursuit, yet he had not captured the citadel of her will. One thing, however, he realized, — there

could be no pause; he must now dash in and win or lose forever.

“Miss Morton,” he said, with a slight cough, and the calling of her name so fixed her attention on him that it enabled Mortimer to drop his handkerchief and Esther to glide from the room unnoticed by Ruth.

“Miss Morton, I think that you will now admit that it is fully established there is not the slightest relationship between us. I therefore come to propose one of two things, which I leave to your choice. The first is that we now part forever. If this be done, one thing I insist on,—that you retain the money Mrs. Page left you. I have not the slightest moral or legal claim to it, and, unless you take it, it will revert to the state. I shall never touch a cent of it. I came here partly to tell you this.”

“Oh, no,” said Ruth. “Mr. Mortimer, I do not want to touch a cent of that money. Somehow it seems to me cursed, there is such a history connected with it.”

Still Mortimer kept arguing the point with Ruth, so that her mind became completely engrossed with this question of the disposal of the money. All of a sudden he looked into her face with the most intense affection, and said, “Ruth, Ruth, don’t you know William Mortimer enough to know that what he wants is not your money but your love? Oh, Ruth, I do love you with an intensity that can brook no denial. I have proved this love to myself; I cannot live without you. I have come these thousands of miles to search for you and to ask you to become my wife. If you refuse me, Ruth,

if you drive me away from you this day, you blast my whole future life. I now bring you my second proposition—that Ruth Morton shall become in truth Ruth Mortimer.”

Ruth was so taken by surprise that she fairly gasped for breath. She became so weak that she had to cling to the chair to hold herself up. Mortimer sprang to her side, and, folding her in his arms, said, “Ruth, let your own heart plead for me now. Why should we be separated? You are the only one I love. Come, dearest,” and he felt encouraged by her very resistlessness, “do not try to keep asunder two hearts which God has so manifestly joined together.”

“Oh, William,” said Ruth, hiding her face in his bosom, “you are right; we cannot live without each other.”

Afterward, resting there calmly, she looked up into his face, and said, “I really did mean to refuse you, but somehow I couldn’t.”

“Esther!” called out Mortimer, and Esther, who had been waiting at the door, entered. When the good woman saw the situation of affairs, she for the first time in her life went off in a fit of hysterics, and fell to hugging alternately Ruth and Mortimer, and, at last, had actually to be taken up-stairs by Mortimer, while Mrs. Bruce was summoned to help Ruth, who was now utterly exhausted by the conflict she had undergone in both mind and heart. But, when the sun set that day, a gentle calm had come over all these troubled hearts.

The next day a quiet wedding took place in the Bruce home, Dr. Bruce receiving a marriage fee sur-

passing even those supposed to be given by California millionaires at their own marriage.

It required some courage in Mortimer and Ruth to face the curious gaze of society and to endure its gossip, but Mortimer's past reputation as a man of high honor served him in the present crisis of his history, while Ruth's lovely character and useful life soon made her a host of friends, whose standing in society was a support to her own well merited respect. The story of the curious bringing together of Mortimer and his wife soon became a thing of the past, and their union proved, as all unions should prove, one of happiness and affection. Esther Bates continued to live with them, they trying to repay her kindness by their attentions in her declining years; she being surrounded with every comfort which grateful love could devise.

The truthfulness of the chaste muse of history must be preserved, even if human expectations are sometimes disappointed. Therefore be it stated that the proposed marriage of Dr. Strong to Alice Dupont never took place. Alice made every effort to convert her materialistic suitor, which effort became an increasing annoyance to the doctor, and a breach was opened between their hearts, widened by their frequent controversies over Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer. Alice adhered to the opinion that Ruth had from the very first laid a plot to entrap her former lover, and denounced her as an "odious adventuress." This was peculiarly distasteful to Dr. Strong, because his respect for Ruth daily increased as he watched the beautiful development of her character and the grace with which she filled her

new position. One evening hot words passed between the doctor and Miss Dupont, the former, in his irritation, saying, "The greatest mistake of my life was my thinking that Ruth was all head and no heart. The wealth of pure love she pours out on her husband, which is fully reciprocated by him, proves her to be a beautiful combination of intellectuality and affection."

Alice fired up and replied, "At any rate, some men I know are all head and no heart."

A scene followed and their engagement was broken. But it proved, after all, what Esther Bates would term "a special providence," for the life which Alice would have devoted to Dr. Strong was henceforth devoted to doing good, and she filled that honored place reserved for those whose lives of single-blessedness are also lives of blessedness to the church, the poor and the sorrowing.

It should have been mentioned that, while Esther was returning from California with the bridal couple, she drew Mortimer aside, and said, "William, I have a great curiosity to learn how you succeeded so well, after I left you that morning, in popping the question to Ruth and inducing her to say 'Yes.' Have you any objection to my knowing?"

"Not the least, Esther," said Mortimer, laughing.

"Well, how was it done, then?" asked Esther.

"Why, I simply tried on Ruth the mind-cure, by first drawing her attention completely from herself and her proposed rejection of myself, and then I tried a treatment as old as the human race,—the heart-cure."

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