



GILEAD;

OR,

THE VISION OF ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL.

An Allegory.

BY

John
J. HYATT SMITH.

"We shall see what will become of his dreams."—GEN. xxxvii. 20.

NEW YORK:

CHARLES SCRIBNER, 124 GRAND STREET.

BUFFALO:—BREED, BUTLER & CO.

1863.

S. Perry

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by
CHARLES SCRIBNER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

JOHN F. TROW,
PRINTER, STEREOTYPY, AND ELECTROTYPY,
50 Greene Street, New York.

TO
SHERMAN S. JEWETT, Esq.,
OF BUFFALO, N. Y.,
AS A MARK OF PERSONAL ESTEEM,
AND IN REMEMBRANCE
OF MANY PLEASANT SOCIAL HOURS SPENT
WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF HIS FAMILY,
This Volume
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY HIS FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, 1868.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—A STROLL THROUGH WORLD TOWN.

The City—Painting in the shop window—Truthful the Guide—Heathen Town—People engaged in sending the Balm of Gilead to Heathen Town—Dr. Wisdom—A Funeral in World Town—Long Home Cemetery—Death, the Undertaker—Godless Band—The desolate House; former occupant named Fool, once Lord Mayor of World Town—The Banquet in Fool's Mansion—A Dwelling invaded by a man named Habit, and the Defeat of Resolution—Rum Lane, PAGE 18

CHAPTER II.—VISIT TO ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL.

Truthful gives an Account of the Balm Enterprise—Ship "Society"—Man called Agent—Adverse Winds from the Land of Controversy—Favorable Breezes from Gilead by way of Harmony Plain, and Silver Mountain—Sham Ship Builders—Visit of Dr. Wisdom, and the Royal Minister unto the Hospital—Disease called "Ignorance," known in the Palace as King's Evil—The Undertaker's account of cases in which he has lost Bodies from his Marble House—The Coming Forth of the Holy One, and the Injury wrought upon Death's Door thereby—The old Sexton of the Sepulchre, Captivity, a Prisoner—Dr. Wisdom's Interview with the Faculty of the Hospital, 28

CHAPTER III.—SERMON BY TRUTHFUL, IN THE MORNING, AT THE GATE OF THE HOSPITAL, ON SOUL-RISE, AND SUN-RISE.

Pleasure Ward, under care of Dr. Mirth; Honor Ward, Dr. Laurel; Wealth Ward, Dr. Silvertrust—Scene in the Hospital between Dr. Wisdom and the Physicians, 49

CHAPTER IV.—WISDOM DOETH FURTHER DISCOURSE WITH THE FACULTY.

His Account of the Medicines used in his Practice—The searching Effect of a Medicine called "Repentance"—The Son of Jesse under the Influence of this Medicine—Other Remedies: "Wine of the Kingdom;" "Balm;" "Gospel Bread"—Malpractice of the old Faculty—"Gilead-Graduates" or Ministers, the False and the True—Prof. Sceptic; his Mode of Practice—Dr. Wisdom doth name an old Establishment under care of Dr. Papist—Treatment of Patients known as "Heretics," and the Practice with a milder sort called

"Converts"—Papist washing away Soul Plague with Wine, and sealing Salvation with a Wafer—Place called "Purgatory," not clearly defined on any true Map—"High-Hospital," adjoining Papist's Building, in care of Dr. Pusey—"Low Hospital," a noble Institution, working much Soul Cure in World Town—Dr. Wisdom declareth Repentance a most unpalatable Medicine—Various Devices to avoid this Remedy—Soul Cure accomplished in any Hospital a Cause of equal Joy unto Dr. Wisdom—Hospital Marks, received in World Town, not perpetuated beyond the golden Gates of Gilead, 66

CHAPTER V.—DR. WISDOM TAKING POSSESSION OF ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL.

New Superintendents and Nurses appointed—Fate of "Silvertrust," and his old Nurse, "Covetousness"—Wisdom's Family at Evening Devotion—The Supplication of Song, or Praise, effectual Prayer—Wisdom's Daughter "Humility" playing on her viol named "Bruised Reed"—"Wine of the Kingdom," pressed from Grapes which ripened in the "Sun of Righteousness," on the Sides of Calvary Hill—The Waiting-maid whose Name was Courtesy—Dr. Wisdom's Account of his Experience in Royal Palaces—The Practice of Dr. Pride—Humility giveth an Account of her having been turned out of the House of a Family just removed from Poverty Lane—Miss Fashion, the Dress-maker—The Rev. Mr. Simperlove—The Sermon of Truthful on the Significance of Night and Sleep, 77

CHAPTER VI.—TRUTHFUL, THE GUIDE, SETTETH FORTH MANY THINGS NEEDFUL TO BE KNOWN.

The early Sermon of the Guide with the Bed for a Pulpit, and Morning for his Text—Inscriptions over the Doors of the Hospital—Significance of the Cross on All Souls' Hospital—Strange and Ridiculous Signs on many Hospital Buildings—Wisdom's Servant, named Prayer, going to Gilead—Truthful doth describe the effectual Mode of sending to the Sacred Hill—Common Errors of Patients—Prayer returns from Gilead; Light on his Face consequent upon a Visit to the Holy One—The Guide's Account of a Sermon preached by the Great Physician, when the White Lily was His Pulpit, and His Theme was Royal Glory and Heavenly Care—Humility returning from Gilead with a Bouquet of Flowers, plucked in Lowly Valley, and from the Royal Gardens in Sharon—Seasons when Prayer doth go up to the Holy Mountains; in the bright Sunshine, very often in dark and rainy Weather—Light of one small Star necessary for him, to find his Way—The old Porter, "Prevall," who keepeth the Golden Gates of Gilead, 101

CHAPTER VII.—VISIT TO PLEASURE WARD.

Letter from Dr. Pride—Paintings on the Walls of Pleasure Ward. 1. *The Dance*. Gilead Graduate; Diamond falling from a Maid's Forehead—a huge Serpent Asleep—2. *The Carousel*. The Punch Bowl and the Imp at its Side; the Sleeper with an empty Goblet before him, and an Adder resting in his Bosom; Figures of Sorrow and Despair shadowed in the Background; a Mother's Grave—3. *The Banquet in Babylon*—4. *The Gospel Fool* entertaining his Soul; the Angel; the Mask; Death, the Undertaker; the Judgment Police—5. *The House of Sin*; the Guide turns this Painting to the Wall—Dr. Papist's Students at a Feast, drinking sacred Wine; the Imp without his Mask; he is

stealing a golden Crucifix—Description of Wisdom's mysterious Crucible, bringing Good out of Evil, 118

CHAPTER VIII.—VISIT TO THE WARDS.

Pleasure Ward:—Young Woman troubled by a Being called Memory—Dr. Wisdom dealeth tenderly with this Girl—Prayer sent to Gilead in her behalf—Young Man once under Charge of Dr. Mirth—Message from the King requiring the immediate Presence of Dr. Wisdom—Scenes in Second Division of Pleasure Ward—Dying Woman—The Children found in Rum Lane—Sabbath School described—Ripened Fruits of a Life of Sin—Man from Quality Avenue—Miserable Death; Splendid Funeral—Different Patients of Olden Time treated in this Ward—*Wealth Ward*:—Man who has bartered Peace for Gold—Another who had sold his everlasting Rest for a few Acres of Land—Wealthy Merchant unable to pay a Debt held against him by one Law—The Miser—A Noble Beggar—Man ignorant of the Luxury of one good Deed—Death of one Graspall, 131

CHAPTER IX.—VISIT TO HONOR WARD.

Dr. Lowly the Superintendent—Costly Paintings:—1. Coronation of Solomon; Dr. Wisdom; David in his Old Age—2. Royal Visit of the Queen of Sheba—3. Modern Painting, showing a man crowning himself—4. Picture opposite to the Self-crowning, representing a Man dying on a desolate Island; Man down with "Politicians' Fever," caused by Exposure to the Atmosphere of Caucuses and Legislatures, where the Ground is low, and there is apt to be Stagnation—Revelations of the Medicine—Repentance a Revcaler of Secrets—Gilead Graduate; his Disease, Hypocrisy; his Death—The Graduate examined in the Room called "Court"—One Dr. Witness—Peculiar Practice in "Court" Room—Doubtful Character by Name of Jury—Lawyer—Evil Practice sometimes in this "Court" Room—Wisdom returns from the Palace—He narrates his Interview with the King—The Case—Pride Dismissed—Death of King's Minister—Humility sings a Song of Praise, and plays upon "Bruised Reed," . . . 147

CHAPTER X.—THE DEBTOR'S ROOM.

Poor Debtor brought before Law, by the Sheriff, Conscience—His Plea, and Condemnation—Prayer leading the Man to another Room—Inscription over the Door—The two Sisters Mercy and Grace—Drafts on the Calvary Treasury—Debtor Justified before Law—The Man offering Stuff called "Morality," and Bundle marked "Self-righteousness"—His Condemnation, 163

CHAPTER XI.—VISIT TO SICK CHRISTIANS' WARD.

Museum—Crutches; Staves; Eye Glasses; Ear Trumpets; Masks; Mantles of Charity sadly Torn; Skeletons of Lectures; "Helps;" Dream Cushions—"Sleep Stations"—Scene in a "Station"—Noble Young Physician goes to Gilead—"Stand up for the Holy One!"—Sluggard Asleep on a "Dream Cushion;" he sings "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"—Gospel Yokes—Gospel Burdens—Keeper of the Ward, named "Steadfast"—Distinguished Patients from Time to Time in this Ward—Causes of Soul Distemper—The Cure—Man Drunk on "Wine of the Kingdom"—Old Man Leaning on a Lie—Disease

known as "Elongation of the Tongue"—Its Cure—Case of Gilead Graduates diseased with the "Helps"—Man with Lockjaw—Voluntary Starvation—Humility Ministering unto the Poor Woman sick with "Despondency"—The Sick Christian the most potent enemy of the Holy One of Gilead, . . . 171

CHAPTER XII.—THE SPIRITUAL GYMNASIUM.

Law of Exercise in this Room—Truthful strips for Exercise; his Muscles; Scars, a Soldier's Memorandum written on fleshy Tablets; the Rings, Bells, Ladder; the Wrestling Ring; Boxing—The Weights called "Doctrines"—Box named "Romans," containing heavy Weights—One immovable Weight known as an "Eternal Weight of Glory"—A strong Man of Tarsus unable to stir it—Various Feats of the Guide—True Use of the Gymnasium to Develop the whole Man—Some great Gymnasts who are no Workers—Guide tells of a Man who died of a Disease called "Shrivel Soul;" his Fate—Sermon of Truthful on Spiritual Growth, as set forth by the Oak on the Hillside, . . . 194

CHAPTER XIII.—FIVE LITTLE SERMONS BY TRUTHFUL.

1. Sermon in the Orchard with a Text from God's Fruit Bible, with Character as the Subject—2d Sermon: the Dew-Angel among the Flowers—3d Sermon in Temple of Labor; Water Lime the Text; Subject, the Durability of Early Impressions—4th Sermon: the great Clock of God's Designs—5th Sermon: the Two Glass Vessels, or Godly and Ungodly, . . . 206

CHAPTER XIV.—THE ROOM CALLED REST.

The Maid named Peace—Grace and Mercy Serving in this Room—"He giveth His Beloved Sleep"—The Ministry of Humility with her Viol—Prudence, the Wife of Dr. Wisdom—Wonderful Dreamers from Time to Time in Rest-Room: Joseph; Daniel—Strong Man from Elston; he whispers in his Sleep, while Humility chants the Gospel March, "Strangers and Pilgrims!" and "Pilgrim's Progress!"—Peace giveth an Account of this Man; his Journey to Gilead; his Wife Standing before the Holy One; his Little Girl who was Blind in World Town, rejoicing in Gilead with her Angel Eyes—An Old Man—"Magic Glass"; Hope Serving the Slides; Wonderful Revelations—Hill Bethany, Company of Pilgrims *en route* for Gilead—Hill Bethany covered with a Fog from Doubting Sea—Another Picture Slide showing the Palace of the Holy One called "Many Mansions"—"Image Mirror," Mysterious Effect of Looking therein; changed into Likeness of the Holy One, . . . 217

CHAPTER XV.—A SECOND WALK IN THE STREETS OF WORLD TOWN.

QUALITY AVENUE—The Dwelling of Lucre—His House is Haunted by Memory—He is Cursed by the Houseless, and Fur and Fire cannot warm him—Mr. Benevolence—The Man named Memory a frequent and ever welcome Guest at his House—Tears of Gratitude the brightest Jewelry—The Mansion of Dives—Lazarus the Beggar at the Gate—UNION SQUARE, North and South—Man Mart in South U. S.—Its History, Influence, Fate.—Rev. Mr. Janus—Mr. Fanatic and Mr. Firemouth the Two Enemies of U. S.—The Traitor Family—

A great Leader named Rebellion, and his favorite Officer, one Gen. Delusion—Magna Charta the Liberator—The Patriot Family—Thousands of Men under Rebellion and Gen. Delusion in South U. S. infinitely better than the Members of the Traitor Family in North U. S.—Judas Traitor despised by the Council; and Arnold Traitor loathed in Britain Row—The Relation of Britain Row, French Row, Russian Place, and other Sections of the City unto Union Square—The Future Glory of Union Square both North and South—BROKERS' Row—Grindface the Broker—Alley leading from his Place into Bank Street—A Merchant in the Old Man's Shop, and a Fly caught in a Spider's Web—Good Men doing Business in Brokers' Row and Bank Street having no deal with Grindface—BEGGARS' ALLEY—Prayer, the Governor's Servant, frequently seen Here—The Holy One once visited this Place—All World Town a Beggars' Alley to Him—Street called Pleasantness, and the Dwelling of Dr. Wisdom—The Two Paintings on the Parlor Wall: 1. The Blessed Sleep; 2. The Glorious Awakening, . . . 235

CHAPTER XVI.—COMMEMORATION ROOM.

Progressive Steps in the Cure of Soul Plague—"Prophecy Glass"—Man in Patmos Looking into "Prophecy"—Vast Multitudes in Gilead who never sat at the Banquet in this Room; Patriarchs, Prophets, Kings, and Priests—Bright Procession of Little Pilgrims passing another Way to the Sacred Mountain—The Passport with a Picture of a Babe in a Manger, and the Words, "Suffer Little Children"—Value of this Banquet—Man receiving "Summons Card"—His Departure to Gilead—Revelations of Truthful's Glass—The Holy One at the Head of the Table—Painting in the Hall—The Institution of the Gospel Feast, . . . 265

CHAPTER XVII.—ROOM OF HIDDEN MYSTERIES.

The Patriarch's Vision in this Room afterward related to his Twelve Sons when he stood on Bethany Hill—Man of Tarsus in Room of Hidden Mysteries—He sees Gilead, and determines to go there—Chained with an "Infirmity": Sendeth Prayer to the Sacred Hill; Prevail Refuseth Admittance at the Gate: his final Blessing at the Hand of Denial—"Knock and it shall be opened"—Guide raps with his Pilgrim's Staff three Times—Second Inscription, "Seek and ye shall find"—Paintings on the Walls—Mr. Enthusiast; he doth belong to a Class called "Ephraimites"—The "Dullards"—The Place called "Closet," a small room holding only one man at a time; Ceiling too low for a man to stand up—Good View of the Stars from this Room in a bright Night; Holy One once Here—An old Man whose Name is "Meditation"—This Man possessed of hid Treasures, . . . 278

CHAPTER XVIII.—ROOM OF HIDDEN MYSTERIES (Continued).

Series of Paintings entitled, "LOVE'S PROGRESS," showing the Successive Steps of Infinite Grace—Also the Clock—The Loom of Life—The Ant Hill disturbed by a Plough—Chief Picture called "LIFE OUT OF DEATH"—Many Wonders setting forth Divine Love in dark Providences—Sermon by the Guide on Character; his Subject the Moulder—A Morning Walk in the Garden—Wisdom's Sons and Daughters Singing the Morning Hymn, . . . 297

CHAPTER XIX.—THE ARMING ROOM.

The Superintendent named Conflict—The Museum—David's Armor with which he discomfited the Man of Gath—Sword of Gideon—Moses' Rod—Other Ancient Wonders—Paul's Armor—Men Arming to "Fight the Good Fight"—One Prof. Mythology offering his Services—Profs. Geology, Mathematics, and Astronomy—Conflict nameth the true Armor as described in the Sacred Book of Tactics—Prof. Theology—Painting showing a Mighty Battle on a Mountain between the "Captain of Salvation" and the Arch Adversary—The Yoke called "Easy"—A winged Burden named "Light," 310

CHAPTER XX.—DESTRUCTION OF THE HOSPITALS UNDER CHARGE OF DR. PUSEY AND PAPACY.

Description of the two Hospitals; contrasted with Low Hospital, and all other Establishments in which the "Balm" is used—The Midnight Cry, "Down with Babylon!"—Dr. Papacy arrayed in his Scarlet Mantle addresseth the Crowd—His Death—Dr. Pusey's Plea for Safety; his Death—Multitude of Patients in both Buildings tenderly cared for in All Souls' Hospital—An old Man named Conscience, long a Prisoner in Papacy's Building, brought forth by the Soldiers, has lost the Power of Speech; fed with "Gospel Bread," and the "Wine of the Kingdom"—Burning of the Buildings—Rejoicing in World Town—The Shout of all true Men from every Hospital—"Babylon is Fallen!"—A Letter received by Truthful from a Man who had his Dwelling in Vanity Row, and whose Name was Rev. Mr. Simperlove, 318

CHAPTER XXI.—VISIT OF THE GREAT PHYSICIAN TO ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL.

A Description of a True Revival.

Signs of His Coming: Wind from Gilead laden with the Smell of the Sharon Rose, and the Lily of Lowly Valley; Heavy Dew in the Garden; Brightness of the Stars for Many Nights; Glorious Views from Closet Place; Raving of the Patients in some of the Wards—Arrival of the Holy One—His Journey through the Rooms—Visits Sick Christians' Ward first—He heals a great Multitude—His Dealing with the Gilead Graduates afflicted with the Pulpit Leprosy called "Helps"—His Directions unto Them, "*Thou shalt not Steal*"—The Croakers—Judicial Blindness—Men drunk with Gospel Wine—The Commemoration Banquet—Glorious Scenes at the Table—"When they had Sung a Hymn they went out"—Great Company go with the Holy One on his Return as far as Bethany—Some marked with "Death Dew," in Token of going over the River—A Child in the Arms of the Great Physician beckons to its Mother to follow—Eloquence of that little cold Hand—Uplifting of the Everlasting Doors—Entrance of the Holy One through the Golden Gates of Gilead—Return of the remaining Company to All Souls' Hospital—Awaking from the Dream, 238

CHAPTER XXII.—WAKING THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE DREAM.

This is the Dream and we will tell the Interpretation thereof—The Significance of the Vision of ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL, 344

G I L E A D.

CHAPTER I.

A STROLL THROUGH WORLD TOWN.

"We shall see what will become of his dreams."—GEN. xxxvii. 20.

Now it came to pass one winter day, as I sat in my study meditating upon the word of God, that my mind was especially directed to the prophecy of Jeremiah. So I sought the sacred record, and my eyes lighted upon these words: IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD? IS THERE NO PHYSICIAN THERE? (Jer. viii. 22.) Then, said I, this precious passage shall be my text. From this inquiry of the holy prophet will I draw forth my sermon.

I thought of God's ancient servant, surrounded by a wayward and wicked people; his rebukes, his admonitions, his counsels, and his supplications. Then my mind was led to the times which have fallen upon us, and to *the hurt of the daughter of Zion*, in this our day, *on whom the ends of the world have come.* (1 Cor. x. 11.)

Moreover, I heard a voice from the gospel sweetly

calling to the voice of prophecy, and saying: *The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised.* (Luke iv. 18.) So I thought thereon, how Christ was the great physician, and what a balm was "the balm of Gilead." Then came a precious hymn singing through my mind in these words:

"How lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician,
Can cure the sin-sick soul."

While I pondered the words of the text, the sweet influences of the same came upon me, soothing and quieting every troubled thought to rest. So I laid my head upon the open book, my mind still dwelling upon the "balm," the "physician," and "Gilead." Then the faint memory of the hymn, like the sound of some distant singer—"There is but one physician,"—came to me, mingling with the prophet's voice, "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician?"—and I fell asleep under the tender ministry of my own text, and this is what I saw in my dream.

Methought I was walking through the streets of a strange city, unknowing and unknown. The buildings were very old, looking like old men; the projecting roofs, covered with moss, appearing like overhanging eyebrows; and the round, small windows beneath them, were like unto little eyes.

With the idle interest of a strolling stranger, I wandered from street to street, and from one shop to

another. Many were the curious sights which I saw in the shop windows as I passed. In one there hung a painting, showing in the foreground a large company of miserable beings, in every form and degree of sickness and sorrow. Never did I look upon such a show of trouble. One was just gasping in death. The jaw had dropped, the eyes were set and glazed, and the body straightened as for the tomb. Another was staring with the blank, dreadful look of despair. Right beside this hopeless being sat a silly creature, in strange raiment, and having round his brow a wreath of faded laurel.

Then I saw a shriveled old man sitting on a coffin. Close by his side stood bags of money, and he was busy ciphering up the interest of his wealth, using the coffin lid for his slate, and a nail of the same for a pencil. There stood beside this man a lean, haggard woman in rags, having in one arm a famished child, and with the other reaching forth to the man with the money bags, asking alms. But he did not see her, for his mind was intent upon the sum which he was working out on the coffin lid. Just back of this man stood a group of younger persons, both men and women, having something of a likeness to the old man, and they were watching the money bags with the show of much impatience; but the gaze of the old man was steadily fixed upon the problem of gain, and he knew nothing of the fretful company whose eyes were on the gold.

Here also was a man imploring aid of a helpless being at his side; and there a woman fallen to the earth in anguish. Moreover all manner of diseases were set forth in this painting, and nameless horrors

were pictured by the painter. Some direful plague was rioting in the scene before me.

Now, while I stood thus looking into the shop window, I thought a man was standing beside me, and speaking to me of the sad wonders set forth in the painting, saying, the same was true to the life.

Rather to the death, said I.

Then did he discourse to me of the marvelous work of the artist. Lo, saith he, in yonder building at the right, there is a company carousing, all regardless of these wretched ones so near them. They are from ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL, and belong to what is called Pleasure Ward. And behold again, the next house is brilliantly lighted up; and through the windows you may discover a party dancing. In costly dresses and with happy faces they are keeping time to lively music; while at the outside of the window stands a poor, wretched being, clothed in tatters, and holding in his hand an empty basket.

In another part of this mysterious painting I did discover a still greater wonder. A large room was represented, at the farther end of which was what seemed to be the form of a cross. In this place was a great number of men busy in preparing medicines, as for some hospital. Their faces were full of sympathy, and they were working diligently. A man was there with a large box upon his shoulders, and this was the mark thereon: *Balm of Gilead. Heathen Town. Distance Eight Thousand Miles.*

Then I asked the man at my side what this might mean.

These, said he, whom you see so busily at work, are called "Gilead men," or "Christians," and many

of them are the very best of people. The medicine which they are putting up is the "Balm of Gilead," a quick and sure cure for all diseases. As you see on the box, he added, they are sending this balm to Heathen Town, a distant city, and dreadfully stricken with the plague. This is a good but costly work, for the price required to send one bottle to that far-off town would buy a hundred bottles for home distribution. And, moreover, there is a great expense of clerk hire, indeed quite beyond the cost of the medicine.

But why, said I, do they not first send the precious balm to the sick in their own neighborhood?

Then did he reply: *This thing ought they to have done, and not to leave the other undone.* (Matt. xxiii. 23.) But they are still most of them noble men, and doing a good work. Indeed, many in Heathen Town do rise up and call them blessed. (Mal. iii. 12.)

Then did my friend point me to one in the picture clad in plain raiment, and standing on the corner of a street, and I saw that the name of the street was Peace; and the man was looking toward the company of miserable ones, and he seemed to be calling aloud unto them.

That, saith my friend, is one Dr. Wisdom, the best man in all the city. But, do you observe, he is unheeded by the crowd?

I saw that with one hand he was pointing down the street called Peace, and that in the other he held a half-open scroll, on which I read these words: IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD? IS THERE NO PHYSICIAN THERE? (Jer. viii. 22.)

Finally the good man bade me look at the outline

of this painting, and observe the prospect set forth in the distance. So I looked, and beheld far away a high mountain, all glorious with golden light.

That, quoth he, is Mount Gilead, and thereon liveth the Great Physician, who hath the precious balm, equal to the healing of all the wretched multitude before us.

Pleased with the kindness of the intelligent stranger, I ventured to ask him his name.

My name, saith he, is Truthful, and my business is to act as a guide to strangers, such as thou seemest to be, in their journey through World Town, which is the name of this ancient city. So saying, he offered to show me some of the wonders of the place. At that I told him I would right gladly accept his noble offer, knowing that I did need one who should be unto me as *a lamp to my feet and a light to my path*. (Ps. cxix. 105.) So it being early in the day, we started for a stroll at sight-seeing through the streets and lanes of World Town.

It was a strange city. There were houses of every conceivable shape and size, from stately palaces to filthy hovels. Moreover I saw that the different orders of building marked the different ages, and that thus the entire city was a curious page, on which the centuries had written out their history.

Now, as we walked, a band of music, followed by a crowd, came down a street, playing a lively air, and the people, dancing, hooting, and shouting, kept time to the tune.

That, saith Truthful, is the celebrated Godless Band, belonging to All Souls' Hospital, and it is in high repute in World Town.

In the next street we saw that the windows of a house were darkened, and that a dead man was carried out to the Long Home Cemetery, which is just in the suburbs of the city, in a valley called Shadow. At the head of the procession was borne a dark banner, on the one side of which was painted a cistern, with a broken wheel, and on the other a fountain, and beside it a broken pitcher. (Eccl. xii. 6.) Immediately behind this gloomy flag walked two men leading the procession.

The one on the right, saith Truthful, is the king's physician, Dr. Pride, and the man at his side is the city undertaker, whose name is Death.

Then I asked my guide if such was the final fate of all dwellers in World Town, and if that strange banner was always carried in the procession.

Yes, said Truthful, this is the end of all the sick not under the charge of the Gilead practice. But patients unto whom the *balm* and the *cordial* are administered never really die. (John xi. 26.) Some of this class fall asleep, and the undertaker boasts of having them in his marble house, but he has no permanent power over them, *for though such an one were dead, yet shall he live*. (John xi. 25.)

Hereafter, saith the guide, thou shalt behold a goodly company of the healed, en route, by the way of Bethany Hill and Lowly Valley, for Gilead, to the dwelling place of the Holy One.

Then I called to mind the picture we had seen in the shop window, in which we saw the sacred hill in the distance, and also the man in plain clothing, having in his hand the half-open scroll, whereon was

written : IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD ? IS THERE NO PHYSICIAN THERE ?

This, saith the guide, is the funeral of a *dead man* indeed, most probably from All Souls' Hospital, which establishment, under its present management, doth lose all its patients. But of this matter thou shalt have the full by and by.

Now, as we made our way, we came to a stately mansion, evidently of great cost, but seemingly deserted. Everything in and around it was going to ruin. Grass was growing rank in the broad path which led up to the doorway, while about the later, brambles and tangling vines entwined. With great difficulty we made our way into this silent building. The porter's lodge was damp with mould, and the little watch window was closely curtained with cobwebs and long gathered dust. The bell, which had rusted off and fallen to the ground, had become the familiar home of the loathsome creatures everywhere crawling on the wet floor and the slimy walls. Outside this watchman's house I saw a sign, and rubbing off the dust which half hid the writing, I found the inscription : BEWARE OF THE DOG. Then my guide did show me in the kennel over which this sign was placed, the skeleton of a dog. One end of a rusty chain was still fastened to a collar about the neck, and the other secured by a staple to the post.

This watchman, saith Truthful, is a dumb dog now. (Isa. lvi. 10.)

Then I thought, in my dream, that a strange fear came over me as I passed into this lonely dwelling. Our footfalls echoed far away among the empty halls, and seemed to die in faint and fearful whispers

through the building. As we climbed the crazy stairways, and opened into the silent rooms, I could not rid myself of the expectation that we should suddenly meet some ghostly inhabitant of the old house.

Every where splendid furniture was rotting, and the rich old paintings on the walls were dropping piecemeal to the floor with mould. In the banquet hall, the great oaken table was all spread for a feast. The tankards and goblets of gold were half filled with wine, and the empty chairs were around the table. Over the doorway I read these words : *Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.* (Luke xii. 19.)

Here, saith Truthful, the owner of this grand dwelling was surprised one night as he sat at a feast, by the sudden entrance of that old man whom thou didst see walking in the funeral procession with the king's physician. He was a man of princely wealth. His presses ran over with wine, and his barns were filled to bursting with corn. *His eyes stood out with fatness. He had more than heart could wish.* (Ps. lxxiii. 7.) Moreover, he was for a long time Lord Mayor of World Town, and his house was the common resort of such men as Dr. Pride and the faculty of All Souls' Hospital. His name was Fool, and many of his descendants, for he had a large family, are yet living in this city, and are counted great men by the people of World Town. The entrance of the undertaker made a sad scattering among the guests that night—the untasted wine and the fallen chairs still bearing witness to the hasty exit of the company.

And how, I asked, did the porter come to let the undertaker in ?

At this my guide smiled, saying, that stern old man hath ready access everywhere, and never doth he stand upon the common civilities of life. It came to pass that when, about midnight, his favorite hour for visiting, for he is a great night-walker, he rang the bell at the gate, the watchman with a shudder of fear did cast back the great bolt, and flee forever from his lodge. Now the Godless Band, which was in the porch, when they saw the undertaker approaching, did instantly stop the lively tune which they were playing, and in place thereof struck up the old man's favorite march, called Dirge. And as they played the slow and solemn air, they themselves passed quickly out of the open gate. It was a slow march, played by a swift company; like unto horses arrayed in mourning plumes, trotting with a corpse. The door of the house was bolted. So, *Death climbed up into the windows.* (Jer. ix. 21.)

Here, continued Truthful, as he picked up a slip of paper at the head of the table, is the very message which the undertaker laid before the master of the feast, and which fell from his palsied hand that dreadful night.

So saying, he opened it and read these words: *Thou Fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?* (Luke xii. 20.)

Then I did call the attention of my guide to the fact that the number of golden goblets was not equal to the number of chairs around the table.

It is declared, he replied, that the company, taking advantage of the general tumult, stole some of the cups as they fled from the place.

So we did go over the building, from room to room. In the sleeping chamber we beheld rich bedsteads of ivory, canopied with costly silk.

Here, said Truthful, the wealthy guests have dreamed dreams and seen visions of earthly grandeur and glory that never were realized. *It was as a dream when one awaketh.* (Ps. lxxiii. 20.)

Moreover the walls in this gorgeous room were hung around with costly and vile paintings, which were half concealed by spider webs and dust.

See, exclaimed my guide, the loathsome spider is more modest than man, for she is daily spinning a covering under which to hide these evil pictures. Surely *The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in king's palaces.* (Prov. xxx. 28.)

Now, I saw in my dream that, as we came forth from this deserted dwelling, Truthful wrote with his finger in the thick dust on the outer door this declaration: *Behold your house is left unto you desolate!* (Matt. xxiii. 28.) Methought the sun looked brighter than ever as we walked out of the cold shadow of that dreary old building into the broad open day.

We must haste, said my guide, as he looked at the sun, for it is high noon, and there remaineth much to be done.

His words had in them a peculiar weight, and his look was as though he would have me remember and ponder the saying.

Now, as we passed on, my guide pointed to a building quite unlike the one which we had just left.

The man living there, said Truthful, was troubled a long time by an evil fellow named Habit, whom, in a careless hour, he had permitted to enter his dwelling,

and who stoutly persisted in remaining with him. Many were the conflicts between the two, and sometimes the latter would be cast down. But he always rallied again and the owner of the house never failed to get the worst of the battle.

However, it came to pass one night, that this man had a person lodging with him whose name was Resolution. So he awoke him, and with his aid he did succeed in pushing Habit out of doors. But the fight was a hard one; and the man Resolution, having been so suddenly called from his sleep, was not entirely on his guard, and so was sorely hurt in the encounter.

Then Habit, enraged by his rough treatment, went forth to look for another lodging, and in the mean time the owner of the building straightway swept and cleansed his house, and Resolution worked with him. Now it came to pass, that the old enemy, unable to find a dwelling for himself, in a short time returned; and, discovering the house clean and beautified, and seeing also that the strong man had left, he determined again to take up his abode therein. But, fearing that Resolution might suddenly appear, and that he should again suffer at his hands, he ventured not in alone, but first went and got his seven elder brothers, stronger than himself, and so in the whole filthy company went. Thus the poor man's house is sevenfold worse than it was before.

And, I asked, did Resolution return?

He did, quoth my guide, but he was not strong enough to cast out the new comers. Indeed, he had overstrained himself in the first fight, and was weak in the back.

Then, saith I, he did serve the man but a poor turn after all, for, had he not thrust out the first man, the other seven had not entered in.

True, saith the guide, and the man of the house is now in an almost hopeless state. Often, as those evil fellows torment him, you may hear him call aloud for Resolution to come to his aid, but in vain.

Then, saith I, *The last end of that man is worse than the first.* (Matt. xii. 43-45.)

Now, I heard a fearful cry proceeding from the building, as of a man in sudden and dreadful pain; and then the shout of "Resolution! Resolution!"

Hark, saith Truthful, they are at him again. They will never cease until they make a full end. It would be a mercy to kill him at once and so put him out of his pain.

And, I asked, hath the man no friends? Will not the neighbors interfere?

Yea, was the answer, he hath many and dear friends, who warned him against living in that low part of the city. Moreover they did beg him, in the days when Habit was hanging around the building, not to let him in. But he said, I have no fear of his entrance, and he is a pleasant outdoor acquaintance. So one dark day he found the man in his parlor quite at ease. It seems that he had given him the privilege of sitting on the door sill, and that day the door standing ajar, in he walked. Further, his friends have besought him to come out from such company, and so he gladly would, but he cannot. Thou mayest often see his poor wife and children, venturing clear to the door of the building, and hear them imploring him to drive out those evil ones, and to give them a

home and protection again. But his tormentors force him to declare that he likes his abode and loves his companions. Nay, they even make him to stand in the door and strike at the wife of his bosom and the children of his loins, and to swear dreadfully at them.

And shall this one, whose house is thus haunted, hopelessly perish at the hands of his tormentors? I asked.

I know not, saith the guide.

Boundless are the charities and the resources of the Holy One whose dwelling place is in Gilead. He can command that the evil ones shall leave that house forever. Yea, it is His prerogative to fill the desolate habitation with sunshine and song.

This may be, added the guide, but I have reason to believe that the man, having despised the goodness of the Holy One, is given over even forever. Time was when a child's hand might have pushed Habit from the doorstep; but once fairly within the house, his strength grew rapidly, and he is now master of all the miserable dwelling.

Then we visited other streets and houses, and many were the wonderful sights which I saw in World Town.

So, as it was already far in the twilight, my guide led the way to our lodging, which was in a street called Pleasantness, and, as he told me, not far from the dwelling of good Dr. Wisdom.

As we were making our way to the house, I observed in the distance a very large building, standing upon high ground, and I asked Truthful what that might be.

It is, saith he, the All Souls' Hospital, and to-morrow we will go through the same. So, directing me to my room, and bidding me good night, he left me to seek my bed in the dwelling of one Godly, a worthy citizen in World Town.

CHAPTER II.

THE VISIT TO ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL.

"Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"—JER. viii. 22.

THE next day, so soon as we had broken our fast, we started for the proposed visit to All Souls' Hospital. On the way we fell into discourse touching some of the sights witnessed the day before, and I made bold to ask my guide, who seemed ever delighted to be questioned, and always equal to an answer, as to some parts of the picture in the shop window. In looking at that part of the picture, I began, in which I saw the room filled with good people, all busy in putting up the "balm," I desired to question further as to the matter, but our time seemed to forbid.

Tell me all that is in thy heart, saith Truthful.

I saw that the porter was bearing on his shoulder a large box directed to Heathen Town; now I would, taking advantage of our walk to the Hospital, ask of thee something more particular as to this medicine enterprise, and of the condition and prospects of that distant town.

Then, saith the guide, for many years the people represented in the picture have been engaged in their work of mercy. Many thousands, ready to perish,

have been healed of soul-distemper. And in Heathen Town may be found some of the noblest order of Gilead graduates, or ministers. Indeed, many of the most glorious inhabitants of the sacred mountains are of this sort. The Holy One holdeth them in special favor, for he himself was, for a number of years, in much the same practice. The Great Physician hath his eye on that town, for it is a part of his inheritance, and he shall one day possess it. (Ps. ii. 8.)

There are yet great improvements to be made, added the guide, in the manner of sending this precious "balm," and also in the way of its distribution in Heathen Town. The man whom you saw carrying the box is one of the porters, and his name is Agent. Some of these men are hard workers, steady headed, and strong hearted; and others again are slow, weak, and lazy fellows. From this latter class the cause is a sufferer. One of them hath been known to be so long on the road toward the ship where he was to deliver his load, that he had to sell the contents of the box to pay for his food on the journey. Nor did the sale equal his expenses, but he had to make a draft on those benevolent people to meet the balance of his account.

And of what value, I asked, is such a man?

None, saith the guide, save in that he seemeth to serve as an afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence, sent forth to perfect the patience of the saints.

The ship on which this "balm" is carried is called SOCIETY. It is a very good vessel, and hath borne a vast deal of valuable freight. Her hold is blessed because of the precious medicine which hath been stowed there, and her deck is sacred in that it

hath been trod by such noble Gilead graduates, some of whom are in Heathen Town to-day, diligently distributing this goodly remedy; while others, having finished their work, have gone up higher at the call of the Holy One, even unto the Mountain of Gilead. (Luke xiv. 10.)

And is this ship, I asked, a fast sailer?

Much hath been said, quoth the guide, as to the *model* and *manning* of this vessel. Many suggestions have been made as to improving her build. Some of them are worthy of notice, but the mass of them discover at once the ignorance and the ambition of the would-be reformer. It is a grave question whether she might not be worked with a smaller crew, and the space now occupied by these extra men be thus appropriated to additional store room. As to her sailing, with a fair wind she maketh excellent speed, for she hath a great spread of canvas. But it is only when there is a strong breeze from Gilead blowing over Silver Mountain and Harmony Plain, that the good ship maketh swift progress toward Heathen Town. When the wind is from the land of *controversy* the vessel is unable to leave port; and we have much *wind* from that quarter.

Thou didst see in the room, added Truthful, that most of the company were actively at work putting up the "balm," but hadst thou marked the painting more closely, thou wouldst have found in one corner two men in a hot dispute, and thereby ceasing to work at the medicine. They are at the old question of the model and the manning of the ship, and if all were like them, no vessel would be needed, for no balm would be packed. Sometimes, saith he,

almost the whole company get into this folly, and then the foul wind is sure to blow from the land of controversy, and *Society* lies with reefed sails in the harbor, or has to "lie to" if caught out on the sea, while thousands in Heathen Town do perish for lack of the precious cargo.

There be other rooms, continued the guide, in which the medicine is put up, and especially for home distribution. One hath its servants diligently bearing the same to thousands of the poor plague-stricken beings, and it is called Home Distribution Office. Multitudes have been healed through its instrumentality. Then, saith Truthful, there is a society of these benevolent men mixing this precious balm of Gilead in various forms and shapes, and bearing a variety of labels, and the result of their skillful labor is the cure of a great company annually, both at home and abroad. Still further, there are two bands, each engaged in putting up the balm for the same destination, their only distinction being a difference in the lettering of the wrappers on the bottles; one company claiming that their mark is more distinct than the other, and more clearly representing the sense of the Great Physician.

And is the medicine in the bottles of each society equally efficacious, I asked?

Much the same, replied Truthful, and the Holy One of Gilead doth smile upon both companies so far only as they give the sacred medicine to the perishing. *There are a great many noble companies in this balm enterprise.*

One question further, saith I, before we reach the main avenue leading to the Hospital. Why was this

precious medicine sent, and at such an expense, to men eight thousand miles away, before the poor plague-stricken ones close by the room had been served?

There is a great fault here, saith the guide. But some explanation can be given, while no apology shall be offered. Many of these miserable beings whom thou didst see in the foreground of the painting have had the balm urged upon them. Yea, it hath been in their houses for years. Strange to say, some even assist in packing it for Heathen Town, and yet die for want of a taste of it. Dr. Wisdom hath offered it unto many of them, but they have said: *Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways.* Then hath the good man exclaimed: *Ye will not come unto the medicines of the great physician, that ye might have life.* (John v. 40.) But while this is true, there is a different truth which must be named here. Sad to say, thousands of poor beings near that room have never had the balm offered to them, and are *perishing for lack of vision of the medicine.* (Prov. xxix. 18.) Some men of mock benevolence will send the balm abroad because their names will appear on the packages, when they would not go privately out and heal the poor man fallen at their own door. But, he added, this charge lieth not against the most of that company in the room, for it is apt to be the case that the men who are swift to send the medicine abroad, do distribute most at home.

I would have further questioned, but we had reached the broad highway which leadeth up to All Souls' Hospital, and new sights did claim my attention.

Now, as we went on we saw the Hospital wagon

slowly bearing a patient toward the gate. The groans of the poor man were dreadful to hear. There was one at his side who from time to time did give unto him a taste of cordial to revive him, after the sharp pains had quite exhausted him.

Then I saw in my dream, as we reached the main entrance to the grounds, that over the great gateway were these words: *OH THAT YE WERE WISE.* (Deut. xxxii. 29.) The porter who kept the gate told us that it was sad to hear the sick as they read this inscription which the king had placed over the gate, bewailing their fate, and cursing the food which they had eaten, and the plague that possessed them.

Then we asked the man what ages marked the patients carried through this gate.

He replied, all years, from youth to very old age, though middle and later life do prevail in greatest numbers.

I did also question him whether the treatment within the gates was generally successful.

At that he gave a doleful shake of his head, and, enjoining secrecy, declared that scarce any came forth alive. Either, saith he, the medicines are poor, and the doctors are wrong, which he evidently believed, or else the patients are too far gone when received to admit of cure. Now and then, continued he, a man is much helped by the "shocks," but in most cases the effect of the battery soon passeth off. Moreover, he had noticed, that if the first "shock" did not break the disease, every succeeding one was lessened in its influence, so that this treatment soon came to be powerless altogether.

This porter, who seemed quite apt to talk, also de-

clared that the king had intimated his intention of sending a new overseer, one Dr. Wisdom, to take entire charge of the establishment; declaring, that the original management had been utterly perverted, and that the mortality was fearful to behold.

Then Truthful said he knew this Dr. Wisdom, and I saw that he seemed quite proud of so noble an acquaintance. He further said that the history of this man was given by a very wise king, who had traced the family line back to the blood royal. (See Prov.) Moreover, he declared, he had often seen this good doctor standing on the corners of the streets, and had heard him call aloud to passers by to stop and take the medicine, which he offered *without money, and without price*. (Prov. i. 20; Is. lv. 1.) It was he, saith the guide, the kind-faced man in plain raiment, who tried to stop the hospital wagon as we came up to the gate, and strove to make the driver turn round with the sick, and pass down the street called Pleasantness, which leadeth directly to his office. But the attending nurse, who carried the cordial, bade the team go forward, and so indeed did the sick man himself.

I called to mind the picture in the window, and the plain man on the corner of the street, having the scroll in his hand.

Then, saith the porter, drawing Truthful and myself aside into a private room, seeing ye do know this great Dr. Wisdom, as I perceive ye do, I have revelations to offer, and revelations to ask.

It is now many years since I took my place at this gate, and from the first day thereof I have heard of this noted physician, of whom ye do make such honor-

able mention. That nurse who carried the cordial, hates the doctor for his daily interference with the Hospital wagon, for sometimes he doth succeed in turning away the patient down one of the many paths leading to his house. (Prov. iii. 17.) Each sick man thus taken by this physician, is an out and out loss to the nurse, for he getteth a high price for the cordial, which is his own manufacture; and, moreover, the undertaker, whose name is Death, doth pay him a small fee for every service at the Hospital.

The porter added, I have never seen this doctor but in the distance, though he often calls so loud with his clear voice, as to be heard by patients in the building. When this occurs it doth much disturb the physicians, and the band is always bid to play some lively air to drown the voice of Dr. Wisdom. But the jealousy and hatred of the faculty hath but tended the more to call the attention of the king to this man Wisdom, and the result thereof is that his majesty hath ordered that, in company with one of the ministers of the Crown, the doctor shall visit the hospital and thoroughly examine it.

Then saith I to the guide, we are happy in going through at such a time, for we may behold him among the sick, and also hear him converse.

This latter is no small privilege, quoth Truthful. There is no one in all the kingdom his equal in conversation. Yea, his words are like *apples of gold in pictures of silver*. (Prov. xxv. 11.) And his modest demeanor is only equaled by the wealth of his understanding. His boasting is never of himself, but he maketh his boast in another, whose student only he declareth himself to be. (Ps. xxxiv. 2.) It

is his joy to avow that all his cures are effected by the medicines and directions of the Great Physician, whose dwelling is in Gilead.

Then methought I could faintly hear some distant singer sweetly chanting :

"There is but one physician
Can heal the sin-sick soul."

And, asked the porter, doth this mighty One of Gilead, of whom I have heard something, ever visit the sick under the care of Dr. Wisdom ?

Yea, replied Truthful, and it is the glory of Wisdom to seek out the needy, and, convincing them of the nature and extent of their malady, to send his faithful servant, whose name is Prayer, to Mount Gilead to procure the attendance of the Great Physician, or else to get the needed medicine, with divine directions accompanying it. The request taken by this servant, who is very swift of foot, is always signed by the patient himself, only the doctor maketh thereon the mark of the cross, that it may be known as genuine by the porter, whose name is Prevail, who keeps the gates of Gilead.

Now it came to pass, that while we were conversing thus in the porter's lodge, we heard the sound of a trumpet ; and as we looked, behold a great company was approaching, in the which were men clothed in gorgeous apparel and bearing with them costly banners.

This, saith I, must be the coming of the king himself, attended by the royal court.

But the guide quickly corrected me, saying, it is

the palace guard, bringing Dr. Wisdom on his visit to the hospital.

Now, as the grand procession drew nigh, we saw in the king's chariot a man richly dressed, and wearing on his breast a golden star. This was the king's chief minister, and beside him sat Dr. Wisdom, clad in the plain clothing of which Truthful spake.

Then I saw in my dream that as the chariot reached the gate where we stood, the horses were stopped, while Dr. Wisdom read the inscription over the entrance. He declared that it was copied from a prescription book, prepared as a handbook for the sickroom by the Great Physician himself, and that he meant it should remain there, and therefore bade the porter brush off some of the cobwebs which half hid the letters. Moreover, being clothed with authority by the king, he declared that sacred words from the same book should be placed over the doorway of each ward in the hospital. As he said this he turned, and seeing Truthful, he smiled, and bade him to come up into the chariot, and bring his friend with him. So, in that order we rode up to the hospital door.

Now, it came to pass as we went on, the king's minister entered into familiar discourse with Dr. Wisdom and Truthful. He claimed a slight acquaintance with the guide, but did not remember to have met the doctor before. Then Dr. Wisdom declared that he had known his predecessor well, having been called to his house on a professional visit about the time of his appointment by his majesty. The man, it seems, had been suffering from early childhood with a trouble called "ignorance," which had become chronic, and he did greatly fear it would incapacitate

him for the discharge of the duties of his office. His disease was of so long standing, that the remedies, though direct in their action, worked but slowly.

The king's minister remarked that that malady was very common among men of his profession, and that he thought the palace was so located as to induce this plague. He himself had suffered that way, moreover the late king had fallen a victim thereto. The king's physician, Dr. Pride, declared it to be a species of "king's evil," and incurable. At this Dr. Wisdom and Truthful smiled, and, turning the conversation, commented upon the size and beauty of the hospital buildings, at the door of which we then alighted.

Here the escort was dismissed; and, led by the minister, we entered the drawing room. While waiting for the governor of the hospital, we could, ever and anon, hear the groans of the patients, and I did notice also the undertaker gliding noiselessly through the hall, on his way to some ward.

That man, saith the minister, is so pressed in his work, as to have hardly time to eat.

Now, as the king's servant was speaking, the old man returned, and at the request of my guide, was asked into the room. I was much surprised at his appearance, having heard that his countenance was dreadful, and that his voice was of fearful tone. His look *was* stern and earnest, as of a man who could not be turned aside from his purpose by tear or prayer; and one whose work was ever before him. He looked much as when I saw him in the procession.

The king's minister asked him if he had any mission with him that day.

At that the undertaker drew forth from his pocket a little black book, on the outside of which was printed the likeness of an hour glass and a sickle, and studying a moment in the book, he replied with a significant look, which caused the minister to turn pale, "*Nothing to-day. This day two weeks I will see thee at thy room,*" and making his humble and very respectful obeisance to Truthful and to Wisdom, both of whom he seemed to know and esteem, he quickly departed from the room. Then I overheard the king's minister as he whispered the request that Dr. Wisdom would visit him the next day at the palace, which he promised to do.

Doth that old man ever make a mistake in his memorandum book, asked the minister of Dr. Wisdom?

Never but once, saith Wisdom, hath such a thing occurred. He did once fail in the matter of an engagement with a monarch whose name was Hezekiah, committing an error in dates amounting to some fifteen years. (Isa. xxxviii. 5.) But his book is kept with great care.

And, asked the minister further, will the undertaker permit any eye to read that dark record of his?

Sometimes, replied Dr. Wisdom, when he is in the humor, but generally it is in that pocket whence you saw him draw it forth to reply to your very bold question. He maketh his boast of his unfailing success, but doth name some very curious incidents in his line, wherein he hath lost bodies from his room, when he thought them perfectly safe.

The first was that of a lad in Zarephath, who escaped from under his hand (see 1 Kings xvii. 22);

since then many have thus gone. There was a fair child in Shunem. (2 Kings iv. 33-35.) He also lost a body from a prophet's sepulchre when he supposed it quite beyond disturbance. (2 Kings xiii. 21.) Then there was a man in Bethany, and a young man in Nain; a ruler's daughter, also one Dorcas, and a man by the name of Eutychus. These all escaped, but he ultimately recovered their bodies and holdeth them captive to-day.

But there was one Enoch, and also a man by the name of Elijah, whom he lost altogether. The former loss he doth attribute to his own carelessness. He saw the man approaching, in conversation with that Holy One whose servant he is. The two were just concluding a long walk. The undertaker set his mark, and, with bow bent, and arrow well drawn, never had he better aim; he waited, proud that under the very eye of his Master he could discover his ability as an archer. But it came to pass, that as they drew near, he declareth the discourse was so winning, that he quite forgot to shoot his arrow, and thus Enoch walked right by, even into the city of the Great King. *And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.* (Gen. v. 24.)

Still, quoth Dr. Wisdom, the undertaker's strangest story is of the Great Physician, my glorious teacher and master.

And hath he met him, I asked?

Yea, replied Wisdom, and for a season his highest boast was that such a trophy was his. Five dreadful arrows he fired, and each reached its mark, as it is said, *The archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him and hated him.* (Gen. xlix. 23.) Three days he

kept Him, but suddenly, like a giant awakening from refreshing sleep, He arose, pushing the undertaker aside, and opening the marble doors, walked out in triumph, taking with him prisoner, in his majestic march, the old sexton of the sepulchre, whose name is Captivity.

This loss the undertaker mourns especially, since by the exit of the Great Physician the locks and hinges of the door were so loosened that it is unsafe, and moreover cannot again be repaired.

We would have further discoursed with Dr. Wisdom touching the matter of the undertaker, but that the governor of the hospital, whose name was Lofty, then came in, and was duly introduced to Dr. Wisdom, Truthful, and myself.

Whereupon the king's minister told the governor that it was at the monarch's command that they had visited the hospital. Then the governor, with a polite and very fashionable lie, declared it gave him great pleasure to welcome the company. At which saying, Truthful sighed and shook his head. Moreover, the king's minister said that the conduct of the hospital had for a long time been such as to incur his majesty's great displeasure, and that it was his instruction to call around Dr. Wisdom the physicians and nurses of the establishment, that this worthy man might question them as to the practice in the hospital, and the result of the treatment adopted. (Luke xvi. 2.) It was, therefore, mutually agreed that the next day, in the morning, the interview should take place, and that Truthful and myself should be present.

Then, at the request of the king's minister, we were led over a part of the building, though we

avoided the wards wherein most of the sick were kept, having to visit them the next day in the examination of the hospital. We, however, took a look into the doctor's room, but did not care to tarry, for we were to spend much time there hereafter, in observing the different medicines in use. Nevertheless, I saw the doctor's clerk in one corner of the room, working hard with a mortar, and seemingly discouraged in his labor. As we passed, I privately asked my guide what that might mean. He said it was one of the foolish experiments of the doctor in his effort at cures. It never succeeded. You may find the opinion of the Great Physician concerning it, duly recorded in the books; and, he said, the language he remembered was this: *Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.* (Prov. xxvii. 22.)

Moreover, I saw that Dr. Wisdom did call the attention of Truthful to some of the titles of the medical works of the library in this room. At which they shook their heads and exchanged significant looks. I saw, also, in glancing over the shelves, that the great book, so prized by Dr. Wisdom, was not in the collection. Then, as we went forth, I observed Dr. Wisdom saying something to the governor, which we could not understand, but which the man evidently did not relish.

We saw also a room, the door of which was closed. The doctor ordered these words to be placed over the doorway: IT IS APPOINTED UNTO ALL MEN ONCE TO DIE, and made the sign of a spade on the panel of the door. That, saith the minister to me, as he passed hastily by, close to the wall on the other side of the

hall, that is the undertaker's room. I would not rap there for my life.

It would be as much as your life was worth, saith the governor.

Then we were shown into the place wherein all the clothing of patients was kept marked with their names. Here were the garments of the present occupants, and of those who at different times had died in the ward with which this room was connected. Time would fail me to tell of all the strange things which I saw here in my dream.

Dr. Wisdom remarked that he also had a large collection gathered from patients brought from time to time to SICK CHRISTIANS' WARD in his house. He named stays, braces, eye glasses, crutches, staves, helps, and masks, and promised to show us the same at such time as he transferred his patients to this building.

Then I saw that there was much costly raiment in this room; also silver and gold, with many precious stones of great value. Here we did see the *Babylonish Garment*, and the curious *wedge of gold*, once coveted by the man of Judah. (Josh. vii. 21.) And there, beside the latter, was the *Golden Wedge of Ophir*. (Is. xiii. 12.) Here, too, was the price of Esau's birthright, which was but one poor morsel. (Heb. xii. 16.) And here also were the *thirty pieces of silver*, once used in the most dreadful bargain which man ever made with his fellows. And I saw that the money was stained with blood, which might not be washed off. (Matt. xxvi. 15.) Moreover, we saw here, gold once offered for the purchase of spiritual power. (Acts viii. 18, 19.) *The seven locks of*

hair, woven in a web, cut from the temples of the stout son of Manoah were here (Judges xvi. 19), and also the *price of wisdom*, which had been taken from the hand of one of the patients, who had carried it for fourscore years, and had never used it.

Then exclaimed Truthful, *Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart to it?* (Prov. xvii. 16.)

We saw also a CHARACTERCROWN, which, Truthful said, had he found it elsewhere, he should have judged it to be of pure gold, and set round with costly diamonds; but, knowing the character and condition of the patients, he was sure it could be but a close imitation of so valuable a jewel.

Then, saith the king's minister to me, the royal forehead hath not a more beautiful ornament than that.

Dr. Wisdom, who was in another part of the room, examining a broken sword, and showing the governor that the break was consequent upon a flaw in the blade, was called to pass his judgment upon the glittering crown. He instantly pronounced the gold to be pure, and the diamonds of great worth.

Then the governor declared that he had taken that crown from a thievish man, who confessed that he had gotten it by robbery.

Then saith Dr. Wisdom, the mystery is easy of explanation. I have a patient in the *Sick Christians' Ward*, one Careless, who owned this crown, but who declared that he was decoyed into a low part of the city called Evil Lane, and was there robbed by a man whose name was Tempter.

Then the governor turned to his books of record,

and found this to be the name of the sick man from whom the thief confessed he stole the crown.

And did this man wear the crown when he came to the hospital? asked Truthful.

Nay, saith the governor, it would not fit him, and his vain attempts to place it upon his brow caused such mirth and ridicule, that he was fain to hide it, declaring his only comfort from the robbery to be in the thought that the owner thereof had lost a glory which used to give him superiority, and that henceforth he should go about with a bare head.

Saith Dr. Wisdom, the man need not have suffered this loss, had not indulgence so weakened his hands that in the struggle with the thief, he was unable to hold the crown upon his head firmly.

This, saith Truthful, doth remind me of the beautiful saying, which is written: *Hold that fast that thou hast, that no one take thy crown.* (Rev. iii. 11.)

Then asked the governor, can your patient ever recover unless he regain this crown.

Yea, saith Dr. Wisdom, he will be weak-headed until he again wears a crown; but while he may not repossess this, which indeed hath lost something of its value by the rude use it hath received at the hand of the robber, he may, following directions given, make another, if *time permits*, for at the best it is a slow work.

Then surely, saith Truthful, he will best make the same privately, before going forth among his fellows; for he shall be at once weak-headed and disgraced without his accustomed covering.

Wisdom replied, the jewels and the gold he must get indeed of me, but his crown he will make in some

public place, and put on the same in the view of all the people.

What is the worth of such a crown? I asked.

Wisdom replied, *It is of more value than great riches, and more to be desired than much gold.* (Prov. xxii. 1.)

The jewels of such a crown show to no advantage here, saith Truthful. They need the bright sunshine for their full display. In this there is the wealth of that commandment which saith, *Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*

Yea, exclaimed Dr. Wisdom, and this discovers to you the twofold truth, that the brilliancy of the diamonds adorning the crown, is all borrowed from the sun; and that it must be worn in the sight of men.

Well may a man be proud of such an ornament, saith the governor.

Nay, saith Dr. Wisdom, not proud. True it giveth him dignity, beauty, and glory, and bestoweth upon him also a true nobility in the sight of the just; but as the band of gold and every diamond is the purchase of another, and *his* only by grace, so his glory only conducteth him to humility, and his lofty honor but maketh him lowly.

Truthful said to me that the effect of such a crown resting on silver hairs, and in the bright sunshine, was very beautiful.

The discourse concerning the jewel was so long, that we could but glance at the many other things of interest in the room; the head dresses, gay with peacocks' plumage, the beautiful and costly veils, the

masks, the broken harps, the wines and cordials, books of enchantment, and a thousand other things taken from the occupants of Pleasure Ward.

So also in Honor Ward we saw other crowns, so heavy as to give the wearer an intolerable headache; royal robes so long that the owner had stumbled in them, and fallen. Here, also, was a piece of withered vine, which had been bound on the forehead of a patient, but proving to be a certain poisonous ivy, had wellnigh killed him. Then there was also the breath of praise, in a little gilded vial. Dr. Wisdom took his pencil, and wrote on the label thereof *Poison*, saying that some idler, looking through the museum, might smell of this, not knowing the danger; and that he had known some strong men killed by such an indiscretion.

We saw here, also, a book, in which were written the prices current of many earthly glories. In it were stated the articles which would be taken at the Temple of Honor in exchange for the earthly distinction offered there. This was a costly list. The things most in demand were *Integrity, Virtue, Truth, Self-respect, Conscience*, and the like. Then there was a world, with all its kingdoms, thrones, and crowns, offered by the ruler of the Temple of Honor; but the price was very great, being that of a *human soul*.

Then asked Truthful, *What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?* (Matt. xvi. 26.)

True enough, saith Dr. Wisdom; and again the Prince who offereth that *is a liar, and the father of lies*. He made the offer contained therein at one

time to the Great Physician, my master, and at that very moment did not own a foot of territory anywhere in the wide world. (Matt. iv. 8, 9.)

We saw also among the effects of patients who were in the ward called *Wealth*, stocks, and notes, counterfeit bills, and the like, mixed in with many boxes of silver and bags of gold. But this made not so costly a show as the other room. The governor, indeed, said that the mass of these patients were of a lower order than those whose expensive raiment we had just examined.

So we came forth from the rooms with many sights unseen, but with eyes weary with looking. I shall put over the doorway leading to that room, saith Dr. Wisdom, the words of a great preacher, *Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.* (Ecc. i. 2).

Then we heard the sound of a herald's trumpet at the gate, and the royal chariot came up to the door of the hospital, and drove away with the king's minister and Dr. Wisdom, to return again on the morrow.

So Truthful and I went to our lodgings, the guide remarking, *We have seen strange things to-day.* (Luke v. 26.)

CHAPTER III.

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN DOCTOR WISDOM AND THE FACULTY OF ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL.

"Give an account of thy stewardship; for thou mayest be no longer steward."—LUKE xvi. 2.

EARLY in the morning, Truthful and myself were at the hospital gate, even as the sun was rising. Now, as we were waiting for the porter, my guide did ask me, if I had ever thought of the parallel between SUN-RISE and SOUL-RISE. I told him I had not. At that he fell into a discourse, describing the dawn and rise of hope in the heart.

You know, he began, it is often darkest just before morning. So it is with the seeking soul. Again, the gray of morning is so dim that one may behold nothing clearly; everything is in a haze. If a man had lost his reckoning, or if "his head were turned," though looking toward the east, he would deem it the western sky; and thus he would mistake dawn for twilight, the day star for the evening star, and the coming on of morning would but yield him all the dread of an approaching night. So the well-directed soul often feareth most when he should hope most; and doth thus mistake the herald of joy for the messenger of despair.

Moreover, the coming up of the sun is gradual and silent, but sure. Steadily the light increaseth, until the east is flushed with the golden radiance, and the loftiest peaks of the towering mountains begin to kindle in the first rays of the rising sun. Then it is that objects which stood shadowy and indistinct, are set clearly forth in their own proper shape and size. The clouds, too, which did hang in the east, increasing the early gloom, now, all filled with the yellow beams, do but add to the rising glory, in the gates of morning. And now, also, the dew on the grass doth flash like costly diamonds, even as the crown we saw yesterday did discover all its brilliancy in the sunlight.

So it is with the soul steadily looking for the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. He must be content for the time with the twilight. It might ruin his sight if the full noonday radiance were to burst instantly upon him. The flower of the field would perish in the quick, broad daylight; so God doth gradually open its eyes, and gently bestow the first tender beams of the sun mingled with the refreshing waters of the evening. No mother in the nursery so carefully awakeneth her child from sleep as doth the Creator of all draw aside the curtains of the morning and arouse the flowers from the dewy slumber of the night.

Once the sun rose suddenly upon a strong man of Tarsus, and he fell to the earth, blind from the intolerable brightness; and a miracle was needed to open his eyes. Gradually the morning cometh to the watchful soul, *Until the day dawns, and the day-star ariseth in his heart.* (2 Peter i. 19.) Then it

is that great truths stand forth clearly to his vision, and from their mountain tops do publish the coming up of the god of day. He seeth them distinctly, though he may not as yet venture to climb their steep sides, or stand on their dizzy heights. Then it is that his former doubts, as the brightness of the heavenly love doth flood them, do but serve to complete the glory of the day of salvation. Yea also, and even his tears of penitence, shed in the night of his grief and guilt, do become the jewelry of grace in the light of the morning. Moreover, added Truthful, as the flowers of the garden, sparkling with dew, breathe forth their fragrance, and as the birds break out into singing, even so do plants of righteousness unfold in this new garden of the Lord, and so also do grateful thoughts, those birds of Paradise, warble in his sanctified heart.

With some men, he continued, it is midnight; with others, it is sunrise; and with a chosen few it is high and cloudless noon.

I would have heard more of the pleasant discourse of the preacher, in his parallels and similitudes, for I did perceive he could read the volume of grace with the commentary of nature. And had not the porter arrived, I should have asked him for a short sermon on *the stars and the promises*, and also upon the *significance of stormy weather*.

Now, as we walked on to the door of the hospital, Truthful playfully asked, And what dost thou think of the early sermon, with the gateway for a pulpit, the sun for my text, the soul for my subject, and the birds, the blossoms, and the dew for my illustrations, in showing the similitude between *sun-rise* and *soul-rise*?

I replied that, much preaching, in our day, unlike this, was both dark and dry.

Yea, said the guide, for men do often forget the sunbeams, and they have no skill in putting in the glistening drops of the morning. He added, good Dr. Wisdom doth give his patients early exercise out on the hills, and their feet are wet with dew. The labor, he saith, giveth them stout appetites, and doth much help digestion.

Now, as we entered the hospital, looking around toward the gate, we beheld Dr. Wisdom approaching, and at his side a young woman. But the king's minister was absent. We soon learned that the latter was sick, and that the doctor, in accordance with his request the day previous, had taken him under his charge. There had, however, been an arrival in the place of the royal messenger, in the person of the king's physician, Dr. Pride, whom we found in the drawing room. The interview between the physicians was very distant and cold. Yea, when Dr. Pride saw the beautiful young woman, whose name was Humility, and who proved to be the daughter of Dr. Wisdom, he gave signs of great annoyance, and vaunted himself, behaving quite unseemly. The strutting and lofty staring of the court physician, only increased the quiet beauty of the young woman. Her gentle eye seemed to gain new brilliancy, and the shock of such conduct did only increase the rose upon her cheek. However, she shrank from his gaze and his company; nor did she lift her eyes in the presence of this doctor, though evidently listening to the conversation between her father and himself.

Never have I looked upon one whose form and

features so won upon me. Her dress, though plain, and of no costly material, was still of rare quality, and was so shaped as well to reveal the perfections of her matchless form. The queenly robes and royal jewelry which we saw in the dressing room of the patients of Honor Ward, the day before, did not seem so rich as her attire. I could but whisper to myself in the contrast, *before Honor is Humility*. (Prov. xv. 33.) Moreover, there did dwell in her face a humble, gentle grace, which seemed to be shed down upon her like a quiet light from above; and I recalled to mind the saying, *God giveth grace to the humble*. (Jas. iv. 6; 1 Pet. iii. 3, 4.) Moreover, her expression was such that any one would have known her for the daughter of Dr. Wisdom, only it was a female softness, showing forth its kindred unto a manly countenance. She was said to be a great favorite with the Holy One in Gilead, and well known to the old porter at the gate, because of her frequent visits. It was her custom to accompany Prayer, her father's servant, when sent on errands thither from the Hospital. Her requests of the Great Physician were always discreet, and never denied. (Psalm x. 17.)

The governor and the physicians of the hospital coming in, we all sat down. The raised seat on the platform which the maid who had charge of the room, and whose name, I believe, was Courtesy, had prepared for Dr. Wisdom, was taken, without any ado, by the king's physician, and so the doctor took another place beside Truthful and myself, while Humility sat down on a cushion at the feet of her father, with her back toward Dr. Pride.

Then Dr. Wisdom arose and read his commission

from the king, giving him power to call around him the faculty of All Souls' Hospital, and empowering him to ask such questions, and make such investigations, as in his judgment might be needful. He further said, that it was his desire that the greatest freedom should be exercised in the coming interview, and that questions and answers should be couched in terms both kind and plain.

Dr. Pride here remarked that he could never condescend so far as to speak of matters pertaining to medical science, in the vulgar language of the king's English, adding that half the dignity and mysterious power of the profession would fall to the ground if the common people were to understand those things, now appropriately veiled in an unknown tongue. A question, saith he, framed in true Latin phrase, and fit to be addressed to the physician of a king, shall find reply in the same tongue, and according to the judgment of one, whose knowledge, drawn from ancient volumes, receiveth no aid from the feeble and ever-varying light of experience.

Dr. Wisdom made no reply, but his daughter blushed. A miserable physician for the king, whispered Truthful.

Or for any one else, I replied.

Then Dr. Wisdom asked the governor, how many wards the hospital contained.

He replied, Three, PLEASURE WARD, under the immediate direction of Dr. Mirth; WEALTH WARD, in the care of Dr. Silvertrust; and HONOR WARD, superintended by Dr. Laurel.

And what proportion of your patients recover? asked Dr. Wisdom.

As to that, saith the governor, greatly embarrassed, it is rare that we turn forth a man wholly cured, though a goodly number do so far recover as to leave the hospital. We have, however, on our books, the names of some declared to be healed.

And, asked Dr. Wisdom, what proportion of those partially cured, and dismissed, return again to the wards?

This the governor could not answer. Some died, he replied; some, impoverished and discouraged, gave up doctoring for their disease, saying, *that they had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that they had, and were nothing bettered, but grew worse.* (Mark v. 26.) Others went to some other hospital. And yet quite a number returned for a second treatment.

Dr. Wisdom here asked if they had not, many years before, had a royal patient by the name of Asa, son of Abijah, who was sorely diseased in his feet, for he thought he saw amongst the cast-off jewelry this king's crown; and he remembered that he had directed him to the Great Physician, which direction he refused to follow.

At this Dr. Pride was observed to turn away from the company, and to look out of the window with much earnestness.

Yea, saith the governor, the man was brought here at a time when his disease was very great, and knowing his quality and his desire, we sent for the king's physician, Dr. Pride, and under his treatment he died.

Then, saith Dr. Wisdom, *he sought not to the Lord, but to the physicians, and he slept with his fathers.* (2 Chron. xvi. 12, 13.)

Moreover, the undertaker, who was present, remarked that his burial was very costly, *for they buried him in his own sepulchre, in the city of David, and laid him in the bed which was filled with sweet odors, and divers kinds of spices prepared by the apothecaries' art.* (2 Chron. xvi. 14.)

And have many died under your practice? asked Dr. Wisdom.

To this question the governor declined to give an answer, and the undertaker shook his head.

Then asked Dr. Wisdom, is not your treatment fatal to the life of the patient, whatever the prescription may be, even as it is written, *the end thereof is the way of death.* (Prov. xiv. 12.)

At this the several physicians replied to the contrary, and with much spirit. Surely, saith Dr. Silvertrust, I have been sought after by multitudes, and thousands rise, and call me blessed to-day. Did I not draw away one of your Great Physician's patients, who preferred my treatment to his? It was the judgment of the young ruler that my practice was the best. Then again, there were one Ananias, and Sapphira, his wife (sorry instance for him, whispered Truthful)—I should have saved them both had not one of the students of the Great Physician, even one Peter, a fisherman, interfered with my practice just at the moment of its success. Indeed, he added, with all respect for the governor, I may be permitted to say that he has by no means done justice to *my* ward, at least. I let my fellows speak for themselves. My treatment is generally praised throughout the city, and even the illustrious Dr. Pride himself acknowl-

edges its value in the case of his majesty. Moreover, your own books recommend it in some cases.

Never as a soul-cure, replied Dr. Wisdom. You do, indeed, added he, afford a temporary relief in some instances, and the same may be said of your brothers Mirth and Laurel. But our practice even in these light cases doth give a quicker cure, and with no such danger to the system of the patient. Furthermore, it is difficult for the medicines of the Great Physician to have their effectual work upon a man long under *your* treatment. *How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven.* (Mark x. 23.) *It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.* (Mark x. 25.) There is an interesting case setting forth the miserable results of your practice, and it is well known to the faculty. I refer to one Dives, who was subject to the full effect of the treatment in Pleasure Ward, by which an incurable disease was contracted which at this moment, in a ward which I am forbidden to enter, is giving him untold agonies. I say an incurable disease, for the plague, known as *damnation*, is even beyond the mysteries of the celebrated balm kept by my master in Gilead.

Then the governor asked if it was not true that some of the practice of Dr. Wisdom did enter Hell Ward, and perfect cures among the patients there.

No, replied Wisdom; true, there is a quack doctor, one Papist, who hath prepared a mixture with which he pretendeth he hath wrought strange cures. However, even he makes no profession to having en-

tered the ward you mention, in which Dives lies, but instead thereof PURGATORY WARD, quite this side of that, and a place indeed not well known or laid down on any properly accredited chart. I long since analyzed the nostrum, and found it composed of equal parts of the *Oil of Falsehood*, *Tincture of Blasphemy*, and the *Essence of Priestcraft*. This Papist doth get great revenue from this cordial, charging high for the same, and grading the price of the bottle according to the strength of the mixture. His rule is: the higher the price, and the stronger the mixture, the quicker the cure.

Silvertrust said he sometimes bought this cordial.

Since thou hast opened this topic, resumed Dr. Wisdom, I may as well mention other professed cures and preventives, put forth by various false schools, all in the name of the Great Physician, and some of them quite popular among the sick.

The medicines of the Holy One in Gilead are unpleasant to the natural taste; and the treatment, though delightful in its results, is still a very trying one to the patients. We have a searching remedy called Repentance, ever necessary to soul-cure. This it is that, properly given, doth bring forth from the patient all Conceit, Vanity, Self-righteousness, and every other evil which doth stand in the way of the succeeding ministry of the balm of peace. Now it sometimes occurs that this Repentance is but partially taken; the physician giving way to his sympathies, and foolishly fearing for the life of his patient. The man, in such a case, is ever after a sickly being, pale and feeble, and capable of doing no hard work whatever. Good food, even *Gospel bread*, a very simple

and healthy diet, doth not strengthen him; and the *sincere milk of the Word*, with which we feed nursing children, doth itself become an offense. The truth is, there is some hard and unyielding substance back, and until this is out he is not, and cannot be, strong. Complete soul-cure doth demand the thorough work of Repentance.

And, saith the governor, is not the effect of this searching remedy very prostrating, and sometimes even fatal?

Often the former, but never the latter, replied the doctor. The severest case on record is that which came under the immediate treatment of the Great Physician, in which case the person healed seemed to be dead, *insomuch that many said he is dead*. (Mark ix. 26.) But we have a restorative, composed of equal parts of *faith*, *love*, and the *balm*, which never faileth, when properly applied, to raise the patient. Death cannot ensue, for that we make him to taste of a mysterious bread called *flesh*, and also to sip of a wonderful cordial like unto blood, of which, *if a man eat and drink, he shall never die*. They are sometimes known among us under the title of *the bread and the water of Life*. To feed upon them is called *partaking of the divine nature*. (John vi. 54, 56; 2 Peter i. 4.)

And of what is this Repentance composed? asked Dr. Mirth. Though, he added, I have no thought that any patient of mine could ever receive it.

Nor mine, said Dr. Laurel. It would be a strange sight in Honor Ward to see one of my kingly patients wrought upon by such a remedy.

Not too far, said Truthful, for the first time breaking silence. There is record of the frequent ministry

of the searching remedy in the house of royalty. The son of one Jesse took Repentance, administered by a Dr. Nathan; and the faithful medicine did bring forth all the hidden iniquity of a king's heart. And so great was the agony of the monarch, that he fell to the earth, breaking his bones in the greatness of his anguish. (Psalm li. 8.)

Do not boast of royal exceptions, he continued, for Repentance hath often dealt with kingly patients; and so mightily, that their regal mantles were rent, and their thrones shaken; yea, and the violence of their tossing did cast their crowns of power down even at the feet of the people. I might, saith Truthful, continue my story of the triumph of our practice in the habitations of majesty, but preferring to hear Dr. Wisdom, I will be silent.

You asked, said Dr. Wisdom to the governor, how this celebrated medicine is prepared. I reply it is composed of *Reflection* (Mark xiv. 72), *Conscience* (Rom. ii. 15), *Goodness of God* (Rom. ii. 4), *Memory* (Matt. xxvi. 75), and *Fear* (Acts ix. 6), though this latter is in small proportion. These ingredients, which are solids, being diluted in a fluid called Tears, do make a mixture familiarly known as *Repentance*. So saith one, already named by Truthful, *My tears have been my meat day and night*. And again, speaking to the Great Physician of His practice, *Thou givest them tears to drink in great measure*. (Psalm lxxx. 5.)

Now, exclaimed Dr. Silvertrust, I have thee at a catch, good Dr. Wisdom. Thou sayest that this remedy, properly taken, always relieveth the patient. By the name you give it, I know it well, though with

Dr. Laurel, I may say that I never either take or use it. Permit me to say, in the language of your own Physician, on a certain occasion, *Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee*. A multitude of instances to be found in your books might be named, wherein this same vaunted Repentance has failed, and still a greater number, in every day's practice, have had a like result. A single case shall suffice. It is that of one Judas, not unknown, by the way, to your master. He partook liberally of your searching medicine, and died.

But, said the governor, it may be that my brother Silvertrust mistakes in this, that this Repentance is only one means to a cure, and that Dr. Wisdom makes no pretence to saving the patient unless that Restorative and Banquet, which he named, shall succeed the effect of Repentance.

But Dr. Silvertrust yet maintained that it was the claim of Dr. Wisdom that, in all cases where properly taken, the medicine called Repentance led to a complete cure.

Then, said Dr. Wisdom, Repentance alone is not a cure; but equally true is it that where the medicine is fully used, its results are certain. First its powerful working doth cause a sense of great weakness, yea, utter helplessness, and must always be followed by an immediate application of that cordial composed of Faith, Love, and the Balm. The use of the latter invariably giveth an appetite which will not be stayed by anything short of the mysterious *bread*, and the taste of the liquid of the blood-red color. So I may say, that the *Repentance* named worketh the cure; for it leadeth to the drinking of the strengthening cor-

dial, and that taste createth a craving for the feast, of which if a man eat, he shall live forever.

Very clear, said Dr. Silvertrust, still in triumph, and what dost thou then do with the man Judas? Is he enjoying the full result of a complete cure in Gilead? I do not so understand the testimony of your Great Physician.

Indeed, replied Dr. Wisdom, the statement of my master is beyond controversy here. (Death then whispered to Truthful, saying, I should never have had a shot at Wisdom's master, if it had not been for this same Judas.) The record is in the words of my master, *It had been good for that man if he had not been born.* (Matt. xxvi. 24.)

That, said Truthful to me, aside, finishes those men who believe that, because a medicine hath been prepared, all men will have the Gilead cure, *whether they take the prescription or not.* I see where Dr. Wisdom is getting, and Silvertrust will yet rue the result of his own question. You will find that Judas took a quack medicine, lacking the essential ingredients of the real *Repentance*. You heard, he added, the words quoted. Then either the Great Physician was mistaken (and his name is Truth), or Gilead is a place of such indifferent character as to make it better not to be born than to go there, which is worse than folly; or else *Judas is not there.*

The Great Physician, said Wisdom, declares his death, and I grant that thousands are in like case. The reference is as bad for Dr. Silvertrust as his instances before named, for this man Judas was under the treatment of a physician of his school, one Dr. Betrayal, and was killed as the result of medicines re-

ceived at his hands. In his great strait the sick man took a medicine called *Repentance*, but not that in use with us, which is only prepared by the Great Physician, for *Him hath God exalted for to give Repentance to Israel.* (Acts v. 31.) This false and fatal mixture, continued Wisdom, hath in it some of the true ingredients, such as *Tears, Memory, and Fear*, but it is utterly devoid of that invaluable portion called *Goodness of God*, and in the place thereof hath *Remorse*. Then there are also in the same the deadly poisons of *Anger and Hatred*. It often is the cause of violent anguish, but this dreadful prescription only *worketh death.* (2 Cor. vii. 10.) You do remember also, continued Wisdom, the case of Esau, who looked in vain for the costly ingredients named, having with him *tears* enough to have served, could he but have obtained the *solids* before mentioned. *He found no place for Repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.* (Heb. xii. 17.) Ah! exclaimed Wisdom, with a sigh, it is this same quack medicine which is working ruin to millions of the sick.

But, he continued, let us return to my first thought, which was, that *the first* medicines of the Great Physician are distasteful to the sick. I was going on to show that in consequence of this a great many professedly easier remedies have been resorted unto, whose use it was hoped might save at once the comfort and the life of the patient. And not only so, but many preventives have been invented that thereby man may avoid the hospital altogether. Our books denominate them *Refuges of Lies.* (Isa. xxviii. 15.)

At this Dr. Pride begged to be excused, saying that he was seldom so long from the palace ; and that the king would need his presence.

Then saith Truthful, I make no doubt but that the coming discourse of the doctor will be such as to yield much profit to the king's physician ; and if he will permit, Humility and I will go and tell his majesty the cause of his absence.

Preposterous ! exclaimed Dr. Pride. My royal master would not admit you to an audience with him, and as for the one at your side, such blushing cheeks and downcast eyes were never seen in the palace. And the poorest dress of any maid of honor there, would shame the plain attire of this daughter of Wisdom.

But, said Truthful, quickened by the haughty air of Dr. Pride, *the adorning is not that outward adorning, of plaiting the hair, and of wearing gold, or of putting on apparel ; but it is that which is hidden in the heart, which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of the King of kings, of great price.* (1 Peter iii. 3, 4.)

I go, replied Dr. Pride, and ask no companion or follower but my own trusty servant, now waiting at the door.

So saying, he went out, muttering some Latin phrase, and with a high head he strode down the path, followed by his servant, whose name is Destruction.

See, saith Truthful, *Pride goeth before Destruction.* (Prov. xxi. 18.) And I am glad he is gone, he added, though I would like to have watched him in the coming talk. But his departure insureth

peace, *for only by Pride cometh contention.* (Prov. xiii. 10.)

I think the remark of Truthful met with a poor greeting from some of the company, the three physicians seeming by no means to relish it.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. WISDOM FURTHER DISCOURSETH WITH THE
PHYSICIANS.

"The ear trieth words, as the mouth trieth meat."—JOB xxxiv. 3.

I HAVE said, continued Dr. Wisdom, after the departure of Dr. Pride, that many are the inventions of various schools to avoid the only true practice. The medical faculty before me is by no means the only party at fault in this matter of soul doctoring. Though I do arraign your entire system as both false and fatal.

Wisdom, saith the guide to me, declareth many things hard to be borne. Yea, whispered Humility, it is father's habit always to talk plainly, but still, never did I know him to show a hot temper.

How numerous, and how miserable, continued Dr. Wisdom, all the deaths which from time to time have taken place under the immediate care of this same Silvertrust. The Gibbet, the Knife, Poison, Drowning, and the like are his chosen instruments. What hosts have fallen victims to a disease called Avarice? So shriveled and pinched in form and feature were they, that their own friends and relatives

could scarce identify them when dead. I speak by authority of the king! exclaimed Dr. Wisdom.

So, too, in thy ward, Dr. Mirth, said he, addressing himself to the keeper of Pleasure Ward; it needeth but a hasty walk among the beds spread there to behold the ripened fruit of folly. It is in vain for thee to paint the white, ghastly cheeks with vermilion in mockery of health, and bloat them out with debauchery, in counterfeit of flesh. I know, too, the cunning of thy false mirrors, wherein deformity, beholding only beauty, doth think it her own countenance; and the greedy eyes of devouring lust do but discern the warm glance of love. Then also thou hast the *Elixir of Life*, which is only a soul poison; and those golden goblets filled with red wine, wherein adders do hide to sting the lips of him who drinketh, and around which serpents coil to bite the unwary hand which shall grasp the fatal cup. (Prov. xxiii. 32.) Nay more, thou dost tear up the raiment of happiness, and clothe poor helpless women and innocent children in rags. Yea, as the loathsome spider doth hang her web in the sunshine until some sporting fly strikes the unseen net with its careless wings, and then, struggling for freedom, doth wind itself into a hopeless captivity; so dost thou, O Mirth, daily lure the heedless youth into thy evil net. Thousands are now writhing and binding themselves in those silken folds. As the spider doth suck out the life blood from its fettered victim, so also art thou drawing from countless thousands of captive men, health, beauty, character, and eternal life. (Prov. xii. 15; xiii. 15.) It was thy band which used to drown my voice when I called aloud to the sons and daughters of World

Town, and thou didst teach the inhabitants of Pleasure Ward to cast ridicule upon my practice, and to revile the Holy One of Gilead. Nay more, he continued, waxing strong in his rebuke, thou darest not open to the sight of the better patients those rooms whose back doors enter into the charnel house, and whose winding stairways do lead down to the abodes of woe! Why didst thou not bring with thee to this interview those old nurses of thy ward, Drunkenness, Delirium, Poverty, and Shame? But by my commission I swear, exclaimed Wisdom, with a loud voice, the light of day shall shine in upon thy dwelling place, O Dr. Mirth, and the horrible secrets of thy house of death shall be published abroad. The king doth command that the hospital be thoroughly examined!

I did notice that during this sharp attack the governor and his attendants sat in mute astonishment. As for Silvertrust, he said it was little care what opinion Wisdom might entertain of him or his practice, for no matter how stoutly men decried his treatment, they were very apt to come to it in the end. Yea, he added, I have known some noisy preachers against my mode of dealing, making their humble obeisance toward the doorway of my ward, even as devotees do bow reverently in passing some sacred shrine.

Then turning to my guide, he did make a violent onslaught upon the class known as "Gilead Graduates" or preachers. And this was the substance of his charges: They do declaim against Wealth Ward, but still they hang around its doors with delight, and pay the highest honors to the meanest of its occu-

pants. They publicly proclaim that the medicines from my golden phials are dangerous, and privately they do bend the knee for a taste of them. Yea, if one of my patients doth enter the hospital where they minister, the simple fact that he has come from Wealth Ward is at once his sure passport to a profound respect and a perfect shield from every arrow of rebuke such as Wisdom hath aimed at me and my friend Mirth this day.

By the permission of Dr. Wisdom, who seemed impatient at this rude interruption, Truthful was allowed a moment in which to reply to the charge of Silvertrust. He began by granting that, in the great company of Gilead Graduates, there might be found men of the character described. He said he himself had met with them, and knew them to be the same as named by the Holy One of Gilead, even *Wolves in sheep's clothing*. But, continued he, the thousands of faithful "balm ministers" should not be judged by these evil men. It would argue but a poor knowledge of animals for a man to mistake a wolf, with a stolen fleece on its back, for a sheep; and it would be feeble logic, to reason that the existence of such a counterfeit did prove the entire flock to be but a herd of ravening wolves. Each of the goodly company of Gilead Graduates is rich in a better treasure than Wealth Ward may boast, even *gold tried in the fire*. (Rev. iii. 18.) *His buildings are not made with hands, they are eternal in Gilead.*

The guide was about to proceed further when Wisdom resumed his discourse. Turning toward the keeper of Honor Ward, he said, And thou, O Dr. Laurel! how long hast thou played with the hopes

and fears of men? How hast thou poisoned the springs of peace and joy! The bones of warriors and statesmen, of kings and emperors, are with thee. With what consummate skill dost thou work thy "magic lantern," and what a race of madness and folly dost thou give to the poor patients! Oh, the puffs and the praises, the doses of flattery dealt out at thy hand! Then, too, that "dream cordial," so popular in thy ward, making the victim to have bright visions of station and of power; to see admiring multitudes and obedient kingdoms. Thou also hast a graveyard. Princes lie buried there, governors, and heroes, poets, judges, and statesmen are in it. Thy crafty sexton Ambition hath built countless sepulchres in his day. Beautiful are they to the eye, and adorned with costly stones, but *within they are full of dead men's bones, and all manner of corruption.* (Matt. xxiii. 27.) Tell me, either of you, all of you—what cures do you accomplish?

And they answered him never a word.

Then said the governor, we have lately introduced one Doctor Skeptic, who doth give promise of great success with a treatment somewhat different from that in general use in the hospital.

I know that man, Wisdom replied. He studied with one of old, who succeeded in giving to the first family a fatal dose of medicine which he falsely named Knowledge. From that day to this he hath had students in the land, and always a certain number of patients.

I invited him, said the governor, to be present at this interview, but he declined, declaring that he doubted much if the meeting would take place, and

if it did occur, he had still greater doubts of its utility. He gives but little medicine, continued the governor, but deals mostly in laughs, winks, wise looks, shrugs, and dark hints. Moreover, he talks much to his patients of "progress," and the "philosophy of things."

Then, exclaimed Wisdom, this Skeptic dares not meet me, for his embarrassment would overcome him. He is only possessed of full-tongued liberty in the presence of one Presumption, his fellow physician.

Having dealt thus severely with the Faculty, Dr. Wisdom proceeded to show that these men were not alone in the wrong, remarking, in passing, that an establishment of only three wards could not truly be called All Souls' Hospital. When it was named, saith he, it had many other apartments, but it hath undergone great changes.

The cure of the soul, he continued, is attempted in a variety of ways, and the easiest process is ever the most popular. Hence the ingenuity of men hath been taxed to find out some substitute for our great soul remedy known as Repentance.

There is, quoth the doctor, a hospital under the charge of Papist, before mentioned, a very old establishment, and it hath a sad history. In this hospital two modes of treatment are pursued, with two classes of patients. With the first, known as "Converts," Papist hath in the main a gentle mode, in which the practice of Silvertrust doth hold a chief place. Then he maketh much of beads, books, bells, and candles. He doth claim that he can wash out a soul plague with wine or water, and seal salvation with a wafer. Herein, also, is that place of doubtful locality, of

which I spake, known as Purgatory Ward, in which souls black with filth are supposed to be cleansed by fire, even as earthen vessels are purified and made white by great heat.

But, continued Wisdom, the manner of dealing with another kind of patient, called "Heretic," is of quite another stamp. Time and heart would alike fail me to tell of the list of violent remedies in use for this latter class. Thumbscrews, racks, all the engines of torture of which the mind can conceive, are brought to bear on those poor victims, and untold numbers have gone through fiery doors, and thus have made their way to the mountains of Gilead.

Right beside this old moss-covered and ivy-clad building, there hath arisen in these latter days another concern, known as High Hospital, in distinction from a noble establishment in which many glorious cures have been wrought, and whose name is Low Hospital. This High Hospital is kept by one Pusey, an intimate friend and marriage relation of Dr. Papacy. The treatment here is so much like that in the old building, that it would be loss of time to describe it. The two are side by side. The architecture is the same, and the likeness is as close as that between a daughter and her mother.

Then did the face of Dr. Wisdom light up with a smile of triumph, as he exclaimed, The day is coming! The day is coming when those buildings shall fall, to rise no more forever! Then, said he, shall go up a shout for which the world hath waited long, and it shall sound over Bethany Hill, and throughout Lowly Valley, even to the golden gates of Gilead:

"BABYLON IS FALLEN! IS FALLEN! GLORY TO THE HOLY ONE FOREVER!"

Then asked the governor, Is not your remedy known as "Repentance" sometimes used in these two named hospitals?

I have found it there, replied Wisdom, and it hath caused many cures, even among the patients therein. Yea, great and notable effects have been produced by "Repentance," in Papacy's hospital. Indeed, one of our noblest physicians, known throughout all World Town as Dr. Luther, was once under care in that place, and, getting at the medicine of the Great Physician, was cured, and himself became a mighty healer. Papacy hated him heartily, and would gladly have put him under the "heretic" treatment, only that he feared to lay hold of so stout a patient.

There are other follies also, continued Dr. Wisdom, all to avoid the Gilead practice. There are some who think that if they do but attend our medical lectures, and read at stated periods our best works, and do withal pay something toward keeping up the hospital, that thus, in some wise, they shall be healed of soul distemper. Then there are many forms and ceremonies, and multitudes go through all the motions of taking the medicines, once, or even twice each week, while not a drop doth touch their lips. Indeed, they have no thought of taking the offensive draught, but they do vainly dream, that the lifting of the cup, the sigh, and the grimace, will pass for the true ministry of the medicine in the sight of the Holy One, and so a cure shall be accomplished. This, too, is a deadly folly.

Thus concluded the discourse of Dr. Wisdom in

the presence of the governor and the physicians. Then he did demand, with a firm, kind tone, the keys of the hospital, and in the name of the king he did take full possession of the building.

At the close of this interview between Wisdom and the physicians, I remarked to my guide, that if I understood the great doctor aright, there were cures sometimes wrought even in the strange old hospital under the charge of that man Papist.

Yea, replied Truthful, Wisdom doth plainly declare the triumph of Gilead medicine in that establishment, but he hath no communion with the vile faculty belonging thereto. Nor hath he a better estimate of the Dr. Pusey.

And, I asked, is he equally glad in meeting a man at the door of that building cured of soul malady, as if he were to find him in his own street, called Pleasantness?

Yea, if possible, more joyous, said Truthful; for surprise doth kindle gladness, to find health in such a place. Moreover, this noble doctor doth shout aloud over every triumph of the sacred medicine, for it doth add to the glory of the Great Physician.

Then, I further asked of Truthful, do the patients sent forth from various places of cure have on them, when they enter Gilead, such marks as shall distinguish in what room they did receive practice?

Nay, said the guide, they are all cured by the same "balm," they are all strengthened by the same "cordial." Prayer goeth on his effectual errands from each ward and building in their behalf. They all do go the same steep way up to Bethany Hill, and over the same river in Lowly Valley they make

their blessed pilgrimage, until old Prevail doth open to them all the golden gates, and they pass into the bright land where dwelleth the Holy One. The hospital marks received in World Town are not found in Gilead.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COMMANDMENTS, THAT THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE, AND MAY ENTER IN THROUGH THE GATES INTO THE CITY. (Rev. xxii. 14.)

I further asked, Are the peculiar joys, the holy services of righteous men on this side the valley all unknown in the sacred mountains, and do the pilgrims leave their harps with their staves outside the gate?

By no means, replied the guide. All real good is gathered and garnered in that better country. So a multitude of sweet sounds which have often borne the spirit on wings of melody far out toward the heavenly hills, are well known in Gilead. Thou knowest how that in a quiet night the voice of music doth cross the broadest river, gaining sweetness in the journey; so in the hallowed hours of holy worship, the songs on Bethany Hill do fly quite beyond the golden gates, even unto the temple of the Holy One.

Then, said I, the voice of the pilgrim may be known by the bright inhabitants of Gilead long before his face is seen.

Yea, saith Truthful, even as Prevail the porter doth greet the coming of Humility, the fair daughter of Wisdom, as he heareth the sound of her viol in Lowly Valley. The sweet singer of Israel, Jesse's royal son, left his harp in the palace in Zion place when he started for the goodly land; but, lo! he found that all the glad songs that had ever trembled on its

strands had passed over before him, and waited his arrival with a welcome of music.

How delightful, I exclaimed, will it be for a company of the glorified, who once had their home in this land, to meet in some fair spot in the mountains of Gilead, and again sing the sacred songs and speak forth the joys of the redeemed!

Yea, saith the guide, to form a circle there of those who, ages before, in sweet communion gathered around some humble altar here, and with a heavenly rapture renew the hymn:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

Or the Coronation song, whose victorious melody often sweeps over the valley and through the golden gates of Gilead:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

Then, said I, such thoughts as these make me long to depart and be with the Holy One, which is far better.

Truthful smiling said, THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN!

CHAPTER V.

DOCTOR WISDOM AND HIS FAMILY TAKE CHARGE OF ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL.

"But ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value. I will drive them out of my house."—JOB xiii. 4; Hos. ix. 15.

By the mandate of the king, the governor, with the physicians and nurses, vacated All Souls' Hospital, and left Dr. Wisdom to work such changes and to make such regulations as his judgment might dictate. Great indeed were the alterations required, to make the place worthy of its name of a soul hospital; but the zeal of Wisdom, and his knowledge also, were quite equal to the task.

Now the day after the going forth of the old faculty, Truthful and myself were invited to accompany the governor, for by that name are we henceforth to know Wisdom, in his round through the building.

The former superintendent, whose name was Lofty, seemed to be an honest man, but exceedingly heady and highminded, in every respect unfit for his station. But the three chief physicians having charge of the wards, and many of the nurses, were thievish. It was in suspicion of this, said my guide, that they

were required to decamp so suddenly, in order that they might not have time to hide about them any articles of value belonging to the hospital. As it was, however, they each made out to snatch many costly things, for where there is a will, there is apt to be a way.

Dr. Mirth did steal a number of bottles of choice wine from the cellar belonging to Pleasure Ward. Moreover, he concealed beneath his raiment an old harpsichord, much used by the former practice in doctoring patients in that ward, who were afflicted with a common disease, known as "Despondency."

The whole theft was but a feeble affair after all. For the new governor had his cellar filled with the *wine of the kingdom*, made from the grapes of Judea, which had been ripened in the sun of righteousness, on the slopes of the hill called Calvary. And as for the harpsichord, it was but cheap stealing for Mirth to take that. The household of Wisdom had harp, and organ, yea, and an abundance of other instruments of music; and so the man had no need to plunder that, which the next day he might have found cast out on the highway.

The house of the governor, I have said, had many instruments of music; and they were frequently used in the Gilead practice. There was one of joyful pipes, which served in the morning devotions of the family, the sound of which did fill the listener's heart with a mounting gladness. And there was another, in whose mysterious strands dwelt all soothing and tender melodies, which should lull the spirit to a holy peace. This was called "*Songs-in-the-night*," and was used in evening worship.

But above all there was a viol, full of soft and gentle notes, making a music solemn and sad, and yet not sorrowful, like the language of some beautiful face, lighted up with a smile, while the tears of a grief just passed are resting on the cheeks. The name of this instrument was "*Bruised Reed*," and the history of it is not without interest. When first used it did not produce those rich, subdued, and mellow tones, for which the nicely taught ear of Dr. Wisdom longed. So he bade his daughter to break the harsh instrument, and then carefully to mend it again. Humility, though grieved, and wondering at the strange command of her father, readily obeyed, her judgment assuring her that *he doeth all things well*, and that she should some time see clearly the good reason for the mysterious request. Then carefully with her delicate fingers did she glue the fragments together, and with great skill she adjusted the strings. Now, when it was thus restored from the violence which had shattered it, Wisdom drew the bow again across it, and all were astonished at the plaintive, melting music discoursed by that marred and mended viol.

So, saith the guide, the governor's daughter besought her father for the instrument, saying that it was her patient, and had found both hurt and healing at her hands. Therefore she did name it "*Bruised Reed*." And ever since it hath been her favorite and constant companion. In her visits to Gilead, as she draweth nigh to the gate, the old porter, whose name is Prevail, knoweth her approach by the herald of the music, and often openeth the everlasting doors, before she appeareth in sight on the slopes of Lowly Valley.

Moreover, he added, it is comely to see Humility sitting at the feet of the Holy One in Gilead, on a cushion which she hath named "Mary's Place," playing on "Bruised Reed," and meanwhile singing her familiar song, beginning, *A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise*. She never returneth from Gilead without some token of love from the Great Physician.

Thou dost see, continued the guide, that the governor stood in no need that Dr. Mirth should leave the old strand-strained harpsichord. An instrument which hath been used for such base purposes is, by its unhallowed association, quite unfit for use in a purer service. Yea, quoth he, I have found it a bad thing to have any of the cured patients to play upon such instruments as they were accustomed to use in the day of their disease. Though the words are changed, the memory of the past still lingers in the strings. It is like throwing a beautiful mantle, in which may lurk some contagion of an old disease, upon a healthy body. Yea, it is the Syrian putting on his princely but leprous robe, after coming up from his sevenfold washing in Jordan. Moreover, he added, no necessity doth exist for Mirth's harpsichord, in that, as we have seen, there are many and far better instruments possessed by the household of Wisdom, and their strings have ever vibrated to sacred melody.

So I saw in my dream, that Mirth, the merry thief, made off with his welcome plunder, and was seen no more. Dr. Joy and his daughter Song took his place in Pleasure Ward, under the new government of the hospital.

Laurel was observed by Truthful hurrying down

the back way, having on his head the crown which once belonged to one Herod, who was for a time under his treatment. That monarch was supposed to have died from an overdose of flattery administered by the keeper of that ward.

Then, we thought, a laughable thing took place, much to the discomfit of the chief actor therein. Covetousness, one of the chief nurses in Wealth Ward, was found, to the surprise of all, in the room containing valuables owned by the patients belonging to that department of the hospital. It came out on examination, that, at the request of Dr. Silvertrust, this nurse accompanied his master to this room, for the purpose of plunder, before leaving the establishment. Now, having laden the doctor with all such wealth as he desired, and bidden him farewell, the old servant began loading his own shoulders also, until, quite encumbered by his burden, he was unable to stir a step, and in this sad plight was found by the servant, that night, as he went his rounds to secure the doors of the building. So, grasping at all, he did lose all, for he was thrust forth from the hospital empty handed, and did become a street beggar in the city of World Town.

As for Silvertrust, he dwelt for many years in a splendid mansion on Gold Avenue. But his death was a miserable one, as Truthful told me. He raved much, and in his madness declared he saw the burning house known as Hell Ward, and into which his ancient patient, Dives, had descended so long before him. The nurse, at his death, was laid in Poor Acre, the burial ground for paupers, beyond Long Home

Cemetery. This, methought, was the final fate of those men.

So, when the old company were quite gone away, forever, and the good governor had put in their stead his own attentive physicians and nurses, and had given the orders for the night watch, Truthful and myself being invited to tarry, we did all assemble in the family room, previous to retiring for the night. Then, for the first time, I saw the governor's whole household. There were his sons—able physicians all—whose names were Integrity, Zeal, and Joy, before mentioned. The latter was the eldest born, his daughter Song being a sturdy girl. There were also the three lovely daughters, one called after the mother, whose name was Prudence (Prov. viii. 12), another Devotion, and the third already known as Humility.

Then began a pleasant social chat in this pleasant family circle, fraught with the more interest in that some of the members of the family had been absent during the morning interview, being in attendance at the other hospital.

Truthful remarked to the governor, that there was one servant in the old hospital whose departure he somewhat regretted, and that was the gentle maid whose name was Courtesy.

And thou mayest save thy sorrow, replied the governor, for I have been mindful to retain her. I do much esteem her, and also do highly regard her father and his family. His name is Goodbreeding, and he dwells near my office, wherein he is a frequent and a welcome visitor. Indeed, he hath often told

me that he could not consent to his daughter's stay under the old government, save only in anticipation of the change made to-day. She was better than her station, he added, and more refined than her mistress. A case sometimes manifest in other kitchens, remarked Truthful.

Yea, continued the governor, I am glad I have secured her; but I fear she hath been more or less contaminated by the company around her, and the example before her. For thou knowest that *evil communications do corrupt good manners*. (1 Cor. xv. 33.) But, said he, my good wife is a capital teacher, and I must have my daughter to get Miss Modesty, our dressmaker, to array her in more becoming raiment. Her present attire is the false taste of a Miss Fashion, daughter of Lewd, who maketh clothing for the children of the king.

By the way, saith Truthful, what dresses were those we saw in the room adjoining Pleasure Ward? I think your dressmaker would do well to increase the height of the garment about the neck, even at the expense of the circle of the skirt. But our sex hath little election in such matters.

Leave us ladies, said Humility, blushing, to discuss the question of female attire.

Then said the governor to Truthful, I shall require thyself, and thy friend, our ever welcome guest, to prepare against to-morrow certain expressive mottoes to be put over the entrance to the hospital, and above the doors of the several rooms. And to better accomplish this, I give thee a book prepared by myself many years since, when I was at once physician and

minister at the palace in Jerusalem, in the reign of one Solomon.

And art thou that Wisdom, I ventured to ask, of whom such frequent and honorable mention is made in the Holy Records?

At that the governor replied that he was, and gave me a brief outline of the manner of his call to the king's presence; his experience in the palace, and his dismissal from the same. He also told us about the establishment of Dr. Laurel, in his place, and of the fatal result to the king. He said he was frequently invited to the abodes of royalty, but in many instances had been removed by this Dr. Laurel, and sometimes by that physician of lower ability, Dr. Silvertrust. His leaving was usually the result of a foolish attempt on the part of the monarch to unite the different practices in one. And a disagreement ensuing, because of the searching medicine, by and by, said Wisdom, I have been dismissed, and the other physician retained. This was the case with King Jehoash. Forty years I was with him, until one day he deceived my truthful servant Jehoida the priest, and secretly put himself under the care of Dr. Silvertrust, and the result was that he finally ran away from the royal city, that same nurse Covetousness carrying away for him all the hallowed things of the holy places, and great treasures, and he died at the hands of his servants. (2 Kings xii.) Then there was Jehoahaz, the son of Jehu. He for a long time kept his father's family physicians, until they had nearly ruined him, and he then besought the Holy One of Gilead, and I was made his doctor. He was so far

gone, however, that I could do little more than to mend him up for a season.*

The son of this king, whose name was Joash, also, or a long time, had the physicians named, until one day, when in great strait, he sent to my office, and found therein my noted student whose name was Elisha, who was sick at the time, but who gave him five or six potions of medicine, with directions that they should be taken in immediate succession. But when he had taken three, he refused further dosing, so he failed, in that his cure was but half effected. Much indeed like the case already declared unto Silvertrust.†

* "And Jehoahaz did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, and followed the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, which made Israel to sin; he departed not therefrom.

"And Jehoahaz besought the Lord, and the Lord hearkened unto him; for he saw the oppression of Israel, because the king of Syria oppressed him." (2 Kings xiii. 2, 4).

† "Now Elisha was fallen sick, of his sickness whereof he died. And Joash the king of Israel came down unto him, and wept over his face, and said, O my father, my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!

"And Elisha said unto him, Take bow and arrows. And he took unto him bow and arrows.

"And he said to the king of Israel, Put thine hand upon the bow: and he put his hand upon it. And Elisha put his hands upon the king's hands.

"And he said, Open the window eastward: and he opened it. Then Elisha said, Shoot: and he shot. And he said, The arrow of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrow of the deliverance from Syria; for thou shalt smite the Syrians in Aphek, till thou have consumed them.

"And he said, Take the arrows: and he took them: and he said unto the king of Israel, Smite upon the ground: and he smote thrice and stayed.

"And the man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou shouldst have smitten five or six times, then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it; whereas now thou shalt smite Syria but thrice." (2 Kings xiii. 14-19.)

Then there was Amaziah, and likewise his royal son Azariah, both but partially under my treatment; and these were only sickly kings at the best. There can be no half-and-half deal in my practice, and so the Great Physician himself hath declared.*

Thus was it with Solomon. I had dwelt with David his father, and, as you have seen, in his noted sickness, he took, at the hand of my servant Nathan, the searching medicine called *Repentance*, and was healed. So I was recommended by David, as he was leaving the palace, to be continued as the court physician in the king's house. (1 Chron. xxviii. 9.) Solomon was obedient to his royal father's request, and asked my presence of the Great Physician, saying, "Give me now Wisdom." And the Great Physician replied unto the king, *Because thou hast applied for the true doctor, and didst not send for either Dr. Laurel or Dr. Silvertrust, Wisdom is granted unto thee, and added thereto all real value that may abide in any of the boasted practice of the other doctors.* (2 Chron. i. 11, 12.)

So I was with him, and his health and beauty were never equalled. While I dwelt with him, the Queen of Sheba came on a visit to the palace to see me, and expressed her joyful surprise at the comeliness and majesty of my royal care. (2 Chron. ix.) Yet even in this case, my old enemies Laurel and Silvertrust gained the king's confidence, as did also Dr. Mirth; stealing away the heart of the monarch, so that, before his death, I was losing all influence with him.

Ah, said the governor, the crowning error is, *men do not thoroughly try my practice.* Some but take

* "No man can serve two masters. . . . Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." (Matt. vi. 24.)

one dose of my medicine, and not being instantly cured, do send for some quack. Others mix my medicines with a miserable sweetening of the world; and still others reject me altogether. But my patients are my boast only in the name of the Holy One. My great master hath said, *Wisdom is justified of all his children.* It was in those days that I wrote many valuable works, giving to King Solomon a volume of medical advice, having in it three thousand prescriptions, even as it is written, "And he spake three thousand proverbs." (1 Kings iv. 32.)

In that book, he added, you may likely find some proper inscriptions for the doorways, and you may look also among the sayings of the Great Physician, and, indeed, anywhere in the sacred library.

Conversation then turned on the late interview with the faculty. Humility thought her father talked severely to those physicians, and especially to Silvertrust, though, she added, he no doubt deserved it all for his great wickedness.

Yea, saith the governor, he and his companions are guilty; their raiment is full of blood; and they are the swift servants of their old master. He then asked if we knew the reason for the haste of Dr. Pride, in leaving the council room for the palace.

Yea, saith Truthful; it was owing to his dread of the lashing about to descend upon his practice, and the firm assurance that if present he himself should come in for a share.

True, replied the governor, that was one cause of his quick departure, but, as I think, not the chief one. He had another and a stronger motive, namely, the case of the king's minister, whom the old man Death

so alarmed by the record in his black book. You do remember my delay in coming to the hospital, a morning since. I was called privately to this man, and at his request I did prepare for him the "Repentance," which he was to have taken at a certain hour that day. Now I judge that Pride left in order to interfere with my practice. This is a common trick of this vaunting physician, especially if the patient be of high standing, or possessed of great wealth.

His modes of accomplishing his purpose are various, and do discover much ingenuity. Sometimes he tells the sick they can be cured without the great remedy; and hence he endorseth all the make-shifts and follies which I have named to-day. Indeed, he is of high authority in the old hospital, under charge of Dr. Papist, and also in the neighboring building kept by Dr. Pusey. While he has no heart to administer the medicines apportioned unto "heretics," leaving that service unto a hard man, whose name is Persecution, and his two assistants Hatred and Bigotry, still the royal doctor is quite ready in dealing the dainty doses unto the gentler sort of patients called "Converts." In removing soul distemper he useth both wine and wafer; *the latter he feeds unto the patient, while the former he swallows himself*, kindly declaring the cure thereby as applied unto the sick man.

This Pride, continued Wisdom, is also in great repute in certain establishments in World Town known as SLEEP STATIONS, of which thou shalt know more by and by. He is also in much favor with those men whom I named in the interview with the faculty, whose habit it is to attend our medical lectures, and to go

through all the motions of taking the medicines. He hath also a habit of reading from a work, prepared by a fellow who in Eden began his practice, and thereby wrought a great and lasting injury on the entire family of man. This book declareth that, no matter how sore the sickness, *ye shall not surely die*. From this volume he doth profess to show by most skilful sophistry that a dreadful medicine, once taken by the Great Physician himself, hath wrought the effectual cure of all diseases, and that it is enough that the Holy One hath drank of the mystery of that cup, in order to insure health to all the sick for all time. And thus doth ignore our entire practice, Repentance, Cordial, and all beside.

Then, again, for I have said his ways are various, he will speak of the searching medicine as a most dangerous remedy, in that it doth discover the secrets of the life, making sad revelations as to the diet of the patient. Beyond all this he doth declare that this same "Repentance" is neither refined nor fashionable. He can prove that beggars themselves are subject to this practice; and that often the vilest of the vile may be found in our hospital. You behold in all this the low cunning of the royal physician. Many patients, hard pressed with the consciousness of a direful and fatal malady, would risk all the anguish consequent upon the taking of Repentance, if it were not that its use by so many of the baser sort hath made this treatment all too common for their gentility. Then, again, many of the timid are right fearful of the whole matter from first to last. They tremble at the pain. They dread the exposure of their habits of living by this process, and even fear the gentle ser-

vice of the application of clean water in token of the cure. Such frail, doubting ones do therefore listen readily to Dr. Pride, who can vary his talk and treatment much, according to the education or the whim of the patient. If they have been taught to despise the Holy One of Gilead, this pliable physician joins the scoff himself; on the other hand, if they have respect for the Great Physician, Pride also speaketh in fair language, with much show of charity; only regretting that a being of such great knowledge and undoubted worth should still adhere to so many exploded theories and local customs, bounded by a past age and the geography of a strange land.

It is here, said Wisdom, that the king's physician, and his friend and counsellor Skeptic, do cordially strike hands, the latter ever leading off upon his favorite theme of "*progress*," and the "*philosophy of things*." Sometimes Dr. Skeptic doth enlarge beyond the patience of Pride, who is a great stickler for ancient usage, and so the vaunting physician finds satisfaction and safety in replying in a few sharp rebukes couched in his favorite Latin, while Skeptic, being ignorant of that language, imagines that the royal doctor, unable to find English equal to the expression of his pleasure, doth resort to the greater glories of speaking in an unknown tongue.

But to proceed a little further, saith Wisdom, in my description of this false doctor and his evil practice: Pride doth not stop at those points. If his patients, as is sometimes the case, have been taught that my master is the only one whose medicine can cure soul distemper, and have learned to sing,

"There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul,"

the ready doctor declareth this to be in a limited sense true, and doth act accordingly.

What, by giving Repentance? asked Truthful.

No, replied Wisdom, not he. But he hath a servant looking like my own much-esteemed and faithful Prayer, and of the same name, indeed, only dressed in more fashionable clothing. This man he professeth to send for the great prescription, even unto Mount Gilead.

And whither doth this servant travel? asked Truthful.

I know not, replied Wisdom, but his tracks are never seen in the *straight and narrow path*, leading unto the sacred hill. The old porter who keepeth the golden gates hath no record of any such man passing up through that only road to the dwelling of the Holy One. Indeed, he always expects to see my daughter Humility accompanying the true servant on errands of love and mercy to Gilead, and doth know full well that my man Prayer is never clad in vain and gaudy apparel. But this false servant soon returns—his journey is nothing to speak of—and brings with him a costly and beautiful phial, on the side of which, in letters of gold, is the word REPENTANCE.—PREPARED BY THE GREAT PHYSICIAN. Then Pride doth lay his patient on a rich couch, and spreading a napkin of fine linen over the breast of the sick one, doth administer a few drops of the liquid in a golden spoon.

And is the medicine offensive? I asked.

Oh, no, said Wisdom; it is a tasteless mixture, or

perhaps a little sweet, but having none of that sharp bitterness found in the true medicine. Having given the dose, as I have described, Pride then doth offer to the patient for a moment, the use of a fashionable smelling bottle, marked *Grace*, and this doth complete the service of the medicine. Having gone through this show of doctoring, Pride finally, taking out the silken pillow, stuffed with swans' down, on which the head of his patient rested during the ministry of the medicine, puts in the place thereof a kind of head rest used in the Sleep Stations before mentioned, and called a *dream cushion*. Now the moment the man's head doth touch this magic cushion, he falleth asleep and doth dream of health and strength; beholding in his pleasant vision a grand carriage-way to Gilead, with a golden bridge thrown quite over Lowly Valley, and an aristocratic gateway into the blessed land, beneath whose proud arch the foot of the poor and humble pilgrim hath never trod.

And why, I asked, is it that this curious cushion doth insure this pompous dream to the deluded one?

Thy guide, said Wisdom, shall show thee one of these cushions by and by, and tell thee much of its character and history.

And how is it with Pride's gentle patient when he awakes from sleep? asked Truthful, rather for my edification than his own.

Of that, replied Wisdom, I was about to tell thee. The doctor doth declare a perfect cure, and immediately commandeth that the Banquet be spread, at which they both sit down. Then he doth say, as Fool, you remember, said to his soul, "Eat, drink, and be merry," go forth into all manner of folly, and

when again somewhat ailing, come once more to me, and with Repentance and Prayer, and, if need be, with Wine and Wafer, or Book, Bell, and Candle, for a proper consideration I will relieve thee of thy malady.

Thus at length did Wisdom discourse of the way and practice of Dr. Pride.

Then, I remarked, this man must be very popular, and in especial repute with the grand and gay of World Town.

Yea, replied Wisdom, there is no physician who hath a tithe of his practice, he being held in high esteem by all men who do not adhere strictly to our treatment. Nay, he added, many who do believe in the true mode, and have actually taken the great medicines, have been known to call secretly on this same doctor, when, in after life, they were sick, rather than risk the revealing process of our searching "Repentance." *I have seen his carriage standing before the dwellings of Gilead men (or Christians), of whom I had expected better things.*

Then spake Humility, for the first time causing her voice to be heard in the evening talk. Why, my father, it was only yesterday that I was forbidden entrance to the house of our neighbor in the street called Pleasantness, where, for years, I had been a familiar and a welcome guest. The family were born and reared in Poverty Lane, and it was there that I first found them. But it seems that they have recently come into the possession of much gold, and many acres of rich land, and this it is which hath wrought great changes in their home and habits. As I said, it was yesterday that I was told to visit them no

more. I asked the reason of this strange treatment, for I was both grieved and astonished. They told me that my manners were too plain, and my raiment too poor. Then, too, I noticed Miss Fashion, the dressmaker before named, busily engaged at her work. Moreover, costly silks, and laces of almost priceless value, loaded the table where she sat.

I was made to know, also, the full story of the gold and of the broad and valuable acres. They said this property had fallen to them by the death of a great uncle, by the name of Graspall, who died in Wealth Ward, under the care of Silvertrust and the old nurse Covetousness. They declared, moreover, that my presence would embarrass them when a gay and wealthy person, such as Miss Lofty, the daughter of the former governor, should call upon them. They further added that they had got a new physician, one Dr. Pride, and had ordered, at a great expense, a complete set of gold-fringed, damask-covered "Dream Cushions," equal to the entire need of the family. Those cushions, added Humility, they are having prepared under the immediate supervision of the Rev. Mr. Simperlove, one of the Gilead graduates, so well described by Silvertrust.

And didst thou reason with this foolish family, my daughter? asked Wisdom.

I did attempt it, replied Humility, and strove long to convince them of their folly. I told them of other families possessed of more gold, and better lands, at whose houses I was received with pleasure. Yea, I told them, further, of that palace in Jerusalem, where, with my father, I had my dwelling for years, even in the days of the royal son of Jesse; and also of

my acceptance in the dwelling place of the High and Holy One who doth inhabit the glorious mountain of Gilead. But it was all in vain. Miss Fashion, looking up from her work, remarked, If thou wouldst wear such a dress as this, holding up a costly garment to my view, I make no doubt that thy visits might be continued with this noble family. To this I made no reply, but proceeded to reason with the deluded family. Finding that there was nothing in my first argument that could prevail, I then told them of their past life in Poverty Lane. But at this relation I was silenced, and requested to pass out hastily through the back gate, as Dr. Pride and the Rev. Mr. Simperlove were then at the door.

Now I saw in my dream, that as the beautiful daughter of Wisdom concluded her story, she took up her viol called "*Bruised Reed*," and sweeping its strings with her fingers, she sang a verse of her favorite hymn called "*Broken Heart*," and that, as the music filled all the room with its tender melody, Wisdom, and Prudence, his wife, looked at each other and smiled, as only glad parents can smile, when looking upon the child that they love.

Behold, said Wisdom, in this sad narrative, an illustration of all that I have said of this man Pride and his associates. The Rev. Mr. Simperlove mentioned by my daughter, I have myself seen. He hath ever been the supple and *despised* tool of both Pride and Silvertrust, and doth often make his way into every establishment where the cure of souls is attempted, though perhaps most frequently hanging around High Hospital, and its near neighbor, the old building. But, I repeat, he is apt to work his way

into the company of the true Gilead graduates in every place; a disgrace to his profession, and one whose false life doth cause the enemies of the Holy One to blaspheme, as did Silvertrust in railing upon the true practice.

But, said Wisdom, to conclude my reference to the king's physician: Pride hath great influence with many of the true faculty, whose business it is to give the Gilead medicines according to the prescription of the Great Physician. By his influence they have been led to lessen the quantity and the bitterness of the dose, and for this cause, our cures are not so many, or so strongly marked, as they would otherwise be. One of our chief physicians hath said, For this cause many are sickly and some have fallen asleep. (2 Cor. xi. 39.) Moreover, this man is very artful in introducing his habits among our pupils. He also doth give the order and shape of our buildings. In short, the mark of his hand is everywhere. *Those plain-clad physicians, who were the immediate companions of the Holy One, on the occasion of His visit to World Town, would hardly receive admittance into some of the stately structures reared under the direction of Dr. Pride.*

Nay, said Truthful, I think the Great Physician Himself, in the disguise of His Nazarene garments, would find it difficult to enter many hospitals inscribed with His sacred name, and solemnly dedicated to His service.

Dr. Pride claims, remarked Wisdom, that there have been a great many improvements since the days of the visit of the Holy One, and that Mary, the most glorious of women, were she in World Town to-day,

would adopt the customs of the age, and engage Miss Fashion as her dressmaker.

This saying much amused the company, and especially Humility, who laughingly said that the gentle maiden of Judea would look odd enough in such a dress as was yesterday offered her, and that her humble neighbors would surely mistake her in such clothing for some wanton, wandering away from the streets of Jerusalem.

Ah, exclaimed Wisdom, if my master *were* to come in such a day as this, it would go hard with Pride and his companions. The Mighty One of Gilead would break down the barriers now dividing the rich and the poor. He would enlarge the size of the hospital, and with a whip of small cords would drive out Pride, and Skeptic, Simperlove, Bigotry, Papist, and all their crew. And, added Wisdom, He shall come! Yea, He shall destroy the old Babylon building, and its neighbor High Hospital, at his coming, while from all the other structures, each having in it much precious timber, and many goodly stones, He shall erect a building to His praise, which shall be worthy of the title of ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL! Never had I witnessed such a look as that of Wisdom when he said this.

Just then the clock in the corner tolled the hour of eleven, and Wisdom gave command that service should commence. So Devotion took the instrument called Songs-in-the-night, and did lead in singing the evening hymn beginning, *He maketh me to lie down in safety, He giveth His beloved sleep*—and all the company joined in the song. Then did the governor break forth in a musical chant, rehearsing the mercies

of God, and ascribing praise unto the Holy One for all the blessings of life. Now when Wisdom ceased singing, the sons and daughters arose, and calling their father and mother blessed, bade them all good-night, and left the room. Then entered the governor's servant, with a lamp in his hand, and conducted Truthful and myself to our place of rest.

Alone with my guide, I ventured to ask him the explanation of a strange thing in the evening service just witnessed, namely, that there was no petition offered.

He made answer that the worship varied much in its order, in accordance with the mood of Wisdom himself, adding that he was much pleased with the service of the night. Grateful acknowledgment, saith he, for a favor received, is the strongest cry for new and increasing mercies. Intelligent and joyous praise is often the highest order of prayer, and a song may therefore be itself a supplication.

I then did see the secret of the singing, and did also observe the tender beauty of the same. How Joy and his bright-eyed daughter did sing! I exclaimed. That must have been his favorite service.

Yea, saith Truthful; he hath great delight in such a chant as that sounded forth by Wisdom. But I have known that same Joy to wrestle long and mightily with heaven, and there was a holy smile on his face all the while, and Song, his daughter, was meanwhile close by his side. The service we have just witnessed, is, as I have said, only one of many forms of worship observed by this noble family. Humility is powerful when she sings, in her low, sweet tone, the hymn "Broken Heart," the strands

of "*Bruised Reed*" quivering and trembling with the holy melody.

So soon as the lamp was put out, we, feeling no tendency to sleep, did resume our conversation in bed. Then Truthful dwelt on the value of the night; its common blessing unto man and beast, to plant and flower; and did set forth in his own peculiar way the parallel between darkness and brightness, and the light and the shade, the day and the night of life.

The night, saith he, is necessary in order to set forth the glory of the day. Without it, also, we should know nothing of the sparkling splendors of the sky. Even so the gloomy shade of sorrow is needed for contrast with the gleam of prosperity; and the sun of happiness itself must set, or we should be ignorant of the kindling firmament of God's love, in which are shining all the stars of eternal promise. Yet, again, the night is an ever-returning prophet, clad in his dark and glistening mantle. This mighty preacher standeth now on the hill, in the valley, and in the silent old woods, yea, also, and here beside our bed; and he is declaring unto us, if we will but heed him, of the night of death, and the sunless grave. We all do need his sermon, and we should listen closely to the prophecy.

Beyond this, added the guide, we ourselves are made to act out a part of the prophetic declaration, even as the man of old did foretell the divine will by his mantle and his girdle. Here is a little theatre in which our dream of life is played. In taking off our daily raiment, we are made to tell of the putting off of our mortality; and in taking upon us our night clothing, we are but prophesying of our shroud.

Yea, our sleep is itself as the voice of a prophet ; and further still, as through the night long countless worlds are moving on, and all nature is steadily fulfilling the divine plan, though we heed it not, so over our graves will still be moving forward all the purposes of infinite love, in nature, providence, and grace, and God's designs, like rolling worlds, shall be going on in all their brightness and all their glory.

Surely, said I to Truthful, thou hast made the bed rather than the gateway thy pulpit, and I do perceive thou canst read thy sermon in the darkness as well as in the sunshine. Now, I added, complete thy discourse, by giving unto me the significance of the morning.

But Truthful playfully remarked that he should need the daylight for that, and said, it were best to illustrate the recent discourse by slumber.

So in my sleep, methought I slept ; and in my dream, I dreamt of dreaming.

CHAPTER VI.

TRUTHFUL DOTH SET FORTH MANY THINGS NEEDFUL TO BE KNOWN.

"I applied to search the reason of things."—Eccl. vii. 25.

As we awoke in the morning, the guide repeated that royal hymn beginning, *I will sing of Thy mercy in the morning*, and again, in the voice of the holy prophet, *He waketh me morning by morning*. (Psalm lix. 16 ; Is. l. 4.)

The divine volume, saith Truthful, is radiant with the morning. The starry choir which once filled the galleries of heaven when the creation anthem was sung, was composed of "*Morning Stars*." (Job xxxviii. 7.) And THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD declared Himself to be "*the bright and morning star*." (Rev. xxii. 16.) *Then shall thy light break forth-as the morning*. (Isa. lviii. 8.) How these musical voices do call one to another, as they hail each other from the hilltops of revelation with a glad "*good-morning*." He who giveth *His beloved sleep*, also commandeth the morning, and causeth the dayspring to know his place. What gladness abounds when the brilliant *bridearoom* cometh forth from the tabernacle

of the night, and what rejoicing is there when the *strong man* doth begin his race in the heavens! (Psalm xix. 4, 5.)

Then I did perceive that the guide was faithful unto his promise, and had already begun another of his sermons, and that, obedient to my request, his theme was THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MORNING.

Thou dost remember, said he, the discourse on the similitude of *Soul-rise* and *Sun-rise*, preached one morning as we stood in the hospital gate; and also the sermon of last night, declared at the gateway of dream land. So I will take up the thought at the point where sleep interrupted it; even in the gates of the morning.

Night is a great preacher, and so, also, is morning. But the one is as sober as the law, and the other is glad as the gospel. And further, as the terrors of Sinai are needed to perfect the joys purchased on Calvary; even so the *knowledge* of the night and the *speech* of the day, do together complete the voice of God to man. The slumber of the night is succeeded by the awakening of the day, and He who closeth our eyes at evening openeth them to behold the morning. Thus, as night was the prophet with the dark mantle, even so also is the morning equally a prophet, and clothed in a more glorious apparel. *He crieth at the doorway and casement, Awake, thou that sleepest and rise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.* (Eph. v. 14.) This is the great resurrection preacher; and he calleth upon us to act nobly our part in the joyful drama. So shall we awake when the voice of an approaching God shall be heard, saying, *I go to awaken him out of sleep.* (Jno. xi. 11.)

Thus shall we rise, and put on our Sabbath clothing, and make our toilet for the service in the eternal sanctuary.

One thought further, continued Truthful. Some awoke this morning, as we did, with a song (Psalm cxlix. 5), and others only woke to weep. Here, too, the morning is a prophet. (Dan. xii. 2.) To the righteous, a fatal sickness is only the loving ministry of a kind parent, putting weary children to sleep. The closing upon us of the grave is only the shutting of the door for safety, and the resurrection is but the joyful awakening on a Sabbath morning. This, saith he, is the sermon and the significance of the morning.

The discourse concluded, Truthful remarked that he had kept his promise, but that it was a dream of the past night which did most possess his mind, and that, when a fitting time came, he would relate the same. I have had, quoth he, the vision of a garden, in which I beheld the flowers in some strange convention, debating on the ministry of the Dew-Angel.

Then we made haste to join the family below; and after the supplication and the morning meal, we began at once the labors and pleasures of the day. Obedient to the command of the governor, the inscriptions for the several doorways were prepared. The one over the main gate was retained, and so also was the good old servant who had for so many years made the place his dwelling.

Over the front door was inscribed in large letters the testimony of the Evangelist unto the Great Physician, AND THEY BROUGHT TO HIM ALL SICK PEOPLE. (Matt. xiv. 24.) Over the entrance to the Room of

Medicines, IS THERE NO BALM IN GILEAD? IS THERE NO PHYSICIAN THERE? (Jer. viii. 22). Over the door of Pleasure Ward, AT THY RIGHT HAND ARE PLEASURES FOREVER MORE. (Psalm xvi. 11.) Over the portal of Honor Ward, IN WELL DOING SEEK FOR GLORY AND HONOR. (Rom. ii. 7.) At the door of Wealth Ward, HE THAT TRUSTETH IN RICHES SHALL FALL. (Prov. xvi. 28.) Over the entrance to the Banqueting Room, EAT YE THAT WHICH IS GOOD, AND LET YOUR SOUL DELIGHT ITSELF IN FATNESS. (Isa. lv. 3.) Over the door of Sick Christians' Ward, WHY ART THOU CAST DOWN, O MY SOUL? (Psalm xlii. 5.) Over the door of Rest Room, THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS. (Rev. xiv. 13.) Over the Gymnasium, WORK THE WORKS OF GOD. (Jno. vi. 28.) At the room of Hidden Mysteries, GREAT IS THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS. (1 Tim. iii. 16.) And over the Arming Room, WHEREFORE TAKE UNTO THEE THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD. (Eph. vi. 13).

These passages were received by the governor, and ordered to be placed over the several doorways as indicated by Truthful, who had sought them out from the sacred books. Then also did Wisdom command outward improvement to the building, the chief of which was the erection of a cross upon the tower thereof, and on the sacred sign he caused to be written, in bright letters, these words of the prophet, LOOK UNTO ME. (Is. xlv. 22.)

Then I asked Truthful why that curious figure was put upon the building.

To this he answered, Out of the tree from which that cross is made, the "balm" did run, which is so precious, giving vital efficacy to all the medicines used in our practice. It is this "balm" which is

mixed in the "cordial;" it is also in the "gospel bread," and it giveth the red color to the drink, of which Wisdom spake in describing the "Banquet."

Then, said I, it is the only fit sign for a hospital.

Yea, replied the guide, but many hospitals in which there is much good practice are without it. The reason is this: Dr. Papacy, whose hospital is filled with quacks, hath this form on his building, and in all the rooms. Moreover, he professeth to work abundant cures with the mere sign of the cross, making little or no use of the "balm." This did prejudice the others to the degree that they determined to get the "balm," and avoid the figure, from the sacred tree.

Surely, said I, folly is the breeding mother of folly, and one extreme begetteth another.

Thou mayest well say that, exclaimed my guide, for the opponents of Papacy have manifested much ingenuity and industry in this matter. One building, in which many cures have been effected, is mounted by a fish, a pumpkin, and a pumpkin blossom; and a sick man looking for aid, would, I should think, unless told to the contrary, avoid the place, supposing it to be a fish and vegetable market rather than a soul hospital. Another, said he, is crowned with the likeness of a crowing bird.

And what might have been the significance of that? I asked.

Truthful replied that he could not tell the design of those who put it up, but that it was the language of "denial" and of "variableness." It is the first, in that it doth call to mind the base ingratitude and the blasphemous falsehood of one who deserted the Great

Physician, in an hour of sore trial, at which, in confirmation of prophecy, the bird whose likeness they have imitated, crowed. (Matt. xxvi. 75.) It is the second, in the fact that this sign is carried about with every wind. (Eph. iv. 4.)

Then, saith he, there be other figures, the likeness of no created thing, showing the care of the builder, in a zeal according to ignorance, to obey the command, once given on the mountain opposite to that on which the Gilead balm tree grew, which saith, *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, the likeness of anything in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.* (Ex. xx. 4.) The outward violation of this law is successfully avoided by such a nameless sign.

One would suppose, said I, that men who had felt the efficacy of the "balm" would love to look upon the likeness of that from which it was drawn; and that it were a disrespect to the man in Gilead thus to cast ridicule on his favorite tree.

Now I saw in my dream, that as we stood at the door, discoursing of the sign, upon which the morning sun was shining, there hurried by us a man who did seem girded for a race. In a moment he was at the gate, which did *open of its own accord at his approach.* (Acts xii. 10.) Then turning to the right, directly up the steep hill, he ran, and soon was lost from our sight.

What a racer is that! I exclaimed. His feet, shod with the gospel sandals, seem hardly to touch the ground.

And didst thou notice his face? asked Truthful.

I did, replied I, and his look was that of a man

seeing something in the distance, and his action as of one who knoweth his errand.

That, saith Truthful, is the fleet-footed servant of the governor, whose name is Prayer, and he hath gone up that *straight and narrow way which leadeth unto Gilead*, that he may bear Wisdom's message to the Great Physician, and bring prescriptions and medicines from thence, for the need of the poor patients in the hospital. Moreover, he hath in his hand a paper which doth contain the request of some sick man, countersigned by the mark of the governor, in likeness of the cross. On the return of this man we will go through the hospital with Dr. Wisdom. In the mean time let us walk about the grounds, beholding the beauty, and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers, and admiring the brightness of the dew.

As we went forth, we fell into conversation upon the mode of sending to Gilead. Then I saw that my guide was very careful in his statements, and that he seemed to give much importance to his declarations, saying, as I might some time be called to counsel with the sick, he would closely instruct me in this service.

This matter of sending to Gilead, saith he, is the patient's work. Though friends may, and in some sense do, gain their desires for those whom they love, still the sick man himself must also send. The manner of writing his request *is of little note, only the simplest style is the best.* But he must forward the message. Now, to send:

I. HE MUST KNOW THAT HE IS SICK. For this plague of soul distemper may be upon him, and he not know it, even as leprosy may be in the bones long before

the spot shall publish upon the surface the existence of the disease.

II. HE MUST KNOW THAT HE CANNOT CURE HIMSELF.

III. HE MUST KNOW THAT THE MAN IN GILEAD ALONE CAN CURE HIM.

IV. HE MUST KNOW THAT THE GREAT PHYSICIAN IS NOT ONLY ABLE, BUT ALSO WILLING, ON CERTAIN CLEARLY DEFINED TERMS, TO GRANT THE CURE.

V. HE MUST KNOW WHERE TO SEND, AND HOW. This will insure the errand of Wisdom's servant Prayer.

VI. HE MUST TAKE THE MEDICINE WITHOUT QUESTION, JUST AS THE DIRECTION FROM GILEAD SHALL PRESCRIBE. You see, he added, that Wisdom's servant is *not the cure*, but only *the indispensable means to the cure*. Here often patients err strangely, in mistaking the message for the medicine, and the messenger himself for the cure.

VII. THE RESTORATION TO HEALTH MAY OFTEN BE A GRADUAL PROCESS, while the change from a tendency downward to death, to the upward path of life, is BY NECESSITY INSTANTANEOUS.

NEVER-FAILING SYMPTOMS OF SOUL TROUBLE.

I. A CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE DESPERATION OF HIS CASE. Every man, saith Truthful, should be encouraged by the fact that ninety out of every hundred brought to the hospital have this same sign. It is a distinct stage and feature in the disease.

II. Kindred with this is THE BELIEF THAT HIS DISEASE IS GREATER THAN ALL OTHERS. So saith one, himself an illustrious instance of the skill of the Great Physician, and long a noted professor in the first college, one whose writings on soul distemper are stand-

ard authority in all hospitals, in speaking of the visit of the man of Gilead to All Souls' Hospital. *This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.* (1 Tim. i. 15.) He then goeth on to show that the Great Physician meant him as a sample of his merciful handiwork, that others might be encouraged thereby. (1 Tim. i. 16.)

III. THE ERROR OF THE PATIENT IN BELIEVING, as already named, THAT THE SIMPLE SENDING SHOULD BE THE CURE, AND STILL FINDING HIS DISEASE UPON HIM, IN DENYING EITHER THE ABILITY OR THE WILLINGNESS OF THE PHYSICIAN.

IV. IN STUMBLING AT THE MYSTERY OF THE MEDICINE IN THE FACT OF ITS SIMPLICITY. Did the master but come with great state, and with a multitude of forms and ceremonies accomplish the cure, he would believe he was in the course of successful treatment. So once the Syrian before mentioned came to the office of Dr. Elisha for relief from a loathsome skin, and had in his own mind planned the manner of his cure. The simple water treatment, declared by the doctor, was so different from the preconceived plan of the royal leper, that, for the time, he refused the proffered cure. Still STRICT OBEDIENCE to the course named to him by the doctor's servant (for, at that time, Elisha was occupied with the Great Physician, and did not go forth to the Syrian), was the only cure. And finally, rather than go back to the king with a rotten body, the proud patient repented of his haughtiness which had declared that there were abundant medicines in his own land as good as those of Damascus. So he submitted to the treatment. His cure was a progressive

one, and it was not until the seventh application that he found himself a well man. (2 Kings v. 9-14.)

Dr. Skeptic, mentioned by the old governor, maketh much hand of this objection named, and this it is which hath destroyed thousands of the sick. It is Skeptic's master who, through him, hath taught the sick man to say "refuse the medicine until you can analyze it, and intelligently explain the nature and the use of all its properties." This is also the favorite course of Dr. Pride.

V. IF THIS MEDICINE IS A CURE, instantly after taking it, the patient saith, WHY AM I NOT AS STRONG AS THAT MAN DISMISSED FROM THE HOSPITAL MONTHS AGO? He forgetteth the lesson of his own being. He was first a helpless babe of days, unable to creep. He crept before he walked. He first did take a step or two and stop, then, trying again, he finally succeeded. Yea, moreover, he walked before he ran. Again, in his infancy it would have killed him to have given him strong, juicy meats, *the needed diet of men*, but he was fed with milk adapted to the growth of a nursing child. So, also, you do remember in my sermon on *sun-rise* and *soul-rise*, that the shadowy dawn must precede the day, and also that the clear light of the morning must go before the high noon.

That gateway, continued Truthful, was not the only pulpit from which to set forth such truths, nor was the rising sun my only text. The green tree would have served for a sanctuary; the little nest among the leaves thereof for a preaching desk, and the helpless young bird with unfledged wing, taking its food as brought by its unseen mother, might be the eloquent orator. "I am not a bird," it might argue, in

the logic of Dr. Skeptic. "A bird singeth, and I cannot sound a note." "A bird doth see the light, and I am blind." "A bird doth sail in the air at will. I cannot stir my featherless wing." "Moreover, it is folly for me to take the unseen food, brought to my mouth from some unknown source." Oh, this is *not* the language of our young minister, and its sermon is too plain to need a lengthy interpretation.

So, continued Truthful, the green bud might despair of the purple blossom; the flower, in turn, might fear that it never should reach the form of perfect fruit; and the early apple itself give up all hope of the rich mellow of the autumn. The acorn cup is also a beautiful brown desk, and the acorn a noble preacher. Yea, valuable is the sermon of the oak. Indeed, added he, the smallest object in nature is large enough to declare the great lessons sent from God to man. Had I time, with my magnifying glass I could show thee a whole fleet of truths, stored with untold wealth, and armed with the artillery of irresistible argument, yet all riding at ease on the surface of one shining drop of water. Or I might discover to thee the king of knowledge enthroned upon a single pebble. Yea, that water drop hath fathomless depths, and that grain of stone is to the wisdom of men as a towering mountain.

The errors which I have pointed out, and others that I could have named, saith Truthful, thou mayest see daily illustrated in the sickroom. And so, summing up the whole matter, and reviewing the thoughts and illustrations given, I would say, 1. The sick man will die without the doctor. 2. The medicine, taken according to the specified requirement, *will cure him*,

no matter how. 3. His approach to health shall be a gradual process, but a sure one, for the medicine having *begun its good work in him, shall carry it on to the day of complete health.* 4. The glory of the cure belongeth not to the patient, but to the physician. The babe became a man; the bird left its nest when its wings had grown; the bud reached the ripened fruit; and the acorn of the past is the mighty oak of to-day, repeating from countless pulpits in nature's gothic temple the sermon it once preached when, itself wearing the sober mantle of autumn, it was in the wilderness, as the voice of a prophet, proclaiming the coming glory of the forest.

During the discourse of Truthful, even at its close, I observed the governor's servant speeding toward the gate. As he came up the path near the hospital, I saw he had something in his hand. And I moreover beheld a change in his face, from that distant look which marked it as he went forth on his errand. There did dwell upon his countenance a mysterious light, which tried my eyes, and though his beauty delighted me, I was relieved when he passed by.

That light, saith Truthful, is the result of his interview with him who dwelleth in Gilead. And it is a singular fact that while all in the hospital do notice the same, for, indeed, it is so bright as to fill the room for the moment with abundant light, he himself is all unconscious of its existence.*

* "And it came to pass, when Moses came down from the mount Sinai with the two tables of testimony in Moses' hand, when he came down from the mount, that Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked with him.

"And when Aaron and all the children of Israel saw Moses, behold,

He further added that it was a fine sight to look upon the governor's daughter Humility on her return from an interview with the Great Physician, because of the brightness of her face. Yea, her raiment also beareth with it the fragrance of the garden flowers, for, said he, the physician hath a garden lying partly on a plain, and partly in a valley. The plain is named SHARON, and the valley is called LOWLY VALLEY, so named by the Holy One in honor of his favorite visitor Humility. There this noble girl doth go to cull a bouquet for the hospital; it so cheereth the sick to see the fresh, beautiful flowers. All bright and delicate blossoms, and all sweet-smelling spices, are in that garden. There is the favorite rose, bearing the name of a part of the garden, even Sharon; and there also is the snow-white lily, extending its sway over the lower part of the valley. And these two, like king and queen, do justly occupy the floral throne in Gilead.

Then, said I, I do bethink me of a sermon once preached by the Great Physician in Gilead, when his pulpit was a snow-white lily, and his theme was, at once, royal glory and heavenly care.* I ventured to add that I felt wise in having discovered the pattern of Truthful's sermons.

Yea, he replied, with evident pleasure, no teacher is equal to the Holy One in Gilead. And the white pulpit you name is not the only one that he hath

the skin of his face shone; and they were afraid to come nigh him." (Ex. xxxiv. 29, 30).

* "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

"And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." (Matt. vi. 28, 29.)

filled; though that discourse was glorious in its twofold bearing, contrasting the splendors of a king on Mount Zion with the modest beauty of a lily in Lowly Valley, and in making the listening audience of poor men to be wealthy in the thought of the loving care of their heavenly father. This master preacher loved those out-of-door pulpits. High hills, grassy knolls, and the smooth beach were his chosen spots. The roadside, Simon's fishing boat, and Jacob's well, were the scenes of his sermons. Foxes and birds were his preachers, sheep and lambs spoke for him. The fig tree, with its leaves and fruits, and the candle on the candlestick; the plough in the furrow, and the patient ox, wearing the yoke; the yellow wheat and the ripened tares; all these things, at his touch, became pulpits, preachers, sermons. But, said Truthful, I have been led aside.

At which I ventured to say unto him, that while in his direct walk doubtless the great facts should be gathered, still it seemed to me he did pluck much valuable fruit quite away from the beaten path.

I was speaking, continued he, of the appearance of Humility as she returned from her visit to Gilead. Her raiment was filled with the sweet odors of the garden, and her hand did bear roses, lilies, and the flowers, while her hair was adorned with the same. But, above all, the light which you observed upon the face of Prayer, did dwell gloriously on her countenance. She, too, was *unconscious of her transcendent beauty*, but was glorying only in the flowers, and praising the Physician's garden.

Once, said the guide, on her return, all radiant with the light imparted by her visit to, and interview

with, the Holy One in Gilead, I took her by the hand, and led her to the great mirror.

Now this mirror is not only appropriated to the uses of the family toilet, but Dr. Wisdom doth bid his patients to look into it, on their entrance into the hospital, and again, after their cure hath been effected. Thou, also, he added, shalt afterward see *THE MYSTERIOUS MIRROR* used in imparting to the healed the very light which attracted thine attention unto the face of Prayer, and upon which I am now dwelling. This latter is a standing miracle. An illustrious patient once, as he, in company with a multitude of his fellows, stood looking into it, for it is very large, exclaimed, with joyful astonishment, *We all, as in a glass beholding the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.* (2 Cor. iii. 18.)

This, continued Truthful, is the process, so far as the holy mystery can be explained. This glass is so arranged as to reflect the likeness of the Great Physician upon its surface, and (thus) the patient, having taken the medicines prescribed, is led up toward the magic mirror, where he standeth astonished at the vision of beauty and glory before him. Expecting to have seen his own poor, pale, blotched face, he seeth instead *the chiefest of ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.*" (Cant. v. 10.) Now, while he doth stand looking, he feels new life in his veins, and a divine vitality coursing through him. Meantime the image of the Holy One is gradually passing upon his face, until, as he returneth to take his look into the first-named mirror, he is astonished at his likeness to the man of Gilead. This inscription is over the mir-

ror: *We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.* (1 Jno. iii. 2.) Hereafter thou shalt know more of this wonder.

It was to the *family mirror* that I did lead Humility, and thou shouldst have seen her looks, as she descried the glory of her countenance! The blush upon the cheek mocked the red buds in her hair; and, as if anxious to turn attention, she began telling of the appearance of her father's servant Prayer, when they were once returning together down the mountain from Gilead, and stopped to drink from a spring on the hillside. Each, she said, had been wondering at the strange glory of the other, and she, surprised with the beauty of Prayer's face, had not thought that she did also possess the same. And so, Prayer, seeing the light of her face, had no consciousness of an equal glory, until stooping to drink, the curious beams shone on the still, clear spring. But, she added, we were not *vain*, but joyful rather, for the light was all from the face of the Holy One in Gilead.

And what, I asked, is the special reason for the granting of this light?

Truthful replied, it was an ornament, and a seal to the possessor, and that it was also a publication to the people of World Town of the beauty of salvation, that men, in beholding it, might be led to praise its divine source. Hence, said he, the command is, *Let your light shine before men.* (Matt. v. 16.)

Then, I asked, doth Wisdom's servant always go, as we have seen him to-day, in the time of bright sunshine?

Nay, replied Truthful, he loves to run by sunlight, but this is by no means his only time. He waits the

bidding of Wisdom, which is at all hours. I have seen him go in dark and rainy weather, and it seemeth to me he hath most frequent errands at such dreary hours. And I know he runneth the fastest when the rain drops are falling thick around him. Then, again, I have known him to start out in a pitch-dark night, but if he can only have the faint light of a little star he will make good speed, though liable to stumble, as the road is rough a part of the way. But he can never get on if *no star is visible*, for all common lights are useless. A great many curious inventions have been planned, but all to no purpose, only serving to discover the man to enemies lurking along that wild mountain road, and in no wise acting as *a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path.* (Psalm cxix. 105.)

Then I asked further, how this route was first marked out?

Truthful replied, that the Great Physician had himself traced all the way. His tracks are still visible, and he hath distinctly signified the road. But there is no traveling without light, and in such cases Prayer either refuses to go at all, or else, to satisfy the patient, he sometimes goeth down to the hospital gate and spendeth the night with the porter. Indeed, said Truthful, old Prevail never stays at the gates in Gilead on the starless nights mentioned, aware that the only acceptable applicant, Prayer, will not knock there at such times.*

* There is often most effectual prayer offered in the day of darkness and fast-falling tears, or, as Truthful expresses it—rainy weather. Yet, when no single promise sheds its light, no effectual supplication can run the heavenly road, and it is then that prayer doth leave the gates of Gilead.

CHAPTER VII.

PAINTINGS IN PLEASURE WARD.

"The way of the wicked seduceth him."—PROV. xii. 26.

WHEN the governor's servant arrived from Gilead, Truthful said unto me that he did conclude that Wisdom would make a tour of inspection through the various wards of the hospital, and as we were invited to accompany him on the occasion, we had better go in, lest our delay might detain the visit. On entering, we found the company in the act of starting. Just then, however, the king's messenger arrived, bearing a note from the royal physician, addressed to Dr. Wisdom. It ran as follows:

DR. WISDOM, GOVERNOR OF ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL:

SIR:

The king's minister is very much worse, and needs my continual care. For the past three hours he has lain in a stupor bearing the appearance of malignant "despondency," from which it seems quite impossible to arouse him. Prior to this fit he was wandering in his mind, and did continually repeat the words written over the main entrance to the hospital grounds, "Oh, that ye were wise."

I write you to ask if Dr. Laurel is to be found, and also of the whereabouts of Drs. Silvertrust and Mirth. Remembering that the latter did possess a harpsichord, with which he frequently found success in dealing with this disease, I require you to send the same by this servant of the king.

Moreover, I do avail myself of this opportunity of saying that I shall not go with you through the hospital. Make this my explanation to the patients of high order in Honor Ward, but see that in the absence of proper medical advice the medicines and prescriptions left by Dr. Laurel are faithfully taken, as in the past. Observe, also, an equal care in the case of any valuable, wealthy patients in either of the other wards.

At the request of my much esteemed and gentle friend, Simperlove, I name him as a valuable physician in your establishment, he having had much experience among the more refined patients, and being possessed also of a good collection of down-stuffed "Dream Cushions."

The king commands me to say that my time will be so occupied in future as to quite forbid my further visits to your place.

[Signed,]

PRIDE, Royal Physician.

Written at the palace, by his Secretary,

IMPUDENCE.

P. S.—His majesty is just attacked with most dangerous symptoms.

This I understand, said the governor, and the truth, indeed, is only partly veiled in this haughty note. The minister hath not taken the Repentance I

left for him, and he shall never come out of that fit. That murderer Pride! exclaimed Wisdom. This poor man should have been healed, had he but received the Gilead prescriptions. It is evident also that the royal physician is wounded because his master did require him to say that his visits henceforth to the hospital were forbidden. He declines going with me in this visit to the sick! He was not invited. But, added the governor with a smile, if the minister hath rejected the medicine, his majesty hath surely properly taken the same. Nay, I much mistake if his sore sickness shall not result in a complete cure of soul distemper, and that in the day of his health he shall forbid Pride to have a dwelling beneath the royal roof.

Methinks, exclaimed Wisdom, that the request that the Rev. Mr. Simperlove should be chosen to a place in my medical staff must have been meant either as an insult outright, or else as a piece of ill-timed pleasantry. It is from such mincing, flattering, fawning beings that a multitude hath suffered great hurt. Yea more, thousands of manly patients in World Town would long since have sought the true medicines, were it not that such libels upon the profession had brought reproach upon the sacred cause. Ever seeking their own comfort and fame, they have made their way to the habitations of luxury, avoiding in their daily round such streets as Poverty Lane, Beggars' Alley, and other sad and dismal routes through World Town. Still these same Simperloves talk much of suffering, and call their languid loitering in the perfumed abodes of fashion a "*labor of love*," and frequently sing the "Soldiers' Song," beginning

"Am I a soldier of the Cross?"

Then, having ordered a reply to the note of Dr. Pride, he bade his clerks in Medicine Room to prepare the "Cordial," declaring that he hourly expected quite another message from the dwelling of the king.

Surely, said Truthful, there shall yet be a *salutation from Caesar's household*.

So we began the visit, taking Pleasure Ward as the first in our course. There were two apartments in this ward, known as First and Second Divisions. In the first division were kept the milder sort of patients, though on the beds even here were some far gone in soul malady.

On the right of the door, as we entered, we saw a large and costly painting on the wall, representing a dance. Very many figures stood forth on this broad canvas, each seeming instinct with life, and arrayed in costly and voluptuous raiment, disgusting the eye of common modesty. All the faces seemed to be fired with the wild hilarity of the occasion.

Ah, saith Truthful, did this class of people but care so much for the store of their heads as they do for the nimbleness of their feet, there would be much more knowledge and true worth in World Town. There is no sin in this matter of moving the feet to graceful music; it were rather a sin to walk as awkward as some men do. But it is apt so to captivate the mind and the heart as to displace a better ambition. And, moreover, in the gospel race the Gilead man hath an abundant and far better foot exercise. Yet such a dance as *this* is in itself grossly evil, and hath its origin in the vilest and lowest part of World Town.

See, continued my guide, that fellow with burning face and flashing eyes, dancing with the maid, from whose fair brow the bright jewel modesty is about falling. Think of our governor's meek-eyed daughter Humility in the giddy whirl with such a scapegrace! Behold, again, there is a Gilead man in the dance, and his character-crown hath been picked up by those men in the corner, who are laughing in derision as one of their number, with one hand, is holding up the crown, and with the other is pointing to the bare head of the simple man.

I remarked to my guide, that I should think it a difficult task to go through such a dance, and keep such a crown on the brow.

Truthful replied that it was impossible. And furthermore, he added, the World Town people do know this, and so love to invite the Gilead men to such a scene, that they may have their own sport in seeing their crowns tumble. Yea, also, they are even ready to reproach them for the lack of boldness, if they do refuse, which is a scourge with which the weaker sort of Gilead men are driven. While, on the other hand, these same World Town people are the first to publish the loss of a character-crown.

Look again, saith Truthful; as I live, there is a Gilead graduate! But he is a little ashamed, and doth seek concealment, his accustomed show of white having fled from the neck to the hands, from the cravat to the kids. Alas, there are too many now perishing for lack of the "balm," for him to be going the rounds of that ballroom. His quick feet should fly to other music, and on another road!

One would suppose, I remarked, that a man of

the Gilead profession would be withheld from such a place, if not from a sense of propriety, at least in the exercise of a strong prejudice. For I have read of an eminent Gilead doctor who lost his head owing to the dancing of a silly girl; and his name, if I remember, was Baptist.

No sensible king, saith Truthful, would have the executioner to smear his axe in taking off so cheap a head as yonder Gilead graduate doth carry. It would be an empty prize.

Then I did see in the corner of the room a huge serpent lying coiled. His dreadful head was resting on the spotted folds, and his eyes were evidently closed in sleep. So I asked my guide for an explanation of this strange sight.

Truthful replied that the sleeping monster was *that old serpent the devil*.

And why, I asked, is he asleep in the ballroom?

Because, replied the guide, he hath nothing to watch here. His interests, so far from being assailed, are only advanced by the giddy throng on that floor. It is from such scenes that he doth recruit his forces and gain his best converts. The master, confident in the faithfulness of his servants, and the monarch, sure of the allegiance of his subjects, and unthreatened by an enemy, may well slumber in peace. Look closely, and thou mayest see something sparkle in among that circle of serpent folds. That is a diamond, such as is pictured upon the brow of the maid who is dancing. Under him are many such, and behind him are cast many crowns.

And why, I asked, are they put there?

Because, saith the guide, there shall be a great hue

and cry for them when the dance is over. Those who wore them, and many of their friends, shall be in great sorrow at their loss, and so search shall be made, and when found, they may not be reached. Woe be-tide the one who shall attempt to get back the plun-der from such a watchman! There is one little dia-mond in that keeping which is called virtue, and its loss shall blast the fairest forehead in the room, and break an aged Gilead woman's heart.

Then I saw in my dream that, as Truthful looked at another part of the painting, he laughed aloud. See, saith he, there is a Gilead graduate who hath lost his character-crown, and is trying to hide the fact by covering his head with his white neckcloth. Who, in all World Town, can be fooled into the belief that a few yards of white cotton do compose a jeweled char-acter-crown? No wonder that the group at his back are laughing at the feeble trick. *None see through such nonsense quicker than the World Town people.*

Moreover, I saw that some of the gay company were covered with drops of sweat. That, saith the guide, is the toil of pleasure, the hardest of all work, with the poorest of all reward.

In another corner of the room was a tall time-piece, reaching from the floor to the ceiling. And on the broad, bright dial, over which the hands steadily traveled, were stamped these words: *Redeeming the time.* (Eph. v. 16.) I saw also that the pointers did indicate the noon of night, and yet the company did seem to be only in the midst of the wild carousal.

Now, as we noticed the expression given to each face, Truthful remarked, that the artist had evidently tasted the hollow pleasures of such a scene before he

Painted this picture. For after all, quoth he, the successful painter, with word or brush, must in some-wise copy from his own knowledge. This is, doubt-less, one reason why the Holy One of Gilead doth choose all his physicians, known as Gilead graduates, from patients cured in the hospital. They know far better than those bright inhabitants of the sacred land, who never dwelt this side of Bethany Hill, how to sympathize with the sick. Indeed, so important is this, that the Great Physician would not begin his own practice until he had lived some years amid the sorrows and trials of World Town. But some of these very graduates are sadly deficient in two great points: *first*, that daily knowledge which, you recollect, poor old Doctor Pride did so despise; and, *second*, in hav-ing a clear understanding of the great handbook of the profession.

As he thus spake, he led me across the room to the opposite side, to behold a painting called THE CAROUSAL. This also was from the pencil of a noted painter. The table was covered with costly goblets, something like those we saw in Fool's banquet room, and they were filled with red wine. In the centre of the table stood a vast punch-bowl of richly wrought silver, having on it many quaint and curious devices. Now, right beside this towering bowl did stand an Imp, dressed in beautiful raiment, and holding up to his face a mask made of a single leaf from a grape vine. By close looking, one could see, through a small rent in this dainty covering, his evil face grin-ning with delight. This being held in the other hand, a silver ladle, the handle of which looked like unto a piece of a vine, and the cup even as many leaves

folded in form of a bowl, while dependent from it hung what appeared to be costly gems, wrought into the form of clustering grapes.

Look nearer still, said Truthful, and a greater wonder shall reveal itself.

So I did see, at the base of the great bowl, and half hid by the form of the Imp, an adder lying. But unlike the monster in the ballroom, this creature was wide awake, with its red forked tongue extended, and its fiery eye flashing. Moreover, I saw the same deadly worm near each cup upon the table.

The company was mostly made up of young and middle-aged men, though here and there sat an old man, whose red face, crowned with snowy hair, did look like a coal of fire half covered with white ashes. How faithfully the artist had set forth the scene! The flashing eye and the flushed cheek marked some, while others who had drank still deeper, were sinking into drunken dreams. I did see, moreover, that before those who had gone to sleep, over the top of the empty goblet, a serpent's head was set, and that with one dreamer the adder had coiled himself up even in the man's bosom.

This, saith Truthful, is a dreadful picture, and doth show the curse of the cup. Dost thou observe how the skillful painter hath dimly shadowed spectral figures, back of this circle at the table?

Then, for the first time, did I see the twofold mystery of this painting. Beside the young man with the sparkling eye and the burning cheek, I could discover the faint outline of an old woman, with hands clasped, and face upturned, seeming to declare the anguish of supplication. Moreover, I could

readily trace the likeness of the young man in the wrinkled face of the kneeling woman. Back of this figure, and in strange contrast with it, I did behold the beautiful form of a young woman, apparently asleep, though her fair face did show the presence of some great, blasting sorrow. In her hand she held a marriage vow. And, back of all this, there was also another still fainter vision, in which I saw the gibbet, poison, rags, and all infamy, and the ever-present serpents also. To complete the nameless horror of this painting, in one corner was a grave all overgrown with brambles. On the ground, and half concealed by the rank grass, lay a stone, and all the inscription which I could read was, *Sacred to the memory of a mother whose prayers . . .* the rest of the testimony was a secret with the grave.

This also is a wonderful painting, said I.

Yea, replied the guide, they are both from the hand of one Experience, if I mistake not, who is noted for his life pictures. Indeed, this work, and likewise the other, have had from time to time the severest criticism of visitors and occupants of Pleasure Ward, and all the best judges do declare them by no means overdrawn.

The third painting was very old, having been drawn from life, and setting forth the great and royal banquet in Babylon. But we had no time to dwell thereon.

The fourth, on the same side, was the setting forth of that feast once held in Fool's mansion. It was entitled *THE GOSPEL FOOL ENTERTAINING HIS SOUL*.

This picture, said Truthful, will call to thy mind the sad fate of the late Lord Mayor of World Town.

The conceit of the artist is a singular one. We will spend a moment here.

At the end of the table sat the man called Fool; and I did perceive that he was richly clad, and that his air was that of *a man wise in his own conceit*. (Prov. xxviii. 11.)

That angel form at his side, quoth Truthful, is his own soul, to which he is addressing himself, and, as you do perceive, he hath unfolded beneath the eyes of the wondering angel a map, whereon are traced rich broad acres, dotted here and there with well-stored barns. As thou dost perceive, he hath just offered to his guest wine and meat, and the poor abused angel doth neither eat nor drink.

But hath the look of one both mocked and astonished, I remarked.

Then I saw, just back of these two, a door standing ajar, through which I beheld the familiar face of the undertaker, whose name was Death, and behind him a mighty being, with wings upon his shoulders, and having in his hand a great chain.

That last, said Truthful, doth represent one of *the judgment police*; and he hath, beneath his wing, his commission to take that outraged soul, and binding it with the fetter in his hand, to carry it beyond the boundary of all hope. Death, thou dost perceive, is on his errand also, with the paper in his hand, which I read when we visited the banquet room.

Then we reached the fifth painting on the walls of Pleasure Ward. This was called "A SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF SIN." It may not be described. But here too were the wine, the adders, and the laughing Imp wearing the half-perfected mask. There were set

forth also beautiful young women, and strong young men; and we knew this was the path leading to Hell Ward, and strewn with flowers. (Prov. vii. 27.) But all in this painting were not young. Some gray-haired men were there; and, vilest sight of all, some professors of the Gilead faith, and some heads of families! At the suggestion of Truthful, I did turn this picture to the wall.

Doubtless, saith he, it was meant as a means of reformation; but such an exhibition of sin tendeth rather to deepen than to remove guilt.

The sixth was a small painting, representing a company of DOCTOR PAPIST'S STUDENTS AT A PRIVATE FEAST. They had gotten the sacred wine, and were drinking the same from the consecrated vessels. And I beheld that the Imp was there with his mask off. Moreover, I saw that this denizen of Hell Ward was in the act of stealing a golden crucifix from off the neck of a drunken student.

Other pictures did hang on the walls of apartment Number One of Pleasure Ward, but we turned from the same to join the company in the other part of the room.

What a speaking thing is a faithful painting! exclaimed the guide. Great is the power of the artist, quite beyond the trick of words.

Then, said I, Doctor Wisdom will undoubtedly remove those paintings from this apartment.

Nay, not *all* of them, replied Truthful, though possibly he may the two last. But as to the others, it is more likely he will set opposite them some pictures of a different character, though possessing an equal excellence as works of art. Indeed the gov-

ernor has already intimated his intention of putting over against that picture of *THE DANCE*, in which Satan lies sleeping, a celebrated painting of a *PRAYER MEETING*, in which the old serpent is also present, but quite wide awake. It is ever the habit of Wisdom to turn evil to a good account. He hath a curious crucible, with the divine mark stamped upon it. Into this he casteth darkness, and bringeth forth light. He putteth in a sigh and draweth out a song; and so *doth bring good out of evil*. This mysterious vessel is named *SOVEREIGNTY*. (Psalm cxii. 4.)

So we hastened to join the company, and make the round of *Pleasure Ward*. But the pictures I had looked upon had passed from the wall to my mind, where they still do dwell.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRUTHFUL AND MYSELF ACCOMPANY THE GOVERNOR IN
HIS WALK THROUGH THE WARDS.

"Hear this, thou that art given to pleasure."—ISA. xlvii. 8.

ALAS, what a scene of mingled gayety and wretchedness did present itself in this ward! What looks of languor and sorrow did I witness among the miserable patients!

Here we saw a young woman who had drank long and deep at the false fountain of *Earthly Joy*; and, though so young, had run the entire round of pleasure in *World Town*. Her appetite was gone, and still a burning thirst joined with an intolerable loathing remained. She told us that *Doctor Mirth* had only sickened her, by bringing to her bedside the costly viands and the red wine with which she did once regale herself. I hated the food, and devoured it, she exclaimed; I was disgusted with the golden goblet, but taking it with both my burning hands, I passed the contents down my throat, ere I could pull it from my lips. Moreover, she declared that she was haunted; that there was a being whose name was *Memory*, who busied himself in continually bringing in those

with whom she had associated, and many of whom she had ruined. Nay, said she, his chief pleasure is in holding out to me, and ever just beyond my grasp, a diamond, which once dropped from my forehead.

The same, whispered Truthful to me, which thou didst see sparkle among the folds of the serpent, and which I told thee was called "Virtue."

I would give, she cried, wringing her hands in anguish, I would give all I have! I would give my heart's blood for that jewel. But my tormentor will not hold it so near that I can snatch the priceless gem.

This woman, quoth Truthful, mistaketh that good servant Memory for a fiend. I know him well, and Wisdom himself is not a more honest and well-meaning man than is this same Memory. He is the person who keepeth the records, and is in the employ of the Holy One in Gilead. Moreover, his chief book is that from which evidence shall be taken in *the great and notable day*, in which the Man of Gilead shall sit in solemn judgment to try the citizens of World Town. Yet, added my guide, there is a mystery about the man. To that poor being before us he doth appear as a mocking, accusing spirit; while to the pure and good, he cometh in a mantle of light, and giveth joy and gladness. So faithful is this man, that Dr. Wisdom did name one of the chief ingredients in the celebrated Repentance after him.

Did not Dives, now in Hell Ward, look upon him much as this woman doth? I asked.

Yea, saith Truthful, he was, and is, as a fiend to him. Still he doth minister the oil of consolation to the just, and it is he who doth ever serve at the Com-

memoration Banquet; which, with all its health, would be but an empty feast without his presence. *This do ye as oft as ye drink of it, in remembrance of me.* (1 Cor. xi. 25.)

Then, I observed; men do give him his clothing woven in the every-day loom of life; and it is in that raiment he appeareth unto each; and his dress is black or brilliant, according to the threads and figures wrought therein.

Now Dr. Wisdom did ask this woman how long this disease, even soul sorrow, had been upon her. She replied that it had been of many years' standing, though she had long concealed it from the knowledge of relative and friend. But at last, said she, my state became such that I could eat no wholesome food, and I had to confess my abhorrence of the feastings and the folly, so enchanting to thousands of the citizens of World Town. And in that plight I was brought here.

And what, asked the governor, has been Dr. Mirth's treatment in thy case?

To this she replied, that he had ordered the singing of songs, accompanied with the music of a certain old harpsichord, perpetually in this ward. But, she exclaimed, I have long since given up, and am daily expecting to be carried into the dreadful second apartment. At this saying, a shudder ran over her whole frame.

Then Dr. Wisdom asked her if she had ever heard of the Great Physician of Gilead.

Now as he put this question, I saw her looking with dread toward the door, as though she was expecting the entrance of an evil being, when instantly

there stood before her the man Memory of whom Truthful spoke. At his approach she buried her face in the bedclothes and wept bitterly. Finally she declared, with broken sobs, that she had once seen the Physician at her father's house, on the day when her mother went over to Gilead. And that, as that dear parent did accompany the Holy One, she beckoned to her to follow.

And, asked the governor, very tenderly, wouldst thou find cure at the same hand, and in due time join that one whom thou lovest, in the same land of eternal health?

I saw that he had nothing unkind to say to this poor being, only he did plainly tell her the nature and extent of her disease, and also did declare unto her the only mode of cure. Yea, looking upon her with the tenderness of a father, it seemed as though, knowing the future terrors of the fate awaiting her, he would persuade her to be cured of her sore malady. (2 Cor. v. 11.)

Ah, she exclaimed, it is too late! too late! I want to be cured, but I have neglected my disease so long, despising the counsel of my mother, and neglecting the warning of a father now in Gilead. Nay, have I not made the Great Physician my byword, and his balm the subject of my derision? Prayer would go on a fruitless errand, carrying my poor petition to the golden gates of Gilead. Though, methinks, there would be a kind of satisfaction to me in knowing that a miserable daughter's request had gone over the road once trod by the pilgrim feet of her glorified parents, even though she herself should never pass that way.

Then I saw that Dr. Wisdom did call his servant

to his side. And, first giving to the woman a paper which she did sign with a trembling hand, did hand the same to the messenger, after he had put thereon the sign of the cross, and instantly swift Prayer was gone on his way to the holy hill.

Then whispered the guide, as a smile of holy joy shone upon his face, This woman shall one day join the bright company in the realm of health, *wherein the inhabitants no more say I am sick.*

Meanwhile the woman cried aloud upon her bed, and bemoaned her dreadful fate, and cursed the day in which she was born.

The Great Physician, saith Wisdom unto her, is not like thyself. *He is slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.* (Psalm lxxxvi. 5.) *Yea, as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than thy ways, and his thoughts than thy thoughts.* (Isa. lv. 9.)

And with many such precious words did the good governor encourage the poor girl.

Then, saith Truthful, her anguish is sad to behold, and yet it differeth in many respects from the effects of that searching medicine called *Repentance.*

It was a stormy night when Prayer went forth on his journey; but through the broken, driving clouds the Gilead star called Bethlehem did now and then appear. Will the governor's servant reach the gate on such a night? I asked of the guide.

Yea, saith he, such stormy weather is nothing like as bad as a heavy fog.

The next patient was a young man. He, too, had long known that he was possessed of soul distemper. But he had exercised himself with a kind of cold com-

fort in the thought, that some professedly cured were, to all outward appearances, as bad as himself. In this thing he had been very industrious, seeking out with pleasure such cases as he could find, and thus striving to forget his own desire in the ailings of his neighbors. But this delusion only served him for a time, as a kind of madness. For soon the conviction came upon him, as an armed man, that the trouble of another could in no wise work his cure. Moreover, he saw also that every day's delay only increased his malady. When he was brought to the hospital, Dr. Mirth did pay particular attention unto him, for this patient bore a great name in World Town, and was directed to Pleasure Ward by the royal physician. Seeing also that the man, by education, did have a prejudice for the Gilead practice, Mirth took a copy of the great handbook, and by it did minister unto him this direction: *Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee, in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes.* (Eccl. xi. 9.) But the bitter part of the prescription the wary doctor left out.

Wilt thou be whole? asked the governor.

Yea, I would! exclaimed the young man. And did I only feel as that young woman doth, I should hope for cure. Could I only sorrow and groan as she doth, then I might have ready healing.

Then, saith Wisdom, thy mistake is a common and sometimes a fatal one. Her *screams*, and thy *whispers*, are equally potent, if they shall result in the errand of my servant to Gilead. It must be the *medicine*, and not the anguish which shall work the cure.

So he did see his strange stumbling block, and readily gave his hand to the paper, on which also the governor did make the sacred sign.

Then I saw in my dream that we passed from bed to bed of Pleasure Ward. And I did observe that each case was different, and yet that all did agree in certain general symptoms. Many asked for aid, and for many Prayer ran his upward race to Gilead. But many more, wanting cure, still insisted upon dictating the terms, the mode, and the time of their healing, which Wisdom would not allow. Many knew their sickness, and knew, too, the character and ability of the Great Physician, but still the treatment was so hard that they had rather not submit to it, and so died. One foolish woman would have taken the "balm," but the cup in which it was offered had just been to the lips of her servant; and thus refusing, she declared that Dr. Pride always used two kinds of cups, and so she died, even as the fool dieth. But her maid gained a home in that land where the distinctions of World Town are unknown.

Just then the king's courier arrived, calling for Dr. Wisdom to visit the palace, the messenger declaring that his majesty seemed as one dead, so far gone was he in disease. His servants only feared he could not last until the arrival of Dr. Wisdom. The governor, leaving directions among the nurses and physicians as to the treatment of the different patients during his absence, departed in the royal chariot for the bedside of the monarch. But Truthful and myself did continue our tour through the hospital.

It was in the second apartment, that we found the ripened fruits of all false pleasure. Here we saw

that sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death. (Jas. i. 15.) No pictures were on these walls. The reality before us, and everywhere around us, did quite surpass all the efforts of brush and pencil. The room resounded with the groans and sighs of the miserable beings.

Lying in rags, in the corner, and covered with sores, was a mass of miserable human flesh, yet vital with life. In that fallen tenement the soul was awaiting the message of death.

That, saith Truthful, was once a noble man; and on life's stage he hath played the fair drama of three acts—son, husband, and father. She who bore him hath withdrawn to the grave with a broken heart; the one who married him hath years since fled from her ruined home, to the shelter of the parental roof, to die.

And the children, I asked, in what haunt of wretchedness and misery are they?

In none, saith my guide, but are to-day a part of Wisdom's household at the old homestead.

And how came they there? I asked.

It happened, saith the guide, that they were found, one day, in a poor hovel at the far end of a miserable lane. They were clothed in tatters, and their young tongues had learned the language of Belial. The man who found them was himself once a patient in this very hospital; and with a company of men and women of like spirit, had opened in that neighborhood one of those buildings into which such children are received, and from which a door, easy of access, entereth directly into one of Dr. Wisdom's houses, in the which a Gilead graduate is always in at-

tendance. In this building the children are cleansed, and fed, and clothed. Here also nurses, wisely chosen, do delight to give them *the tender food for children*, and also pieces of the nourishing gospel bread. And, moreover, Wisdom's daughters do frequently come in, and play on the sweet stringed viols, and teach them to sing pure words to sacred music.

And how, I asked, are these good people paid for this great service?

In the consciousness that on the altar of love they do consume a sacrifice for God, saith Truthful. They are most happy when they do gather the greatest number of these poor beings around them, and do behold them purified in body, and in raiment; clean in head, and heart. Moreover, he added, these sacred songs are wonderfully cleansing to the mouth. It is the delight of Dr. Wisdom to establish one of those rooms in each of the true hospitals of the land. His medicines, mighty withal, do work beautifully in such young patients, and once cured, they are more valuable than any others, from the fact that they have a longer time to act in World Town. Indeed, many of our most noted physicians have passed through that way to their posts of labor and of honor. So the offspring of this miserable parent have been led in the way called Pleasantness, to a home of purity and peace.

On the opposite side of the room there was a man lying upon a bed, to which he was bound by strong cords. He was raving, and grinning with horrible contortions of countenance; and his mouth was belching forth dreadful blasphemies. He cursed the Holy One of Gilead, and cursed his kindred, and himself.

He thought that his bedclothes were a sheet of flames, and his pillow a glowing coal of fire, and swore that the potion given him was molten lead.

Away, away, my glorified mother! he exclaimed. Thou dost torment me with thy pure robe and innocent look more than this legion of mocking devils. Give me a home in Hell Ward, he cried; it is better than the holy hill to me. No torture to my guilty, blackened soul, is like the sight of these peaceful angels. And, above all, a view of him who sitteth upon the throne in Gilead! Away! mother, away! he repeated, as again he thought the form of that saintly one stood at his side. Go, thou blessed one! And ye, imps of Hell Ward, do ye but look at her, and I will wage a war with you; yea, even among the damned.

This, said Truthful, is another ripened and rotten apple of Sodom, plucked from the tree of ungodly pleasure. He, too, came from the haunts of sin. But he was not born there. His birth was in Quality Avenue. He was cradled in wealth, and nursed in luxury; and his mother had tried to lead her idolized boy in the path called Peace, which also leadeth to Wisdom's gate.

And can such a being, I asked, take the celebrated medicine called REPENTANCE, and thereby recover?

Truthful made answer, that no such thing was on record, but he did not dare say that the thing was impossible, for *all things are possible with the Holy One in Gilead*. But, saith he, thou seest his system is burned out. It is not the province of the Gilead medicines to *create*, but only to act upon what they find. Though their results seem, indeed, miraculous.

And, I exclaimed, there is, of course, no cure without the sacred treatment?

Nay, saith the guide, for *no drunkard hath eternal life abiding in him*.

The glutton was there, and the wanton, the man of fourscore, and the youth in his teens; the victim of the gaming table, the saloon, and the house of death.

And what, I asked, could Dr. Mirth do with his wine bottle, and his old harpsichord, in such a room as this?—A laugh which rung in my ears, and sent the creeping chills over my body, interrupted my talk, and instantly fixed our eyes upon the bed where lay the raving man.

Bound for the fiery mysteries! Opening revelations to my pilgrim spirit! welcome!

Then he laughed again—a laugh which was like lightning, illuminating, for a second, some complete ruin. The yell died down to a gurgle, the jaw dropped, and the glazed eyes were staring in death.

I thought, said I to Truthful, that Dr. Wisdom was severe upon Dr. Mirth, in the interview; but oh, the half was not told. What a charnel house is this!

Then thought I of the inscription over the gateway, and whispered to myself, *Oh, that ye were wise, that ye understood this thing, that ye would remember your latter end*.

Well, saith Truthful, if Mirth had changed his apartments around, and let this have been the *entrance room* to Pleasure Ward, he would have had but a limited practice.

Then I saw that persons, unseen before, took the body, and washed it carefully, and gave to it a fine

linen dress, and housed it in a costly coffin, marked with a large silver plate, on which a flattering inscription was deeply engraved. I heard, moreover, that in the just estimate of the many goodly traits of the departed, the orator, at the funeral, made no mention of the death the man died, and spake not of the adder that stung his soul with the pangs of Hell Ward.

Will Dr. Wisdom do anything in this department? I asked.

I doubt not he will, saith Truthful. Some of the noblest patients, whose names are among the cured, and who do adorn the list of All Souls' Hospital, have been drawn forth from this very room. David, the son of Jesse, was of this class, for though Dr. Laurel usually claimed the royal patient as his own, still his disease adjudged him otherwise, and he was ministered unto by Nathan at the palace, even as Wisdom is now with the king. Mary Magdalene was doctored here, and the effect of the medicine called *Repentance* was the outcasting of seven devils. Publicans and sinners, now pure angels in the realm of health, have been cured here; but never by Dr. Mirth. It was by sending for Wisdom's students at their own request, and by taking the sacred medicines at the hand of Prayer that they found relief.

So we went forth from this ward, and entered Wealth Ward. Here we saw the track of Silvertrust and his old nurse Covetousness. All things were in style here, for the patients were wealthy. We did behold the splendid couch on which Dives died; and the more gorgeous beds of many monarchs who had breathed their last here. This ward was very full; and though no such scenes as smote our eyes in Pleas-

ure Ward were manifested in this room, still there was much to pain the eye, and touch the heart. Dr. Agur (Prov. xxx.), the physician who was put in the place of Silvertrust by the governor, told us that he had many cases of great interest. He took us to a bed whereon lay a young person who had bartered peace for gold, and he said that he had hopes of his taking the celebrated medicine. We also saw there a man who had sold his everlasting rest for a few acres of land. He was dying in great anguish, and had appointed that his grave be dug in a corner of that lot of land whose awful cost had made him an eternal bankrupt. There, too, was a merchant whose soul loathed the golden bauble for which he had wasted so many years. He came, said Dr. Agur to me, saying, *Give me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me.* (Prov. xxx. 8.) He hath houses and lands, stocks and gold, but he declareth himself a spiritual bankrupt, and saith he would give a thousandfold beyond his present wealth to liquidate the claim which one Law hath on him, and which Sheriff CONSCIENCE is at this time pressing. The governor is to see him immediately on his return.

Then we were taken to a bed whereon lay a man afflicted with a disease called "*miser*." His portrait hung on the wall, but you would not have known him from it, so shrivelled, pinched, and wrinkled had he become. He had been an athletic man before this disease came upon him. It was the abuse of a good food called "*Frugality*" which brought on this distemper, and his case seemed well nigh hopeless.

He will have no other pillow, said Agur, than that beneath him, which is a bag of gold, and it is sad to

see that old gray head on such a bolster. He is subject to spasms, in which his jaws lock, and his hands clutch so that the nails penetrate into the flesh, and the blood doth trickle through the fingers. Our only way, said he, is to put a piece of gold between his teeth, and also to fill his hands with doubloons. We have tried him with Repentance, but his spasms forbade his taking the same. He has turns of delirium, and in those fits he is continually counting up the interest of his wealth, and raves of a city paved with gold.

Then I asked Dr. Agur if this disease was not most common with aged people. And he replied that it was; although, said he, I have known of fatal cases in early life. These patients are called "heathen," said he, for the disease by which they are afflicted is classified as *Idolatry* in the Gilead hand-book.

Then I thought of the picture in the shop window. Yonder, said the doctor, is a man who will allow no nursing, and will take no medicine or advice whatever, but is continually calling for Dr. Pride. He saith he had rather die at *his* hands, than to recover by the practice of a man of less character. The infatuation of some patients in this ward is astonishing, said Agur, and it maketh sore work with some of these high-fed sons of affluence to put them on the pure diet recommended in the Gilead book. (Prov. xxx.)

Then did I ask this plain-clad, intelligent physician whether many of this class of patients in his ward had been cured.

He replied in the affirmative, and spake of many both in ancient and modern times who were healed of

the love of riches, for that was the sickness which particularly marked the cases of most of those brought here. He added, that some of the same had become ornaments of the profession. There was, saith he, one Joseph of Arimathea, the wealthy man, yet most illustrious of all beggars known to history. For when Death had fired those five deadly arrows at the Holy One of Gilead, this man *begged the body of Jesus*, and extended to the Great Physician the courtesy of his own new sepulchre. (Matt. xxvii. 58.) Then there was a little man, with a great heart, who gave the half of his goods to the poor (Luke xix. 8); and a host of noble men since his day, whose costly robes have proved to be royal mantles on the shoulders of true kings; they were kings sitting upon thrones of charity, and swaying with mighty arms the beautiful sceptre of holy benevolence. But, he added, we have every extreme.

Yonder, under that canopy of damask, and upon that ivory bedstead, is a wretch who never knew the luxury of one good deed. Poverty hath lifted its lean hands before his dwelling, and left its bitter curse on the doorpost. His howlings at times are sad to hear, for he hath fits of frenzy, in which he seeth widows and orphans whom he hath rejected and robbed; and laboring men whose pay he hath withheld. He dreadeth the coming of the Great Physician, knowing that He was always known as the poor man's friend. Yea he hath, at times, dreadful spasms of a disease called "remorse," and I think he will go off in one of these turns. Yesterday the aid of the hospital watch had to be summoned in the adjoining room, to quell a quarrel on his account. It seems that his children

have made it a practice to call daily, to ask after his health. In their last visit they came to blows as to the division of his gold; and would have carried the same away, only the law doth forbid this until the decease of the patient. I learn, he added, that he is to be honored with a costly funeral, and that many mourners are already engaged.

Here, also, we learned of the death of Graspall, named by Humility as the man whose property had so exalted the family once living in Poverty Lane.

Having passed the round of this room, we made our way to Honor Ward.

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO HONOR WARD.

"Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor."—ECCLES. x. 1.

Now as we entered Honor Ward, we met Dr. Lowly, the new superintendent, who kindly conducted us through the same.

This part of All Souls' Hospital was furnished with great display, considering that it was only a sick room at best. The walls were hung with costly paintings, some of which did declare great skill in the artist. There was THE CORONATION OF SOLOMON. The figures were all life-size, and the most prominent characters were said to be faithful likenesses of the originals. It was among these faces that we did see the perfect portrait of good Dr. Wisdom. He occupied the place of honor at the right of Israel's great and wise king. But of all the figures in this masterly group, it was not the central one, *head and shoulders above every other*, which did most claim our admiration. It was rather the representation of an aged man standing at the side of the noble monarch. His

form was bowed with the weight of years, and his long locks upon his shoulders were white with the snows of many winters. No crown was upon his wrinkled brow, and he was arrayed in no robe of royalty; still he looked the king, and did hold the staff in his aged hand, as if it had been the sceptre of majesty.

That, saith the guide, is none else than David, the warrior, poet, and mighty ruler of Israel.

I added, it requireth no teacher to find the glorious son of Jesse in this proud company, nor doth he stand in need of the golden band of royalty to give unto him the dignity of a sovereign:

Another painting was entitled *THE ROYAL VISIT OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA*. Then there was a work of modern date, showing a man of warlike mien and marble features, who was in the act of setting the imperial crown upon his broad brow with his own hands, amid the adoration of princes and lords, while a noble woman was kneeling proudly at his feet. In this room also were pictured great conflicts, and the likenesses of mighty men with the light of battle on their faces.

Truthful remarked to me, that he thought the former superintendent, Dr. Laurel, was unwise in allowing these shadows of earthly glory upon the walls, in full view of the patients, for such sights only aggravated their disease. He added, also, that Dr. Lowly had ordered a new set of paintings, also drawn from history, that thus bane and antidote might be brought side by side. The guide said that the plan was to hang right opposite the representation of the coronation of Israel's king, the picture of a routed army in the distance, and a defeated and desperate monarch in

the foreground, in the act of falling upon his own sword. Over against the painting showing the self-crowning was to be placed a picture of a man dying on a lonely island, far from the theatre of his imperial glory. The guide did declare that the governor had thus ordered, and that the old undertaker was delighted with the arrangement, from the fact that his own likeness would hold a prominent place in most of the new paintings.

Now, while we were going through the ward, we heard the distant sound of the king's trumpeter, and we knew that Dr. Wisdom was returning from the palace with a royal escort. So, saith Truthful, we will make a rapid visit among the patients, and hasten to hear the report brought by the governor from the king.

It was sad to see everywhere here, the effect of human ambition and worldly praise. In one part of the room was a poor being writhing in anguish at the sight of his own crown, which was ever before him. He vainly prayed the nurse to hide it from his eyes, for it was all covered with innocent blood, which, like the spots on the thirty pieces of silver, no water and washing might remove. On another bed there was a queen dying, and shrieking out the unavailing petition that she might have one single moment of time given her. She did offer her entire kingdom to any one who would make the approaching shadow to go back one degree on the dial; but it moved steadily and noiselessly onward, and, even while she cried, the eclipse was complete.

Then Dr. Lowly showed us a couch, whereon magnificence and wretchedness were mingled, so that

the sight was disgusting to behold. It was the bed on which one Herod was laid immediately after his oration. We saw also in this room patients who, in their strife for the poor bauble of praise, had lost integrity, joy, peace, purity, and eternal life. Dr. Lowly said that such cases were not uncommon in his ward, and that the Great Physician himself had said that *not many of the mighty were healed*.

And what, I asked of Truthful, was Dr. Laurel's practice in this ward?

My guide replied that he had no settled course of treatment, and that his best system was no better than poor Mirth's old harpsichord, nor, indeed, so good. The celebrated *Repentance* is the only medicine which could really help, and you remember Laurel said he never used it. Yet I told him it had been applied even here. These men, however, are frequently sick to loathing. A small dose of praise will instantly cause it. A few drops of the oil of flattery will do it. But the chief trouble doth still remain.

I remarked that I thought blood-letting would do good.

Yea, saith he, for all except the warrior patients; they have become used to that. Bleeding, he said, had often been used in the case of kings; but it usually wrought the strange, and yet profitable end of helping the kingdom, and quickly dispatching the monarch.

Then saith he, Dr. Laurel had an apartment devoted to a low and miserable order of patients, brought here with what was called by the faculty the *POLITICIANS' FEVER*. This disease first manifests itself in a rash, producing a violent itching, and those

little red pimples soon wax to be great sores, running with corruption. He added that he seldom admitted visitors to that department, for the reason that the disease was contagious. Noble politicians, said he, may be entirely free from this fever. It is brought on by exposure to a bad atmosphere, found often in *caucus rooms* and *legislative halls*, where the ground is low, and where there is much stagnation. It is a singular fact that two opposites tend, in an equal degree, to produce the *POLITICIANS' FEVER*, to wit, an overloaded stomach, and long starving, though, I think, the latter results in the most violent cases.

Ah, he continued, addressing Truthful, with a smile, I think you could not endure to stand by when searching *Repentance* is given to one of these over-fed political patients. It would seem as though, while the fever was raging, before coming into the hospital, the man had eaten every foul thing he could lay his hands on, even the meanest garbage in the gutters.

He repeated, however, with great emphasis, that some of the noblest of the land were known by the name attached to this plague, but their diet was such as to keep them free from this loathsome and raging form of disease. But, said he, I have seen some, for whose habits we had the highest respect, when brought here in the first attack, bearing strange testimony to the vileness of their former life. Their friends and kindred were astonished at what had been their secret diet.

Ah, saith Truthful, the *Repentance* is a great revealer, and its evidence is beyond controversy.

Perhaps one of the most pitiable beings we saw in

this ward, was a man who was professedly one of the students of the Great Physician, yea, a Gilead Graduate. He had been a noted lecturer (or preacher) on the true practice, and flourished greatly in the lecture-room (or pulpit) of many hospitals for a long season. He was a lying quack doctor, and his disease took the form of "Hypocrisy." In his false practice, he had been the death of many poor souls; and in his fits of raving he thought he saw them standing, an awful company, around his bed.

And will the great remedy be tried with him? I aske

No, replied Lowly, the Great Physician hath given him over.

You will notice, saith the guide, that his eyes are already set in the darkness of death. Then I held up before him the figure of the cross, and I saw that "*judicial blindness*" had fallen upon him, and that his life was over, for he saw not the sacred sign.

One of the nurses, standing by, said he had feared that the doctor would administer to this Gilead graduate a potion of the Repentance; for I knew, said he, that the result would be almost beyond the endurance of those attending his bed. Once we had one of this class, unto whom we did give the great medicine, and the consequence was, that the entire hospital was offended thereby; yea, and persons who were outside the farthest wall, and not connected with the establishment, knew also, and did publish the condition of the miserable man.

Then Lowly did correct the statement of the nurse. The case referred to, said he, came not under our treatment, and thou art ignorant of the true work

of Repentance. True, he was brought to this room, and I commanded the medicine to be given him, but he stoutly refused to take the same, declaring that his diet had been in all things right. He was then taken to the adjoining room called Court, and there submitted to the severe though faithful practice of a certain doctor named Witness. The patient, added Lowly, really belonged to Pleasure Ward.

Did he get well? I asked.

Nay, said the doctor, not well. Generally such treatment doth kill one of the false graduates as quickly as a bullet through the brain; but in the case mentioned the man survived, and though quite feeble, is still about, and hath, I think, gone at his old business again.

Desiring to know a little more of the peculiar practice in this Court room, I made bold to ask a few questions of the superintendent of Honor Ward.

Is it common, I began, for patients to be put under treatment in the room you mention?

Yea, he replied, it doth often happen, and frequently with good results to the general health of World Town.

And is it often injurious to true health to be doctored there? I asked.

It is, indeed, replied Lowly. Sometimes the fault is with one, and sometimes with another of the faculty in that establishment. The superintendent, one Judge, is not always to be trusted in his directions to his assistants, or in his dealings with the patient. Though the books in use are, in general, excellent works, and many rules and prescriptions are copied direct from the handbook of All Souls' Hospital,

But a good sword doth not make a good soldier; and even a good medicine may prove a great hurt, in the hand of a poor doctor. This Judge hath often gone aside from the book before him, dealing outrageously with the man in his hands. Then, too, there is in this department a certain Lawyer, and much of his practice is of a questionable character. There are a number of brothers of this name, and among them are some of the noblest of men, not surpassed, indeed, by any physician in the Gilead service. Then, again, there is a doubtful old character by the name of Jury, and there are a dozen chances that he shall make some sad blunder, to the great injury of the patient.

Finally, said Lowly, in speaking of the men of Court room, the man before mentioned, whose name is Witness, is one who hath a strange history, and who hath wrought at once much good and much evil in World Town. Back to the day when the Holy One Himself was in the city, this fellow made his appearance, and had the effrontery to attempt the injury of that Just One. From that day to this he hath hung around Court room, sometimes doing the best of service, and at other times working injury, such as a life of righteousness might not repair. Some of the best of these same Gilead graduates have been vilified by this man. He hath been known to rob just men of their bright crowns, and send them forth disgraced forever. Now, you must know that this fellow hath great influence with old Jury, and can usually sway him at his will. He is both feared and courted in World Town.

And is there no redress for all this? I asked.

Not always in World Town, he replied; but ever

an unfailing blessing beyond the valley where the lilies grow, even in the land of Gilead. Such men are sure to have the especial regard of the Holy One; and by the robbery to which they are subjected in World Town, they do attain to immense treasures the other side of the river.

Some years since, he continued, one of the best of all Gilead graduates, of whom *World Town was not worthy*, was taken to Court room, and did receive great abuse at all hands. Judge railed upon him; Lawyer talked long and bitterly against him; Witness besieged him with lies; and the old fellow named Jury committed him to torture. He was driven through the streets of World Town, followed by a hooting, cursing crowd. Yea, they did chase him to the valley of the Shadow, and there it was so dark that they could not follow him further. From this valley, however, he came forth on the hill of Bethany, and from thence, joined by a great company of shining ones, he passed through the golden gates, and was received on the eternal hills by a countless multitude of glorified beings, who, like himself, had been sorely abused in World Town. The celestial host who did escort this man onward to the land of Gilead, is known as "*the holy army of martyrs*," and they each hold high station in the presence of the Great Physician.

In conclusion, I asked this good man if Court room had not greatly improved in latter years?

With great emphasis, he replied that it had. Now, saith he, as I before intimated, it doeth good service in the land, and is looked upon with favor by Wisdom himself. Gilead graduates, who are of good

habits, stand not now in any great danger of malpractice at the hands of this establishment. But the false ones, such as have been named to thee doubtless by the governor, or his family, may well tremble in Court room.

And how would it go with the Rev. Mr. Simperlove? I asked.

At this he smiled, saying, that such weak graduates were safe from Court room, being too small to claim the attention of any one of the faculty there.

So ended our interview with Dr. Lowly, and we went forth from this ward into the drawing room, to meet the governor, on his return from the palace.

As we passed along, Truthful spake in the highest terms of the superintendent of Honor Ward. You may talk with this Lowly for hours, said he, and not a word doth he utter touching his own work in the hospital.

And is he a man of great worth? I asked.

Of a truth he is, replied the guide. He hath long been in the employ of Dr. Wisdom, and is held in high esteem. A vast number of cures have taken place under his supervision; but he never mentioneth the same unless the matter is called up, and then, evidently embarrassed by the reference, he doth turn the subject by calling attention to the many merits of his fellow physicians.

This, said I, is quite unlike the course of some Gilead graduates whom I have met. The most of the time of our interview I was made to hear of the cures they had already wrought, and the greater cures which they did expect to accomplish.

And what did they say of their brethren? asked the guide.

Not a word, I replied, until I named two or three of the most worthy. At that they expressed their pleasure, with a forced smile, and added, with a solemn sigh, that they *hoped* that those "beloved" brethren *would* succeed.

Those were false men, said Truthful, quite unlike the great master who for the health of mankind *made himself of no repute* in World Town.

Lowly and the governor's gentle daughter are intimate friends, saith the guide, and it is a rare treat to hear them converse together. Often doth this maid, on her return from Gilead, bring lilies to the keeper of Honor Ward, playfully saying, that he hath a right to blossoms plucked in a valley bearing his name.

Wisdom had arrived, and we did all gather in the drawing room to hear his account of his experience at the palace. And this was the statement of his interview with the king.

On my arrival, said he, I asked after the state of the poor minister, and was told, by the secretary of Dr. Pride, whose name is Impudence, that the patient was no better, and, he added, the worst of all is that his majesty, through some blunder, during the absence of Dr. Pride from his room, did get a bottle of poison, marked Repentance, and hath drank so freely of the same, as no doubt to work his death in a few hours. And furthermore, said the secretary to me, thou art charged with having left this bottle at the bedside of the minister, on thy last visit to this palace; and moreover, Dr. Pride declareth that, had he not interfered, the king's servant would have been at the dreadful mixture himself.

Then I went, said Wisdom, into the sickroom of his majesty, and found him much prostrated, looking in truth like a dead man. I was greatly pleased however to find that Repentance had wrought its complete work upon the king. But his strength was taken from him, and his condition had about it no distinguishing feature of royalty; for monarchs are weak, like unto other men. As I looked at him, I saw that his eyes were fixed on some object beyond the room, to which he evidently addressed himself as he whispered, *Is thy mercy clean gone forever?* Dr. Pride stood at the far end of the room, looking sad and sullen, for the king had rejected him, nor could he endure to have him near him, but had declared, *I will put Pride far from me forever, and my desire henceforth shall be to know Wisdom.* I immediately gave him a drink of the Cordial, saying to him, in the language of a king who was cured, *Taste, and see that the Lord is good.* (Psalm xxxiv. 8.) He had no sooner drank than he revived, and recognizing me, smiled kindly upon me, and exclaimed, I know thee, O Wisdom.

Then I asked him how he came to take REPENTANCE, the medicine being contrary to the practice of the royal physician. So he told me all the story of his trouble.

For months, said the king, I had been ailing, and found that the prescriptions of my doctor were only making me worse. Once and again I thought of the statements made by my minister in his report of his interview with thee. Indeed, I should have sent for thee long since, if Dr. Pride and his counseling physician, whose name is Shame, had

not dissuaded me therefrom. Their arguments prevailed with me for a time, until, feeling that I was nothing better, but worse, and knowing that I could not be cured by any other than thy practice, I commanded my doctor to send to All Souls' Hospital, and bring thee hither. Before the hour set for the departure of the letter, however, I found that bottle, labeled REPENTANCE, and knowing, through the statement of my minister, that the contents thereof were adapted to my cure, and that it was the first means used in thy practice, I immediately, in the absence of Dr. Pride, drank freely of the same. It did seem as if it would have killed me outright, and indeed, after its immediate effects were over, my mind wandered, and I thought I was drowned at the bottom of the sea.

Yea, saith the nurse, I heard him say, *All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.* (Psalm xlii. 7.) Then exclaimed the king, I do feel the power of this tonic of thine all through me, in its soothing influence and in its strength; yea, and there is also a pleasant warmth around my heart.

Then I told the king the first effect was the result of the "Balm;" the second was produced by "Faith," and the third by "Love." Then I showed his majesty how that the warmth of which he spake was the action of the second and third ingredients, in removing the obstructions and impurities in the region of the heart. This was one of the legitimate results of this Cordial, for our great handbook saith, *Faith worketh by love, and purifieth the heart.*

The king then declared that he felt upon him a strange craving, attended by none of the unpleasant

feelings of ordinary hunger and thirst, and asked if this was the result of the Cordial.

I told him it was consequent at once upon the REPENTANCE and the CORDIAL. The first did take from him the burden of an evil life, which was the cause of his sickness; and the second, by its quickening power in giving circulation to the blood, had caused this hungering. Then his attendants brought in dainty food and wine prepared with great care, but his majesty had no relish for the same. So I gave him the wine of the deep-red color, named "Blood," and broken bread, called "Flesh," saying to him, *Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.* (Matt. v. 6.) Then said the king, *Evermore give me this bread.* (John vi. 34.)

Now the monarch having recovered from his sore sickness, I ordered that he should *have his body washed in pure water* (Heb. x. 22), and so, taking him to the bath, they laid him therein, that every part might be thoroughly cleansed. Then I ordered that the royal patient should, at stated periods, have a banquet of bread and wine to commemorate that mysterious feasting of the soul with the FLESH and the BLOOD, which is called *partaking of the divine nature.* (2 Peter i. 4.)

Such was the governor's account of the king's cure of soul malady. There was much rejoicing among the members of Wisdom's family at the narrative, and Humility took up her "Bruised Reed," and, playing on the same, sang her favorite hymn, "The Broken Hearted." At the conclusion of the singing, and while yet her sweet voice seemed echoing in our hearts, I ventured to ask her why she sang that

particular hymn on this occasion. To which she replied with great kindness of manner, that she never knew a case of healing in which it was not appropriate, and added that her viol was the only instrument fit to be used in singing such words.

What a remove, saith Truthful aside to me, is such tenderness as was manifest in that song, from the kind of mock gentleness displayed by that man Simperlove!

His is not *tenderness*, I replied, but *softness* rather.

Then asked the guide of the governor, And how did Pride bear his reverse of fortune, and what hath become of his patient?

Wisdom answered, He hardly met me with a decent politeness. As I entered the palace, I immediately asked after the health of the king. He made answer that I would find him in a certain apartment of the palace, and turned from me. I saw in a moment that my surmise, on the reception of the note, was a true one, and that Pride had lost all favor with the monarch. Yea, I soon learned that he was ordered to leave the palace forever. Poor man, exclaimed the governor, he is also in a bad plight, owing to a fall which hath happened to him within a day or two. Being stiff in the joints, he fell heavily, and was much bruised thereby.

And where will he abide, I asked, having lost his home in the royal dwelling?

I know not, replied the governor; but he hath an extensive practice, and I make no doubt he will assume more airs than ever. This he will do to hide his discomfiture from the king. The Rev. Mr. Simperlove was also at the palace when I arrived, and

he has brought with him, I am told, a small consecrated wafer to use if the king should be in great danger.

Then turning toward the keeper of Honor Ward, the governor said, And thou, Lowly, shalt soon receive thy commission as royal physician, in the place of the late Dr. Pride. Indeed, there hath been an entire change in the order of the king's house, I myself being chosen henceforth as the companion and counselor of the monarch.

The minister died, he added, during my stay with his majesty. I did not see him, but learned that his fever raged high, and that to his last moment he muttered half audibly the words of the inscription over the gateway. I am free to say that the king's physician was the cause of this poor man's death, by withholding from him the medicines I left him.

Ah, saith Truthful, these medical murders are quite common; and thousands, who first send for Wisdom, have been afterward persuaded by Pride, or his partner Shame, to reject the true practice, and so sacrifice health and life, and have died *even as the fool dieth*.

CHAPTER X.

THE DEBTOR'S ROOM.

"A certain creditor had two debtors."—LUKE vii. 41.

Now, as we passed on to Sick Christians' Ward, a very extensive apartment opened by Dr. Wisdom, Truthful proposed that we should just look in and see if anything was doing in Debtor's Room.

So as we came to the door, we saw over the same, in large letters, PAY ME THAT THOU OWEST. Then the guide gave a loud rap, and instantly a man, whose name was Conscience, who was sheriff, opened unto us, and we stood in Debtor's Room. And a dreary place it was. At the further end of the room sat a man of stern, relentless countenance, and before him, side by side, were two tables of stone; while on the wall, at his back, was a painting representing *a high mountain which burned with fire*. (Heb. xii. 18.)

See, said Truthful, yonder trembling man is one of the poor debtors brought in by Conscience, to answer for the amount of his account.

Then did the old man at the tables demand payment immediately to be made, exclaiming, in the

words of the inscription over the entrance, "Pay me that thou owest." At which the poor debtor did fall down before the stone tables, and crying out to the man, did testify that he was penniless. I do, said he, freely acknowledge the debt. Yea, he added, a part of it was contracted by my father before I was born; but I, the son of his loins, and the inheritor of his estate, do inherit his indebtedness also. Moreover, I have also traded on mine own account, and have thereby greatly increased my liabilities.

Thus confessing, he asked of the stern man that, in view of this complete acknowledgment, he would cancel a claim resting upon a hopeless, helpless man. He declared also, that he would urge his plea with two reasons. First, said he, I do not owe a hundredth part as much as one of thy debtors, a neighbor of mine. And, second, I do promise never to get into debt again.

Then did the old man rise, and resting upon the table before him, he did upbraid the debtor for the mockery of such a plea. Because thou dost acknowledge the justice of my entire claim, is surely a strange ground for acquittal. Still worse, he exclaimed, is it that thou dost think that, by avoiding the getting into debt in days to come, which is an impossibility, that thus thou shouldst cancel a past requirement! Thou owest less than thy neighbor, thundered the old man; thou art utterly ignorant of the extent of thy bill with me! And the rule, from which I never depart, is to cast that man into prison who doth not pay his debt, be the same but one penny; and from that cell he shall not depart until that penny be paid.

See, said he, the debt of one farthing is enough to take away thy liberty, and indeed millions could do no more. (James ii. 10.)

Then did the poor man cry out in the anguish of his soul, Forgive me! I offer thee my tears, my confessions, my promises, and my acknowledgments. I cast myself before thee, helpless and undone.

Forgive! exclaimed the old man. I know not the meaning of that word. Thou hast thy conversation in another room than this. And as for thy tears, confessions, acknowledgments, and prayers, I say to thee once for all, that such poor coin was never paid down upon the two tables of Sinai flint before me in liquidation of debts due here. Pay or Prison is the rule of this room; and as payment thou canst not make, imprisonment thou shalt surely have.

Then did Conscience step forth to bind the poor man, but at that moment the door opened, and Prayer, the governor's servant, entered, and whispering a moment to the debtor, he said to the sheriff, Thy prisoner shall return to thee soon. And so the two went out together.

Let us follow, said my guide! So saying, he led me after Prayer; and as we came to the door of the room, I did observe over the door these words: HE BECAME A DEBTOR FOR US, HE WHO OWED NO DEBT, THAT WE MIGHT BE FREE FROM DEBT THROUGH HIM.

That, said Truthful, pointeth to the Man in Gilead. And thou shalt see, on the other side as we enter, over the door an inscription, full of the mystery of love; and it too doth refer to the Holy One. So passing into the room, as I turned to close the door, these words met mine eyes: THOUGH HE WAS RICH, YET FOR

YOUR SAKES BECAME POOR, THAT YE THROUGH HIS POVERTY MIGHT BE MADE RICH.

Then I whispered unto Truthful, for I could not contain the wonder which filled my mind, and asked, Is the Great Physician a poor man?

Nay, saith my guide, not now. *He possesseth all things, whether they be thrones, or principalities, or powers.* The words over the door, as I said unto thee, do tell of love's deepest mystery. This one sentence is the record of the act of the Holy One, when He came over from Gilead and emptied his wealth into this Treasury Room for the benefit of poor debtors, such as the man whom we have followed thither. Thus, on clearly defined conditions, doth he make a way of escape for men who fall into the hands of the dreadful old man whom thou sawest in the other room.

Then I exclaimed, *What manner of love is this!* (Jno. iii. 1.)

Great was the contrast between this place and the one we had just left. Here too sat a man, but his face was full of tenderness and love. At his side stood a beautiful maid; and my guide said her name was Mercy, and that herself and her sister Grace I should see hereafter bearing weak patients to the room called Rest. Now back of this good man, upon the wall, also hung a painting; and it was the likeness of a hill, on the top of which stood a cross, with a dying man hanging thereon. I saw that this mysterious cross was like unto the sign which Wisdom made on the paper sent to Gilead.

Observe closely the scene before thee, quoth my guide.

Then spake the governor's servant to his companion, saying, I will talk for thee, for that thy grief hath made thee dumb.

So did Prayer declare to the good man before whom they stood: The one at my side is a poor man, greatly in debt to the stern man who holdeth his court in the next room, and he hath nothing wherewith to pay. The sum he hath acknowledged. *And he is condemned already.* (Jno. iii. 18.) Yea, he is even now delivered into the hands of the officer, who *shall cast him into prison, from whence, as thou knowest, he shall not depart forth until he hath paid the very last mite.* (Luke xii. 58.)

Then answered the kind-faced man, The Holy One of Gilead, whose servant I am, hath left with me drafts on the Calvary treasury, bearing the signature, written in blood; and the body of such draft I am permitted to fill in, according to the indebtedness of the applicant. These drafts, he added, are always taken without question, by the stern man in the next room. But this plan of love hath the following unalterable conditions:

FIRST, that the applicant do humbly acknowledge the debt, and also his inability to pay the same, and moreover, that he do confess that it would be right for him to go to prison.

SECOND, that he doth believe that the Holy One is both *able* and *willing* to cancel every claim that may be entered on that old man's books against him.

To these conditions, said Prayer, this humble weeping one doth readily subscribe with all his heart.

Then said the good man, *Ask, and thou shalt receive.*

So Prayer bade the debtor to kneel at his side, and the governor's daughter, Humility, being present, did assist the weak man to get down upon his knees.

Then said Prayer, speaking for his companion, In the name of the Holy One of Gilead, be pleased to give unto me of the untold treasures of love, a sum equal to the entire demand of him I owe. *For I do believe that the draft, with the indorsement of the blood-red signature, is equal to the canceling of all my debts.*

Then the good man did look into the books before him—they were a copy of those in the next room—and, seeing the amount due, did fill up the draft accordingly. So the bowing man was made to rise, and sign his name to the paper. Then did the man call Mercy to his side, and bid her hand the precious bundle to the rejoicing debtor. And as she put the paper into his hands she said, *Thy debts, which were many, are all canceled.*

Then the man did shout aloud for joy, saying, *I know in whom I have trusted, and am fully persuaded that these papers shall be my clearance in the next room.*

Now, said Mercy unto the governor's daughter, let us sing a song of praise unto the Holy One of Gilead.

Then Humility played upon her viol called Bruised Reed, and they sang aloud, *Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works unto the children of men.* (Psalm cvii. 8.) The debtor did join the song, and during the singing Prayer left the company.

Then said Mercy to the daughter of Wisdom, Now give us thy favorite. So Humility did sing her hymn

called Broken Heart, *A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.* And I saw that the liberated man did so weep and laugh for joy, that he could not sing, but only with the hand which held the draft, he kept time to the sacred music.

Then Truthful and myself followed the debtor back again to the next room to witness the canceling of the debt.—What a change had come over the man! When he came forth from the presence of the stern man, he could not walk alone, but had leaned heavily on the broad shoulder of Prayer. But returning he trod with a firm step, yea, with a stout and holy confidence.

Pay me that thou owest, again shouted the old man, as we entered. But I saw that the debtor only smiled, and looked at the hand holding the draft. Another man had just fallen under condemnation before the stone tables. Yea also, he had greatly insulted the stern man by the matter and the manner of his plea. It seems that he had offered in liquidation of his debt some stuff which he called "Morality," and with it a bundle of *filthy rags* marked "Self-righteousness." (Isa. lxiv. 6.)

Then said the judge, Ye shall both go instantly and forever to prison.

So Conscience, the sheriff, came forward and bound the man who had offended with the dirty bundle, with chains of darkness. Then did he turn, and laying his hands upon the other, who stood up calmly, he was about to lock upon him the dreadful manacles, when the man exclaimed: Touch me at thy peril! *Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?*

It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? (Rom. viii. 33, 34.)

As he said this the officer stood back, and the man walked up and laid his draft on the stone table before the judge.

Thy name is worthless! exclaimed the old man. Thou art a pauper, and thy paper is as cheap as those rags!

Nay, replied the man, nothing daunted, *but look at the indorsement; the name written in blood.*

The judge looked, and smiling bowed his head, saying unto the liberated man, I have no claim upon thee whatever. Go forth wealthy forever in the countless treasures of Calvary.

So the man went and took his way toward Mount Gilead.

Now as Truthful and I came away from this wonderful room, I asked him why the poor man with the rags might not yet get a draft from the good man in the adjoining room.

It is too late, he replied. He had the same offer made unto him which Prayer gave to the liberated man, but he despised the riches of the Calvary treasury, and said that one Dr. Pride had told him that his bundle would be accepted by the judge.

So we made our way to THE SICK CHRISTIANS' ROOM.

CHAPTER XI.

A VISIT TO SICK CHRISTIANS' WARD.

"They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick."—MARK, xi. 17.

THEN did Truthful and myself visit those patients in that part of the hospital known as SICK CHRISTIANS' WARD. And first we were shown into a room wherein were many things belonging to the sick, and curious to look upon. Crutches were there in abundance and staves likewise, eye glasses also and ear trumpets. We did especially note many masks, and the various expressions of these same. Some had a look of great joy; others wore a sweet repose, and still more had the show of great solemnity. There too were the mantles of charity, and one that I saw was sadly rent, by being used to cover something quite beyond its capacity. Here also was a great pile of "lectures," and "sketches of lectures," for the use of Gilead graduates, who were too ignorant, too feeble, or too indolent to make their own. They were marked *Aids for the Pulpit, or Skeletons and Sketches of Sermons.*

Many beautiful papers, said the guide, are drawn from the best sources, but they have a strange and

dangerous power upon the man who shall venture to handle them; even as fine garments once worn on princely shoulders might hold within them some subtle and fatal plague. So it is a great risk for a Gilead graduate to touch that pile, for such indiscretion is liable to give him a disease called the "*Helps*," which is prevailing to a fearful extent among such men.

Then I asked my guide whether the first attack of the disease named was violent, and clearly marked.

Nay, replied he, usually it is very gentle at first. For years, the friends of the graduate may be ignorant of the fact that he is in any wise affected, though there shall doubtless be something in his appearance which will be unnatural. Like unto some thief, who hath access to a great deposit of gold, if he be a cautious scoundrel, he may hide his sin beyond the suspicion of his acquaintances, save that they might notice the fact that he did dress better than one of his apparent resources could afford. But, even as the theft would declare itself at last, so this sad disease, a kind of *pulpit leprosy*, will finally publish itself unto all. The first positive show of the disease is about the mouth, being on the lips and on the tongue. Still, as I before remarked, it may long be concealed from the closest outward scrutiny, and no doubt many whom we do little suspect are possessed with it to-day.

And is there a cure? I asked.

It is usually fatal, replied the guide, though there is a cure. "Repentance" will rid the miserable man of the plague, but he will be weak in the joints ever afterward, and unable to do much heavy work. Then there is a kind of water cure, but of this thou shalt know more hereafter.

Beautiful cushions were here, and costly pillows, which were stuffed with falsehoods, even with priestly lies. Taking up one, I did ask the guide if it was not the same as the pillow used by Pride, with his patient, of whom we had heard.

The same, said he, and like unto those ordered by the family which had turned Humility out of doors, and fashioned by the labor and skill of the Rev. Mr. Simperlove.

I further inquired as to the use of one of these mysterious inventions.

Truthful answered that, as I had already learned, there was a wonderful effect consequent upon laying the head on one of these velvet-covered and richly ornamented head rests. Their very touch, saith he, doth invite to sleep, and the head hardly presses the cushion, before the mind doth wander off into the unbounded territory of dreamland. Nor is this the chief mystery of all. Once asleep, the cunning falsehoods with which the pillow is stored do possess the thoughts of the slumbering man; and for this cause, those head rests are held in great repute in all Sleep Stations. Here is the great wonder, saith he. A man of mean spirit, like unto the one we saw in Pleasure Ward, with his head pillowed upon a bag of gold, and his shrivelled hands clutching doubloons, will dream of liberality, in bestowing great bequests upon the poor and needy. So the worldly man doth dream of sacrifice; the spiritual coward doth dream of fighting; and the sluggard hath visions of industry.

Here the guide did describe a scene which once occurred in one of the *Sleep Stations* of World Town. The bell had ceased to toll, and all the sleep seekers

were in their places. Strange enough was the picture then presented to the beholder. Yonder was an evil man, who was suffering some slight inward trouble of the heart; he was waiting to dream of purity and peace. There was a haughty man anxious to dream of that inimitable grace, after which Dr. Wisdom hath called his beautiful daughter, even Humility. Here were, as before mentioned, men of evil spirit and sinful life; the gay, the heartless, and the proud, all equally anxious to get the opiate of the dream cushion. Now it came to pass that the nurse accustomed to minister in this station was absent, and a stranger filled the desk. The usual preliminaries were observed, and finally the act of distribution, which is technically called "preaching," was reached. So cushion after cushion was passed down, and each recipient reclined his head with confidence for the dream. But, alas! no sooner had he done so, than he sprang up with rage and pain. The magic pillows were thrown with violence to the floor, and there was a great uproar in the Sleep Station. The proud man stood up in the assembly, with his head bleeding, and loudly did he protest against the man in the desk, saying so severe was his hurt, that he should not be able to sleep for months to come. Yea, also, many wealthy men who did own much stock in this "Station," declared that this strange minister, whose name was Evangelist, should never again distribute cushions and pillows in that place. There was a vain woman also, who in her anguish did weep, and the trickling drops of grief did make little vermilion paths down her cheeks. The haughty man swore that the cushions were too hard for his menial, then out on the carriage box at

the door, or for his slaving servant toiling in the kitchen at his home in preparation for that feast with which he did always regale himself, after the sacred service of "Sleep Station." Indeed, saith the guide, the scene was beyond all description.

And what was the cause of all this? I asked.

The young man there that day was no nurse, replied the guide. He was educated in a wakeful school, in which the great rule is to CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT. LIFT UP YOUR VOICE LIKE A TRUMPET, LIFT IT UP, BE NOT AFRAID. Yea, this was the character of this man. And it came to pass that when he was about to go into the goodly land of Gilead, he did exclaim, while a heavenly rapture brightened his pale face, STAND UP FOR THE HOLY ONE. And thousands of the same medical practice to which he belonged were of equal spirit and equal zeal. Among the noblest branches of All Souls' Hospital might be found many of the peculiar kind in which he and his fellows did serve, and great were the cures wrought therein.

But how came it to pass, I asked, that the mysterious cushions made such a havoc with the heads of the people that day?

He took out, saith the guide, true cushions. Some had in them sharp instruments of torture, and these were marked, *No peace for the wicked*; while others again were labelled, *Rest for the weary*. It was the first named that wrought the bloody work, and sent terror and rage throughout the station. The trouble came nigh to breaking up this establishment.

This would have been no loss! I exclaimed.

Nay, saith the guide; this place had been abused.

It was truly dedicated to the Holy One of Gilead, and had been a blessing to World Town, but its use at times was perverted; and the same may be said, he added, of all others equally sacred, and with equal solemnity set apart to the glory of the Great Physician. This fault is a general one, and by no means confined to buildings of particular mark or order of architecture. Nay, saith he, when they are thus misused the people of World Town call them Sleep Stations in derision, owing to the dreams of folly and of false security experienced therein. Again, saith he, I have told thee of the character of many of the inhabitants of this station. This is indeed the show of their hearts, and a faithful measure of their lives, though in the false scales of World Town they find a fairer estimate. But it is in the golden balances of the Sanctuary that I do weigh the lives and hearts of men.

And did the man, I asked, distribute any of the pillows called *Rest*, that same day?

Yea, replied the Guide, for the weary, the sick, and the heart-broken, he that same day did offer the tenderest ministry. Many of the true and noble followers of the Holy One did find joyful service at that time.

A widow was there. She had come, bringing her little fatherless ones with her, and the cushion of *Rest* was given unto her; and as she laid her aching head thereon, she fell into a blessed vision. She saw quite beyond the golden gates, even unto the everlasting hills. Yea, she did behold her former companion robed in glory, and standing in the ranks of the sacred choir. Then she thought she saw one of the bright inhabitants of the land coming toward her,

and as he stood at her side, he told her of all the joys of that beautiful place. Then he bade her listen, and she heard a voice from the *holy habitation*, and these were the words: *I am a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows.* (Psalm lxxviii. 5.)

Long time did she dream, lingering in this bright land, and many days afterward when she was thinking of her desolation, and the dreadful thought was continually urging itself upon her that the manly arm once extended to her was perishing in the tomb, the vision of that home would rise before her. The glorified one would be seen again on the holy hill, and a voice from the excellent glory would repeat, *I am a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows.*

Other visions were granted that day, said the guide, and right skilful was the young man in the distribution, giving *each a cushion in due season*. A tempted man saw in his sleep *a way of escape*, and a man tried by poverty had a glimpse of *the building not made with hands*. There was an orphan whose streams of sorrow dried in repeating the words declared by the Holy One, saying, *Our Father which art in heaven.* (Matt. vi. 9.) And there too was a rich man who sang in his sleep of the true riches, and saw the great company of those who had received gifts at his hands, as they did rise up and call him blessed, even as Wisdom's sons and daughters did praise their parents by the same declaration.

But to return to my first thought, saith the guide, the cushions and pillows filled with false testimonies and all lying inventions, had always the strange effect of imparting dreams contrary unto the life and char-

acter of the dreamer. Dost thou remember the mention of the "Soldier Song," as connected with these false visions?

I told him I did.

I have, quoth he, seen a man who was at once a sluggard and a coward, sleeping on one of these false dream cushions, and in his slumbers he did sing the grand old battle song; and these were the words:

"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

"Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

All this gospel march did the man sing in his sleep, and he was one *who never drew a sword*, and was at that moment a *willing captive to sloth, avarice, and lust*.

Before leaving the subject, said I, for I saw that my guide was about turning from the pillows, I would know what became of the brave young man.

He went to another place, said Truthful, and did good service for the Holy One. His work however was brief, according to the measure of men, for he was soon summoned to pass over Bethany Hill, and through Lowly Valley, and beyond the river to the mountains of Gilead. All men of the true practice loved him, and many tears were shed the day he took his journey. His father, also a Gilead graduate, walked with him to the parting place on Bethany Hill; and so also did a great company. And they heard him shout, as his face, all sparkling with the "death dew," was set steadfastly toward the golden gates, **STAND UP FOR THE HOLY ONE!** This cry remained after he had gone in to be forever with the Lord of Gilead; and in a clear still day, it may yet be heard by the Gilead men in World Town.

Then we turned to other matters of interest, in this museum of strange inventions. There were "gospel-yokes," and "gospel-burdens," together with beautiful "character-crowns," all belonging to men in the sickroom, themselves too weak to wear the same. Moreover we beheld much sacred armor, some of it giving evidence of having endured hard service. Here also was a heap of "gospel-sandals," many of them nearly new, but some bearing proof of a long pilgrimage. There were also, among the costly and curious things stowed in this room, staves quite unlike those which we saw piled at the door.

Those, said Truthful, are worthy of the name they bear, and are much used by all true pilgrims in the long journey from World Town to Gilead. They have all been cut from the sacred trees, and do bear on them the mark of the cross.

Having dwelt long in the museum, we then did enter the Sick Christians' Ward, led by the keeper, whose name was Steadfast, and whose assistant was called Firstlove. The two men were of the same blood, and could trace their lineage back to the common stock of one whose name, a household word with all true students and pilgrims, was Perseverance. No better choice could have been made for the oversight of this important ward of All Souls' Hospital, than these two men, for well did they understand how to deal with sick Christians, in all the variety of diseases with which they were afflicted.

Truthful declared that the greatest skill was needed in this department, for often a common disease did put on a strange appearance with the occupants of this ward, and a single plague had many hiding places, and, dislodged from one, it would fly to another.

Many patients, whose names are now illustrious, have been here, said Steadfast, in the days long gone by. Simon the son of Jonas was once a very sick man in this ward. His sickness, which was nigh unto death, was occasioned by an over feeding upon a very dangerous kind of food, and which indeed is forbidden by the true practice. It is named in our books as "self-confidence." This indiscretion brought on a severe attack of "denial," and it was not until the "Repentance" was thoroughly used that he recovered. Other names, said the Superintendent, of equal note, may be found on our lists. The ward was never so full as in these latter days. For the diet in olden times was much plainer, and the gospel

exercise was of a sturdier kind. Gilead men to-day, he added, eat too much highly seasoned food, and too great quantities of sweetmeats, which is an unhealthy habit.

Then we asked, what were the causes of the most serious diseases with which the patients were afflicted, and in what way they were manifested.

At that the good man took us into a room aside, and familiarly discoursed unto us of THE CAUSES, CONSEQUENCES, AND CURES OF SOUL DISTEMPER AMONG GILEAD MEN, OR CHRISTIANS.

Before he did enter on his interesting theme, I asked him if any of his patients died, having heard that a death was a rarity in this ward. To this he made answer, deaths do occur at times in this department, but they are, without exception, from among a class of patients who have never undergone the previous *full* treatment of the Gilead practice. (See John xvii. and Romans viii.) For this cause, he continued, my ward hath the repute of having buried many. But if only the cases legitimately belonging to this apartment were brought here, a coffin would never pass through these doors. As the Holy One hath said, *He that liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.* (John xi. 26).

And why, I asked, do you allow the class just named to be brought here?

He replied, It is almost impossible to tell clearly, at the first, to which room of the hospital the sick one doth belong, though, in the after development of the disease, the signs are unmistakable.

I further inquired, Do all the sick of whom you speak die of their disease?

By no means, he replied ; many of them had been, in former times, but partially treated by the Gillead graduates. And this half-and-half practice is the plague of the profession in these days. A false delicacy, or a needless fear, on the part of the physician, is stocking the hospitals with miserable patients, and storing the Undertaker's marble room with a pitiful company. They had passed through the preliminary stages until the great searching medicine was administered, and then the attending physician being unfaithful, as I have said, their trouble was completed. They did not cast out ALL the evil matter. True, the succeeding steps were taken, even to an attempt to give both the Cordial, and the Banquet, but in their condition, these were of no avail. That Cordial will never abide in an evil place ; and it is even so with the Banquet. From that time, being washed, they have partaken of the "*Commemoration Feast*," as it is called, but as my friend Truthful hath well said, "the sign cannot produce the goods." It is even so, and from the first these men have felt, in seeing the relish which others have had for the "*gospel food*," that they were wrong, knowing no such appetite.

Many of these patients have been struggling for years to attain unto the joyful health which they behold in others ; until, sinking discouraged, they have made application to All Souls' Hospital. They have, he continued, taken exercise according to the prescribed form ; they have eaten according to the strict rules of diet laid down in our hand-book ; and sometimes have tried to cheat themselves into the belief that they *were* well, and have indeed succeeded in the deception for a time, by comparing themselves

with some sick Christian. (2 Cor. x. 12.) But alas, this hath fallen to the ground, for in meeting, out on the hills, some sturdy disciple, with the glow of full health on his cheek, and the fire of life sparkling in his eye, and carrying on his shoulder a cross which the poor invalid could not stir, the contrast again declared itself.

These, said Steadfast, are very common, and very troublesome cases, and they are more frequent in these latter days than in the earlier experience of this hospital, owing to the careless and partial practice of the doctors of this day.

Then I asked the Superintendent, what was the course pursued here with such men.

He replied, *the same as though they had never been under treatment*. "REPENTANCE" thoroughly taken until the proper result is attained ; then the strengthening Cordial ; and that succeeded by the Banquet. Afterward nursing, and careful feeding, with exercise in the Gymnasium, as their increasing strength will permit. It is interesting to see the childlike gladness of the patients when cured. Then thou mayest hear them sing,

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not !"

So also when we lead them to THE MYSTERIOUS MIRROR and the miracle of countenance passeth upon them, what praises escape their lips ! Yet, added he, they do sigh, even in their song, that so much time hath been lost forever. But their sorrow begetteth a holy industry, and such men usually turn out well.

Having disposed of this class of patients, Stead-

fast did give us, at length, an account of the Causes Consequences, and Cures of Soul Sickness among the true Christians.

The causes, said he, are many, and time would fail me to enumerate them. A WRONG DIET at the beginning is a prolific source of soul sickness. In the first few months after the effectual cure hath been wrought, the system is delicate, and needing the tenderest care. The appetite being strong, there is danger of grievous indiscretion in eating; and so it often falls out that the wrong food is taken, and sickness ensues. The error is in believing that *any food*, if so be it is only named in our great book, is necessarily good, *at any time, for any soul*. So in the place of *the sincere milk of the word* (1 Peter ii. 2), which is a most nourishing diet, the newly cured man getteth at some of the stout meats found on the table of the sturdiest disciples. I have known, said Steadfast, of one of these patients, not three days from the doctor's hands, laying hold of a piece of doctrine, and swallowing the same without masticating it at all. The result was that that juicy food, so essential to the older disciple that he cannot do hard work without feeding daily upon it, did nearly kill this man; for his tender system could not endure it.

Then again, food taken in too great quantities, and at wrong hours, is a cause of soul sickness. There are, said Steadfast, three classes of dyspeptics in World Town: Physical, Mental, and Spiritual. And the symptoms in the one class answer for all. Overfeeding and lack of proper exercise are the common causes of this miserable disease. The result

in each case is, that the abused body cometh to crave that which it should not have, and to reject food which ought to benefit the system. In each of the three, food is cast up whole, undigested, and the man is only worse for having eaten it.

Overfeeding is a common cause of disease described in Sick Christians' Ward. The truth is, a man should never make a full meal, either upon the "doctrines" or the "assurances;" and his diet should be varied according to the pattern manifest in the natural world. Some of the "assurances" are very rich, and one is a great abundance for a single meal; and indeed, he added, there are cases where a single one hath served a man for many days and nights. Yea, there is an account of one who *travelled forty days in the wilderness, even to Horeb, the mount of God*, on the strength of but two meals from the same table. (1 Kings xix. 8.)

Then again, added Steadfast, some of our patients have been sadly injured by *the wine of the kingdom*. In proper quantities it is good, and nothing may be put in the place thereof. But even this precious drink may be sadly abused. They have drank until they have become drunk with gladness, and have raved with a kind of mad delight. This debauchery is a source of soul sickness, and the disease is difficult of cure. Men given to this thing are never content with that hilarity which is the natural result of a proper drinking of the wine; and will not stop short of drunkenness itself. Such men do little in shop or field. In the first they strike but poorly, and then perhaps when the iron is not hot; and in the other they do plough a crooked furrow.

We frequently have such men brought here, said the superintendent, and they are so noisy for a time as to disturb the whole ward. In their raving they arraign the entire hospital, faculty, nurses, and patients. They say the practice is all wrong, that there should be much more wine used, and that *holy intoxication is a natural state of every true disciple*. Then the poor patients come in for a scoring, I assure you. The madman, with a strange satisfaction, prophesying the early death of every soul of them.

Ye did see, said Steadfast, many crutches and false canes, in a pile, at the door of the room leading to this ward. A multitude of our patients are brought here suffering from a lameness which hath utterly disabled them from running "the gospel race." The causes of this lameness are various. Some have brought it on by leaping too far and running too fast, thereby giving an overstrain to the muscles. As our friend Truthful hath again wisely said, a child must creep before it can walk, and walk before it can run. Others have gotten lameness by attempting new paths, and so leaving the old road altogether. Still others, when running well, have been tripped by an enemy to all racing, and a great foe to the gospel, who much haunteth the holy highway, and whose name, I believe, is Hindrance. (Gal. v. 7.) Those men, instead of keeping the staff of truth, such as ye did see among the crowns, did throw the same away, and did go into the *wilderness of sin*, and there did make unto themselves the canes and crutches found in the pile. One miserable old man came hobbling up to the gate, leaning upon a lie. He had fallen twice with it, and is still suffering from the bruises he then received.

Moreover, many are suffering from partial blindness and deafness; and they too have gone to the markets of the world for aid, but were glad finally to betake themselves to the hospital.

With some, a soreness of the face hath been their plague; and being ashamed of such unsightliness, they bought the masks ye saw. Those face coverings are an ingenious piece of workmanship, and do fit so close that a careless observer would not discern the deceit. But some sudden start or fall is apt to loosen them, and sooner or later the counterfeit is declared.

We have many brought here suffering from *elongation of the tongue*, a disease produced by too much talking, and very hard to heal. And, as ye might have divined, said he in an undertone, from what ye saw in the adjoining room, we have some Gilead students and professed graduates here. They have suffered dreadfully from the "Helps," and their cure must necessarily be slow. Some, indeed, we think, will never be fit for good service in any hospital.

Our cures, of course, vary with the disease. We have an eye salve for the spiritual blindness. (Rev. iii. 18.) And certain gospel melodies go far toward curing the deafness. Silence is our common prescription for the tongue sickness. The Gilead graduates afflicted with the "Helps" are greatly benefited by a water treatment, in which a *shock* is produced, though there have been cases where this hath proved fatal.

This water cure is under the immediate direction of a man whose name is Trust, and his mode is on this wise: The Gilead graduate is put into the water,

with bladders stuffed out with wind and fastened to his shoulders, and so made to swim thereby. Now, at a given signal, as the patient is moving around in deep water, Dr. Trust doth strike off the bladders, and thus let the man go down a few times, and struggle for a season in great distress. With most, this hath cured the "Helps;" though there have been instances in which the Gilead graduate hath descended, never again rising to the surface. Indeed, Dr. Trust, who is a great swimmer, might have plunged in and saved the man, but he thought that so sickly a patient might as well go one way as another. I sometimes think, said Steadfast, that the doctor, being himself so free in the water, hath not enough patience with some of these poor Gilead students. Thou shouldst hear how he doth berate them for having contracted such a disease, which he saith is owing to an open violation of the rules taught by the Holy One in Gilead.

And that is true, said Truthful. (See Matt. x. 19.) Those patients who have been high fed, and those who have been drunken upon the wine of the kingdom, we do put upon *the plainest kind of diet*.

And then, said Steadfast, we make great account of exercise, as you shall see in visiting the Gymnasium. We also *walk* our patients out upon the high places, and down into the valleys; and when they become weary, we let them drink from the living springs found among these hills; and we have them also to lie down under the shadows of trees and vines until refreshed. Then also Ploughing, Rowing, Olimbing, Wrestling, and Running are all good in their place.

Such was the discourse of this good man Steadfast. At its conclusion, he took us to the hospital. The description had been so complete, that our journey among the beds was a hasty one, though many cases of great interest presented themselves. There we saw a man who had been suffering for years with the lock-jaw. Steadfast told us that this was a common disease, and that with some there was little hope of a complete cure. We saw the man could take no nourishment except liquids, such as gruel, and the like, and these were passed through an opening made by the removal of a tooth. It is a little singular, said he, that the loss of this front tooth, which now opens to the sick man the only means of nourishment, was occasioned by the act which brought on the disease itself. The man was trying to bite into a very strong "doctrine," and in the attempt broke out this tooth; thereby so wrenching his jaws as to bring on his present plague. Through this little gateway also medicine was passed, and the patient seemed to be mending. Dr. Trust had proposed to try the water treatment with the man, but Steadfast thought best to continue the present practice, at least for a time. Indeed, *shocks are as apt to increase this disease as they are to cause it*.

We saw also in this ward a case of voluntary starvation. The poor being was nothing but skin and bones; all his flesh having departed from him. His faint, pitiful cry continually smote upon our ears, as he wailed out, *O my leanness, my leanness*. (Isa. xxiv. 16.) His trouble was brought about by a refusal to go to the *Commemoration Banquet*, because there was at that table an unworthy man.

Then I asked of Truthful, whether that was a good reason for abstaining from food?

Nay, replied the guide, for, first, he had a right to that table, which in no wise depended upon the character of any other man to be found there. And surely the fault of his neighbor did not invalidate a claim resting solely upon his own conformity to the laws governing the Banquet. Second, he might have found another table, if he had desired.

Surely, said I, he hath lost much peace and many days' labor.

Yea, saith Truthful; and while the former may be restored, the latter can never be. And this man is bound to suffer the consequences of such a willing starvation, having violated the rule of the Banquet Room, which saith, *Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.* (Isa. lv.)

See, said I, they are feeding him! What hunger that is! He literally devoured the "gospel bread," and drank long and deep of "the water of life."

Then said Truthful, *Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.* (Matt. v. 6.) He hath already repented of his folly, and in due time shall be restored to flesh and strength, and be able to carry a cross, which hath not rested upon his bony shoulder for many, many months.

In this ward we saw those who had recently taken medicine from Dr. Pride, and also from each of the other doctors, Silvertrust, Mirth, and Laurel. The revelations of the "Repentance" told a sad story of their tampering with a false practice.

We beheld, moreover, many drowsy patients, who had used the *cushions* found in the Sleep Stations,

and were so injured thereby as to be unable to keep their eyes open save for a few moments at a time. Many were in a great agony from having eaten of false doctrines, and were some of them doubled up with cramps and sharp pains. Warm drink was given these patients, producing profuse sweatings. The tea was made of a very bitter herb, which had a tendency to heave the stomach, which was a salutary effect, resulting in throwing off the false doctrines, and thereby greatly relieving the sick one.

Now it came to pass, that while we were looking among the patients, we beheld the governor's beautiful daughter, Humility, gliding across the far end of the room; and she had in her hand her favorite instrument. Soon we saw her take her seat at the side of one of the beds.

The occupant of that couch is one, said Steadfast, whose condition hath excited universal sympathy. It is a poor woman, whose life hath been crowded with sorrows and disappointments; and she was brought here with a fit of "Despondency." Song, the daughter of Dr. Joy, who hath charge of Pleasure Ward, at my suggestion went to this woman yesterday, to try her skill with the many musical remedies at her command. But all her art only seemed to aggravate the disease, until the poor patient, no longer able to contain herself, cried aloud; and glad sweet Song fled with her harp from the room.

Let us go that way, said Truthful, but not too near, lest we disturb either the patient or her charming physician.

So we took our station not far from the bed; and, at such times as we were not observed, stole a glance

at Humility and the sick woman. Though we listened so closely, we could not hear a word of all the governor's daughter was saying. Her voice is naturally low, but at this time it seemed more gentle than ever. But we could see the face of the poor woman lighting up, not like bright sunshine, but rather as the light of day when the sky is overcast with thin clouds. Then we saw Humility stoop down and kiss the woman, and with her handkerchief wipe away the tears. Then taking up her favorite "Bruised Reed," she sang her tender hymn called "Broken Heart." And the woman, cured of her "Despondency," arose, and wrapping about her a plain warm mantle, went out with the governor's daughter.

Then I asked Steadfast, whether it was common for cures to be so suddenly effected.

Yea, said he, the young woman Humility serveth to charm away any disease, with her sweet voice, and the viol which she always carrieth.

Many were being borne in sick, and many more going forth cured, as we loitered through the ward. And having seen much of which I have made no mention, with my guide, I came forth, having made the circuit of the wards of All Souls' Hospital.

Of all the wards in this building none did so interest me as this. Truthful told me that it was a sad thought that so many valuable men were laid aside from active life in Sick Christians' Ward, and added, that World Town was suffering because of this class of patients.

Deprived of the services which they might render, if only healthy, I remarked.

Yea; and moreover, said the guide, countless

diseased men in the city refuse to take treatment at the hospital, for, they ask, have not the occupants of Sick Christians' Ward been declared cured years ago? and now they are down with sore disease. The worst enemy of the Holy One in Gilead, is one of these sick Christians! exclaimed the guide, unless I do perhaps except the false Gilead graduates.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SPIRITUAL GYMNASIUM.

"Exercise thyself rather unto godliness."—1 TIM. iv. 7.

THEN Truthful and myself did visit the Gymnasium, of which Steadfast spake in discoursing upon the diet and exercise of patients under his care.

This room was for the use of the healed from all the wards of the hospital; and here we did see very many of the feats common to this department. The men exercising were stripped to the waist, this being, as I learned, a law of the room; for the least clothing about the chest or arms would interfere with the full play and proper development of the muscles. Here we did behold all kinds of healthy games, having for their end the full growth of the human form and the complete strength of every part.

Some were handling dumb bells, and others pushing out heavy weights. There was also Boxing, Swing-ing, Wrestling, Leaping, Running, Climbing, and Jumping.

As we stood looking on, my guide remarked that the spiritual man should grow in all parts at once; and it is, said he, to the accomplishment of this gen-

eral growth that the aim of this valuable establishment is ever directed. See the development of a tree, how it reacheth out its branches, and sendeth down its roots deep into the earth. All parts, from root to branch, from twig to leaf, at the same instant increasing in size, strength, and beauty. When we leave the room, I may give unto thee another of my brief sermons, and my text shall be the oak on the hillside. But having a thought of taking a little exercise myself, I will defer the discourse until such time as we go forth from the Gymnasium.

So saying, my guide did prepare himself for the work before him. Then was I filled with wonder and delight, as I beheld the wealth of muscle crowding upon his broad, full chest, and piled upon his brawny arms. Moreover I saw many scars upon him, and thought to myself that he had a dearly purchased right to sing the brave old battle-song, which was once abused upon the lips of the man whose drowsy head was lying on the dream cushion.

And what might those marks upon thy breast and arms be? I asked.

They are a soldier's memoranda, he replied, and they were written with a sharp pen, whose point was dipped in a red ink.

But I perceived that he had no desire to give me the history of the trials which wrote the laws of battle on those fleshy tablets.

Leaping to the rings, Truthful did swing himself to and fro, with ease, until the bottoms of his feet were planted upon the lofty ceiling. Then he took up the heaviest pair of bells in the room, and did smite them together behind his back, and before him,

in quick succession, as a child would sport with toys. Let us have a taste from each of the iron goblets, with which good Dr. Wisdom doth refresh his guests here, at this stout banquet, he exclaimed. So saying, he made his way from one exercise unto another, moving like a giant filled with new wine.

Now there was in this room a ladder reaching from the floor up to the wall overhead; and the rounds of the same were very wide apart. It was named by the frequenters of the Gymnasium "Jacob's Ladder," and he who could ascend and descend it with the greatest ease and swiftness, was called the chief angel. On this, Truthful did sport a long time, now going up hand over hand, now jumping and catching with both hands at once, from round to round, even to the very top, and the next moment descending with the ease of a bird down to the floor again. Meantime all the men in the room ceased their own performances to watch the greater exploits of my guide. Then did he propose that I should try my hand also at climbing, and thereby earn my angelic title by my industry and bravery. I told him that I was better at playing the patriarch's part in lying at the bottom of the ladder, and thus watching the journeyings of the angels.

And that, said Truthful, is a cheap rate at which to purchase the goodly name of Jacob. It would cost thee some wrestling to win the title of Israel.

Then I saw in my dream, that after much urging the strongest man of all the company was induced to enter the ring and wrestle with the guide. But it was with Truthful as though he did play with a child. He cast his antagonist at every turn, side hold, back

hold, or at arms' length. Though I saw that he ever let the man gently to the ground.

Then also did he have a turn with the boxing gloves, declaring to me that there was no service in the Gymnasium which was better than this for the education it did impart, unless it might be the sword exercise. I saw that, in this trial with the gloves, the opponent of Truthful had no chance whatever, it being impossible for him to deal a successful blow. The guide caught each stroke upon his arms, and turned the same with ease. I did perceive, moreover, that in his use of the sword or gloves, his eye was not upon fist or blade, but steadily fixed upon the eye of his foe; and that he saw the thought of his antagonist afar off, thus anticipating his every move. Once he did rebuke the man for aiming a stroke below the belt, saying unto him, that every law of honorable combat forbade that act. It was evident that Truthful both gave and claimed all the advantages and courtesies defined in the rules which govern such contests.

Then was my attention directed to the arrangement of weights in use in this room. An upright board was securely fixed in the floor, against which the man about to exercise would lean his back. On either side was there a handle to which a rope was attached, and extending back over pulleys, down to the floor, where the other end of the cord was fastened by a hook to such weights as the patient might have strength of arm to lift up. The rule was to take hold of these handles, and push out the ropes thus burdened, until the arms were fully extended. The weights were of every variety of bulk and mark, and they

were known in the Gymnasium as "truths" and "arguments." We saw many men in this exercise. There was one evidently but just recovered from sickness, and his arms were small. He could only start the smallest "fact" from the floor, when, sinking exhausted, he would have to rest a long time before he ventured another trial of strength.

That man, said I to the guide, will never accomplish much in weight pushing.

Perhaps, he replied, he may prove a mighty man hereafter. Daily exercise and good diet will do wonders for him yet. Indeed, it is the experience of this room that those men who are the weakest when first entering here do grow to be the strongest of men.

In illustration of this fact, my guide did point me to some, who, when they entered, were equally weak with the man before us, but by daily exercise with the pulleys, could now quit themselves like men, and with ease push out those weights which at the first were quite beyond their strength.

After looking on a while at the different patients exercising here, a man came up whom his fellows playfully called "Barehead." As they were all with uncovered heads, I wondered at the name, as especially applicable to him; but I soon, from a remark of his, guessed the origin of the strange title. He fastened on two heavy "doctrines," and gathering his full strength, stretched forth his hands straight before him, bringing the weights instantly up to the pulleys.

Ah, said he, had I possessed this command of my arms that day in Evil Lane, Tempter, the dastardly robber, had not gotten my crown from my head.

So this was the man who had lost his crown; but he was cured, under the treatment of the hospital, and was about ready to go out and begin the making of his new crown called *character*, having that day received the gold and jewels for that object.

Still, said Truthful to me, he must keep out of Evil Lane, or he will lose it again. Stronger men than he have been robbed in that alley. There is only one more dangerous street in all the city, and that is called Wanton Avenue, and leadeth directly to Hell Ward.

Then did we see one man perfect in all the tricks and feats of the Gymnasium. He had been a long time in this apartment, and it was his highest glory that he could equal or surpass any one who might enter here. He never went forth into active, everyday life. It was enough for his ambition that he could perform the round of sports recorded on the lists here. This man was a proof of what an artificial workshop might do in perfecting the muscles. Moreover, it was his delight to try his hand with every new comer in the room. Gently, at first, would he deal with the man; carefully but surely would he lay him upon his back. The novice, thinking it might have been nought but a happy accident, would try it again, and again he would be cast the same way. Yea, this stout man's vanity had had a cultivation equally rapid with the growth of his limbs. For many were the flattering terms that met his ear; and numberless the looks of approbation and surprise which greeted his successive acts of skill and strength. Indeed, some little men did love to feel the might of his arm, seeming to rejoice in contrasting their weakness

with his giant strength. Yet he deserveth the testimony of being a kind, good man, desirous, evidently, of the benefit of the weaker ones around him, and having his vanity oftentimes prettily hidden with a veil of modesty.

Then I asked Truthful the end and particular value of this Gymnasium.

He made answer that its great object was to develop a complete manhood, by the use of the various means herein employed. Nor this only, but also to teach the best and most successful method of fighting the enemy; that the Gilead man may be *thoroughly furnished unto every good work*. The language of our profession doth name all these wrestlings and fencings, this boxing and climbing, "*religious debate*." But this thing, noble in itself, is liable to great abuse, while the laws governing the room are excellent. Many men, like the one thou didst see, who was such an adept at all the games and strifes, are persons who never have fought a real battle against the great foe in all their lives. They do spend their days in this room, wrestling and boxing with their fellows, quite content to be victors in this mock warfare. Such men do not reach the great object for which Wisdom did open this place of exercise. The end is not simply nor chiefly to make of these men accomplished gymnasts, but for this twofold purpose: First, their perfection in health and strength; and, second, that their acquired energy may be turned to some account in actual every-day life. It would be a cheap fame to me to have such applause as I received in the ring just now; or to excite the gaping wonder of those men who looked on at the pushing out of the heavy

weights. What ploughing and reaping might that man perform, whose activity we have beheld to-day; what blows, too, he might deal upon the foes of Gilead, did he but leave the show of this room for the reality of the battle field!

Then I asked out of which place the keeper took his largest weights.

And Truthful replied that some of the heaviest of them were found in the box marked "*Hebrews*," and also that marked "*Romans*," especially No. 8 of the latter box, and that it depended much upon the original build whether a man could start those weights; for, said he, I have known some apparently stout-built men who could do nothing with them.

Then I said that it was quite possible that there were no weights in all the boxes which he could not put out with ease.

At that Truthful smiled, and answered that there was a weight at which a giant of old, whose name was Paul, tugged amain, and could not start it in the least. It was a *far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*. (2 Cor. iv. 17.) *Only He who weigheth the mountains in scales, and the hills in the balance*, could do anything with that; and with Him, the Holy One of Gilead, it was one of the lesser weights used in the divine balances in weighing souls.

Then we stopped, for a moment, to look at the racing, which was curious to behold. One man started out with a long coat, in which he stumbled and fell. Another had fastened upon himself divers strange weights, on his head, his shoulders, and his heels, and made poor work. But the great racer struck into the course fully girded for a noble run. He had on his

feet a gospel preparation; and moreover, I saw, as he ran, that he fixed his eye steadily on the goal, and that nothing could divert his attention from that object. One man made exceedingly good speed, but stopped to hear the people cheer, and so lost the race. Another would have won, but that he made a misstep. It seems that in early life he had sprained his ankle, and that it was liable suddenly to give out, so he lost the race.

Truthful declared his sympathy was excited for that man. The indiscretion, said he, by which he did hurt himself occurred before he came under Dr. Wisdom's treatment; but though his general health is greatly improved, and his ultimate cure insured, still he is thus liable to the consequences of a past life, and this is the ailing that doth most easily beset him. Moreover, Truthful said of this man, the consciousness of the imminent danger of such an occurrence doth embarrass him, and rendereth his running less successful than it otherwise would be. Yet he shall *so run as to obtain*. (1 Cor. ix. 24.) They are doing much for his ankle here in Sick Christians' Ward, and if he is not over ambitious, he shall be nearly cured.

As we came forth from the Gymnasium, Truthful asked me if I saw a poor, withered, miserable-looking being in Sick Christians' Ward, who was like the man in Wealth Ward down with the disease called "Covetousness." This man, said he, gave nothing to the support of the hospital. He will slip in, and hear the lectures, and make his way to the Commemoration Banquet, but never will he give a farthing to any object of mercy. He is plagued with one of the forms of the general disease named, which is known as Shriv-

el Soul. One of those solemn masks you saw at the door was taken from his face.

And will he die, I asked?

Yea, said Truthful, *what there is of him* will die, and he is unworthy of grave, coffin, or shroud. His whole life hath been a libel on his profession. Not a human heart hath pulsed with a single throb of gratitude to him. There is not a dog that would whine around his grave, in remembrance of ever having received a bone from the hand mouldering there.

But, I exclaimed, what a solemn mask he wore!

Yea, said Truthful, and he did not even buy that, but begged it at the death of a man of kindred spirit, having no further use for it. Yea, the old undertaker doth unmask all his ghastly audience without ceremony.

Then, I exclaimed, his end must be indeed dreadful, and his character shall be an offense unto the Holy One, who doth distribute the "balm," which cost an infinite price, without charge.

Thou mayst well say that, replied Truthful, and that glorious Being hath said of such an one, *Where I am, ye never can come*.

It is an interesting fact, further remarked the guide, that Wisdom's noble servant Prayer doth often visit the Gymnasium to give lessons therein, and especially to teach the arts of running and climbing, in both of which he hath no equal.

And, I asked, hath he need of the exercise himself?

Nay, said my guide, *the straight and narrow* path over which he doth daily travel in his errands to Gilead, doth impart unto him sufficient measures of health and strength.

Now it came to pass, that, as we came forth from the Gymnasium, Truthful told me, that in the walk to our room he would preach unto me his promised sermon on the growth of THE OAK ON THE HILLSIDE, as setting forth the mode in which infinite love doth develop and perfect a complete gospel manhood.

It is not in the forest, began the guide, that thou shalt find the strongest tree. True, there are tall and beautiful ones in the thick greenwood. *But they have no depth of root*, and were they only exposed to the terrible gale, they would not stand his mighty arm a moment. Yea I have seen the storm, wrapped in his black mantle, as he hath strode through the forest, and the trees did fall before him as grass doth bow before the mower's scythe. But come with me to the hillside, and learn the history of the mighty oak standing there in solitary majesty. For a century hath it stood, and as a brave old king kept its rocky throne. Storm after storm hath passed along this ridge, and spent its fury upon the oak. Still it is standing, and never so strong as to-day. What hath been its nourishment, and the cause of its growth? Gentle winds, soft as the breath of a child, and silently falling drops of dew, have tenderly ministered unto the oak. And stout as is the old tree, it doth stand in need of all this kind care as much as the blossom which I saw in my garden vision. But this careful tending can never give to the oak the strength of which its limbs and roots may boast. Nay, the long, driving, beating storm of the winter hath cultivated this dweller upon the hill. The pouring rain and the roaring tempests have provoked the oak into a strength unknown by the tallest boaster of the woods.

And to-day the giant of the hill, beholding in the west the coming storm, doth rejoice in the sight. He spreadeth his green arms wide, and awaiteth the combat with a foe worthy of his strength. And now the tempest and the tree are locked together in the awful conflict. But soon the oak, triumphant, casts his dark enemy far to the east, and as the sun breaks forth upon the scene of battle, the sweat drops of the conquered cloud sparkle on the green brow of the oak, like diamonds in the crown of a king.

Nor is this all; in that dreadful struggle with the storm, the tree increased the strength of his branches, and sent his great roots farther down among the hidden rocks of the hill. That was the mighty nursing needed to impart strength equal to a victory in a more dreadful battle.

So it is with man. The strongest of our race do not grow in the crowd. Such men are easily overthrown in the day of adversity. *They have no root in themselves*. Some gale of temptation or persecution shall mow its path through a forest of such men. But it is on the hill of Zion that the gospel oak doth grow to the best advantage. The dew of grace and the warm beams of the heavenly sun are needed for its development. Still there is a ministry beyond all this. The rain, the hail, and the driving gale, yea, the long, cold winter of trial, are all required to cause the human tree to grow. Every conflict makes it to lift its branches higher and broader, and to send its stout roots far down to grapple with the rocks of Everlasting Truth.

Such, said my guide, is the sermon of the oak on the hill.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIVE LITTLE SERMONS BY TRUTHFUL.

"The preacher sought to find out acceptable words."—Eccl. xii. 10.

Now as we went forth from the Gymnasium, I desired to hear another of the brief sermons of Truthful, calling to mind his discourse in the gateway, likewise his meditation upon the significance of night and morning. So I made bold to remind him of his promise of further preaching to me when opportunity should offer. My guide readily consented, but told me that he could discourse best with his library at his command, and his Bible before him. And so bidding me take my staff, he led the way from the building to go, as he said, to his "study." As we went forth he playfully remarked that his books were scattered hither and yon, and that some volumes which he was closely studying, were "living epistles," as he called them, and that he often had to run after them, or throw himself in their way, in order to read them.

As we walked on, I found that our route led to an orchard, and on the way thither we did meet many men and women. These, said Truthful, pointing to the people passing, are a part of my lively library.

Being on a special errand, I may not turn aside to examine the human volumes now. But, he added, with great emphasis, there is a fault among the Gilead graduates *in that they do not carefully study such works*. The Great Physician's first students, so successful in practice, made great use of them, and had, I assure you, no symptoms of the miserable latter-day plague, so fatal to Gilead graduates, known as the "Helps."

I was glad that my preacher did seek so pleasant a sanctuary as the orchard, in which to deliver his promised sermon. The trees were bending to the earth with their precious burden, and the ground was covered with ripened fruit.

See, said Truthful, how broad and bountiful the banquet which the Great Provider doth freely spread for his invited and ever-welcome guests! And who may tell the wide range which hath been explored in bringing together the dainties of this green table! In the dark and dreary storms of the fall, and in the driving snows of lingering winter, the unseen hand was gathering this repast. Each snowflake was a little prophet, clad in its white mantle, and telling surely of the golden glories of this hour. Yea, every descending raindrop, in the spring shower, was freighted with a blessing; and each ray of the summer sun was a messenger bearing on its bright wings a secret gift to complete this feast. Nay more, the good angels are busy, even now, in preparing the hidden wealth of another year's table. So God doth spread His circling table from summer round to summer.

Now it came to pass that, after we had freely fed

upon the mellow fruits, Truthful bade me sit down with him upon the grassy knoll, while he preached me a sermon from the two texts, as he called them, plucked from the peach tree and the plum tree.

Behold, said he, these two extracts from the great Fruit Bible, and listen thou to the SERMON ON CHARACTER, drawn from the yellow and the purple page. So saying, the preacher told me to examine with care the peach which he held in his hand, and especially to observe the fine soft down with which it was covered; and also to note closely the blue haze in which the plum was veiled. Now, said the preacher, see thou the delicacy of the golden and the purple mantles, and behold also how easily this fair raiment may be marred. At that, Truthful did rub his finger over the peach, and over the plum; and the dainty covering of the fruit was gone forever.

This, said he, is the first division of my sermon: *the departed glory of the fruit, and the impossibility of again restoring it.* Bring all the wisdom of World Town, and bid that array of knowledge to repair the injury wrought upon the peach, or to put again upon the plum its purple robe. Yea, all the philosophy of earth shall stand baffled and powerless here. Nay more, it is not in the sovereign plan of Him who made these fruits, to restore this loss; for in the orchard wardrobe he hath provided no second dress for these naked children, now plundered of their beautiful outer garments. *The shame of their nakedness shall appear.* (Rev. iii. 18.)

Such, added the guide, is the glory and the shame of the peach and the plum; and *this is the lesson drawn from the gold and blue text.* There is a cer-

tain indescribable beauty in which virtuous youth is mantled, and that perfection, lost by contact with sin, shall not be restored even by grace itself; for there is not in all its wealthy store any second garment for such a deprivation. Thus thou dost behold the ripened fruit declaring lessons of instruction unto the greenness of youth; even as striking parallels and similitudes may be found in the morning and the evening of life. So first and second childhood do sit opposite each other at the foot of the hill, and pleasantly talk across.

Now, said the guide, let us go to another pulpit, which is found in the great TEMPLE OF LABOR, wherein I would preach thee another sermon on character. As we are in the way, I will tell thee my dream. It was the habit of the Holy One of Gilead, when here, to discourse by the way; and the story of my vision shall be a roadside sermon.

You remember, said he, the morning we awoke in the hospital, that I said I was tempted to tell you my dream, but having promised a sermon on the significance of daylight, I would defer the vision.

I told him I remembered it well, and had often since been dreaming, in my own mind, what that dream might be.

Thou knowest, said he, the window of our room looked out upon a garden. It may be, my mind, in sleep, was unconsciously impressed with the presence of the flowers, and that the fragrance of the blossoms, which the cool night air breathed in upon us through the open casement, may have whispered to me with its sweet lips the story of THE ANGEL OF THE DEW IN THE GARDEN.

I thought I was in the midst of the garden, and that all around me the flowers were conversing. The red rose, and the white, the lilies and the hyacinths, daffodils, pinks, and violets; the morning glories—they were asleep. It seemed that the Dew Angel had absented herself from the garden for many nights together; and there was general lamentation among the plants. They spake in kind terms of the old gardener, in his attempt to imitate the Angel: but all agreed that he had none of the skill of the blessed visitor; while some of the gentler flowers declared that they were positively shocked with his rude ministry. The lily said she held up her white cup to him, and the careless fellow drenched her. And the violet testified that a relative of hers was actually drowned in the shower of this awkward servant.

Then the conversation turned upon the probabilities of a visit from the Dew Angel, and the best judges were inclined to the belief that she would come; having seen her footprints in a neighboring meadow among the grassblades and buttercups. At this, a tiny little blossom, so small and feeble that its head rested on the ground, said, that for one, it would rejoice in the visit, for its lips were thirsting for one of those great drops of dew.

Then I saw that the tall sunflower, looking over to his wife in the yellow dress, did smile in derision at the remark of the little flower. You, said he, you expecting a dewdrop! What presumption, to think that the glorious angel who wears the moon-beam mantle and the glistening crown, when she shall visit us, will stoop so low as to give you a drink from her silver cup! Small business that for the

Dew Angel! Myself and wife, the families of roses and lilies, and yonder sleeping beauty, whose name is morning glory, and other important blossoms of the garden, will no doubt have our fill, but thou, ground-kissing plant, shalt be quite beneath the notice of the angel.

I supposed that the little blossom would be frightened into silence by this rebuke, but in a low, sweet whisper it returned a reply. And this was its argument: He who made us all, sendeth the Dew Angel when and where he pleaseth. *He hath begotten the drops of dew*, and he disposeth of the watery treasure according to the fulness of his love. Now, said the lowly little orator, bracing itself up upon a pebble and looking up to the haughty sunflower, if we little blossoms are worthy of the exercise of Infinite Wisdom in our creation, and our existence proveth it, may we not hope for an equal exercise of love in our preservation, and hence is not our claim as great, and our argument as good as that of the larger plants?

Good, said the rose.

Capital, said the white lily.

By a common love and grace we are all in one garden, said the morning glory, who had been awakened for the moment by the controversy of the flowers, and I see not why we should not inherit a common blessing.

You see! You see nothing till daylight, replied the sunflower. But the morning glory, with its cheek against a nodding poppy, had fallen asleep again; so the shot failed of its mark.

Just then I saw, in my dream, the Dew Angel coming. And as she approached, her wings sparkled

with liquid light, and the ground over which she passed seemed to be sown broadcast with diamonds. Noiselessly she entered the garden, and at her coming all controversy ceased, for each flower was looking for the dew. Then I observed the preacher on God's liberality to hold up his little cup, while with a smile the bright angel did let a dewdrop fall into it, and filled it to overflowing. And at the side of the humble flower she held her full goblet, while a little grass-blade drank. Then I saw her go over to where the morning glory was sleeping, and placing a leaf filled with dew at its side, she whispered, Drink that, when you awake, you beauty. With equal hand did the angel supply the sunflower, the rose, and the pink; and I saw that the argument of the little blossom was correct: that if Infinite Love would make a plant, the same love would give it the dew; and that no flower was so insignificant as to be beneath the tender ministries of the Dew Angel. Then I awoke from my dream, and the great wonder of my vision hath been thy roadside sermon.

Surely, said I, thou wast taught in the night seasons, and the lesson of the flowers is filled with healthy instruction; yea, it too, is a sermon.

And, said the guide, as we reached a place where a man was busy spreading a kind of cement upon a stone floor, this also is another pulpit, wherein, as I told thee, I may preach to thee a sermon, even in the great sanctuary of labor. And my discourse shall be a short one, but bearing with it a long moral.

Behold the softness of the material with which this workman is carefully overspreading the solid masonry.

Now it came to pass, while Truthful was speaking, that a small fly did alight upon the smooth surface of the cement, and as he arose, I saw that he had left the delicate print of his wing thereon.

See, quoth the guide, the mark of that fly. Let but a few weeks pass by, and on that same delicate page thou shalt scarce make thy mark without hammer and iron, so hard doth this substance become in the lapse of time. *And this is my sermon.*

In early life, character is like unto that soft mortar before thee. The slightest object may leave its track, to abide there forever. As the careless fly hath imprinted its feeble wings thereon, and as, years-after that insect hath perished, the mark will remain, so *early impressions*, though feeble in themselves, shall have record in the memory and the character, when the heaviest force of later incidents, though struck as with a hammer and pointed iron, shall leave no register.

Now, said the guide, with the addition of two sermons within doors, thou shalt have had enough of sermonizing for the day, and perhaps may make thy boast for a wakeful hearer, having thus heard five discourses without being drowsy.

So saying, we returned to the hospital, and sought the family room wherein we worshipped on our first evening with Wisdom and his sons and daughters. In the corner of this room stood a timepiece, high and massive. On the broad dial were traced in large characters the figures which in a circle told the hours of a day. Beneath this dial there swung to and fro the long pendulum.

Surely, said I to myself, this sermon shall be upon

the flight of time, for the sound of those measured strokes is like the footfall of some sedate and solemn pilgrim walking onward toward the grave. Full well I knew I had anticipated my guide as to THE LESSON OF THE CLOCK.

Mark, said Truthful, yonder tall minister, who hath been preaching for years of the one common journey to eternity; and many generations have heard, and forgotten, and have passed away. But even he is not confined to a single text, nor forced to the perpetual repetition of a single discourse.

At this he bade me look at the even-swung pendulum, and note its steady course back and forth. A fool, said he, beholding that vibration, would say that the restless pendulum might as well hang still; for it loseth at the right hand all it gaineth in going to the left. But a wise man would bid the simple one to look up to the dial, and there discover the connection between the ceaseless journey right and left, and the travelling of the minute hand and the hour hand on the face of the clock.

So, said Truthful, simple men do judge the progress of events. Standing before THE GREAT CLOCK OF HISTORY, they see the giant pendulum now swung forward over centuries, indicating the number of prosperous events, and carrying around the evident designs of Infinite Wisdom. But again they do behold it returning backward for ages, and thus seemingly undoing all it accomplished in its previous march. And in their false judgment, they exclaim, the clock is gaining nothing, and the pendulum might as well remain quiet in the centre! But a wise man would bid the simple judge to lift his eyes up from the pendulum to

the face, and he should behold the connection between the swinging of the one and the travelling of the hands on the other. So this is the MIGHTY CLOCK OF GOD'S DESIGNS, and His providence is the pendulum thereof. And every sway to and fro is sending the hands steadily round, until that dial shall gleam in the light of the final day, and the hour hand and the minute hand, having run their destined round in the decrees of the Holy One, shall point to the high noon of all the eternal purposes of Infinite Wisdom.

Then, said I, a clock run down is like unto a bad professor, telling the wrong time.

Nay, quoth Truthful, for a bad professor is always false, whilst a clock run down is right twice in twenty-four hours.

Then Truthful called Courtesy, the maid, and bade her bring to him two glass vessels half filled with water. Into the one I saw that the preacher cast a small handful of earth, and then setting both in the sunshine, he did wait until the dirt in the one had all settled to the bottom. And then he did begin his sermon. He named the right-hand vessel *Godly*, and he called the one on his left hand, into which he had cast the earth, *Ungodly*.

Now, said he, behold the similarity of the two glasses as they quietly sit in the common sunbeam! The water in one seemeth as pure and as peaceful as that in the other. This is *equal prosperity*; and it is hard in such a case to choose between the two vessels, though a narrow observer may see the earth at the bottom of the left-hand tumbler. But here is a slight touch of the hand of adversity. So saying, he gently shook both vessels, and again set them down. Then

I saw that *Godly* flashed light as the sun shone upon the little ripples which were playing upon its surface, while in *Ungodly* there rose from the bottom a faint cloud, which continued for a moment, and then, as quiet was restored, settled again, and the two vessels appeared alike peaceful and clear.

Again Truthful took the two glasses, saying, Now let a severe trial come upon both. At that he sorely shook them both, and for a long time he kept the waters dancing.

See *Godly*, he exclaimed, how the agitation only increaseth his glory! The sun is playing in the gleaming waters.

Then he called me to look at *Ungodly*. Cloud after cloud, thick and black, arose, until it seemed only filled with one even mass of filth. And not a ray of light came from side or surface.

And canst thou divine THE SERMON OF THE VESSELS? he asked.

I told him the discourse was plain and profitable, showing that the line was to be found between saint and sinner, even in prosperity; yet it was adversity that did declare fully the distinction. And moreover, that which was *calamity* to *Ungodly*, was only a *blessing* to *Godly*.

Yea, said he, this is the lesson of the two tumblers.

Now, said the guide, it is high time that I go with thee through other parts of the hospital. Yea, he added, I have yet to show thee things wonderful to behold; and may the eye prove a faithful teacher of the heart. I will begin with the room called *Rest*, said he.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ROOM CALLED REST.

"That they may rest from their labors."—REV. xiv. 13.

So Truthful led me to the room called *Rest*, which was under the charge of one whose name was Peace, a near relative of the Great Physician. It was here the patient was brought by Mercy and Grace, ever in attendance in this apartment, immediately after the cure had been wrought, and from this place a door opened into the "Room of COMMEMORATION."

Now there were three apartments in the Room of Rest. As we entered the first division, we saw many patients from the several wards of the hospital, and among them, some whom I little thought I should find in so quiet a place.

The windows were curtained, for the eyes of the patients were too weak to endure the brightness of the sun, and all around were spread couches, upon some of which the weary ones were sleeping sweetly. And over these was written upon the walls, *I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and by the hinds of the fields, that ye stir not up nor awake my love till he please.* (Sol. Song, ii. 7.)

See, said Truthful, the love of the Holy One, in that *he giveth his beloved sleep*. (Psalm cxxvii. 2.) Moreover, sleep is greatly recommended by the Man of Gilead, and it is said of one of old, *if he sleep he shall do well*. (Jno. xi. 12.)

Now while we stood looking upon the sleepers, a gentle rap was heard at the door, and as Peace noiselessly opened the same, Mercy and Grace came in, carrying—for they were very strong—a man just healed in Pleasure Ward. And laying him on one of the beds, they immediately departed.

Then I saw in my dream that Peace went to the feeble one, and gave him a drink of cordial from a bottle, on which was written "*Consolation*." No sooner had the man tasted of the same, than he turned upon his side, and closing his eyes, sunk into a gentle slumber. But all were not thus readily composed, for we saw one who seemed very nervous, and as sleep came upon him, he would start, as though he saw some fearful sight. But beholding Peace at his side, he would, for the moment, quiet down, but only to start again from another frightful vision.

Then I asked of my guide what this could mean?

He replied, that the memory of his old disease was so fresh upon him, that just as slumber would come over him, and consciousness be partially lost, he would have a horror of his former plague. But the sight of the countenance of Peace would again quiet him. So a child going to sleep after some grief, with eyes yet wet from weeping, will start, and cry, until, seeing the face and hearing the voice of its

mother, it shall drowse again. And often, during its slumber, dreaming, it will sob.

Now as we looked, the man roused, and calling for the doctor, exclaimed, *Save! I perish!* Then it was that the governor's daughter, Humility, came in with her viol—for Wisdom's wife and daughters were much in these rooms—and at the request of Peace, she played upon "*Bruised Reed*," and chanted with a low, sweet voice, the words, *Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as snow*. (Isa. i. 18.) *I will heal their backslidings, I will love them freely*. (Hos. xiv. 4.) *He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out*. (Jno. xi. 37.) *Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon*. *Ye shall go forth with joy, and be led forth with Peace*. (Isa. lv. 7.) And then she sang her favorite hymn called "*Broken Heart*." And even while she was singing, I beheld, and the man was sleeping sweetly. Moreover, I saw that the sound of her voice and the music of her viol made the occupants of other beds to smile even in their slumber.

A long time we tarried in this first apartment, passing from couch to couch, and noting the faces of the sleepers. Truthful said that that was a place of pleasant dreams, and that the impression of this room was a sweet memory with the healed ever afterward.

Then I asked of Peace, if *all* the cured were brought to this place?

She said, No. Many are so strong immediately upon the work of the medicines, as to need no nurs-

ing here; but still, she added, it is a good thing for the most of them to pass through these apartments, especially for the benefit of the look into the *Magic Glass* in the second room, and also for the value of the counsel imparted by the good wife of the governor, whose name is Prudence, and who ministers in the Third Apartment.

I further asked of Truthful, if other than patients from the hospital came to these rooms.

Yes, he replied, oftentimes, men long in active life, disabled by some trouble, have found the kind nursing of the place of the greatest benefit. And then the visions which are begotten here are of the most delightful nature. 'Twas here Joseph dreamed, and Daniel's vision discovered itself. Many great dreamers, both of olden times, and those of later days, have had their sleep in this room. Some years ago, a plain, strong man, of Elstow, was brought here. His trouble was no nerve difficulty; indeed, his nerves were like iron; but he had experienced great trials, and he did put himself under the care of Peace, in this apartment. She gave unto him the cordial, and Humility sang to him, and he sank into a deep sleep. Her song was not that favorite "Broken Heart," but this was her psalm: *Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage.* (Psal. cxix. 54.) And again a part of her *gospel march*: *They confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.* (Heb. xi. 13-16.) Now as she sang, the man slept, and as she sounded out the *gospel march*, a smile like sunshine went over his broad face, and his lips whispered, PILGRIM!

A better country,—Strangers and Pilgrims,—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS! This man was the prince of dreamers, and in this quiet room where Peace gave him the cordial, and Humility played and sang, he dreamed his dream.

Nay, further, said Peace to Truthful; when he was with us, he used to sit for hours together, looking into the *Magic Glass*.

And what hath become of that glorious dreamer? I asked.

Then spake Peace: Long since he hath gone over Bethany Hill, and through Lowly Valley, into the bright land of Gilead; and the story of his vision hath led a countless throng on the same blessed journey. His chain, she added, which is among the precious wonders of the Museum of All Soul's Hospital, hath been exchanged for the golden ornament of righteousness; and his prisoner's cell for the *city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God.* (Heb. xi. 10.)

And his family, I asked, do they dwell in World Town?

Nay, replied the maid, they too are with him in Paradise. That wife, more bold than Great Heart; she who once stood up against the evil judges for the sacred cause of her husband, now standeth in the presence of the Holy One. And the little blind girl, whose presence both pleased and pained her father in the "den," is his companion now in Gilead, and she hath the eyes of an angel.

Behold, said Truthful to me, how sorrow is ever the handmaid of joy!

So I did call to mind the sermon in the gateway,

and remembered that the clouds also were needed to complete the glory of the rising sun; and that the heavier the dew of the evening, the brighter were the sparkling splendors of the morning.

Then we heard another rap at the door, and Mercy and Grace appeared, bearing an old man just cured of his long disease, and only asking a few days' repose before going to Gilead. It is sunset with him, said Truthful, and he will never be thankful enough to the Holy One in Gilead that it is not soul-set also.

Moreover, I saw that Peace was very tender with the old man, the more especially as his spirit was crushed at the careless rebuke of some young Gilead student, upbraiding him for his squandered life. But Peace and the governor's daughter soon lulled the poor man to repose, in which he quite forgot the wound he received in his journey thither.

Ah, said Truthful, the injury of an untimely word! It is a sad reflection that that old man hath been so long diseased and crippled, for both World Town and himself have suffered a loss. The first hath been deprived of his influence for good, until the opportunity is gone forever. And as for this man, though he shall *enter in through the gates into Gilead*, still he will, even in that land of perfect rest and joy, be forever less than if his cure had taken place at an earlier date.

Then, said I, I do perceive that the readier the healing occurs, the better, and that though we are complete in Gilead, still *we are liable, by failures here, to sustain eternal losses there.*

Yea, said my guide, after the work of our cure is accomplished, we begin our course of development,

and the growth, be it great or small, to which we attain on this side the gate, is perpetuated on the other side; and so time telleth upon eternity. We are all *filled*, in the bright region, with the ecstasies imparted by the Holy One. But though all are equally *full*, we are, by no means, all equally great. The little flower which I saw in my dream, was bowed to the earth with the blessed burden of one dew-drop; and the lily itself was no more than filled; but the dew which *it* had in its white cup was a thousandfold more than that of the smaller flower.

Yet, returning to the old man, it is folly, yea, and cruelty also, to vex a man with the memory of his past faults, when they may not be redeemed, and when he is doing in the present all that he can for righteousness' sake.

That is not the way of the Holy One, I remarked, for he saith, *I will remember thy sins no more against thee* (Jer. xxxi. 34), and those Gilead graduates, *some of them*, seem to have made but poor use of the teachings of the Great Physician.

So I looked and saw that the old man was asleep, and the smile on his face showed that he had forgotten his hurt. He was dreaming of Simeon's home in the better country.

Then we passed into the SECOND APARTMENT, wherein were no beds, but in which the chief objects of attraction were two glasses, the one called the MAGIC GLASS, and the other known as the IMAGE GLASS, of which I remembered to have heard Truthful speak, when telling of the surprise which Humility experienced before the common dressing mir-

ror, in discovering the light upon her face, as she returned with Prayer from Gilead.

Thou mayst call to mind, said the guide, how Peace declared that all the healed do not pass through the first apartment, owing to the immediate strength which some experience on the occasion of their cure. But all do make the circuit of this room, though all may not dwell an equal time, or have an equal experience here. The great dreamer, whose lips repeated Humility's mention of the pilgrim, came again and again to this Magic Glass. And as for the other, it is a standing miracle, and there is a sense in which the healed man is ever looking into it, until he doth go through the sacred gates of Gilead.

Then I saw in my dream, that this great apartment was filled with people, and that one of Humility's sisters had charge of the room.

First we went to the side where stood the "Magic Glass." Very many were in waiting for an opportunity to look thereon. It was interesting to hear the expressions of surprise and delight, as the beholder discovered the opening wonders of this glass.

Then I saw a man whose name was Hope, very busy just at the side of this glass, in passing in certain slides, one after another, and I asked of my guide what this might mean.

These slides, said he, are different pictures taken by an angel artist, who sketched them from various views in Gilead, and on the way thereto.

I noticed, moreover, that many men with careworn faces as they approached the glass, when turning from looking therein, had on their countenances

a look of repose not unlike the appearance of the young woman who kept the first apartment.

Now, after a long time, we ourselves came up to the glass, and with deference to Truthful, I yielded to him the first privilege of looking therein. But, thanking me, he declined this courtesy, saying that he had often beheld these wonders; and also had seen with his own eyes the charming views here represented, having travelled, with Dr. Wisdom, all over the beautiful land, many years since.

That accounts, said I, for the doctor's ready recognition of thee, the day we stood before the hospital gate.

So I looked into the MAGIC GLASS. And surely it is not strange that those who had gone before me were unable to restrain themselves, but declared their rapture at the sight presented. There were wonderful faces imaged there; and Truthful, knowing the arrangement of the slides, named each as Hope passed them before me.

The first was the likeness of a stout old man, standing at a beautiful gate, and looking as though he were close kindred to him who worked the curious slides. This, said Truthful, is good old Prevail, who keepeth the golden gate in Gilead.

Then I saw the face of the governor of the hospital.

Also one after another of his sons and daughters passed before me.

And who might this be? asked Truthful, as his own face filled the glass.

To the life, I replied, and asked when it was taken, for, from the faithfulness of the likeness, it might have been painted that very morning.

Ages ago ! was the strange reply.

And thou hast not changed at all, said I.

I never change, was the more mysterious answer.

Then knew I that my guide was some glorious angel in mortal disguise.

Now, as I looked in the glass, I saw a light increasing, like the rapid coming on of morning. Brighter and still brighter it grew, until, when I thought my eyes would fail me, a face appeared, and instantly passed ; and at the vision I sat down blinded for the moment, and too weak to stand upon my feet. *It was as the sun shining in his strength.* (Rev. i. 16.)

That, said Truthful, was the likeness of the Holy One.

The beauty, the glory, the intolerable brightness of that countenance ! I exclaimed.

Then my guide bade the attendant bring me a common mirror, and as I looked therein, I saw upon my face the strange radiance which I noticed on the countenance of Prayer the day he passed us in the garden, when returning from his errand to the Great Physician. And I asked Truthful how the others who looked into the Magic Glass could so calmly bear such a sight, and why the light was not upon their faces. He replied that their eyes were too weak for such a vision, and that in such a case, Hope veiled the likeness of the Holy One, in compassion to their feebleness.

Then I exclaimed, I have often asked to see the face of the glorious inhabitant of Gilead, but had I known the overwhelming light which doth abound in that countenance, I should not have ventured the request.

Learn, said Truthful, the exercise of divine love in the use of the veil.

Now after a few moments, having recovered somewhat from my last look, I again took my place at the Glass. Then I saw the sight which had caused the rapturous exclamations of the beholders who had gone before me. There was the HILL BETHANY at the end of the winding path leading thereto.

This, said Truthful, is the road you saw Prayer take ; and you do observe that it is very steep and difficult of ascent.

And how he ran up this hill ! I exclaimed. Surely it must be impossible for other men to accomplish such a journey.

Alone, it is, said Truthful, but the governor's servant always accompanieth them hither, at once to guide them, and to help them up the hard places.

Then I saw that from Bethany the view must be fine in a clear day.

The next picture was BETHANY IN A FOG. This was dark and strange enough. A little company of men were sitting together, their faces pale and sad. The cold mist seemed to shut like a wall around the miserable group, one of whom had in his hand a faintly burning taper, which seemed just ready to go out. It is, surely, thought I, a doleful hill.

This, said Truthful, was sketched from an actual scene ; for sometimes this beautiful hill is thus clothed in an impenetrable mist, and often just before sunrise. This was a company of pilgrims on their way to Gilead. Thinking they could get along from here without Prayer, who, you will observe, is not in the company, they dismissed him. And he had been gone

but a few moments before a strong wind from Doubting Sea brought upon them this thick fog. Look narrowly, said he, and thou shalt see a man, a little away from this circle, in the act of shouting after some one. This represents one of their number calling aloud unto the governor's servant Prayer, who is within hearing, having sat down at the spring side, which was once a toilet mirror for himself and Humility, where he is taking a lunch, from some "Promises" which he always carrieth with him, to strengthen him in his journey. So he straightway did return, and on his arrival the light began again to shine, and soon the dreary mists rolled away, all glorified with the beams of the morning sun.

Then Hope passed the slides, and I saw BETHANY HILL IN THE SUN LIGHT, with a distant view of Gilead Gate, Lowly Valley lying between the two.

Now, said Truthful, the twofold vision of BETHANY HILL hath passed before thee. Observe the familiar face of Prayer, and around him the little company.

Then I closely noted the appearance of each of the group. I saw that their faces were still pale, but a smile had displaced the look of sadness. And I beheld, moreover, on their cheeks and on their foreheads, shining drops glistening like jewels.

These drops upon their cheeks, said Truthful, are the tears which they shed as they mourned their parting from dear friends and kindred; and they shall remain thereon until, at the other side of the gate, the Holy One shall wipe them forever away. (See Rev.) And that upon their foreheads is what we call death dew, being the sweat brought out upon their faces by struggle up the strait path, and the anguish through

which they passed during the absence of the governor's servant.

Then I saw that below this hill was the valley where the lilies grew, and beyond, upon the slope, the place where the sweet roses of Sharon do abound. The view from this fair mount was glorious. Far to the left was Doubting Sea, over which gloomy clouds were hanging. At the right, winding through the valley, and turning toward Gilead, was the River of Life, on whose banks stood trees bending with golden fruit. (Rev. xxii. 2.) While before us, just beyond the valley, all kindling with the beams of the rising sun, were the gates leading to the dwelling of the Holy One. I did not wonder at the ecstasy of those who had looked into the glass.

This, said Truthful, is the parting place between those who go to Gilead and their relatives and friends. The company you see here, all go over, for they are marked with the "*death dew*," which is never on the brows of the friends, though thou mayst often see water upon their cheeks. But not having come up the steep way, but rather over a short path across, they have no sweat upon their foreheads. However, when those friends are bound for Gilead, they too shall take the steep path, the only road for pilgrims, and such climbing shall bring out the "*death dew*."

Then I asked my guide if all did sweat equally, in getting up this hill.

He replied that they did not, that it depended much upon their build, and something also upon their diet. And he added, a taste, now and then, of such "*promises*" as the governor's servant ate at the spring

side, doth go far toward strengthening the pilgrim. I have known cases in which the climber so kept his breath as to sing all the way up.

The next picture was a view in the palace of the Holy One, and called MANY MANSIONS. (John xiv. 2.) Over the doorway to this dwelling was inscribed, in bright characters, these words: *There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.* (Heb. iv. 9.) Here I saw glorious ones living as in their own home; and each seemed to have his particular apartment, though evidently free to range over the entire building.

Then Truthful bade me behold the greater mystery of the IMAGE MIRROR, saying it was the exclamation of one of the most illustrious of all patients, cured by the ministries of Gilead, as in company with others, he looked into this mirror, *We all as in a glass beholding the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord.* (2 Cor. iii. 18.) He was a man, continued Truthful, who, when he came to the hospital, was so far from desiring a cure, that he boasted of his health, and moreover he did delight alike in ridiculing and injuring the patients. He therefore came up asking for no aid, but rather to see if he might not, in some wise, compass the hurt of the occupants of this place. So, instead of going to either ward, he strode unbidden into the second apartment, and, the very first thing, he did look into the Magic Glass. Now it chanced that Hope's assistant, whose name is Conviction, was serving these slides at the time; and as this man of Tarsus came up, the minister at the glass placed therein the likeness of the Holy One. With one look

upon that unveiled face, the intruder fell headlong to the floor, crying out, in astonishment, *Who art thou, Lord?* That dreadful vision struck him both blind and helpless. So Conviction took him by the hand, and led him right among those very patients whom he came to destroy, and the governor, having administered "Repentance," left him in charge of an excellent nurse whose name was Ananias, and under his care the man did receive his sight, and did again enter this room. (Acts xix. 17.) It was then he got a look into this Image Glass, and that the exclamation already mentioned broke forth from his lips. From here he went to the Room of Commemoration.

That look, said Truthful, changed his life, which he gave up wholly to the cause of the Great Physician, battling everywhere for the truth, until the time of his departure was at hand, and he went to the glories of Gilead. Thou shalt see his giant armor in the Arming Room, for, like a namesake of his, he was *head and shoulders above the tribe*. There is among the mementos of those who have gone across the valley, in the JEWEL ROOM, his splendid character-crown, largest of all, that no one could take from him.

There be also in that sacred place, which is so closely guarded, much of abundant interest, such as THE WIDOW'S MITE, THE OIL CRUSE, and THE WINE BOTTLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN, THE BROKEN ALABASTER BOX, THE HOLY VESSELS OF THE COMMEMORATION BANQUET; yea, also much armor, and the CHARACTER-CROWNS once worn by heads now wearing GLORY-CROWNS in Gilead. But I linger longest, saith the guide, over the crown of this stout man of Tarsus.

Now while Truthful was conversing I could but notice the mystery passing before me. Men of all expressions of countenance were going up to the Image Glass, and as they turned from the same, the sacred light was on their faces. With some it was but faint, for they did not look long enough; with others, making greater stay at the glass, the radiance was clear and brilliant.

Then Truthful bade me behold the position and relation of the mirror; and I saw that it leaned against a wooden rest, which my guide said was wrought out of the Gilead tree from which the sacred BALM was procured. Moreover I looked up, at the direction of the guide, and discovered opposite, and above the mirror, a wonderful likeness, even like unto that beheld in the Magic Glass; and from this face, light was beaming directly upon the mirror.

This, said Truthful, thou needest not be told is the likeness of the Holy One; for having once seen that countenance, it is never forgotten. Indeed, he exclaimed, with rapture, it is a face *chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely!* (Sol. Song.)

I saw moreover that as a man would draw toward the mirror, for they came not close to the same, he beheld not his own face, but, in the place thereof, the likeness shining from the wall. And the miracle was, that as the beholder stood entranced, gazing at his face, he began himself to change into the same image, glory after glory, the longer he looked therein.

The steadier thou shalt look into this glass, said Truthful, the more shall thy likeness become like unto the Holy One; and thus the greater shall be thy beauty.

Then I asked him, if that was the way that men could tell those who had passed through the hospital.

He replied, it was; though with some the sign is nearly gone, it is so long since they have looked into the Image Glass. This is rather their fault than their misfortune; for as I said, there is a sense in which a man may be always looking; until standing on Bethany Hill, the bright light, from the open gate of Gilead, shall make the death dew to sparkle on his brow like a golden band set round with diamonds.

And didst *thou* ever look into this wonderful mirror? I asked. The light is on thy face, but is it the result of the vision?

At this my guide smiled, and reminded me of his strange saying beside the Magic Glass.

So we left this room of wonders for the THIRD APARTMENT. On our way thither, the guide remarked that other strange things were yet before me, in which I should find equal cause for wonder. By and by, said he, I shall have thee go into the ROOM OF HIDDEN MYSTERIES, kept by one whose name is Secrecy; but our stay in REST ROOM has been so long that we may but pause a moment in this THIRD APARTMENT.

Here also we found a great company; and around us very many curious things, of which we have no time to make particular mention.

Then I saw in my dream, that this was a kind of school, in which Prudence, the wife of Dr. Wisdom, was the chief teacher. I could have dwelt for days here, for the sweet counsel of this woman was so well set forth, and withal so timely. But it was wearing late; so my guide and myself did betake ourselves to

rest for the night. Now as we parted, Truthful said, In the morning we will visit a few places of interest in the city, and returning pass through the three remaining rooms. Meantime I charge thee, ponder the things thou hast seen, and lay the same to heart, for it was for thy profit, rather than thy wonder, that I led thee through the room called REST.

So he bade me good night.

CHAPTER XV.

A VISIT TO PLACES OF INTEREST IN WORLD TOWN.

"I will teach and guide thee with mine eye."—Ps. xxxii. 8.

EARLY in the morning, at the door of my dwelling, my faithful guide did join me for a stroll through some of the streets of interest in World Town which we did fail to visit on a previous walk.

We shall, said Truthful, take a hasty look into Quality Avenue—Brokers' Row—Union Square—Beggars' Alley—and also the street called Pleasantness, wherein may be found the private residence of good Dr. Wisdom, the worthy governor of All Souls' Hospital.

Now I saw in my dream, as we reached the high ground whereon the town was built, that the city was of almost measureless extent—street stretching beyond street, and avenue succeeding avenue, with countless lanes and alleys.

My guide did first lead the way to the more wealthy part of the town, and soon we found ourselves on the broad walks and among the stately dwellings of famous Quality Avenue. Lofty buildings of marble, elaborately wrought, were here, and over the smooth pavement continually passed and repassed

the costly carriages of the wealthy inhabitants. This, said the guide, was the favorite resort of Dr. Pride, the King's physician, and here he did find a great number of his patients, who did so prize his service that they had rather die at his hands, than recover by a more humble and a more successful practice.

Then at my request he did point out various places of especial interest in this avenue. There, said he, in yonder pile of almost princely splendor, long dwelt Dr. Silvertrust, one of the old faculty of the hospital. Stopping before a lofty building, he bade me especially to note the same. This proud structure, he remarked, is unsurpassed by any of the houses of nobility in this habitation of worldly glory. A million pieces of money were expended in its erection, and at the least a million more in the furnishing of the same. On the broad silver door-plate I read the single name *LUCRE*, in large letters. That, said the guide, is the occupant and owner of the costly mansion. He hath long dwelt in this proud section of World Town, and is known unto thousands of the inhabitants thereof. Yea, he was permitted frequently to visit the palace of majesty; and was ever a welcome visitor of the late Lord Mayor. This Lucre is a man of vast wealth, he added, but all of his estate lieth in this city, and he hath neither house nor hope in *the city which had foundations*, even in the better land of Gilead.

Then, said I, by the true estimate of the Holy One he is after all but a poor man, not being *rich toward God*.

Poor indeed! exclaimed the guide. Poor in character, and poorer still in prospect. His couch, of

costly pillows, and filled with softest down, is not equal to the yield of one good night's rest. His table, burdened with the products of all lands, and sparkling with the wines of many vineyards, is worse unto him than *a dinner of herbs where love is*. The sound of viols, and all stringed instruments, and organs, are in his dwelling, with the voices of singing men, and singing women, but his ear is not charmed thereby. It is not the prerogative of gold to make its possessor truly rich, if there is poverty in the soul; neither may the habiliments of want itself make a man truly poor, if there is wealth in the heart. There is, saith Truthful, in this stately dwelling, a most unwelcome visitor, even the man whom thou didst see in the hospital, and whose name is Memory. No ingenuity of bolt or bar can shut him out. Quite at home is he in every room of all this vast dwelling. Moreover, he persists in being ever near the lord of the mansion. In all the concerts of music he will continually interrupt the same by his address unto Lucre. At the daily meal, also, he passeth the meats and the wines unto the head of the table. And at evening he doth trim the fire, and sit familiar at the household hearth. Nay, when the poor old man doth make his way unto his sleeping chamber, the man Memory always entereth the room before him, and waiteth at the bedside to drive away the gentle ministry of sleep from his pillow.

And is it not his own fault, I asked, that Memory is unto this wealthy man, as in the case of the woman in Pleasure Ward, a tormentor rather than a friend and a comforter?

Yea, said the guide; in other visits to houses of

equal grandeur he is the delight of the household. One Benevolence, himself a man of great riches, doth often declare even unto his neighbor Lucre, that the presence of Memory in his family is ever deemed an inestimable blessing. His hand it is that doth light him nightly to his couch; his voice whispereth him to gentle and refreshing slumber; and the skill of his ministry doth enrich his daily banquet and sweeten all the feast. In the music of his house, mingling with the sound of instruments and voices, Memory doth make the good man to hear also the low, sweet sound of praise coming up from humble dwellings, and welling forth from hearts filled with joy. Brighter and more valuable than the diamonds flashing on the fair brow of his daughter are the tears of gratitude gathered from the faces of widows and orphans by the hand of Memory, as a silent, eloquent testimony to the deeds of Benevolence.

But, continued the guide, the old man Lucre is under a curse. He too, by the same hand, hath tears in his dwelling, but the sight thereof doth give more pain to the eye that beholdeth them than was the anguish of those that shed them. A sigh ever maketh discord in the sweetest song of his house. As I have said, quoth Truthful, he is also under a fearful curse. Though on the broad hearth is a roaring fire, and close at its side he doth sit carefully wrapped in costly furs and heavy robes of wool, still *he is never warm*. And this is the cause: It came to pass one winter day that Flint, his agent, returned from one of his tenants, whither he had gone in demand of rent, with the reply that the poor family—a widow and five children—had not wherewithal to meet the claim, and

that the woman humbly asked for the forbearance of her lord. I told her, said Flint, that my master required that she instantly vacate the dwelling, if unable to pay unto him the pieces of silver then due. At this the woman fell down at my feet weeping, saying, *Bear with me, and I will pay thee all!* I told her, said Flint, that if tears were silver, her rent was easily paid. I should, he added, have put her forth even into the street, but as the night was drawing nigh, and the winter storm was driving hard, I thought I would return with her story, and learn your will in the matter.

The same is quickly said, quoth Lucre. She and hers must go out this hour! It is her misfortune and not my fault that she cannot pay; nor am I responsible for the winter's wind. As the Rev. Mr. Simperlove, in our last holy service, did read: *He saith to the snow, be thou on the earth*; and also: *He causeth his wind to blow*. Go, Flint, he exclaimed, and this hour set the family in the street! I forgot to say to thee, said the agent, that her youngest child is sick, and that she claimeth that it is the long watching at its bed which hath deprived her of the means of payment. Thou hast thine orders, said Lucre; obey them.

That night, said Truthful, the helpless family huddled in a dark and fireless shed, trembling with the winter cold; and before the morning watch, bright messengers from the hills of Gilead came, with wings whiter than the driven snow, and they did bear the little one, whose feeble cry was heard by the quick ear of Mercy, above the roaring wind, away even into the royal palace of the Holy One.

When the agent went forth that night on his miserable errand, Lucre sat by his fire drinking his wine. The wintry blast howled around the building, whistling sharp and cold at the doorways, and with its mighty, unseen hands, it did shake both door and casement. Its rage was vain, however, for it could not storm and carry the barriers built by wealth and luxury, though it could play with the rags of poverty. Nay, rather the comfort within the dwelling of wealth gained strength by the noise of the tempest without. An hour had passed since Flint left the door, *when suddenly the rich man called for his mantle, as his teeth chattered with the cold.* The heavy robe was put about him, and still he shivered. Near and still nearer he drew to the blazing hearth, but the ague continued. Yea, thick furs were put about him, and hot drinks administered, but in vain; Lucre shook as if exposed naked in the storm. And from that hour, said the guide, even in the midsummer heat, shivers as from a winter wind do creep over the rich man's body; and this shall be, until that last mortal chill shall freeze his blood.

Then I asked of my guide the explanation of this mystery. He replied, *Such was the will of Him at whose command the snow is upon the earth, and whom the winds obey.* That moment in which the helpless, houseless family felt the keen, cold blast, the heartless lord also was touched by a sharper, colder wind, even the breath of the widow's curse; and the twofold ministry of fur and fire were vain to stay the force of that direful stroke. And the family, I asked, what was their fate? It was from those very faces, saith the guide, that Memory did gather the watery

jewelry, even tears of gratitude, with which to enrich the dwelling of good Benevolence, Lucre's noble neighbor. Early in the morning, he found them, and opened to the pitiful company the warm comforts of a home.

This marble pile, continued the guide, pointing to the dwelling of the petty tyrant, was really built by the hard earnings intrusted to his hands by laboring men and women in World Town, and by him with solemn pledges stored in the massive vaults of a proud building on Bank street. By a mode of wholesale robbery—though gently named, and quite fashionable in the city—the old man appropriated the sacred deposit to himself, and with the same did build and furnish this costly dwelling. But the house, like its owner, said the guide, is under a curse. The stones seem to whisper and mutter sounds of reproach, and the cedar beams have a voice. I had rather make my dwelling in the poorest hut in Beggars' Alley, exclaimed Truthful, than live in that marble monument of cruelty and crime! Yea, he added, Lucre may well envy the poor ones whom he hath robbed, and the little group once by him cast out into the drifting, driving storm.

Just then methought I saw the door open, and two men did pass down the path leading to the gate. See, said the guide, the rich man, muffled in his robes, goeth forth to ride; and behold at his side the man in black clothing: that is his tormentor, Memory. Then I saw that as Lucre entered the carriage the man did instantly take his place at his side. He doth always accompany him in his rides, and ever directeth the coachman to drive through the streets and lanes of the

city wherein are the dwellings owned by the rich man, and where he hath caused tears to fall and the cry of helpless sorrow to be heard.

Before leaving Quality Avenue, said the guide, we will cast a glance at the former home of one Dives, the man of purple robe and raiment of fine linen, but whose abode to-day is in that Ward which Dr. Wisdom declared he never could enter, and quite beyond the gifts of Gilead and the grace of the Holy One. In front of this stately dwelling was the broad gateway beneath whose liberal shelter one Lazarus took his place, to ask alms of the guests who might pass that way up to the sumptuous feast spread by the lord of the mansion. What a change time hath wrought! exclaimed the guide. *Now the beggar is comforted, and the rich man is tormented.* Lazarus, whose home was once in Beggars' Alley, hath his dwelling to-day in Gilead, even in the holy mountain: *a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens*; himself clothed in princely raiment, a welcome guest at a feast spread in one of the *many mansions* of the city which hath foundations.

Now, saith Truthful, we will make our way to Union Square, and from thence to Brokers' Row, from which we will pass into the street called Pleasantness, before named as the private residence of Dr. Wisdom.

Then, in my dream, it seemed that Union Square, compared with many other parts of the city, was newly built, although the guide did declare that the builders, in digging for the foundations of the dwellings here, had found unmistakable proof that this sec-

tion, though called "New World Town," was really one of the most ancient wards in all the city. Moreover, I beheld that in this ward there was much show of enterprise, and an air of thrift.

By direction of the guide, having passed through the Northern part of the Square, we did make our way to the Southern section. Herein, as in the North, saith Truthful, there is much that is noble, and giving a promise of future grandeur and glory. But, he added, in this great city, thou shalt find no good unmixed with evil. Right and wrong dwell side by side, even as Benevolence and Lucre are close neighbors on Quality Avenue. It is my desire, he continued, to let thee look in upon a great evil in this part of the city, and so confessed by all the better inhabitants of the square, both North and South; but a grievance much easier found than remedied. It hath been the trouble ever presenting itself, and ever interfering in all plans of good for Union Square, whether great or small, since this beautiful ward was first established, and it shall continue thus an active agent for evil, until the day marked somewhere in the calendar of World Town, when it shall, in quiet, or in tumult, make its exit.

I speak, saith he, of a place known as "Man Mart," and standing just on the corner of yonder block of buildings. Dost thou remember, saith the guide, the record of the Holy One, how, when he was in World Town, he did cast a devil out from a boy possessed; and also that the reluctant, mighty spirit, as he came forth, did rend the lad, and so overcome him that he fell to the earth as dead; and moreover, that the hand of him at whose command the devil

fled, did also raise the fallen boy to life and strength? Even so is it in the casting out of many an evil in World Town, and methinks this shall be the fate of Man Mart, and this the common blessing of Union Square.

As we drew nigh, we saw a large crowd of people gathered around a person standing upon a platform. Beside this man, who held in his hand a small wooden hammer, was a family group, composed of a man and woman, with three children, and I saw that they were black. Now as we reached the stand, the one with the hammer cried aloud, Eight hundred pieces of silver. Eight hundred! Only eight hundred pieces of silver for this property! And I beheld that it was the sale of a man. Look at him, continued the Auctioneer; I warrant him sound in limb; free from all disease; eyes and teeth perfect; and only thirty-three years of age! Going at eight hundred!

Mark, saith Truthful, the skill and craft of this salesman. And his heartlessness, I added. Yea, replied the guide, long continuance in this brutal service hath blunted every finer sensibility, until he can sell his fellow without one pang of remorse. That little wooden hammer in his hand hath broken a thousand hearts, and shattered to miserable fragments many a precious household. And, I further asked, are the people involved in this dreadful trade all as hard as this man; and do they honor their servant in this thing? Nay, saith Truthful, many are filled with tender sympathies, and do shrink from beholding these daily shows of sorrow and crime. So, many who thoughtlessly feed upon the flesh of a lamb, could not endure the sight of the butcher's knife at the throat

of the helpless victim. And as for this man, he is generally despised. But notice the sale.

Gentlemen, this is too cheap for this man! (The Holy One must think so, I whispered.) This is a forced sale, gentlemen; really is. Unexpected reverses, falling upon one of our best citizens, have pushed this valuable property upon the market. This, saith Truthful to me, is true, and a sorrow sharper than the thought of bankruptcy, with the family named by this man, is in the thought of parting with that little group; for they have learned to love them, and the valuation of property is lost in the better impulses of affection. Bid, gentlemen, bid! This man can be taken alone, although it was the request that the lot might be sold together. No incumbrance of the woman and the children, gentlemen! Eight hundred! Eight! He has a good mind, quick, intelligent. Eight hundred and fifty, some one calls. Eight fifty! continues the auctioneer. Eight fifty! I see Gilead men here, the crafty salesman adds, and the Rev. Mr. Janus honors us with his presence. Bid! gentlemen, bid! This man is himself a Gilead man. As my reverend friend would say, the spirit of the Holy One dwells within the black curtains of this tabernacle, touching the man's breast with the hammer. Safe man, gentlemen! warranted honest! Nine! cries a Gilead man. Nine fifty! cries another. Ten! exclaimed Mr. Janus. Ten! echoes the auctioneer. Ten! Ten! Ten hundred once! Twice! Three times! Gone! Ten hundred pieces of silver. The reverend Mr. Janus! A bargain, sir; really worth fifteen hundred, sir. Ah, sir, your kind of business is doing our trade good service! Really so, sir. This fellow, with-

out what you Gilead men call "religion," never would have got beyond eight fifty. Your own bid, sir, shows you rightly value the results of your own holy calling. Really so, sir. No Gilead man myself, but I could wish that all the black property coming to my stand had on it the Gilead stamp; *the mark of the Holy One in the forehead*, as your Book tells about! Do, indeed. Help the trade, sir!

I am glad, answered Mr. Janus, very glad to hear you thus bear testimony to the worldly value of my sacred calling. It is a narrow view of the Gilead service to confine it mainly to the spiritual kingdom. The Holy One himself, in His visit to World Town, offered the boundless wealth of His love in gifts adapted to *body, mind, and spirit*. *He preached liberty to the—* But I see you are about to put up the woman and her children. I will bid you good day. The reverend gentleman, said the auctioneer to the smiling company, got a little further in the good Book than he meant. But he is a careful man. Usually very judicious in his quotations. Valuable man is Mr. Janus—really is.

Now, gentlemen, said the salesman, here's a likely woman. What is bid! Start her at some price! Three children, and she is yet young!

Unable to endure more, and with the consciousness that every sense was polluted by the sight before me, I gladly turned away from Man Mart.

And that was Man Mart, saith Truthful as we were making our way out into another street. One of the greatest curses in all Union Square, and fit to be classed with Rum-lane, Gamblers'-den, and Lust-row.

I have another place to visit, saith the guide, before

we finish our journey, itself a kind of Man Mart, for in World Town thou shalt find many forms of bondage.* The lane and den, and row, just named are all places of cruel sale, and I am now conducting thee to the sight of a less gross, but equally odious auction block, and there too there is a hammer, not of valueless wood, but of yellow gold, and its stroke also can shatter the priceless structures of hope.

Moreover, said he, it is the common folly in this city, that men who frequent one den or lane of infamy, do get to themselves a name for righteousness by decrying the others; and still a greater folly and sin, that men may be found, like the coward with the bandaged neck, who shall, for a price, defend these evils.

Now as we walked on, my companion still dwelt upon the scene which we had just beheld.

That that Janus should raise his voice in that company of gamblers in human flesh! exclaimed Truthful. Perhaps, I answered, he hath at least the feeble defense of birth and education as a plea. And though this may not be to the justification of the man, still it doth make a place wherein gentle charity may urge a plea of extenuation.

True, saith the guide, there is very much in such an argument; but it hath no force in the case of this Janus. He had his birth and education in the Northern part of Union Square; and in his former home he hath loudly protested against this same sin. But, he added, these men are liable to turn out worse than any other; and they are despised too by the majority

* Man Mart is not *all* the evil in World Town. It is *one* evil.

of those who justify and defend Man Mart. *Yea, and they are loathed by the greater company of the inhabitants in this same region, who know and deplore an evil which they cannot immediately remove.*

Janus a follower of the Holy One, who, when in World Town, made no distinction in the ranks of men! The honest words of the holy volume found with him a partial utterance; but a fear tighter than his neck-cloth choked the proclamation of liberty. Buy that man! he exclaimed. He was not on sale! *He had been bought with a price. Not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious coin of Calvary!* No one in World Town hath the right to bid upon the purchased possession of the Holy One!

Didst thou not hear that cry as the man was led away: O LORD, HOW LONG! It was heard by the divine inhabitants of Gilead. On the wings of the wind, from the sacred mount, an answer came: BEHOLD, I COME QUICKLY! And that was the woman's voice that thou didst hear faintly responding: EVEN SO, COME, O HOLY ONE, COME QUICKLY. AMEN! This is a costly trade, solemnly added the guide, even millions of gold, and tens of thousands of lives, yea, torrents of blood. The gleaming sword shall take the place of that wooden hammer, and the sound of the trumpet of war shall drown the voice of the Auctioneer.

And, I asked, have there been no efforts to remove this great offence from this beautiful square? Yea, many and great struggles, replied Truthful. The best of men of all classes have, as I before declared, seen this evil, and deeply lamented it. Also, misguided, but honest men, with a zeal in nowise according to knowl-

edge, have labored diligently to overthrow the monstrous sin, and the result of their work hath tended rather to the perpetuity of the evil. Much harm also hath been done to the good cause by the joint efforts of two men in Union Square, even one Fanatic and a Mr. Firemouth. A goodly part of Southern Square, now overshadowed by Man Mart, would to-day be, I verily believe, free from this trouble, were it not for those same men. They misrepresent both the Northern and Southern interests, and are not true friends of Union Square.

That part of the square untainted by this evil is the most prosperous, continued Truthful. Therein free hands have erected beautiful dwellings, and free tongues do sing the song of a happy industry. Labor is insulted by the service of the bondmen, and that slight is even as unto the Holy One of Gilead. When he dwelt in World Town, he toiled at a trade. That was the Coronation of Labor!

Then I asked further of the guide in regard to the removal of this sore evil, adding that I should suppose that the sight of Man Mart would itself go far toward its own overthrow. Nay, answered Truthful, it is the history of these revolting scenes, that where they soften one heart they do harden an hundred. Men, it is true, have been known to turn away from the sad spectacle of the separation of families in Man Mart, declaring that henceforth they must hate this traffic in tears and sighs and blood. Indeed, there is an account of a Gilead graduate known as a preacher, who, though he had, like that Janus, given his sanction and his silver in the cause of oppression, was so far moved at the sad spectacle of the Auctioneer's plat-

form, that he did venture to say that he was not quite sure that this trade in men, women, and children had the entire sanction of the Holy One.

He further declared, that a better understanding between the Northern and Southern sections of Union Square might do something toward the removal of this trouble. But, he added, this may not be. Yea, rather, it hath been my thought that the Holy One would allow the arm of violence to some day destroy *Man Mart* with a fearful and bloody destruction. *My counsel, indeed, saith the guide, would be, did I legislate for this part of this city, to remove quite out of the Square all the black inhabitants to some ward in World Town, where they might dwell by themselves.* It shall never be truly Union Square while *Man Mart* is therein. *The Holy One hath put upon those men no mark justifying their subjection, but he hath published in their very faces the fact that they are a separate people.*

And doth not, I asked, this family feud in Union Square tend to the danger of the same from other wards of the city? Yea, replied the guide, it is thus kept in instant peril from evil neighbors in other wards. You must know, he continued, that this is comparatively a new section of World Town, and mostly built up by a company who emigrated hither from an old part of the city known as Britain Ward. For some years the first company were really under the guidance and guardianship of the old ward. But after a time a revolt did occur and a separation ensued. Now it hath come to pass, that while the mass of the inhabitants of Britain Ward do rejoice in the prosperity of Union Square, there is still a power jealous of

the growth of this new part of the city, and ever ready to take advantage of any household strife to divide the family, and, if possible, destroy the square. Then, too, there are French Row and Russian Place. Yea, and from all parts of the city this people are in danger while this disturbing element is in their square. But, he continued, World Town, though in revolt, is still under the eye and hand of the Universal Sovereign whose throne is in the mountains of Gilead.

This square, saith the guide, hath always been troubled by a family named Traitor. It is a very old house, tracing its lineage in a direct path to one Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of the Holy One. In Union Square, Arnold Traitor was for many years deemed the chief of this wicked family; but in later days some of his descendants do so far surpass him in all that is evil, that his infamy in contrast with theirs doth almost take the appearance of a virtue. The Traitor family may be found to-day, continued Truthful, in both North and South Union Square. They have always been fed, clothed, and sheltered by the mild, firm government of this fairest part of World Town. Still they have ever plotted against the peace of the land in which they dwell; and such is their hatred that this day they would betray all the precious interests of the square into the hands of any of the jealous, envious neighbors around them.

And is their opposition to the sacred interests of Union Square open and outspoken? I asked. Just as best suits their immediate purpose, he replied. Sometimes, unvailed and defiant, they come boldly forth, led by one Rebellion, of whom thou shalt hear more anon. But the favorite mode of this miserable family is to stir

up sedition and strife while proclaiming great sympathy with all the tender interests of the square.

As I have said, quoth Truthful, this extensive family may be found North and South; yea, and also in considerable number in all the wards of this great city. As to those in the square, they are bad enough in either section, saith the guide, but methinks *the meanest of the race* may be found in the North. Here, though outnumbered an hundred fold by good men, and true, still their presence doth pollute every street. They are found in the market places, striving to disturb the golden balance of trade. In the habitation of justice they have a seat; and in houses dedicated to the Holy One they bow in mockery of worship, or stand clothed in the sacred robes of the Gilead graduate. Yet everywhere, in shop or sanctuary, in the furrow or in the forum, they ever speak the same language, and work in harmony one with the other. When the brothers in Southern Square go forth against the common authority of Union Square, led in the fatal march by bold Rebellion, then do the brethren of Northern Square give unto them all the aid and comfort in their power. And when the outraged government doth raise its hand against Rebellion, then everywhere in Northern Square the cry of the Traitor family is heard. The brother in the market, making great profession of loyalty, still much regrets the hasty act of the rulers of Union Square, fearing its effect upon the higher interests of trade. But above all, the brother in the Gilead robes is in anguish at the thought of violence, and cries aloud for peace! peace! when He whose dwelling is in the holy mountain hath declared that *there is no peace unto the wicked*. And

are these men truly in great sorrow at the thought of the shedding of blood? I asked. Yea, saith the guide, in just so far as the blood letting is from the veins of the Traitor family. Noble men, battling for the truth, may fall in multitudes, and redden the field of strife with such sacred blood as never throbbed in any heart in Traitor family, and no sigh is breathed, no sorrow declared by this pollutor of the place called pulpit in the sanctuary of the Holy One.

What shall be the fate of this bad family? I asked. And this was the answer of the guide: They are a part of that household of sin which must finally fall before the power of the Holy One. But he worketh ever by means, *making even the wrath of man to praise him*. The times and seasons are in his hands.

There is, quoth he, a family in this city known by the name of Patriot, whose ancestry goeth back in proud and glorious line to the earliest date in World Town. Their coat of arms hath on it the tree of liberty, with the likeness of a man in full armor and bearing in his hand a drawn sword. On the helmet of this guardian of the goodly tree, his name, VIGILANCE, is inscribed; and beneath his foot lies a conquered foe, holding in the grasp of death a standard, on whose filthy folds the words "TREASON" and "TYRANNY" are written.

This family of Patriots hath ever made glorious war for the right, and, though often for the time overpowered, hath surely risen in the end victorious. The shields of righteousness are in their house, and the swords of justice and truth hang upon the walls of their dwelling. Trophies of victory innumerable may be found in their armory. Broken chains and

shattered sceptres—fragments of thrones and crowns are there, and many banners like unto the one seen beneath the foot of Vigilance in the coat of arms. It is at the hand of this family, saith Truthful, that the Traitors shall some day fall.

Then I did ask further touching the character of the great leader whose name is Rebellion, whether he always fought under the banners of sin; and led the hosts of evil men against the cause of truth.

By no means, said the guide. Rebellion is like a mighty sword which may be used for good or evil. He hath been in his day a great deliverer of the oppressed, and with his own giant hands hath broken yokes, snapped chains, and battered down the doors of prisons. Yea, added the guide, with great emphasis, he hath yet much stout work to accomplish in behalf of the poor and oppressed in World Town? Therefore, to be known as under his flag, is of itself no sure proof of either disgrace or honor.

It is claimed, said Truthful, by a man named History, that in the same square, at the time that it was formed out of Britain Row, that Rebellion did lead in the conflict and gain the victory. But this, he continued, is not true. It was loudly proclaimed by men in Britain Row, and carelessly admitted by citizens of Union Square, that Rebellion was the captain of the host. But the great men of Britain taught a better doctrine, according the work of that great day to one Magna Charta, a noble member of the Patriot family; and in this judgment, said Truthful, I fully concur. Sure it is, as I have said, that the evil and the ignorant did misname the illustrious leader and deliverer with the title of Rebellion, and many

went so far as to charge that those who fought beneath the sacred banner were of the family of Traitors. But this was also false; those men were of the Patriot family, and their victory was strictly the triumph of Magna Charta; while the defeat was upon Rebellion, who arrayed himself in the disguise of royalty, and in robe and crown fought against Magna Charta that day, and fell before the sturdy blows of the men of Union Square.

As I have said, saith Truthful, this Rebellion is as a mighty weapon, at one time wielded by the hand of Justice, and again striking equal blows at the bidding of Sin. To-day he is in the service of the Traitor family, and it is my full belief that Patriot shall put him beneath his feet, even as seen in the coat of arms. Yea more, exclaimed the guide, that victory shall usher in a day of prosperity, a day of glory for the entire square, surpassing all the bright record of the past.

One more question, said I to my guide, and perhaps another, touching Union Square: *Are all the men in Southern Square, whom in this prophetic vision thou hast marshalled under the banner of Rebellion, of the family of Traitors?* Nay verily! exclaimed the guide. Multitudes, of far better birth, are led by a great favorite of Rebellion, one General Delusion. This man, said Truthful, never appears in his own name, but invariably steals the name of Patriot, and thus a host of worthy men are allured beneath the banner bearing the sacred name.

Once more, I asked, And shall these misguided ones fall with the Traitor family? The guide replied, This shall be the fate of thousands, for they are, un-

wittingly, doing the work of that base family, and moreover, they do stand in the path of the avenger. But when the Authority of the land shall have accomplished its purpose, and overcome Rebellion, then Delusion will drop his name and mask together, and the abused multitude shall return to their ancient fealty and love in Union Square. How much more honorable, I exclaimed, are those misguided men, in Southern Square, than the shameful crew in Northern Square, who boast of Traitor's blood, and prove their lineage true, with Arnold, and with Judas! Yea, said Truthful, and nowhere are they more hated and loathed than by the honest men in Southern Square. Judas was despised by the Council, and Arnold Traitor found no comfortable home in Britain Row.

Such was the saying of my guide as to the evils and the remedies of Union Square, as we made our way to Brokers' Row, and other streets and wards in World Town.

On our way we saw streets too vile to enter, some of them arrayed in imposing show of wealth, and others filled with poverty and filth. These were alike sinks of festering corruption, poisoning the air of World Town with a moral pestilence. Gates to Hell Ward, as my guide named them.

Brokers' Row, said Truthful, is nigh at hand, as thou mayest know by the great company continually going and coming. Here we met men of boasted riches, and making great display in World Town, whose residence was among the marble palaces on Quality Avenue. They were returning, the guide informed me, from the shop of old Grindface. I saw that many of them had bags of gold in their

hands, and that a look of desperation was upon their faces.

Why, I asked, do these men frown so fearfully, even with the treasure in their hands? It is, said Truthful, because of the price they have paid; this it is that puts the fierce scowl upon their brows. They are just out from the vice of Grindface, and they know that he shall pinch them again and again, until all their commercial life shall have gone forth from them.

Now as we entered, I saw upon the wall of the room a spider web. In the edge, a sporting fly had just become entangled, while in the further corner was the spider watching his victim, whose vain struggles for liberty only increased his bondage.

This, I exclaimed, is another lesson than that taught by this same wise creature in the guest chamber of Fool's mansion.

Remember, said the guide, the word which I spake unto thee, that thou shouldst behold another Man Mart, and this is it. True, he continued, no coarse auctioneer here calls aloud the successive bids, and no trembling captive cringes beneath the wooden sceptre. Yet here too is servitude, at once polished and sharp, compared with which oftentimes torture of the body would be a relief.

Carefully note the scene before thee, said Truthful in a whisper, as we entered. Sitting in a corner of the room, and before him a counter with piles of gold and silver thereon, was the old man, whose name was no poor description of his character and calling. He had attained to great wealth by his trade. His long life had been spent in gathering money—pinching his

neighbors, pinching his kindred, pinching himself. And his face had shrunk and sharpened, and, like his withered hands, seemed continually pinching money. I had seen nothing like that little, hard, old face, save perhaps the countenance in the painting in the shop window, of the old man sitting on the coffin.

A merchant of World Town, a man of good countenance, but shadowed with some passing trouble, had just made his way to the little desk; and as he leaned upon the counter, Grindface arose and stood before him.

I noticed that as the fly touched the edge of the web the spider came down his dainty ladder and began to bind his victim.

The merchant protested against the exorbitant demand of Grindface, while the latter sat down in his place to wait in silence the sure result.

The spider, having secured his prey, returned to his corner in the web, from which he quietly watched his fluttering captive, waiting until exhaustion should bring helpless submission.

Then I saw that the poor merchant was in a fearful strait. He must have the gold or be ruined. Grindface knew this. The man first begged and besought the broker for better terms. The old man looked at his gold and shook his head. Then the merchant cursed him, and declared that he was a pest in World Town, with a reputation no better than a common robber. Grindface smiled and looked at the yellow pile. His petition and his passion were alike fruitless, for by a look he made the iron old man to understand that he had accepted the terms. The required payment was made, and the gold was counted out to the merchant.

I saw, moreover, that when the buzzing, struggling fly hung helpless in the web, again his tormentor came down and drew from him the life. This accomplished, the poisonous creature returned to its corner to watch for another victim, and at its leisure digest the last cruel meal.

Now, as we came away from the old man's shop, I asked my guide how it was that this merchant was led to seek out this Grindface and submit to the tyranny and torture which we had just witnessed.

He replied that in former days he had been made to visit a certain house in Bank Street, from which a by-alley led directly to the dwelling of Grindface in Brokers' Row. "Indeed, added Truthful, there is a close connection between this, the worst house in Bank Street, and the shop of Grindface. I say the worst house, for there are noble dwellings in that street, and there are also reputable places in Brokers' Row, the abodes of the integrity and business life. Indeed, the financial health of this great city is much helped by these better order of establishments, and they have nought to do with such men as Grindface.

But it was the fate of this young merchant to fall into evil hands in that princely street, and by a skillful process of promises and flattery, he was brought to his present necessity, and then turned over for relief to the tender mercies of this old man.

And what, I asked, shall become of this merchant? It is only to supply an immediate want that he taketh this step, replied the guide, and he is but putting off the evil day. He is kept up with costly tonics, and shall one time fall with a disease known as "Bankruptcy." His pleasant home will pass into other

hands, and a thousand household joys be forever destroyed. The victim of Grindface will soon hang worthless in the web, no longer a temptation to the human spiders in Brokers' Row.

What risks, I exclaimed, what risks of sorrow men do incur, trading in World Town! Yea, saith Truthful, it was the saying of the Holy One that it was folly for men to attempt to gather treasure in this city. Yea, it was his counsel that all true men should have their wealth on the other side of the great valley, in the sure abodes of Gilead.

Then I did request my guide to tell me if this man Grindface was respected by the better class of people in World Town. Thousands, he replied, do pay him reverence, even in the gates of the city, and yet he himself must know that it is gold, and not goodness, which doth yield to him these signs of respect and worship. He is really despised, even as the Auctioneer in Man Mart.

So we went forth from Brokers' Row, and the guide did talk much of the *true riches*, and the Eternal City with its golden pavements, pearly gates, and Angel Watchmen. And the man in Brokers' Row, said I, shall never walk the streets of that city! He may, quoth he; the ministry of the Balm is quite equal to his case, and there may be no bound set to the love of the Holy One! Nay, he added, it is the habit of Him whose habitation is in the holy mountain to take *the mean things of World Town to confound the mighty; yea, and things that are not to bring to nought things that are.*

This, saith Truthful, as we passed on, is Beggars' Alley, but time forbids our lingering here, though this

same humble place is worth the price of many hours' visitation. This narrow, dirty lane is well known in Gilead, quite beyond the fame of Quality Avenue. Yea, Prayer, the governor's servant, doth often go on errands for these poor dwellings! It was in this street, he continued, that one Bartimeus once met the Holy One, and received at his hand the priceless gift of a pair of bright eyes. And would the Holy One walk in such an alley? I asked. Yea, replied the guide, all World Town was only a Beggars' Alley to him.

Now I thought in my dream that we did soon reach the street called Pleasantness, and found ourselves at the house of Dr. Wisdom. It was a building both solid and plain, whose unpretending entrance stood in strange contrast with the marble palaces of Quality Avenue.

We will, saith Truthful, spend a moment in the governor's parlor, that we may there behold two small paintings, the sight of which shall richly reward the beholder.

One was entitled *THE BLESSED SLEEP*, and the other *THE GLORIOUS AWAKING*, and right wonderful were these two pictures.

Now, methought that in the first I saw a beautiful landscape, with hill, and dale, and running stream. Moreover, on the slope of the hill, in the foreground of the painting, was set forth a lowly bed, whose pillow was all of green moss, and its covering richly wrought of growing grass, mingled with buds and flowers, and the border thereof fringed with violets and myrtle blossoms. Over all extended the branches of a shading oak, as though it stood a guardian angel,

whose wings gave shelter and protection to the sacred trust committed to its care.

But the chief wonder in this painting was the mysterious sleeper. His countenance betokened a sweet repose, blended with a look of holy triumph, and seemed to be covered with a veil of dust, fair as the frail fabric seen upon some living face.

Such was the faithfulness with which the magic pencil had traced the copy of nature in the surrounding scenery, that this picture did seem to grow with more and more of life the longer I did look upon it. Yea, one could easily imagine that the stream was actually gliding along its pebbly bed, and that the ear could hear the drowsy song of the distant waterfall. Moreover, it looked as though the veil would at any moment vanish from the sleeper's face, even like the mist of morning before the sun, and that those closed eyes should instantly open with a heavenly brightness. Truthful did ask of me if I had ever looked upon a countenance reminding me of the one before me. I replied that in some wise beyond my telling, it did bear semblance to the veiled face of the Holy One seen in the Wonderful Mirror.

This painting, saith he, is, like its companion, at once a sermon, a history, and a prophecy. It is in the mystery of the arts of painting and sculpture to give the record of many volumes in a few feet of canvas; and to impart more than the eloquence of a living orator to lips of silent marble.

Is not the inscription in "Rest Room," I asked, an appropriate one for this painting also? *He giveth his beloved sleep.* True, answered the guide; and it no doubt was the thought of the painter, for this is that

slumber in the dust from which, in the language of the title of the second painting, there doth succeed THE GLORIOUS AWAKING. The same scenery as in the first picture, and the same bed on the slope of the hill, were repeated with a strange precision. But still there was a marked contrast between the two. In the first, the sun was just going down over the western hills; a cloudless setting, publishing a bright day on the morrow; while in the second, it was rising in all its golden glories over the eastern hills, and, in the morning beams, grass blade and blossom were glistening with the dew. It did seem as if the gates of the Celestial City were opened wide, and an intolerable brightness, even as from the throne, was flooding all the earth with heavenly light. I saw also that in the branches of the oak sat birds, whose open mouths and swelling breasts declared that they were sounding out their own glad wild melody; a part of that choir ever filling the green galleries of the great temple of nature.

But here, also, as in the first, the highest wonder was the face of the occupant of the beautiful bed on the hillside. I thought the dusty veil had dropped down among the blossoms; and that, awakened from his sleep, he was in the act of rising from his lowly couch, clothed in garments of immortality. In the face, repose had given way to a look of holy joy, and the eyes, lifted heavenward, seemed to behold some glorious being drawing nigh, whose arrival should complete the gladness of that hour.

This, saith Truthful, is the millennial morning—this is THE GLORIOUS AWAKING. *Behold, I show you a mystery! We shall not all sleep; but we shall all be*

changed. For the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and this mortal shall put on immortality.

Would it not be well, I asked, to hang these paintings in Sick Christians' Ward, as a source of comfort and a means of cure for some of the patients therein? No doubt, replied the guide, great good would ensue from a sight of these wonderful pictures. The eye doth often drink medicine for the cure of a troubled mind. Indeed, he added, good Dr. Wisdom hath already made much use of the same paintings, not only in reviving the languid, but also in restoring the sick unto health. Eyes that have been wet with the waters of bereavement have been greatly blessed by a sight of these pictures. Yea, also, and outside the hospital, even on Bethany Hill, men, having the death dew on their brows, have gained strength for the final journey down into the valley by the remembrance of these scenes before us. It was upon these household treasures of Dr. Wisdom that the man of Tarsus did love to dwell, declaring that it was his highest joy to contemplate the glory herein revealed, in connection with a certain picture of the Holy One showing forth the mysteries of Calvary.

Thus ended our walk among the streets of World Town; but the visit to the other rooms of the hospital was, owing to the lateness of the hour, put over until the coming day.

In the morning, saith the guide, we do enter the ROOM OF COMMEMORATION.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROOM OF COMMEMORATION.

"He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."—SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 4.

THOU dost observe, saith Truthful, as we entered the room, the order in which the governor hath arranged this building, and the successive steps from one apartment to another. *First.* Consciousness of a soul malady, which may only be relieved by the Gilead cure, maketh the sick one to apply to Dr. Wisdom; and this doth result in bringing the same unto the hospital. *Second.* Prayer is sent unto the holy mountain for medicine; for, while many valuable mixtures are kept in the Physician's Room, still the great remedies are always brought by the governor's servant from Gilead, prepared for and adapted to each case, and marked with the patient's name. *Third.* These medicines are to be taken in the manner prescribed by the Great Physician. *All rules of hospitals, and of students, or graduates, and all medical handbooks, are valuable only so far as they do set forth and enforce the laws of Gilead.* *Fourth.* The man must himself take the prescription; no one shall taste "Repentance," or the "Cordial," or the "Banquet," in his behalf.

Fifth. The healed one is brought into the room called Rest, through which we have just passed. *Sixth.* He doth enter into the Vision Room, wherein are the wonderful glasses. *Seventh.* With use of water as a sign of his cleansing, he doth make his way into this Banquet Hall, known as the "Room of Commemoration." Then, continued the guide, from this he shall visit the "Hidden Mysteries," and shall also frequent the "Gymnasium," and the "Arming Room."

And is this route the only one to Gilead? I asked of the guide. Must all take their way through this room of feasting?

Nay, replied Truthful. Thousands now in the goodly land did journey around this glorious Banqueting Room. There was one Enoch, before named, at whom Death aimed his shaft, but being so charmed with his conversation with the Holy One, he quite forgot to fire. *He walked with God, and was not, for God took him.* (Gen. v. 24.) This man never saw the Commemoration Room. An innumerable multitude hath praised the Lord in Gilead for ages, who made their way along a path illuminated with sacrificial fires, and red with a bloody offering, while yet the full mystery of the cross was unknown. Patriarchs and prophets, yea, and all the good of ancient time, partook of the great medicine Repentance, but they knew nothing of this gospel feast, save as they did see the same at times in holy vision.

There was, in those days, a glass, something such as that one of which I have told thee, and into which thou hast looked in viewing the sliding pictures. This magic mirror was called "Prophecy," and in looking therein, the eye of the beholder did see the

future rather than the *past*. A wonderful glass was this same *Prophecy*, exclaimed the guide, and glorious were the visions there obtained. There were slides of great size, and worked by a mighty hand. And on them was drawn the history of coming centuries. Moreover, no one man was able to look at *all* of these divine paintings. One after another, there stood at this strange "Prophecy" holy men, who had much communion with heaven. Each saw and bore record, and gave place to another, while he himself took his way to Gilead.

And was the Holy One unknown to these men? Was not his countenance drawn on any of these slides? I asked.

Hardly a picture was there, replied the guide, that had not some trace of Him; some were more clear in this respect than others. There was a man, the son of Amoz, and his name was Isaiah. He stood long gazing into the Prophecy Glass, and vision after vision of the Great Physician did pass before his face. There were also Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and Malachi; they all saw the Holy One, and published glories since revealed, and declared greater glories yet to come.

And is this glass in use to-day? I asked.

Nay, said the guide, the last who did look into the same was a man who had his dwelling for a season in Patmos. Wonderful were the discoveries he made. He too did see the Holy One upon the mountain of Gilead, with *a great multitude whom no man could number, out of every nation and kindred and people under heaven.* (Rev. v. 9.) Now the worthies thus named never walked this sacred hall, nor feasted at this table.

Then there was a man on Calvary Hill who partook of "Repentance," and passed the same hour with the Holy One into Gilead. Yea, and the old man whom we did see in the room called Rest was healed of his infirmity, and had drank of the "Cordial," but he stayed not for the banquet, but, with his new staff in his hand, did set out, so soon as he had gained a little strength; and ere this hath passed through the bright doors of grace, even the gates of Gilead. His first and only banquet he found in the sacred mount.

Once more, continued Truthful, a vast throng of little pilgrims doth yearly pass to join the company of the glorified. As they do reach the entrance of the Holy Land, old Prevail doth ask if their infant lips were ever wet with the red wine of the banquet. Then do they declare unto the faithful watchman that they are alike strangers to the cup of grief and the cup of joy. They say further that they have journeyed another route, save only that they have passed by the way of Bethany, and Lowly Valley, and do remember the lilies and the roses on the road.

Why, then, do ye hope for entrance at this gate? doth the porter ask.

And to this the leader of the host replies: He who inhabiteth the praises of Gilead was once himself as one of us, even a babe in Bethlehem; and he hath given unto us this passport to the sacred hill. Then doth he hand the "sign" unto Prevail, and on the same are these words: SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT, FOR OF SUCH IS THE REALM OF GILEAD. (Mark x. 14.) On this card is also the picture of a babe in a manger. (Luke ii. 7.) Now it is that when Prevail doth behold this

pass, wherein is the mark of the cross, he doth instantly open unto the bright procession, who do enter in, singing the new song; *for out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath perfected praise.* (Matt. xxi. 16.)

Seeing that so many have made their way to Gilead without this gospel feast, I remarked, it must be merely a voluntary matter whether a man do partake of the same or no.

Nay, replied the guide, thou art wrong in this conclusion. This Commemoration Banquet hath been established by the Holy One himself, to perpetuate the history of his great gift unto World Town, through the sweet wonders of the cross; and also as a direct blessing unto the man who doth worthily partake. This is his command: *Do this in remembrance of me.* Thou dost also remember the saying of Wisdom in the matter of the king, in which he did declare that the feast of bread and wine was a sign of the soul-banquet, in which eternal life was imparted. This, then, is the sum of all. There are three great reasons why the Gilead man should observe this sacred meal:

First. It is commanded.

Second. It is a memento of love's greatest mystery.

Third. It doth, when properly observed, impart great spiritual strength unto the participant.

And what, I asked, is the qualification needed for the exercise of such a privilege?

Truthful answered, A man must have submitted to the searching influence of Repentance. His soul must have been an accepted guest at *the hidden feast.*

And he must also have received the watery sign which doth testify of the inward cleansing of the heart.

One thought more, continued the guide, and we will look in on the glorious subject of our present discourse. It is this: I have told thee of the three-fold character of the banquet, to wit, as a test of obedience, a declaration of loving remembrance, and a source of spiritual nourishment. It is also a beautiful prophecy. In the blessed land beyond the valley, there is a royal feast spread, at which the ancient worthies who never fed at this table, even Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, do sit, mingling their joyful voices with all the innumerable hosts of Gilead, as they drink the gospel wine. Now this feast below doth proclaim the greater one on the Holy Mountain.

Then I saw over the door of this Commemoration Room, which was also called KINGDOM, these words: HE BROUGHT ME UNTO THE BANQUETING HOUSE, AND HIS BANNER OVER ME WAS LOVE. (Sol. Song ii. 4.)

KINGDOM was a very large place, and had in it a great company of guests. Here were men and women of every condition, both prince and peasant, high and low, rich and poor. I saw moreover that there was no distinction of grade observed in the feast. The same cup that touched a beggar's lips, was lifted also to a monarch's mouth; and the plate from which poverty plucked the *memorial bread*, was passed to the jeweled hand of wealth. Yea, all divisions and marks of World Town were lost as men entered beneath the inscription of infinite love.

In this, too, said the guide, this table doth eloquently testify of Gilead.

And is there no difference among these guests? I asked.

Yea, said Truthful, different degrees of attainment in grace, declarative of different degrees of future glory. The wealthy and the poor are indeed here, but they are judged by the heavenly law. Yonder king is not half so rich as the humble subject at his side; and the servant is greater than his lord.

Now I saw in my dream, that the table did extend from one end to the other of this great room; and that high over it was a banner, upon whose ample folds there were stains of blood, and in the centre of which was emblazoned a cross; even such a form as I saw upon the top of the hospital.

Truthful then told me that this repast was supplied wholly by the Holy One of Gilead, and that, as already declared, *when rightly used*, it was calculated to impart great strength. Long absence from it, said he, causeth leanness of soul. Here he did recall to my mind the poor being whom we saw in the Sick Christians' Ward, who was so simple as to let another man's unworthiness rob him of his own food. This, said he, is a common folly in *Kingdom*, and many weakly ones thus pass from hence into the ward just named.

I beheld also that Prayer, and also the man called Memory, were busy waiting upon the guests. Moreover, I saw that though such a multitude did throng the room, there were yet many vacant seats at the table. I did therefore ask my guide what this might mean.

He replied, that some guests had been led from Commemoration Room unto Gilead, and that there

were seats also which had never been filled. But, said he, when the Gilead guests are all gathered at that great feast of which this banquet doth testify, there shall be found a guest for every seat, and a seat for every guest.

It was strange to mark the different expressions of countenance among the company. With some, this feast was evidently little more than a common meal, and I noticed also that such did go away from the table with no more strength than when they sat down to the same. Others did weep as they ate, but were smiling even through their tears. Some looked calm and bright, even as a cloudless summer morning; and others still appeared like unto soldiers with their faces flushed with victory. There was one, fresh from the hospital. He had sat at many a feast in World Town, where song and shout proclaimed the mad delight of all the company. Yea, he had drank wine with Dr. Pride, in the palace of the king. But, like the poor woman in Pleasure Ward, he had sickened amid the false delights of World Town, and now, for the first time, he was to drink the true wine, and eat the mysterious "kingdom" bread. How eagerly did he watch the commemoration cup, as it passed from hand to hand, toward the place where he was sitting! Now next to this man was his beloved companion, who for years had observed this feast; and I saw that having drank of the gospel goblet, she did hand the same to her husband, saying, *O taste and see that the Lord is good.* (Psalm xxxiv. 8.) At that he too did drink, exclaiming, as he took the cup from his lips, *This is bliss indeed, yea, wine on the lees, well refined.* (Isa. xxv. 6.) Then too did the wife weep

for joy, saying unto Wisdom's faithful servant, Surely, Prayer, this is a reward for thy many journeys unto Gilead! He that was dead is alive! He who was lost is found!

Encouraged by this spectacle, another woman, who had for many years visited the sacred hall, but had ever parted with her loved one at the door, did give a message unto the Gilead messenger, and as she did afterward lift the cup, I saw that the waters of grief mingled with the wine of the kingdom.

Said my guide to me, She too shall sing a song of victory; but Prayer shall go on many an errand before that day. Petitions sent from this banquet table are pretty sure finally to gain admittance with Prevail, though it doth sometimes happen that the one who doth send the request passeth within the golden gates ere the blessing goeth forth.

Then I did behold that one of the servants of the banquet room, went unto a man whose eyes were filled with the waters of joy, and did lay before him a small card, whereon the single word GILEAD was written, in bright letters.

His last meal in this room, whispered the guide to me.

Then I looked to see this man lament the solemn announcement, but instead thereof, he did rejoice with exceeding joy, while a woman at his side bowed her head and wept bitterly. Weep not for me, he exclaimed, with a voice full of tenderness. This is no surprise to me. I have lately had inward evidence that my last banquet this side of the Valley was drawing nigh. Yea, and I have beheld such wonders in the *Magic Glass*; and have had such revela-

tions also in "*Closet Place*," that I do long to go over the river.

Then did he give direction as to his children, and other kindred, saying, This, with me, is but an exchange of tables; and our separation shall be but for a few days.

Moreover, I heard the weeping woman, as she asked of the servant of the feast, that he would give her a card also. She did declare that she would take the little ones, and with her husband depart also and dwell in Gilead, which was far better.

But the man replied that the "cards of summons," as he called them, were not for him to give, but were at the disposal of the Holy One. Still, said this kind minister, after thy husband hath gone to the better country, Grace and Mercy will bear thee and thine unto the *Room of Rest*, that during the day of thy grief thou mayest have the gentle care of that maid whose name is Peace.

Then I saw in my dream that the drops of death dew stood thick and cold on the white forehead of the man who had received the card, and that he kissed his companion, and so took his way toward Bethany Hill.

I beheld also that one of the "summons cards" was given unto an old man, at which his countenance changed, and he rose up, and, taking his gospel staff, did set his wrinkled face steadfastly toward Gilead.

Another, who was called to go forth, declared it gave him both joy and sorrow; joy in that he was to be forever in the holy hill, mingling with those who had gone over before him; and sorrow, for he had heard it intimated that the Holy One was about to make

the place of his feet glorious by visiting the hospital in person, and that, remembering some such days, he did greatly desire to behold another day of triumph on this side the gates of Gilead.

He need not be in sorrow at that, quoth the guide, for he shall witness that scene from the heights of the holy mountain. Nay, it would not be strange if, seeing, but himself unseen, he should accompany the Great Physician on that triumphant entry into World Town.

And do they thus return, I asked, veiled from mortal eye, to look in upon All Souls' Hospital, and their former home here?

Yea, replied Truthful, they are often here.

Then did he take out from his pocket a glass, looking something like the one served by Hope, only that it was much smaller, and bade me look through this strange instrument and tell him what I saw.

Instantly a wonderful sight met mine eyes. At the head of the table did sit the Holy One. At his side stood bright beings, having wings, and waiting to do his bidding, with their eyes ever fixed upon him. Then did I look down the long line of guests, and I saw the same glorious ones beside many of the partakers of the gospel feast. There was an orphan girl, who had eaten the bread of affliction, and had drank often and deep of the cup of bereavement. And I saw the divine Master of the banquet as he did send one of his winged messengers to this desolate one. In a moment the angel was at the side of the weeping maid, and I beheld sorrow turn to joy, and darkness change to light. Moreover, I did discover a close likeness unto the bereaved one, in the glorified face

of the angel. Truthful took up the glass at my request, and, as he looked, he did declare unto me that the vision I had witnessed was that of a mother in the act of imparting strength and consolation unto her own child. This, said he, she doeth by helping the mourning one to feed upon the heavenly bounty, and also by whispering sweet thoughts of the reunion beyond Bethany and the river.

Then again I took the glass, and for a long time did I watch the bright servants of the banqueting room. There was one, as it might have been a child-angel, and it hovered continually over where a woman sat clothed in mourning. Yea, I beheld also that a strange light, such as I saw on the face of Prayer, filled all the room, bathing the folds of the banner of love, and pouring a noontide glory around the cross.

It was through such a glass as this, said the guide, that the old prophet let his trembling servant look, when he discovered the mountain side crowded with the chariots of heaven. It was with such a glass also that men of early gospel days *saw Satan as lightning fall from heaven.*

So we did pass out from this place of sweet delights on our way to the Room of Hidden Mysteries.

Now we saw in the entrance hall, even as we went forth, a painting; and I asked my guide a moment's time to look upon the same. Over the picture, which was evidently the work of a great artist, I saw these words: *THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.* (Luke xxii. 19.)

This, said Truthful, doth set forth the origin of the Banquet. See, the table is spread in an *Upper Chamber*, for the windows do look forth over the royal city,

and in the bright moonlight the holy temple may be partly seen.

There is the Holy One! I exclaimed, as I pointed to the central figure in a little company at the table. And who are those at his side? I asked.

They are the chosen twelve, he replied, who are to go forth to the cure of all the ills of World Town; and this is the institution of the gospel feast.

How simple! I exclaimed.

And how sublime! he added. That unleavened loaf, and that cup of wine; no pomp, no show. Bread telling of broken flesh, and wine eloquent of spilled blood. Here behold in this little room the power which shall overthrow empires; that is to erect a kingdom more enduring than the sun, and to establish a throne of eternal glory.

Such was the painting in the hall, and such the simplicity and the mystery of the commencement of the gospel feast, and the beginning of the work of soul cure in the plague-stricken city of World Town.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROOM OF HIDDEN MYSTERIES.

"Great is the mystery of godliness."—1 TIM. iii. 16.

Now as we came up to the room called Hidden Mysteries, my guide directed my attention to the inscription over the door, which was in these words: GREAT IS THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS.

I told thee, said Truthful, that I was going to take thee into a room more wonderful than the Third Apartment of the place called "Rest," wherein thou shouldst see strange sights. This is a place frequented by the best class of patients; and true Gilead graduates wealthy in all heavenly riches, though usually a people little known among men for earthly honor and human glory do frequent this room. There have been a few of the noted ones of World Town here. Kings and governors, princes and potentates have been here. The Monarch of the Harp, as he is called used to make this a place of familiar resort; and here he gathered the material for some of his sweetest songs. *I will open my dark sayings upon the harp.* (Psal. xlix. 4.) And at the permission of the keeper of this room he sang the revelation thereof so far as it was lawful for a man to utter the same.

Then said I to Truthful, I have never had any particular account of this place, though many a time I have heard rapturous mention of it.

The reason is this, he replied: the room is kept by a quiet maid whose name is Secrecy, and before the visitor doth leave she putteth her finger on his lips, and that seal may not be broken. Yet, he added, there are wonders here that a man may tell to his fellows; and especially is this true of First Apartment. But the most glorious revelations are by reason of Secrecy's finger beyond all utterance. Many go from here directly to Gilead, and oftentimes such pilgrims have told, in the parting hour on Bethany Hill, astonishing stories of what they had just seen in the room of Hidden Mysteries.

Ages ago there was a man who passed through these rooms; and when he found himself on the Hill, he gathered his twelve sons around him, and, by permission of the keeper of the room, opened a long chapter of revelations; and his narrative took hold of the very ends of the earth.

I will tell thee, said the Patriarch, what shall befall you in the last days? (Gen. xlix.) And this was his declaration to the tribes hidden in his children. Beginning with the oldest, he said, *Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.* Then, addressing himself to two of his sons, he told them of the dreadful revelations of this room, which should unfold themselves with the opening centuries, in the division and scattering of the people. Then he called to his side the son, upon the head of whom he foretold that a crown of indescribable glory should rest. He was to be a leader and a commander of the people. Moreover he gave to him

the sign of a Lion's mane, and in his hand he placed a sceptre of authority. He should *wash his garments in wine, and his clothes in the blood of grapes; his eyes should be red with wine, and his teeth white with milk.* Unto all his sons he distributed signs, which were given him in this room; to one, the picture of a haven filled with ships (13); to another *a strong ass crouching down between burdens*; to another the robes of a judge, and at the foot of the bench of authority was pictured the form of a serpent in the act of biting the feet of a fierce horse, and the anguish thereof had cast the beast back to the ground. (16, 17.) To another he gave the picture of a struggling warrior, with difficulty overcoming a mighty troop. (19.) Another received the likeness of *a hind let loose.* (21.) Then he gave to one who had been *wounded by archers, and sorely grieved by cruel enemies, a mighty bow, and the picture of a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches were over the wall* (22).

Long did the old man dwell upon the revelations of HIDDEN MYSTERIES as concerning this favorite, declaring that his glory should extend *unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills.* His blessings were to go up to the highest heavens, and to descend through all coming generations; and they were to be on his *head as a crown, and as a lofty glory above his brethren.* And last he gave to his youngest, whom he loved, the mysterious sign of a ravening wolf seen *in the morning devouring his prey, and in the evening dividing his spoil.* (27.) Having completed his story of what had been given him in the halls of revelation, the old man took his staff, which he had carried for an hundred and thirty years, and set his face stead-

fastly toward the holy mountain, and left his sons weeping upon the hill.

Then, continued Truthful, other mighty men also have been permitted to open the mysteries of this place, such as the son of Amoz, the son of Hilkiyah, the son of Biozi, the son of Barachiah, one Malachi, and he also whose name was John. These all had permission given them to tell the things which they saw in the Room of Mystery, even in both apartments of the same. And their stories declared, are yet marked in many places with the curious seal given by Secrecy, a seal which could not be entirely removed by the hand that received the revelation.

Then I asked my guide what was the object for which Wisdom had established this room.

He made answer that the reasons were many. *First*, that the several links of that mighty chain binding time to eternity might be exhibited to men. *Second*, that mankind might, by the teachings of this Room of Mystery be strengthened for trials, otherwise too great to be borne.

Some years since, said he, the man of whom I spake in Rest Room, as having suddenly entered the apartment wherein are the glasses, and who was so overcome by his sight of the likeness of the Holy One, was here. Probably no one hath had greater wonders opened to him than he received here at that time. The young woman Secrecy forbade the removal of the seal, and the giant apostle carried the secret with him all the way even through the gates of Gilead. Nay more, the effect was such, that a special dispensation of infirmity was needed to enable the man rightly to do the work devolving upon him this

side the hill. At first it seemed impossible to hold him. He *would* go out and tell the whole story, and betake himself to the sacred mountain. Finally, however, Wisdom, being called in, succeeded in fixing upon him a heavy chain which galled him sorely. Then, still determined in his purpose, the man called the governor's servant to his aid, and bade him go immediately to Gilead, and ask the Great Physician to relieve him of the manacle. But this was vain, for Dr. Wisdom, always acting by direction of the Holy One, had given him the bonds. Prayer returned without the blessing. At his command the servant went again, for he knew and loved the man, having brought frequent and abundant favors from Gilead for him. Again he returned. The third time Prayer made his way to the mount, and returned again, saying that by the command of the Holy One, he had received at the hand of Prevail, who keeps the gates, and who had twice refused to open the same, a portion of "balm," which should keep the bonds from wounding him, and make the chain no longer a shame, but rather a glory. Then did the apostle rejoice even in his chain, which he named "*infirmity*," and did declare that mysteriously but well did the old porter of Gilead deal with fleet-footed Prayer.

Prevail, said Truthful, who usually openeth wide the gate to Prayer, *doth yet often bestow rich gifts from the Holy One, through the side gate, at the hand of a servant of his, whose name is Denial, and who always standeth at that gate, and who knoweth the countenance and the voice of Prayer.* (2 Cor. xii. 2-9.) Some of our richest blessings are from his hand.

Then said Truthful, We will now enter these rooms ;

and remember thou that in them there is little talking.

So as we came up to the door, I did see on the same the words, KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU. (Matt. vii. 7.)

So Truthful, before he raised his hand, said to me, no one entereth here without obedience to the law upon the panel of this door.

Then said I to him, The commandment is not explained, for it doth not say how often or how loud a man shall knock.

Then added the guide, The Great Physician, who frequently comes into World Town on professional errands, hath been known to stand a great while knocking at the door of the one whom he hath condescended to visit. Nay, in one instance, he stood all night at the entrance of a house wherein a man was sick with soul distemper, rapping, *until his locks were wet with the dew of the morning* ; and he left, the door being barred against him by Dr. Pride, who was attending the patient, and under whose care the miserable man died.

If Humility had been his nurse, the Great Physician had not knocked long, I exclaimed, for I am sure she must be familiar with the sound of his footsteps.

Pride knew him, returned the guide, but did not like this practice. But thou dost truly declare, he continued, that there is no law as to the number or the loudness of the raps. This is the rule : KNOCK UNTIL IT IS OPENED UNTO YOU. Some have just faintly tapped with the end of their pilgrim's staff, and on the instant it hath been opened unto them. Others have rapped and banged hard for hours before these vision halls gave way unto them. But the promise is on the

panel, and that is enough to all those who do believe in final perseverance. Some good pilgrims have rapped a few times at this door, and, being discouraged, have gone away, saying to those who did question them as to the sights they were supposed to have seen, that the day of opening the door had ceased forever.

And what right had they to say that? I asked. None, replied Truthful, the Holy One having declared no such thing. He hath shown us that the provisions for cures in All Souls' Hospital are complete, and that the laws governing the same are perfect; and moreover, the book of directions which he hath given is equal to all necessities, and made for all time; nor may that book be added to or taken from. (Rev. xxii. 18, 19.) But men may yet visit the Rooms of Mystery, and what they see agreeth with the book already named.

So at that my guide gave a rap, clear and distinct, and repeated the same thrice, which he called the "trinity knocking;" and the door instantly opened to us, and there came forth a bright light, almost beyond endurance. As we entered, Truthful remarked, that, at first coming out of the twilight, the light would somewhat try my eyes, but said that I would get used to it, so that in going forth from hence, the former dimness would appear almost as a thick darkness unto me.

Now, immediately on going in, I saw a glorious being approaching us, and holding in her hand a card, on which was stamped these words: "ASK, AND YE SHALL RECEIVE!" As she handed it unto me, she did look so kind that I felt emboldened to ask of the

maid, whose name, I learned, was Welcome, that we might go through these rooms of Hidden Mysteries. So, at that, she led us to another fair one, to whom she made known my request, and she too offered us a card, on which there was pictured the likeness of an eye, and beneath it these words: "SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND." This woman's name was Perseverance; and I learned from Truthful that she was sister to Hope, who served the slides at the Magic Glass. Indeed I think I should have known her for the same from the strong resemblance she bore to him.

Then said this young woman, If you were not accompanied as you are, I would send a guide with you through the two apartments; but with my card as your law, and Truthful, whom we all know, as your conductor, you shall readily pass through the Rooms of Hidden Mysteries, and behold the wonders of the place.

Here, as in many other places, we saw many paintings. There was one showing a man kneeling on a barren island; and standing before him was the Holy One, arrayed in indescribable glory. (Rev. i. 9.)

There was also a man sitting by the river Chebar, and the angel of revelation stood before him. (Ezek. i. 1.) And I saw moreover another picture of the same man beholding a mystery of wheels. There were beautiful paintings of the Hill Bethany, the Lowly Valley, and also scenes from Gilead; and, as in every room, the wonderful cross was painted, with the balm of Gilead issuing from holes that had been made therein.

We beheld many visitors in these rooms. A multitude were looking through the glasses, and some, overcome by the sights presented, were falling to the

earth as dead men; while gentle nurses were ministering to their restoration. We noticed one especially, who asked to see the likeness of the Holy One; and to whom the glorious portrait had suddenly been presented. Pale as death, he had fallen to the ground, crying, *Hide thyself! hide thyself, O Holy One!*

Ah, said Truthful, that man's condition doth show the look he hath received is a terrible trial to the eyes. It will be many days before he will be able to discover anything clearly on the earth. For that reason, such a revelation is seldom given until just as the man is going into Gilead, and then it is very common.

Now I saw in my dream a man with very weak eyes, trying to look into one of the glasses, and he declared he could see nothing as a man ought to see; nor, to his judgment, did the glass magnify, at all. Truthful told me this one had injured his eyes by reading by a poor light, and instead of applying to Dr. Wisdom, he went to the office of Dr. Pride. He was absent, but his assistant, Skeptic, whom you remember, was in; and he ordered blindfolding for a number of days, and the result of the prescription is that he is unable to see anything except in a blur, even where men of better vision do behold wonders.

And is his condition incurable? I inquired.

By no means, said the guide; with proper diet and exercise to bring up his system, and by anointing his eyes with gospel eyesalve (Rev. iii. 18), he shall be restored. But there is danger that he will let the matter go so long as to bring on an attack of "infidelity," which is apt to end in the incurable disease which you have already witnessed, and which is called "*judicial blindness*." These mighty mirrors here will only do him injury.

There seemed to be a certain power of vision imparted in these rooms, even to those who were not looking through the glasses. Many testified to the strange clearness of their sight; and a common print seemed to be magnified greatly, and difficult letters were easily read. There was something in the very atmosphere which was elevating. Some men sang and laughed for joy; while many testified to beautiful sights and sounds. All were loth to leave the place, and seemed to be walking about as in some ecstatic dream. As I talked with Truthful, asking him what caused this strange scene, I felt a breath of balmy air suddenly blow upon me, and as quickly cease. I had experienced the same in the Banqueting House. The guide said an angel was near me; and so looking through his pocket glass, I saw the bright beings everywhere in the room.

One especially I watched as he approached a woman clad in mourning, and who seemed strangely sad for such a place. Then I beheld that he hovered at her side a moment, and I saw that a smile of ecstasy played upon her face, and she began singing of *green pastures*, and *still waters*, and of *lambs carried in the Shepherd's bosom*. (Psalm xxiii. 2.) I did also watch others here, many of whom were fresh from the Hospital Wards, by the way of Rest Room and Commemoration Room; and they did declare that in this place they renewed the rich flavor of the "gospel wine," and the sweet relish of the "gospel bread," which they had afore time drunk and eaten at the Banquet. Here too, many from Sick Christians' Ward, bore joyful evidence of the invigorating influence of the balm-laden air in this vision hall.

I feel, said one, as though I could go to work again, and once more *live* among my fellows; for I have little else than *staid* for many, many years. He confessed, moreover, that he had visited Commemoration Hall as a kind of dreary duty, and that it was no feast to him. He declared also that he had often longed for his old food, such as he had eaten in Egypt, knowing that either his tastes were all wrong, or else the company so loudly declaring their enjoyment were drunk with wine. But, said he, this is like a walk with Dr. Wisdom, on the holy hills. This bracing, balmy air coming in through these windows, fresh from Gilead, gives a man a hungering and thirsting, that I know will impart unto the wine and bread of the kingdom a new relish.

Then said Truthful, for he had stood by listening to the talk of this man, There is a beautiful peculiarity in the arrangement of this establishment. It is this. The air and exercise do give this appetite of which you speak; and, unlike any other place, the desire is sure pledge and blessed prophecy of a meal equal to the holy craving. Elsewhere a man may hunger, and get no bread; and thirst, and receive no drink. But here the pangs of hunger are pledges of bread; and the approach of wine creates the thirst. *Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.*

Then said the man, I will see to it that this air always blows upon me; that, by a healthy diet, I may become a stout man.

At that I saw that my guide did smile. You may indeed do much, he replied, by judicious use of the rules laid down by Dr. Wisdom, to beget within you

this longing. *But this wind bloweth where it listeth* (John iii. 8), and taketh much the character of a divine favor. In fact, there are certain lulls of this Gilead breeze, which I doubt if even our Governor Wisdom himself can fully explain. We shall understand it only when we reach the Gilead hills, where these sweet gales arise; and possibly not even then.

Little matter, quoth I, so long as we feel the air, and less matter that we ever know the law of these winds, if we are so happy as to tread the blissful hills whence they evidently proceed.

Then said Truthful, These are mysteries which no glass may explain; stars beyond the farthest journey of our astronomy. They belong unto the Holy One; but *enough is revealed for us and our children.* (Deut. xxix. 26.) Then said he to the man, with an emphasis I may not describe, Do you have a care to your *exercise* and *diet*, and trust Gilead for the *wind*.

Yea, replied the man, *without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness.* (1 Tim. iii. 16.)

So the man thanked Truthful for his wholesome counsel, and turned from us to the company with which he had entered the room.

Now, said the guide, I know that man. He hath been a subject of the Gilead cure, some years since; and his name is Enthusiast. He is on his way to health and strength. Having no constitutional disease about him, he recovereth quickly; but being a fickle man, he soon, by lack of exercise and lack of food, cometh down again. He belongs to a class known as Ephraimites, and is held in poor esteem by the man who keepeth the Gilead gate. He never

eats, but he *devours*. And is one of the men whom we saw in Sick Christians' Ward, who are liable to get drunk on the gospel wine.

Will he reach Gilead? I asked.

Yea, replied my guide, but he will do little good work between this and that. His labor is by fits and starts; and he is one of those men, who in the final journey to Bethany Hill do get out of breath; one with whom the governor's servant hath a great trial in urging him over the hard places.

And, I asked, doth the Porter at the gate open to such men reluctantly, when they arrive?

By no means, said Truthful. The sign of the Holy One is the end of controversy with Prevail. But the good old man is tried with them, often, before the last pilgrimage, in that they do so frequently send Prayer with messages unfit to go through the gates of Gilead; and in that more often they send a servant of their own, whom they have named after the governor's servant, but whose real name is Vainglory, and to whom the old Porter never did and never will open the gate.

I have heard of that man Vainglory, said I; he was once sent from the Temple by a man whose name, if I remember, was Pharisee; and it is said that the keeper of the gate set his watch dog, called Condemnation, at him, which tore him dreadfully, and drove him down from the hill.

Pity he did not make a full end of him, said Truthful. That was the same; and you may call to mind that from the same place, and at the same time a Mr. Publican, a poor man, who was sick with a trouble in his breast, sent Prayer to Gilead, and that the gover-

nor's sweet daughter Humility did accompany him thither, and immediately returned with the balm which wrought his cure. (Luke xviii. 10-14.) A few days shall find this enthusiast again in the Sick Christians' Ward, wild with wine, and dealing forth his complaints without stint upon all who do not tarry long at the banquet.

My interest being raised as to this man, I asked of my guide if he had a family. He replied that he married a woman whose name was Frail, and that by her he had one daughter named Indiscretion, showing in her face the union of likeness of both father and mother.

But, said Truthful, they are good people, but, like the general run of Ephraimites, *unstable as water*. (Gen. xlix. 4.) Yet this Enthusiast is of good stock, he added. His father, whose name is Knowledge, is an intimate and esteemed friend of Dr. Wisdom, and I believe closely related to him. And moreover he hath an older brother named Zeal, whose countenance is such as at once to remind you of father and brother, and he is one of the noblest men in all the land. He hath a stronger face than Enthusiast; and he frequently doth rebuke his brother's daughter. This older brother is a great enemy to the Ephraimites; and often saith that they are only fit to be classed with the other extreme, even the society of Dullards, both doing equal injury to the cause of Gilead. This last people do occupy a "Sleep Station," and have also a servant whose name is Heavy, and who never can get up to the gate of Gilead, though he often starts for it. He carrieth with him one of the cushions, upon which he lieth down under the first green shrub

he can find, and yieldeth himself to the magic of one of those curious inventions, the "dream cushions," thinking, meanwhile, he hath seen Prevail, and that to him the gates of Gilead have opened.

Then did the guide proceed with me around the Vision Hall, pointing out many objects of great interest.

We came even to a place called Closet. It was a little room, capable of holding but one person at a time; and, moreover, the ceiling was so low that the man of shortest stature might not stand up therein. This room had a strong door, and on the inside of the same was this inscription: SHUT THY DOOR! (Matt. vi. 6.) I saw also that the windows of the room opened toward Gilead, and Truthful told me, that in fair weather, one could discover the gates of the sacred hill with the naked eye; and that with the spyglass, the Holy One might be seen, and about him the shining beings who had their dwellings in the heavenly mansions. But in foul weather, said he, you may hardly look down to the hospital wall.

Here also was a telescope, through which, on a bright night, the dweller could search the stars of heaven. My guide remarked that the ingenuity of Dr. Wisdom, with whom this room was a favorite spot, had devised a plan which produced a strange and beautiful effect in star gazing. It was this: Just before the telescope glass, as it was turned toward the sky, he would set a small glass globe, filled with the "waters of Affliction," and the result was that he who then looked through the instrument beheld a strange brilliancy upon all the stars.

And where doth he procure this water? I asked.

The man must bring it with him, Truthful replied, but Wisdom must arrange the globe.

This closet, said the guide, is the place in which all, who have vouchsafed to them fine views through the glasses, must first wait, in order to gain strength. *They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.* (Isa. xl. 31.) He declared also that it was the most noted spot in all Vision Hall, humble as it was. Then he told me of many who had been in that place.

And first, said he, the Holy One, who dwelt in this land until the time of which the Undertaker boasts, when he shot at him those five deadly arrows, hath himself honored this lowly spot with his presence.

And surely, I exclaimed, *he* had no need of the spyglass to see Gilead; nor yet of the telescope to look at the stars!

Nay, said Truthful, for he was, by an untold mystery, in Gilead, even when here. *The son of man who is in heaven.* (John iii. 13.) And *he telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.* (Psalm cxlvii. 4.) Those preachers of light, filling their blue pulpits, were all *ordained* by him. It was from this place that the Holy One sent Prayer on errands such as he hath never performed since; and to places so filled with glory, that the faithful servant to-day deemeth it his highest boast to have gone to such a realm, and to have been sent by such a being.

Surely, said I, it is an untold honor to enter Closet Place, if the Holy One hath ever knelt there!

Then did Truthful name in order a great number of worthies, who had bowed in Closet Place, and waiting there, had renewed their strength. Ah, said he,

if the Gilead graduates whom we saw in Sick Christians' Ward, had only made better use of this place, they would never have suffered from the "Helps;" for this Closet Place imparteth strength, and their disease is the result of weakness.

So we passed next to see a man sitting alone, and, from his look of satisfaction, seeming to need no other company. His name was Meditation, and I saw that ever and anon he would quietly reach into a secret corner and bring out something looking like a coriander seed, and putting the same into his mouth, he would feed with great delight. No king at his table did eat with the satisfaction of this man; and I saw that his *soul was delighting itself in fatness*. (Isa. lv.) Then Truthful bade me ask him whence he got his food, and what it might be. And to my questioning, he mildly replied, *I have meat to eat that the world knoweth not of*. At that he pointed to the writing over the place whence he continually plucked forth little loaves, which was in these words: I WILL GIVE HIM TO EAT OF THE HIDDEN MANNA. (Rev. ii. 17.)

As we turned away (and there was no need to stay, for we seemed like intruders, and he had no habit of talking), my guide told me much of this man. He said he was usually alone, as I would judge, and frequented Closet Place. His words, said Truthful, are few and fitly chosen; and he is a man of rare gifts as a counsellor. Moreover he is a great adept in the management of all the glasses in the Room of HIDDEN MYSTERIES, and is possessed of great powers of eyesight.

Then I remarked that he did not make half the show of living manifested by Enthusiast.

Nay, quoth the guide, but he is superior to him in every respect, and a great favorite with the governor, and all his family. He often doth get Humility to sing her favorite hymn, and play upon Bruised Reed, and also at times delighteth in the music made by Joy's daughter, whose name is Song. Prayer testifieth that he daily carrieth petitions from him to Gilead, and that he is sure to bring back from there great gifts from the Holy One. And those blessings are not for himself alone, nor chiefly, but with a liberal hand, and without display, he scattereth them among all the needy. He is also a mighty wrestler in the Gymnasium, and maketh nothing of pushing out the heavy weights. You should see him clothed in his full armor, and doing battle against the adversaries of All Souls' Hospital. He, moreover, greatly abhors Enthusiast, but hath a close fellowship with his older brother, Zeal.

The father of the old man who parted with his twelve sons on Bethany Hill knew him well, *and they used to take many pleasant walks at eventide*. (Gen. xxiv. 63.) Moreover, the Monarch of the Harp was a companion of his, and some of his sweetest melodies were composed with his aid. (Psalm lxxvii. 12.)

Now, said the guide, I will lead thee to a place where thou shalt see a wealthy man, such as Wealth Ward, apart from the work of the cure, may not boast. So we found a man in plain raiment, and of calm countenance; and having untold property. This man, said Truthful, owns real estate in the largest city of Gilead, and it is imperishable. It was given to him by the Holy One when on a visit here. He was a

pauper, but he loved the Great Physician, and therefore, one day, just after the Holy One had left, he received at the hand of Prayer a card, upon which was written these words: *I will give unto you the hidden riches of secret places.* (Isa. xlv. 3.) He doth invest none of his wealth here, having no confidence in the insurance offices of World Town, but layeth up all his treasures in Gilead. What he is worth, I know not; it is in secret places, and may not be counted. In the world's markets he passeth for a very poor man; but he hath great fame for riches among those bright ones whom thou hast seen through my pocket glass. It was among such men that the Holy One, as you did behold in Debtors' Room, divided his own wealth, *until by his poverty they were made rich.* (2 Cor. viii. 9.)

Then we crossed the room to look into the glasses; and on the way, Truthful remarked upon the many wonderful visions in this place. Here, said he, Daniel read the secrets of the king's dream, and confounded the magicians and astrologers of the land. Here too Joseph learned the interpretation of the vision of the Egyptian monarch. And here, countless men, of whom the world knoweth nothing, have had glorious revelations.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROOM OF HIDDEN MYSTERIES.—*Continued.*

"Holding the mystery of faith."—1 TIM. iii. 9.

THEN said Truthful, We will take a look through the different glasses; and I think thou wilt confess that this twofold apartment is well named the Room of Hidden Mysteries. There is in the temples of Nature, Providence, and Grace, a vail through which the eyes of the multitude never penetrated. Nay rather, I may say there is a succession of vails in each of these temples, until thou dost reach the impenetrable mystery, THE SACRED PLACE, into which only the Holy One can enter. There are men so dull as to be outside the outermost vail of all. Others have passed one enclosure; and other still, have pushed aside many vails, until what I might call the Bethany Curtain hath yielded to their cold fingers, and, passing through the gates, they have seen clearly, with no vail between. (2 Cor. iii. 16.) Hence the name which Dr. Wisdom hath given to this department in All Souls' Hospital; meaning mysteries hidden to outside worshippers, even to the "proselytes of the gate." Such is that ecstasy which thou didst notice in the company here.

Such also the opening wonders of "Closet Place," quite unknown to all who have never looked through the spyglass kept there. The Magic Glass and the Image Glass are also of this order of hidden mysteries, and concealed from the common multitude.

The little glass into which thou art about to look is something like Magic Glass, as thou shalt bear witness, and it is served with slides even as that was, and is in the charge of an under governor of this room, a minister who is familiarly known as the *Steward of the Mysteries of God*. (1 Cor. iv. 1.) These pictures which are to pass before thee were arranged by four men, sons of one Evangelist, an intimate companion of the Holy One.

Then I saw in my dream, that the name of the glass was LOVE'S PROGRESS, and that there was written over the same these words: *I will make all my goodness to pass before thee*. (Exod. xxxiii. 19.)

So I looked into the glass. Then first I saw a man clothed in threadbare raiment, and under sentence of death. His face was as of one without hope. Never did I behold a more desolate being.

The next was a scene of indescribable glory, and seemed to be laid in Gilead. There were gushing springs, and playing fountains, and a pure broad river, whose waters were clear as crystal. And this river seemed to proceed out from the base of a high and awful throne. (Rev. xxii. 1.) On that throne there sat three equal monarchs, clothed in an equal majesty, and, though distinct in form and feature, still evidently reigning as one king. I should not have been able to look steadily upon the throne, only that

there was one of the vails over it, because of the dazzling light.

Then my guide bade me mark the being on the right of the central figure; and I saw that it was the likeness of the one I beheld in the Magic Glass. I gazed in wonder on his crown and royal robe. In his face there was a look of love, and he seemed not to notice the countless bright beings around him, but rather to be looking steadily, as at something far in the distance.

The third picture was a greater mystery still. This right-hand monarch had risen up. All the bright beings had gathered round in astonishment. He had laid his crown, sceptre, and robe, upon the throne, and still his eyes, which were as fire, were steadfastly looking at something afar off.

The fourth exhibited this same glorious one; but how changed! He was clothed in the dress which I saw in the first picture as on the poor man. He had upon him the mark of condemnation also, which I then saw, though in his face there dwelt a look of hope, and victory, which was not in the countenance of the condemned man. His clothing was such, I should not have known him to be the one whom I saw on the throne, save that there was an air of royal dignity about him, which seemed to give a kind of kingly beauty even to the rags of poverty which were upon his shoulders. The presence chamber was gone, and in the place thereof was a shed. The throne had given way to a manger, and cattle of the stall had taken the place of the men in shining apparel.

The fifth view was of this same one surrounded

by beings in like clothing with himself, but in all forms of wretchedness. In the distance the holy painter had sketched a strange variety of woful ones as coming toward this disguised king. They were bringing to him the sick and infirm on beds. A father was drawing near with a raving boy. A man of giant frame, half naked and covered with wounds, was making his own way through the frightened crowd toward this wonderful man. In still another direction they were leading a blind man, while lepers in sackcloth, beggars starving for food, and lame men on crutches and with canes, were all coming toward him, with looks of mingled hope and supplication.

Around this wonderful one was a still more mysterious scene. Here sat a man with a look of confidence and love. His eyes were fixed upon the glorious man, while there was in his face a distant expression, as of madness passing away. There still dwelt a wildness in the eye, and on a face now lighted up with joy could be faintly discerned the shadow of insanity. It was as a bright summer day, when, though the sun is shining clear and beautiful around, a black cloud may still be seen in the east, telling of a fearful storm just passed over. At his side sat a lean, famished being, with his lap filled with bread, from which he was eagerly feeding. On the other side stood a man with his fresh grave-clothes in his hand, and an open sepulchre at his back. Around the wonderful one there were also men and women kneeling, as in the act of offering unto him the sacrifices of thanksgiving. And to crown the tender declaration of this strange picture, in his arms he held a little, laughing child.

The sixth picture represented this same being at night, in a garden. It was a dreadful scene; for the face did show forth more than a mortal anguish. In his hand he held a cup; and he was kneeling on the ground; while there fell from his brow *as it had been great drops of bloody sweat.*

In love to me the Steward of the Mysteries passed this picture hastily by; for the sight was more than I could endure.

The seventh scene was a court, in which this man was undergoing a mock trial; and was receiving, at the hands of the mob, every act of indignity and cruelty.

The eighth view was a hill; and on its crown three crosses stood; while on the central one this same mysterious being hung. Truthful told me that the dying one had taken the condemned man's place, *bearing in his own body the poor man's crimes upon this tree*, and so meeting the dreadful sentence of the law. The painter had thrown over this picture a dark and stormy coloring, such as is seen when a furious tempest is about to break upon us. The sun had gone into a cloud of dreadful darkness; and an unnatural light shone upon the cross.

The ninth scene was a sepulchre in a garden. A stone, which had once been at the door, had been rolled away, and there sat therein a man in glistening raiment. Going forth from this tomb was the mysterious one; and his look was that of a conqueror returning from battle; and he dragged at his side a strong man.

That, said Truthful, is the Undertaker's servant,

of whom thou didst hear him speak ; his name is Captivity.

Remembering the complaint of Death, of the injury done by this forcible escape from his stone dwelling, I looked, and saw that the hinges of the marble door were broken, and moreover that the stone was such as no mortal power could roll it back again. Yea, I saw also that this open sepulchre was the passage way to other silent dwellings.

The tenth picture was the hill Bethany. I knew it instantly. And there, also, stood this man. He still had on the garments which I had first seen upon the poor man, but the ragged mantle had turned to a royal robe ; and the fetters of imprisonment had changed to golden ornaments. And I saw, moreover, that the glorious one was carrying back to his throne in Gilead a wealth of honor and mighty power beyond that which he once laid aside upon the throne.

The eleventh scene was of the poor man of the first picture, but arrayed as I saw the Holy One on Bethany Hill ; and he had in his hand a harp, and on his brow a costly crown. There were also thousands like unto him there. And once again, in the robes of his former majesty, and with a new glory, the Holy One sat at the right hand upon his throne ; and amid all the heavenly splendors, shone the mortal mantle, now red with blood, which he had taken from the poor man seen in the first picture.

This, said Truthful, we call LOVE'S PROGRESS, and the painters were the four sons of good old Evangelist. *He who was rich, for our sake became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich.*

Then my guide bade me look into one more glass before we should go to another apartment.

Therein I saw things beyond description. This, said Truthful, is the unfolding of providence on this side of Bethany Hill.

Therein I beheld a rich man brought to poverty, and a poor man reaching wealth. And I saw also that the poverty of the one was his best wealth, and the wealth of the other was his severest poverty. Here were sorrows pictured, which are the faithful ministers of man's best enjoyment, in the unfolding of this present life ; disappointments which do turn to occasions of praise ; and also sunbeams which change to shadows.

Then said Truthful, This picture thou wilt know, for it was painted at my suggestion.

So I beheld the clock from which my guide preached me one of his little sermons. Such a clock doth swing its pendulum, and ticks, said he, in every man's life ; and it needs, at times, great resolution to look away from the pendulum, up to the dial : nor can we always see the latter clearly. It is like the great timepiece of which I spake, whose pendulum doth travel along the ages, carrying all the little records with it ; even as the small wheels are rapidly wheeling, while the great one goeth but slowly around.

Here also I saw, in my dream, how all the plans of men were working out one great plot ; and how sorrow and joy were the filling in of the great web of life. This was shown me by the picture of a man weaving and using various colored yarns in his work.

There was also an ant hill through which a farmer was driving his plough.

And chief of all was a picture called LIFE OUT OF DEATH. In it were the dying and reviving wonders of nature displayed, seeds, plants, flowers, and trees. There were also animals, which, by their death, were ministering to the life of others. So I saw living kingdoms growing out from a heap of rotten and decaying thrones; and everywhere was LIFE OUT OF DEATH, in large letters, written over the picture.

Then I saw also that the way to glory was through a valley, and that it was a dusty road. Yea, I saw, moreover, that all things travelled that way, plants, animals, men, and kingdoms; and that the law of all was ever, LIFE OUT OF DEATH.

In this series I beheld the famous HARVEST PICTURE. It exhibits a waving field of grain, of boundless extent, in which the angels are reaping yellow bundles for Gilead, while they sing the harvest song. And all this mighty yield is shown to proceed from one buried seed, which was but *three days in a stony spot of a garden*. Over this, too, was the inscription LIFE OUT OF DEATH.

Then we passed into the Second Apartment of the Room of Hidden Mysteries, through which Truthful said we must hasten, spending but a moment among wonders which might well claim days of sightseeing.

So he led me to a glass, over which I saw this inscription: WHAT I DO YE KNOW NOT NOW, BUT YE SHALL KNOW HEREAFTER. (John xiii. 7.)

Here, said Truthful, those mysteries of time which are only unfolded beyond the river are declared and explained.

In this wonderful mirror I saw scenes of a most tender nature, such as do give men the heartache. There was a mother with a dead babe in her arms. She was *as one weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they were not*. Just beyond the spot from which this beautiful child was so suddenly and strangely taken, was a coiled serpent, and another step would have brought the unwary little pilgrim upon his spotted folds. Here was a widow mourning the untimely departure of her companion. And I saw that it was to complete her own crown of glory in Gilead, that this man was called thus suddenly to the sacred hill.

Then I beheld that bereavement was often man's greatest blessing, and also that when mourning thus the absence of friends and kindred, the one for whose departure we sorrow is with us more than ever.

Here also Sin was revealed as the servant of Salvation; and tears of grief were the jewelry of the crown of joy. Yea, poverty was wealth, sickness was health, toil was rest, and trial was triumph.

Now as we passed forth, I read on the door the inscription: I HAVE SHOWED THEE NEW THINGS, EVEN HIDDEN THINGS. (Isa. xlvi. 6.)

One more room, said my guide, shall complete our journey through the apartments, and to-morrow we will visit THE ARMING ROOM.

The sun being still high, my guide asked me if I would not like a walk; and if it was my pleasure to hear another of his little sermons?

I told him that I should be glad to listen, and so he gave me another discourse on character, and his text was THE MOULDER.

Then he took me to what he chose to call an altar in the temple of labor. I could but note the difference between this place of preaching, and that among the trees of the orchard or the vision of the flowers. A huge building was this sanctuary of industry, and surely the worshippers were a dingy company. Here I saw a great multitude of men moving hither and thither, in the sober twilight of that great room, with its carpet of moist ground. In every direction were persons bearing between them iron vessels filled with liquid fire, which they poured into the mouths of little mounds of earth. It looked to me as though this was some fiendish banqueting hall, and that these waiting heaps of earth were guests, to whom the black and grim servants of the place, at the bidding of the stout master of the fiery feast, were bearing a portion assigned, as it ran forth from the roaring caldron.

My good guide smiled as he beheld my looks of wonder and alarm. Then he bade me go up the narrow way, which brought us to the flaming mouth of the "Stack," from the base of which poured the stream of fire. See, said he, this ungainly mass—calling my attention to a pile of rough iron—is to be wrought into a thousand beautiful forms, according to the sovereign will of him who doth govern this synagogue of labor.

So I beheld in my dream a strong man throwing great heaps of the broken iron into the roaring furnace, which seemed instantly to wrap the same in a mantle of flame. Then he descended with me to the place below. And this, said he, is the coming forth of the unsightly pile thou didst see above; now running free as wine from the press, and glowing as

brightly as those morning sunbeams which we saw the day I preached to thee in the hospital gate.

At his command I followed two of these toil worshippers as they carried a vessel of the flashing liquid, and poured it all through the earthy lips of one of the little heaps upon the floor.

Lost! I exclaimed. All this beauty so suddenly buried forever in this curious grave!

Come with me, said the guide, and thou shalt see the resurrection.

At that he took me to a place where a man was uncovering a little mound; and as he did so, he took forth a beautiful vessel, smooth and perfect.

And this too, said Truthful, is the once rough iron which thou didst see cast into the devouring mouth of the furnace.

Such was his text, and brief was his sermon. Infinite wisdom, said he, hath designed vessels of honor for his glory. He hath made his patterns according to the plans dwelling in his mind from all eternity. It is his will that these patterns shall be formed and perfected in the earth; and that in these humble but beautiful moulds his vessels shall be prepared, and from thence come forth in glory.

So the melting fires of divine love, or the trying fires of his providence are prepared, and into that overwhelming heat, the rough ungainly natures of men are cast by the angel of mercy. And forth from this furnace of grace, these natures come purified, and glorified, and are poured into the divine mould, to be formed and shaped therein, according to the holy plan; and to be brought out thence to the praise and the glory of him who hath thus bestowed grace upon

deformity, and wrought ugliness into beauty. So also the mind doth shape the rough facts of every-day life.

Moreover, death doth destroy us, as the stack melts the iron; and the strongest of us are even as the weakest there. So do the righteous go into the little mound in the graveyard; and so, in the last day, shall the resurrection angel open the heap of earth, and, taking from thence the perfect form, shall shake off the dust from the beautiful vessels of righteousness, and give them place forever in the Father's house in Gilead.

I might preach other sermons in this dark temple, said Truthful, but we will let the teaching of the moulder be the lesson of the hour, as we have other matters before us.

So we left the building, and returned to the hospital, preparatory to the visit, on the morrow, to THE ARMING ROOM.

Now, as my guide turned to go to his abode, he warned me to search out the hidden truths of his sermon upon the THE MOULDER. Thus saying he bade me good-night; and I betook myself to bed, with my head filled with the scenes witnessed that day in Hidden Mystery Room, mingled also with the sights of the moulder's building.

The latter, methought, pursued me in my dreams. Then my conceit of the horrid feast came upon me in all its power, and a dreadful Banqueting Hall was the Moulder's building. Then the scene changed, and I beheld a pile of strong human hopes broken up by a giant hand and cast into a flaming furnace, from which they issued forth, and were carried to waiting

graves. From these mounds they were brought forth, vessels of wrath fitted for everlasting woe.

And I awoke from my dreadful dream, and lo the morning had come. I arose and walked in the garden among the flowers, wherein the guide's better dream of the blossoms had preached the sermon of the dew. Surely the angel had brought an abundant blessing that night, for the flowers were bending beneath the glistening gift.

Here, as I wandered, I met Dr. Wisdom and Prayer, though the hour was early. But they are both noted for early rising. Soon, too, I saw Truthful approaching. Saluting me, he told me that immediately when the fast was broken we would explore the last room. And we must make the more haste, said he, as this balmy air is as the breath of a blessed prophecy to me.

I did not understand his saying, and it was hid from me. I knew that, for days, the wind had been fair from Gilead, and that it had borne to us the smell of the balm, the lily, and the rose. Moreover, I saw a look of pleasure in the faces of Wisdom and Prayer, as Truthful spake, and I knew that more was meant than was said.

Then I observed the sign of the morning meal. Before the door were the sons and daughters of Wisdom; and they were chanting their early hymn of praise, accompanied with the sound of timbrel, harp, and viol.

Another musical petition for heaven's blessings, exclaimed the guide!

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ARMING ROOM.

"Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. vi. 13.

THEN did my guide lead me to the Arming Room, thus completing our round of visiting through the various apartments of All Souls' Hospital. Over the doorway of this room I read these words: FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT. (1 Tim. vi. 12.)

This Armory was separated into two divisions. In the first section we did discover a museum filled with curious mementos of the past. Here was David's sling; and beside it the sword and spear of the giant of Gath. Here also was the jaw with which the mighty son of Manoah slew the enemies of Israel. Here too were the sword of Gideon, and the wonder-working rod of Moses. We saw also the ram's horns at whose sound the stout walls of Jericho fell down; and the shattered pitchers and lamps by which the hosts of Midian were discomfited. Moreover, in this place we found the hammer and the nail with which Jael, the wife of Heber, smote the captain of the hosts of Canaan through the temples that he died. We saw also the wonderful staff of the prophet; and Elijah's

miraculous mantle with which he divided the waters of Jordan. But chief of all herein, was the armor of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. To this mighty relic, Truthful did especially call my attention.

Surely, said I, this is none other than the iron raiment of a giant.

Thou mayst well say that, quoth the guide, for no man, since the day in which the victorious warrior, under the Captain of Salvation, put off this dress, hath been able to wear these battle garments or wield this sword: though it is an important fact, that *all armor*, even that of the feeblest soldier, must be made of the same material, and after the same pattern; and the sword must, for effectual warfare, be formed of the same metal.

Then I essayed to lift the Apostle's weapon. With both my hands I could not swing this dreadful sword. Now, I saw, in my dream, that its strength was only equalled by its beauty. The hilt was made of beaten gold, set round with brilliant jewels; while on it was stamped, *The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.* (Eph. vi. 17.) I beheld, moreover, that on one side of the broad and burnished blade of Damascus steel was emblazoned the picture of a dead man hanging on a cross, and on the other, that which I saw on the walls of the Room of Hidden Mysteries—even the Holy One coming forth from the sepulchre, dragging Captivity at his side. There too was his girdle of truth, and his mighty breastplate of righteousness.

Never, said Truthful, did girdle encircle nobler loins, or breastplate cover a larger heart.

There also, with the Gospel Sandals, were the

shield, battered by the fury of his adversaries, and the helmet of massive size.

Surely, said I, *that* shield might cover a number of our modern soldiery; and many of the Gilead graduates might at the same time hide their heads in that helmet.

Then did Truthful also show me the "character-crown" which the apostle wore; and I wondered not at his astonishment at, and admiration of this ornament of the apostolic forehead. With what jewels was it adorned! Amid a multitude of crowns, which were there, it was chief in glory.

Long did we linger in this museum, looking at the many things of interest with which it was stored; until, at the suggestion of my guide, we entered the SECOND APARTMENT.

Here were many men, healed of their infirmities, and receiving, at the hand of Conflict, who kept the Armor Hall, their full suit of mail. I saw that the dress was adjusted to the part for which it was made, showing that each was liable to be assailed. The head and the heart had their appropriate covering. I saw moreover that provision was made to cope with a dishonorable enemy, for the warrior was to be armed below the girdle, where no one but a mean foe would strike. Again I observed that there was no care taken for a retreat, *there being no armor for the back*. It was also evident that this was to be an aggressive warfare, from the fact that the feet were shod with *the preparation of the gospel*.

Now it came to pass that while we were there we saw a man of whom Conflict said that he was a Professor by the name of Mythology, and that he had a

new mode of warfare, and a new dress, which he desired to introduce. But Conflict told him that they had only one book of tactics, and moreover, that he thought that the armor he offered was very offensive to the Great Captain; and that it would be well for him to withdraw. One Mathematics also proposed the use of his gymnasium, but was assured that while there was no doubt that it did much to develop the muscles, the All Souls' Hospital had one of its own; and that, by this institution, some of the stoutest men had been thoroughly trained. Just to gratify these Professors however, the Gilead Soldier was dressed up a moment in Mythology's dress, and then bidden to fence with a man regularly armed in the Gospel armor. The scene made the company laugh; for the poor fellow cut a sorry figure. His head and heart were alike exposed, and had his antagonist used the Gospel sword, instead of the foils, he would have made short work with him.

Professor Mythology, seeing the laugh was somewhat against him, rallied, and attempted to rescue himself. He said that he made no pretence that his curious head covering, and shield of thin skin were equal to the impenetrable armor of the Gilead soldier. Neither did he claim that his leaden weapon could cope with the Damascus blade. This was not his profession.

And why, then, asked Conflict, do you desire the young soldier to wear your armor? Is not his time wasted, and may not his limbs be injured by being thus cramped in that odd old dress?

To this Professor Mythology replied: First, it is a time-honored usage to make the Gospel recruit march

in this suit, and study our tactics for a season; and moreover, some of the very best soldiers of the land have so done.

Second, such an achievement is an accomplishment of which the soldier may boast ever afterward.

Thirdly, said Mythology, thirdly—but not readily finding a third reason, he said he should content himself with the two already named.

Then Conflict replied to the first reason, declaring that time, hoary with age, may not dignify a folly; and that, taking him at his own argument, he would say, that the earliest and most stalwart of Gospel soldiers knew nothing of this curious armor. And so he read to him the rules of arming, as specified in the book of holy tactics: *Having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast plate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.* (Eph. vi. 14-18.)

To the second reason, he also courteously replied, that it was but a sorry argument for these heathenish weapons that the useless clothing did beget a boastful spirit in the wearer. The only glory of the true Gilead warrior is in the holy mystery of the Cross. True, said he, strong men have been taught by thee; and they have proved their strength of purpose most, by the fact that at the close of their teachings, they have been able to cast off this panoply of folly forever.

Many of thy brethren, I do respect, added Conflict. There is Professor Astronomy, a brilliant instruc-

tor, and worthy of great regard; though one look through the little spyglass in Closet Place, in a bright night, is worth more than all his star gazing. Then there is Professor Geology; he hath weighty and glorious truths at his command, and is a noble teacher; but methinks the better study is that open sepulchre, with its broken door, as pictured in the Room of Commemoration. I do respect that Professor Mathematics, knowing that he doeth good service with his gymnasium, in developing and hardening the muscles of the Gospel soldier; though these were no reason why the giant who once filled yonder massive armor ever entered that room. Indeed, we are prone to think that there is toil enough in the soldier's profession to complete the soundness of his arms, *that is, if he was designed in his birth for a soldier.* Give him plenty of good plain Gospel bread, and, as he can bear it, some of the strong Doctrine meat, and, with his canteen filled with the wine of the kingdom, *taking to himself the whole armor of God*, we are willing to risk him in the sharpest battle with the enemy.

Then, said I to Truthful, I do perceive that Conflict hath a fair respect for all the Professors, save the withered old man, in the clownish dress, whom you do call Mythology.

Yea, said the guide, there are two Professors, not named, who are the daily counsellors of Conflict. The one is a man who was born in a place called Babel, and whose name is Linguist; and the other is chief of all, and his name is Theology. This latter is in the highest repute in the Arming Room; and indeed he doth teach and use *ever and only* the great book of

tactics mentioned by Conflict. Thou mayst often see him harnessing the young soldier for war, or going through the sword exercise.

In this room we did behold on the wall a wonderful painting descriptive of a mighty battle between the great Captain of Salvation and the leader of all the battalions of the damned.

The scene was laid upon a hill; and the hosts of Israel were pitched in sight thereof, on a plain. In the hand of the chief of all the armies of heaven was a sword, on whose awful blade was emblazoned the words, as in letters of fire: IT IS WRITTEN; and with this omnipotent weapon he had just smitten the hellish leader to the earth. (Luke iv. 4.) In the distance was pictured an angel flying toward the hill. Thrice had the holy chief disarmed his adversary; for on the ground lay broken weapons of great size and curious shape. One was marked HUNGER, another PRESUMPTION, and the third AMBITION. (Luke iv. 2-13.)

Conflict requireth, said Truthful, that the young soldiers do diligently study this painting.

Now, as we were passing out, my guide bade me notice a singular and beautiful yoke, the make of which discovered infinite wisdom and love. At his request I put it upon my neck, and it did rest so easily upon me, and moreover was such an ornament, that I was slow to take it off. "Easy" is its name, quoth he, and it giveth grace to the wearer. *My yoke is easy.*

See also this burden. At that he did fasten the same upon my shoulders. Immediately I was filled with a holy ecstasy, and found myself borne above the heads of all around me, *for this was a winged*

burden, and with it I verily believe I could have flown to the gates of Gilead.

This, said the guide, is named "Light," because it doth make the wearer so light that he is lifted as it were above this World Town, and doth wing his way so far that he may have his conversation with the inhabitants of Gilead. *My burden is light.* (Matt. xi. 30.) So I saw in my dream that we had made the circuit of the mysterious apartments of All Souls' Hospital, though the guide told me that before he parted from me I should have another look into some of the wards.

CHAPTER XX.

DESTRUCTION OF THE HOSPITALS UNDER CHARGE OF
PAPACY AND PUSEY.*"Babylon the great is fallen."*—REV. xviii. 2.

Now I saw in my dream, that the time had arrived at which the old moss-covered and ivy-clad hospital of Dr. Papacy was to be destroyed; and that with this ancient building the more modern structure, under the care of the man Pusey, was to share a like fate. For a great many years these establishments had been in very bad repute in World Town, and often had they been sharply threatened. Moreover, complaint had, from time to time, been made unto the king himself. But before his recovery at the hand of Dr. Wisdom, the monarch did take but little interest in the matter of hospitals of any shape or character. Nay, if he had, at that time, any prejudice, it was decidedly with this same Papacy, from the fact of the close intimacy existing between the Professor and Pride, the once favored physician of the royal household. Now the latter did at once quite fancy the structure of the old hospital, and the peculiar treatment therein practised. Yea, he was also

especially pleased with the free and liberal use made of his favorite Latin tongue. Still it should be added that he was equally shocked at the very low character of the patients here under treatment for soul plague, many of them being clad in the meanest and cheapest apparel.

The other hospital, being of similar architecture and of equal height with the old building, and standing close beside it, was also a great favorite with the king's physician. The practice in Pusey's building was little else than a careful imitation of the older house; only its patients were of a higher class than those under Papacy's care. Its chief governor, Dr. Pusey, was really a physician of the old papal school, but did bear about him a more lofty air than his master. Moreover, a secret door did open from the one hospital into the other, and there was much running of the physicians and nurses, back and forth.

But it came to pass that when the king had been healed of his soul malady, by the skill of the governor of All Soul's Hospital, and did turn Dr. Pride from the Palace, he did become an enemy of Papacy's building, and of all establishments of a similar character. Again the extensive and very successful practice of Wisdom, and the faculty connected with his hospital, had gone far to array the citizens of World Town against both Papacy and Pusey. The Gilead men or Christians had learned to speak of the old weather-beaten pile as Babylon. Yea, they did claim that in distant ages, the holy men who looked through the glass called Prophecy had both seen and described this same building, giving unto it the name used by Gilead men; and also declaring, that in the

distant day of final triumph of the Holy One, Babylon the Great should fall level with the earth.

Now it came to pass, that the night after the guide and myself had made the visit unto the Arming Room, about the middle of the night, I did hear a shout as of a great multitude, crying, Babylon! Babylon! Down with Babylon! Then I did immediately arise; and hastily putting on my clothing, I hurried to the place whence the cry did proceed, which was in the street called Rome. On my arrival, I saw a vast crowd of men; and they were shouting as they stormed the walls of this citadel of sin, Down with Babylon! Down with Babylon! Then I saw that the fierce army of Gospel warriors did bring huge engines against the massive walls; and that they did soon make a great breach, through which the mighty host did rush to the attack upon the main building. Then methought I beheld Dr. Papacy making his appearance at one of the windows. He was clothed in a scarlet mantle, and had a triple crown upon his head. Moreover, he held the sign of the cross in his hand, and he did also wear the same sacred symbol on his breast. Loudly did he call upon the multitude to disperse. Yea, he did make a long and pompous oration unto the people. He claimed that his hospital was established by the Holy One, on the occasion of his great and glorious visit unto World Town. He said moreover, that a member of the first college of Gilead physicians, whose name was Peter, was the earliest and chief director of his hospital. He did claim also that the kings and mighty captains of the earth, in all ages, had made his establishment the place of their familiar

resort. Long and ingenious, yea, both false and impudent was the harangue of this old man. But no sooner had he ceased to speak than I saw him smitten to the ground by a stone, hurled by some mighty hand. This also was the fate of one after another of all the wretched company belonging to this house of corruption, and still the cry went forth, Down with Babylon!

Then did Dr. Pusey come out from the adjoining building, even High Hospital, and beholding the dead and mangled body of Papacy, he did greatly tremble, and began pleading loudly for his own life, and also the lives of his medical companions. At that a voice of some one in the furious crowd made answer, saying, We will not hear thee, thou false man. We know thee, and the time of thy visitation hath come. Thou hast wrought a sore evil in World Town, even such as Papacy himself might not accomplish. Thousands have been decoyed into High Hospital, and have died there, who never would have entered the older building, and who did not dream that one and the same practice ruled in both hospitals. Yea, thou hast made thine own establishment to be but a gorgeous trap in which victims were seized for a common triumph.

Then I saw in my dream, that the man Pusey, as he was raising his head to beckon unto the crowd, was struck to the ground; and that with him perished his whole company of false companions, even the faculty of the hospital. *But a multitude of poor deluded patients from both buildings were carried tenderly and carefully forth, and found immediate home and cure in All Souls' Hospital.*

It was a sad sight to see the miserable men who

had been imprisoned for so many years in the old building; for though it was called a hospital, yet it did abuse the sacred title. Deep down in this haunt of wickedness were cells, and chains, and darkness. Here were the rooms in which the "heretic" patients were treated. From these hidden abodes of horror pilgrims had gone forth in flaming raiment to Gilead. Yea, there were secret paths and blessed avenues even from this papal dungeon, and faithful Prayer had carried forth countless messages to the heavenly hill, returning ever with gifts of priceless value from the Holy One. Here also, for years, prisoners had lain bound in chains; and during the overthrow of Papacy there was brought forth an old man whose name, Conscience, was the same as that of the Sheriff seen in Debtor's Room. Long imprisonment had reduced him to a mere skeleton, and he had nearly or quite lost the gift of speech. He used to be a powerful man, and was once possessed of a voice full of authority; but in his imprisonment, his keeper and persecutor Bigotry had never permitted him to speak, and now his tongue was wellnigh useless. I saw that four Gilead graduates, stout men, carried the old man into the hospital, and gave him a bed in the Room of Rest. They told me that he would recover under the gentle care of Grace and Mercy, who would feed him with Gospel bread, and give him the strengthening cordial to drink.

Many were the mysteries of cruelty, and of folly, which the sudden opening of this old building did reveal. Moreover, the Gilead men, for they led in this holy riot, did throw out thousands of bottles of the mixture of which Wisdom spake in his interview with

the former faculty of All Souls' Hospital. There were also boxes of consecrated wafers, and casks of that wine which the physicians always took, giving the defrauded patient only the credit of the sacred potion.

Then I saw, in my dream, that the crowd, having thoroughly searched the two buildings, did set fire unto the first, even Papacy's Hospital, and that the flames caught upon High Hospital also, and so both were brought to the ground. And well did they deserve to perish in a common flame, for they were really of the same practice. Then I saw that the walls of these buildings tumbled in, and a cloud of sparks rose high up, illuminating all the country for miles around.

Now shout, exclaimed a man, springing forth from the crowd, with a mighty weapon in his hand. As the light from burning cinders fell upon his face, I discovered that it was none else than my noble guide. Shout! he cried, BABYLON THE GREAT IS FALLEN; IS FALLEN TO RISE NO MORE FOREVER!

Then thundered forth the voice of the vast multitude, as the voice of many waters, BABYLON IS FALLEN! IS FALLEN!

So fell the old *mother of harlots*, and at her side perished also her miserable and sinful daughter. When the morning sun flashed upon the cross which crowned the top of All Souls' Hospital, his light fell also upon the smoking, blackened ruins of the hospitals of Dr. Papacy and Dr. Pusey.

Once again with Truthful, I had much to ask him in regard to the terrible havoc of the past night. He

said that he saw me when I first came forth from my room, but was at that time in the act of leading a storming party against the walls of the old building. Never, he exclaimed, have I worked so hard as during this glorious night. It was my right hand that brought Papacy down to the earth. I also ordered the firing of the buildings. The dry fagots, which Bigotry had gathered, and with which he did intend to try the faith of "heretics," proved to be the torch of conflagration.

And did your party meet with opposition from any, save the men immediately connected with the two buildings? I asked.

The guide replied, None from the true physicians of any of the hospitals. Yea, we were all one in the battle; our banners were different in some respects, some with one device, and some with another; but all were adorned with the same cross, and all were borne aloft in a common cause; and no men did better in the battle than the men of Low Hospital. But, in answer to thy question, I am obliged to say that many were our opponents. When we were in counsel, a letter came from the velvet-cushion hero, the Rev. Mr. Simperlove, and I have preserved the same, it is such a picture of men of his class.

Then Truthful read THE LETTER OF THE REV. MR. SIMPERLOVE.

VANITY ROW, World Town.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN OF EVERY NAME:

I have learned with regret that you are considering the momentous question of the destruction of the hospitals under the charge of Brothers Papacy

and Pusey. You know, my well-beloved brethren, that I do not fully agree with those men. I am often tempted to think them in error, and have hardly any great degree of hesitation in saying that Dr. Papacy's course is perhaps in many respects indiscreet, especially in the doctoring of "heretics." His instruments of torture must be very unpleasant unto the patient, and many of his applications are certainly quite warm and uncomfortable. Nay, I will go further, and declare my positive dislike of many of his patients, knowing that they are of the poorest class in World Town, and quite unfit for the "Sleep Station" on Gold Avenue, where I have the honor to distribute dream cushions unto a polite and refined company. But, beloved brethren, even as I love you all, I beg you will deal gently with both Pusey and Papacy. We all perhaps have private views, but I feel that *love* covers all and shields all.

If you do persist in attacking the hospitals, may I implore you, in love, to smite them with the velvet cushions to be found at my station. And let the affair be as quiet as possible, as I have many patients in the neighborhood of those buildings, and any great outcry might disturb their slumbers.

I know you will pardon a letter dictated by a *heart overflowing with love*, for though you hold a variety of views, I can indorse them all, holding at the same time, with great tenderness, my own views, and failing to express the same openly, only through fear of wounding those whom I so *deeply love*.

Believe me to be, my beloved brethren, ever

Your loving brother,

SIMPERLOVE.

At the close of the reading the guide laughed heartily, and said that a letter received from the same hand that morning did complete the portrait.

VANITY ROW, *World Town*.

BELoved BROTHER :

I congratulate you in the triumph of truth manifest in the overthrow of the two hospitals; for, as I intimated in the former letter, I could not agree with Drs. Pusey and Papacy. WE HAVE GAINED A GREAT AND SIGNAL VICTORY!

As ever, my dear brother, yours,

SIMPERLOVE.

P. S.—I saw the light distinctly some twenty miles distant.
S.

The guide said that the fire was urged rapidly forward by the strong wind blowing from the mountains of Gilead.

And shall those buildings ever be rebuilt? I asked.

Never, replied Truthful; it is only a wonder that they have been allowed to stand so long a time in World Town. But now the ground whereon they stood shall be ploughed as a field, and their ashes shall be scattered as on the wings of the wind.

And why, I further inquired, did the Holy One of Gilead grant them so long a stay in this great city?

I know not, he replied. The glass in the Room of Hidden Mysteries will not reveal this secret unto thee. Often hath Prayer been sent by Gilead men to the sacred hill, with the petition that the old hospital might fall; but Prevail had his orders not to open

the golden gates. Two days ago the fleet-footed servant ran his oft-repeated race to the holy hill, when lo, the gates were opened wide, and Prayer soon returned, bearing with him, in a censer, some of that fire called *the brightness of the presence*. (2 Thess. ii. 8.) And this it was that kindled, as with a bolt of lightning, the whole pile.

Now as we parted, Truthful remarked unto me, Prepare thyself for a glorious sight on the morrow. So saying he bade me farewell.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN DOTH VISIT ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL.

"And the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple."

MAL. iii. 1.

FOR many days together the sun had beamed brightly from an unclouded sky; and each night the countless stars shone forth in all their glory. Moreover, the south wind had been for a long time blowing, gently, but steadily, bringing on its unseen wings the sweet smell of the Sharon rose, mingled with the peculiar fragrance of the lily, and the balm; odors which it had gathered as it swept over the slopes of Gilead, and where the river of life winds its way through Lowly Valley.

Now the windows of the hospital were raised, and the doors likewise were opened; and as this pure air filled the rooms wherein the sick were lying, it seemed as the visit of some good angel.

In the Sick Christians' Ward particularly was the blessing of the Gilead breeze most manifest. Many fainting souls revived, and did declare themselves healed of their malady. Yea, the brows of many fevered patients were kissed by the merciful wind.

Then Truthful and I took a morning walk in the garden, and observed how heavy the dew was on the grass and the flowers; and so joyful was the scene that it did seem to us that the birds sang forth their songs of praise with new melody. I did call to mind the little sermon of the guide, upon Sun-rise and Soul-rise, and here saw greater significance in the same than ever before.

Moreover, it seemed to me that I could perceive a brighter light than ever, in the calm, clear countenance of Truthful. Indeed he appeared like one who was in the possession of some joyful secret, that was continually publishing its presence in the gladness of the face, but which could in no wise find utterance with the lips. Now as we were roaming along the slope of the hill, whom should we meet but good Dr. Wisdom himself, with a number of his patients, out for their accustomed walk. The governor was a little beyond his company, standing upon a high rock, with his face toward distant Gilead, and was singing what was called the "new song." Then I beheld as he met us that his countenance did betoken some hidden gladness, and that he did take Truthful aside, and talk to him long and earnestly, and that ever and anon he did point toward the holy mountain.

So, joining Wisdom, and his company, we returned to the hospital; and on the way thither, the conversation was renewed, and they spake, in language full of mystery to me, of the "*signs*" now manifest, as surely indicating "*the coming*." Wisdom said the balmy, fragrant air was a *sign*; that the continual and earnest call for medicines, by the patients in Sick Christians' Ward, and withal the frequent sending of Prayer

to the Holy One in Gilead, was a *sign*; that the great increase of patients in the various wards was a *sign*; and so too the raging and cursing of some of the sick was an unmistakable *sign*. Moreover, he said, the good man Meditation had spent all the previous night in Closet Place, and did testify that the stars had an unwonted clearness, and that the "Bethlehem Star" did blaze like the sun itself, and in the brilliancy thereof the gates of Gilead were clearly seen. This also, he said, was a *sign* of the coming.

I saw also, in my dream, that the doctor especially dwelt upon the proof already named, even in the howling and raving of the poor beings in the worst apartments of Pleasure Ward; declaring that this indication, so deplored by ignorant physicians, was a herald with a trumpet, publishing the immediate approach of the Holy One.

Now when Dr. Wisdom had parted from us, I ventured to ask of my guide if the "signs," so often and so joyfully named, did tell of the coming of the king, who since his cure, had taken a lively interest in All Souls' Hospital, and had also promised some day to honor the place with a royal visit.

Truthful replied that it was a rule laid down by the Holy One himself that we should discover *the signs of the times* (Matt. xvi. 3), and also that he had given a general commandment, even that we should all *watch*. (Matt. xxiv. 42.)

And was that what Dr. Wisdom was doing when we found him upon the hill? I asked.

Yea, said the guide, that is what we call *looking for the appearing*. (Titus ii. 13.)

Then I noticed also the stir in and around the

hospital. On the walls surrounding the grounds, wherever a stone had fallen off, it was restored, and the waste places were rebuilt. All the paths were made straight and clean, and the weeds were carefully plucked out from among the plants of the garden. Within the building, every nook and corner was searched for dirt, the windows were washed bright, and the mirrors were thoroughly cleaned. Then Truthful bade me notice the cross on the top of the building; and I was astonished at the sight. The rays of the sun seemed to kindle upon it with a glory such as I had never seen before.

Just then I saw, in my dream, that the governor's servant, Prayer, came in with his face all glowing with "communion light," and having the same look of expectation which marked the countenance of Wisdom and Truthful. I also discovered the governor's sons and daughters, in their best raiment; and the good girl Courtesy waiting at the door, with a smile upon her face.

Suddenly, as I was looking from the porch of the hospital toward the gate, I beheld the old Porter fall with his face to the ground, and the next instant a Being appeared, whose glory I may not describe. No cheap dignity of crown, and regal mantle, was upon him; but his plain dress seemed quite beyond all show of earthly majesty. *He was clothed with a garment down to the foot, white and glistening, and he was girt about with a golden girdle. His head and his hands were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet were like fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, and his voice as the sound of many waters.* (Rev. i. 13, 14, 15.)

He was alone, no herald proclaiming his approach; but as he reached the door of the hospital, Wisdom announced THE HOLY ONE OF GILEAD! and at the mention of the name, *every knee bowed, and every tongue confessed.* (Rom. xiv. 11.) In his right hand I saw two dreadful keys, the use of which I did not dare ask of my guide. (Rev. i. 18.)

And yet for all this mysterious inhabitant of Mount Gilead was of such majestic appearance, there was still something so inviting in his look, that a little child, in the hospital, ran to him and nestled in his arms, with perfect confidence.

Then the governor and his family gathered around him; and Truthful also led me into the presence of the Holy One, at which I felt a strange spell of delight. The governor's meek-eyed daughter took her place at his feet, and I saw, moreover, that she seemed to sit in the midst of a glowing light; and I remarked the saying which is written, *He shall make the place of his feet glorious.* (Isa. lx. 13.) Then all the sons and daughters of the governor, together with his grand-daughter, did sing *the hospital welcome song*; and so they received the illustrious guest from Gilead.

I beheld, moreover, that even while the song was sounding, the governor's servant came in, and bowing low before the Holy One, laid at his feet, near Humility, a great burden of requests, from different wards, and again making his obeisance, went swiftly back to the wards.

First the Great Physician called in all the doctors, superintendents, and nurses of the entire hospital, and searched them thoroughly as to their practice and its

success (Mal. iii. 3.) Then, sending them to their several posts, with Wisdom at his side he made a tour of the wards, first visiting Sick Christians' Apartment.

Now as he passed through the room adjoining this ward, he observed the pile of crutches, manuscripts, eyeglasses, &c., at which he gave orders, saying, "Take these things hence." (John ii. 16.) Truthful and myself were permitted to follow the two as they went through this room. Steadfast also accompanied them through the different apartments of Sick Christians' Ward, which was now crowded with patients.

It was a wonder to me to see the effect of the presence of the Holy One among the sick. Many, as his shadow fell upon them, rose up healed of their infirmity. He came to the patient with the lockjaw, and, touching his mouth with his finger, he passed on and left the man singing of electing grace. We were especially interested with his interview with the Gilead graduates. How his eye kindled with indignation as he beheld them. He did ask them how they came to contract such a disease, in view of the directions given in Gilead. The poor, trembling students acknowledged their faults, confessing that they had neglected the appointed means, and had gone to the markets of World Town. They declared to him, moreover, that they had been led to an interview with one Dr. Pride, and that it was his counsel that had brought upon them this sad plague. So, having rebuked these men, and having heard their humble confession, together with their vows of future honesty, the Great Physician gave them immediate cure, and

full directions for their future practice. And these are the guides and admonitions which he put in their hands :

First. *Thou shalt not steal.* (Exod. xx. 15.)

Second. *Be not dismayed, lest I confound thee before them.* (Jer. i. 17.)

Third. *Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.* (Gal. i. 17.)

Fourth. *Take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak.* (Matt. x. 19.)

I noticed also that the Holy One was highly pleased with the water cure introduced by Dr. Trust, and that he said he had no rebuke to deal, in that the doctor did not dive for the man who sunk. Indeed, said the Great Physician, it is the misfortune of the practice to-day, that your water cure hath not received into its silence and oblivion a great many who are working sore injury to the cause of Gilead.

It was wonderful to follow in the path of the divine Physician, beholding his "power and authority" over all manner of diseases, and all sorrow. The effect of his presence along the room, seemed like the passing of sunshine over a field, or as the gentle falling of a summer shower in time of drought. Wisdom walked at his side, looking like a trusting boy beside his father. The sick were everywhere restored; and the faint and weak were revived. Yea, it was not long after his arrival before there were empty beds in every direction in the Sick Christians' Ward. *But all did not recover.* There were there many of the first class described by Steadfast, who desired that the Great Physician would depart out of the building;

for they loved not the knowledge of his ways. There were men known as Croakers, whose whole time was given up to groaning over diseases of others around them; and who found satisfaction in saying that the patients would all die, and that they could but mourn the malpractice of Dr. Steadfast. *These men were the descendants of one Sanbalat, and their original country was Ono;* and this groaning and croaking had been a habit of the family from earliest date. (Neh. vi. 2.)

The Croakers had regretted the absence of the Holy One of Gilead; and had expressed their fear that he would never visit the hospital. Now that he had come, however, they inwardly regretted his presence, for it would interfere with their only profession. He charged them with injuring themselves and others. He told them also that croaking tended to make the patients worse all around them; and that it embarrassed Dr. Steadfast in giving the medicines.

At this they all set up a doleful croaking, the burden of which was or seemed to be a regret that the "*sacred peace*" of the hospital had been disturbed. I thought the Great Physician would leave them all to their just fate; and I trembled for the entire hospital, lest he should be so disgusted as to leave immediately for Gilead. But I saw him walk from bed to bed, and hold some mysterious thing before the eyes of each patient, and then pass to the next.

That, said Truthful, with a shudder, that is *judicial blindness*.

I tried the experiment which I used in Pleasure Ward, even that of waving the cross before the eyes

of these men, and I saw that *the candle of the wicked was put out.* (Prov. xxiv. 20.) But one of all this company of Croakers was saved. To this man the Holy One commanded Wisdom to administer the REPENTANCE. And what a revelation was made! Hypocrisy, Vanity, Sloth, Envy, Hatred, and Revenge. When the Cordial, the Banquet, and the Water had been received, and he had partaken of the Commemoration Banquet, I saw that the Holy One put a paper into his hand, on which were these words: *If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.* (John xxi. 22.)

Truthful told me that those in this ward who did not revive now, would be worse than ever; and that most of such were of the first class described by Steadfast, and, like the Croakers, doomed to a miserable death. He added also that the same result would follow in the other wards; for always in such a visit, there were men who *knew not the time of their visitation* (Luke xix. 44), and that unto such the glorious visit of the Holy One of Gilead only proved a dreadful ministry of *death unto death.*

Then, the Great Physician having passed through this entire ward, raising and reviving a multitude, the healed company set up a shout so loud that the building resounded therewith, and the sick in other wards heard it. And some mocked, saying, *They are drunk with new wine.* (Acts ii. 13.) Others wondered, and railed not.

So the Holy One ordered that the cured should go forth with him, as nurses, into the other wards. For, said he, my rule is to begin at this apartment, that salvation may come out of this ward. (Luke xxiv. 47.)

Then I asked, will not some one remain with the "Croakers," and the few others who are still sick?

Nay, replied Truthful, the healed are all needed in these other wards, and it is only waste of time to stay with those men. *Too much medicine hath been lost on them already. The hospital would have been far better off to-day if they had never been admitted.*

Time would fail to tell of the glorious journey through the wards of Pleasure, Wealth, and Honor. A throng of witnesses to the verity of the medicines of Gilead was gathered from each section of the hospital. All the enemies of the true practice were dumb, in sight of these sudden victories over disease. *Indeed such men never have power against Gilead, except when Sick Christians' Ward is full; and the Gilead graduates are afflicted with the "Helps."*

It was a beautiful sight to witness the various manifestations of the effect of medicine upon the different patients. In Wealth Ward, how the handiwork of the Holy One was declared, by riches devoted to the sacred charities of Gilead. Some of the noblest patients went forth from this ward. There were glorious trophies moreover, in Pleasure Ward, and also in Honor Ward; though in the latter the number was nothing like as great as in either of the other wards, for *not many mighty are called.* (1 Cor. i. 26.)

Then Truthful called my attention to the fact that many of the most hardened and evil of all the patients were healed; while some who seemed nothing like so ill were left.

I asked an explanation of this mystery, and was told that it was always so in the visits of the Holy

One to the Hospital, and much to the astonishment of the younger portion of the faculty. But the reason of this is very clear. The *slightly sick, that is in appearance*, for they have a mortal plague, refuse to take the searching medicines; and there is no cure without their use; and hence the small number of these lighter cases finally found among the cured.

Now as I stood wondering at, and admiring the work before me; and seeing the countless cured ones at my right hand, and my left, while the balmy air was resounding with song, and shout, my guide took me aside to tell me, as he said, a glorious truth.

This visit, said he, is prophetic of a greater, and an incomparably more triumphant coming of the Holy One, in the latter day. At that time his arrival shall be sudden, but not unexpected by the true students of Gilead. (Mal. iii. 1.) There shall be signs in the heavens, and on the earth. Then there shall be one vast hospital. Millions of sick ones shall be cured in a moment; and an untold multitude shall come forth from Death's marble house; and the balmy breeze from Gilead shall blow all the dust of the ground from their raiment; and shall fill their clothing with the fragrance of the lily and of the rose. Ah, said Truthful, the old undertaker's worst forebodings shall then be realized. You remember he complained that the Great Physician, in coming forth from the gloomy abode, so jarred and broke the flinty doorway of the tomb as to give rise to a fear that he should some day lose all his charge. And *we* shall have part in that triumph, said Truthful. Wisdom and his family shall be there. All the noble faculty of this hospital shall be there; and countless millions besides. The

healed from every charge shall be there. *Some indeed who were under a false practice, but who secretly got the real medicine, though marked with a wrong label it may be, shall have part in that day of general health and gladness.* Then the uncured shall go away into that Hell Ward of which the old governor once asked Dr. Wisdom, and no cures shall be accomplished with them, in that the office in Gilead shall then be closed forever.

Now it came to pass that when the cures were completed in the Hospital, the Holy One ordered the Commemoration Banquet to be spread; and to that feast he, called all who had been cured, and had received the Cordial, and the watery sign, this being the order of his house.

At this sacred Banquet a great company sat down; and the bread, and the wine did greatly refresh the guests. The Holy One took his place at the head of the table; and at the breaking of the bread I saw a new glory in his face.

Truthful called my attention to the fact, that the oftener I looked toward the head of the table, the greater would be the strength imparted by the feast. Moreover I saw that there were, at the table, men from all the Wards, and of all earthly conditions. Some who were stout partakers; and others very feeble. Here sat a poor weak soul just come forth from Sick Christians' Ward, the airs from Gilead having revived her. It was only with great urging, however, that she was persuaded to sit at the table, so unworthy did she feel of a place at so blessed a banquet. Her reasoning was strange. It was not like that of the man who would not eat because at the table might be

found an unworthy guest, thereby making another man's fault to invalidate his claim to food, proffered by grace, as the reward of obedience to those laws written in the Room of Commemoration. But her trouble was that she was *so weak, and lean* that she had no right to eat the Gospel bread, and drink the Gospel wine, thus making the strongest reason for her *approach* to the table the *greatest bar* against the same.

This folly, said Truthful, upon which we should look tenderly, because it ariseth from a jealousy for the honor of the Holy One, is a very common one, and springeth from a misunderstanding of the object of the banquet, and the rules by which it is governed.

Then, *when they had sung a hymn, they went out* from the Banqueting Room. (Matt. xxvi. 30). The hour had come in which the Great Physician was to return to Gilead. So he called to him those that were healed, and of them he chose a number to act with the faculty already appointed in the Hospital; and promising after many days to return, said, *occupy until I come*. (Luke xix, 13). He also bade others of the company to approach him, and as he spake in the ear of each some word which I could not understand, I saw that the *countenance of the listener was changed*. I beheld also that the light which I observed upon the face of Prayer when he did return from the hill, was upon them, and their eyes, like his, seemed to be looking at something quite beyond the Hospital grounds, and in the way toward Gilead.

Now as the Holy One started, the Governor, and his family, and a great company accompanied him out as far as Bethany Hill, from the summit of which

in bright weather the golden gates of Gilead may be clearly seen. Here it was that we were to part with the Holy One. Then I saw, in my dream, that those to whom he spake secretly in the Hospital, joined him, leaving their friends weeping, and rejoicing on the hill, while they descended into the Lowly Valley, wearing the death dew on their foreheads.

These friends, quoth the guide, *sorrow not even as others who have no hope*. (1 Thess. iv. 18). The thought of separation stirred the wells of sorrow; and the remembrance of the glory into which the dear ones were about to enter, did give to them the look of joy. Even as the sun shining through waters doth throw the rainbow on the cloud; so the smile of heavenly hope shining through tears did paint the bow of promise on the face darkened by bereavement.

Moreover I beheld that the Holy One took with him a beautiful little pilgrim. The mother, a woman who loved the man of Gilead, seeing her child walking toward him, ran reaching after it, but He saith unto her, *Suffer the little child to come unto me, and forbid it not, for of such are the dwellers in Gilead* (Mark x. 14); and so saying he took the little one in his arms, while the weeping parent bowed her head and with humble submission said *Thy will be done!* Then the Holy One went down into the valley, carrying the little child in his bosom. Yea, I saw that as the Great Physician went forth the little child did smile and beckon to the mother.

Truthful told me that he had seen that sight before; and that it would not be long before the weeping one would sing *My feet stand within thy gates, O Gilead*. He also said that he had known the motion

of such a little hand to be made to mothers yet sick with the plague of sin, and he greatly feared for some of them, that though they loved their departed ones so well, the separation on Bethany Hill was forever; for they yet refused to taste of that medicine without which they should never see Gilead.

Surely, said I, with the arms of the Holy One for the pulpit, and the child, with the death-dew on its brow, as the preacher, a mother should heed the tender sermon.

Some, said the guide, have been unable to forget the smile on such a pale face, and the beckon of the little cold hand, and are on the sacred hill to-day.

At the command of Wisdom we waited on Bethany Hill until we saw the company pass down through the valley where the lilies grow, and over the bright river, and so on through Sharon garden, where Humility plucked the roses, until they reached the sacred gate. Just then a breeze from the goodly land did sweep over the valley and across the hill where we stood, and on it was borne the triumphant cry always given at the approach of the Holy One. LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES, AND BE YE LIFTED UP, YE EVERLASTING DOORS, AND THE KING OF GLORY SHALL COME IN. (Psal. xxiv. 7). Then we did behold something like unto the instant rising of the sun, and as the company disappeared we could hear a faint hallelujah from the far off hills of Gilead, and the golden glory turned to a sober twilight, and the sound of the song ceased.

So we returned to All Souls' Hospital, and even as we entered the gate thereof,—

I awoke from my dream.

My bible was open to a passage in Jeremiah marked as my text. And there were these words, *Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?*

I then resolved that I would give the substance of my dream as the matter of my sermon; and that I would write out THE SIGNIFICATION OF THE VISION OF ALL SOULS' HOSPITAL.

CHAPTER XXII.

WAKING THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE DREAM.

"This is the dream; and we will tell the interpretation thereof."
DAN. ii. 36.

THE vision of All Souls' Hospital, we trust, is not without its instruction to the non-professor as well as the Christian.

It was the plan of the author, at first, simply to prepare a kind of handbook for the church lecture room, and to be especially adapted to the use of persons young in Christian experience. In the attempt to accomplish this purpose, many illustrations and figures came to his mind; and it came to pass that he dropped the original plan, and so made, what at first was only a side thought, to be the body of his book.

In the novelty of an allegorical form it has been our desire to set forth certain important truths in contrast with many striking errors. It would have been easy to have clothed a particular denominational system in raiment which adapts itself so readily to any form. This has been carefully avoided. The writer holds clearly defined views of particular teachings of God's word; and feels it to be his privilege, and duty, at proper times to express the same. But it has been

his design in this work to set forth certain general principles, on which the great company of believers do stand together in a common faith. Such is the searching medicine called Repentance, the cordial composed of faith and love, and the gospel banquet held in Commemoration Room.

All Souls' Hospital, under the old system, is to show forth the vanity of worldly remedies in attempting to meet the demands of the soul. All Souls' Hospital, under the care of Dr. Wisdom and his associates, is an attempt to exhibit the adaptation of the cures declared in Scripture to effect the healing of soul sickness.

Much depends on the training of the man just starting in the Christian's course; and no doubt multitudes may be found who are only feeble servants of the great master, owing to the fact that some false step was taken at the first. As the man found in Sick Christians' Ward had injured himself by trying to eat a piece of "doctrine," so have we often seen some mere babe in Christ taken away from *the sincere milk of the word*, and made to reach forth for the mighty truths of God; young converts, not three days in the gospel nursery, striving to digest some of the great doctrines of revelation. By such a course, the new disciple has been sadly injured, and leanness has come upon his soul. There are mighty problems in the sacred volume; and the scholar of a day may not work them out on his little slate, before he has mastered simple addition. As Truthful says, we must creep before we walk, and walk before we run.

That was a good system of theology, once given by an old negro to his master. It seems the latter

was struck under conviction, and being a proud man he was unwilling for a long time, to ask any one to be his guide. But "the pains of hell laid hold upon him," and his anguish was extreme. He must seek counsel of some one. Now he would not go to the Christian portion of his own family, for his walk before them had been such as, in his judgment, to utterly forbid such a course. He could not consult the pastor, for he had so often made light of the "great salvation," as he had listened to it from his lips, that his pride, *never more active than in the first hour of conviction*, would not for a moment allow of that. Finally he bethought him of an old Christian negro, whose name was Pompey; so, strange as it may seem, he called him in, for it is true that a man can talk to his own servants, in such a case, with less of actual humility, than to one nearer on an equality with himself. There is a kind of familiarity resulting from the very distance between the two.

Pompey, said the master, I am a great sinner.

Yes, massa, replied the godly old man.

Pompey, if I die as I am now, I shall be damned.

Yes, Massa, was the plain answer of the old negro.

You pray often, Pompey; and I know you feel that God hears you.

I does, said the negro, and de Lord, he ain't a bit ashamed to answer Pompey.

Then came the struggle, greatest of all, as the poor convicted sinner stammered out, *Pray for me, Pompey*.

Instantly the master's prayer to the one who served him was answered, as the good old negro replied, I will, Massa.

So this faithful man sought the feet of his *heavenly father* and *master*, and prayed for the one whose he was, that he might be brought out from the stronghold of sin, into the full light and liberty of the gospel. Yea, that the poor convicted soul might be laid at the foot of the cross, an offering unto the Almighty Saviour of men. Long and earnestly did Pompey cry aloud in his little cabin, that God would send the seal of pardon unto the heart of the wicked master. From the lowly dwelling of the old man the supplication ascended to the throne on high, *and was heard* amid the harpings and hallelujahs of the heavenly host, and an answer of infinite grace returned.

For three days the master was rejoicing in Christ, but on the fourth he fell stumbling among the great truths of the Gospel. Again he called his spiritual adviser, and asked for aid.

Pompey, said he, I am in the dark.

What is the matter, massa? asked the negro.

Why, said he, I cannot understand this language, *whom he did foreknow, he did also predestinate; whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified*.

Why, said Pompey, where do you find that?

In the eighth of Romans, he replied.

Oh! exclaimed the negro, you go fast, don't you? *You was only converted four days ago, and now you have got clear to Romans*. You go back and beginning with the first chapter of the New Testament, do you *read* and *believe* and *do* all it tells you in Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and the Acts, and den when

you come to Romans, I guess you will understand the eighth chapter too.

Many a man needs to go to school to simple Pompey; and failing so to do he has fallen into the trouble of the bewildered master. As Truthful has it, he breaks his teeth in hastily trying to bite into some great doctrine, when he should be drinking milk.

Then again, there are others, such as the man whom we found in the Gymnasium, who seem well versed in all truths, and can argue clearly on all the gospel doctrines, spending all their time as mere gymnasts, without ever putting their strength to practical account. Such men are only ambitious to gain a fame for strength, without the higher desire of working for God, and are a positive injury to the church of Christ. They are like men who hoard up their wealth, and fail to send it out into all the avenues of commercial enterprise to benefit the community.

To be proud, and content with knowledge unused, is as though a man should spend all his money in storing his building, from cellar to loft, with costly woods; and should never work up a piece of the precious lumber into table or chair. The church is at once rich and impoverished with these gospel lumbermen.

There is a great lesson taught by the author of the sublime allegory, that prince of dreamers, when, in the Interpreter's room, he makes Christian, after he has beheld the mysteries contained therein to exclaim, Now let me go! Institutions of learning properly governed, answer well to such a room as that described by Bunyan, and the men who conduct, and guide in these halls of knowledge are rendering a

priceless service to society. Nay more, it is the impudence of ignorance, provoking only the pity of the wise and good, to despise such men. Still there are other follies quite equal to that of ridiculing the paths of learning. It is a gross blunder, and one committed every day, to *mistake the means for the end*.

In the Arming Room, Professor Theology, so justly honored by Conflict, *only adjusted the gospel harness*; the real fight was yet to take place on the great battle field of life. We have deemed no language but ridicule fit for the expression of our contempt of heathen mythology, as a part of the education of a minister of the gospel. For a publisher of the truths of the kingdom, to draw knowledge falsely so called from such a source; to prepare to tell of the love of Jesus, by sitting at the feet of Venus, the harlot of poetry; to learn to declare the omnipotence of God by studying of Hercules; to go to school unto Bacchus, the deity of drunkards, in order to preach of the gospel feast and the wine of the kingdom, is an insult to all the treasures of heavenly truth.

THE CHURCH NEEDS AN EDUCATED MINISTRY. Let the herald of the gospel understand Astronomy, Geology, Geography, and Mathematics. Let him be able to read the hidden mysteries of language. But there is the folly of all follies in dreaming that this shall fully prepare him for his work; that this is *education*. He may be a fool with all such a dearly bought load. He must read his bible by the light of a lamp never kindled in the halls of human knowledge. He must be able to bound the holy hill of Calvary. His Geology must tell of the rocky sepulchre. His Astronomy must distinctly point out the star of Bethlehem. And

his Mathematics must set forth the divinely declared problem of the value of a soul.

Truthful has exposed the gross ignorance of many Gilead graduates, in that they do not mix with the world, and consequently remain uneducated in every day life. To be an effectual minister a man must have the book of divine revelation in one hand, and the old dirty leaved, mysterious book of human nature in the other. Added to this let him possess a fair measure of brains in his head, and a goodly portion of grace in his heart, with a tongue between the two, that can tell the thoughts of the one, and the impulses of the other. And thus equipped, and led *by the spirit from on high*, he is ordained to preach; without this, the "imposition of hands" is an *imposition* indeed. We have made our guide show such noble men in *all branches of the gospel church. Hospitals of various architecture have in them the balm of life; and in each, cures of soul-plague have taken place.*

During a recent visit to Jerusalem, I started from my hotel one morning early with the bible in my hand, intending to go by the way of the Sepulchre, and out through the gate of St. Stephen's across the brook Kedron, into the garden of Gethsemane, and there alone read the story of the night of agony once spent in that sacred spot by the Saviour of the world. I was well acquainted with the route, having been over it twice or thrice before. After I passed the Sepulchre, my mind became so completely occupied with the object of my errand that I lost my way utterly. What to do I did not know. I went up one street and down another, from Bazaar to Bazaar, at every step increasing my trouble. I could not talk the

language of the sober smoking Turks everywhere around me. Suddenly the thought occurred to me that these men must have heard the sound of the words: "Sepulchre of Jesus!" So with the tone of interrogation, I exclaimed to a Mahometan before me: "Sepulchre of Jesus?" No response. He did not deign to look up, but kept on smoking. I repeated the sentence in a louder tone. No sign, word, or look. Giving up this case as hopeless, I tried another follower of the Prophet. The "Christian dog" had appealed in vain.

About to give up in despair of finding my way back to the Mediterranean Hotel, I saw coming along the street a young man in full Eastern costume, but his Arabian face had in it a strange look of kindness and gentleness which emboldened me to stop him and repeat my experiment. As I said "Sepulchre of Jesus?" his face was full of the light of Christianity—so I thought—and he responded with surprise and joy, CHRISTI-A-N? CHRISTIAN! said I, when taking my hand, he replied, laughing with delight, CHRISTIAN!!

This man was my guide to the Sepulchre. Hand in hand we went through the streets of Jerusalem to the holy place. *I walked by faith, and not by sight*, and that faith was in the man who with his hand on his heart cried "Christian!" I did not care for his creed. *He was my brother in the Lord.* A moment we stood looking at the Sepulchre, and then parted forever. No! I confidently expect to meet him in the heaven opened by the blood of Him at whose grave that day we two strangers stood bound by the golden link of "*Christian.*" We differed in dress and skin,

in language and country, but we had our conversation in heaven.

I may honestly differ with brethren of other churches; and those doctrinal differences, in their place, are of the greatest importance. He will say also, that he has no sympathy with those Rev. Simperloves and Januses who professedly ignore all distinct views of truth, and hide their cowardice under the mantle of Christian charity. The writer holds with sacred firmness his creeds, political and religious, and desires to serve God and his country at the altar, and the ballot box.

When the gospel net was drawn ashore, the good fish were kept, and the bad were thrown away. If we let down the net of investigation into the current of any man's life, or into the waters of the purest church, we shall no doubt find both kinds of fish. A wise man will cast the bad far beyond his sight, and keep the good in view. On the contrary, many a man may be found, who is continually reversing this divine rule, and daily crying the bad fish through all the avenues of life; diligently publishing the faults of his neighbor, rather than his virtues. In such a service men do but proclaim themselves as the worst commodity of all. But in this connection we would add, that when a market becomes noted as the place where little else than bad fish are offered, it is an act of folly, rather than a service of charity, to defend such a place. So the hospitals of Papacy and Pusey were destroyed, though even there good Dr. Wisdom found that which was worth saving.

It is the teaching of the allegory, as we have before said, that men are naturally averse to the gos-

pel demand upon the heart, and therefore anything which may offer an easier road to peace and purity is the most popular, while it still declares that nothing may take the place of Repentance and Faith.

Theology has made a just distinction between a dead and a living faith. To illustrate: A benevolent man publishes, that under certain clearly defined conditions, he will give to any poor man, answering these requisites, an hundred dollars. Three men, in equal circumstances of complete poverty, appear before him.

A, whose family is ragged and starving, when he goes in to ask for the proffered charity, enters upon a long and studied address, ambitious to show the good man his ability at eloquence and argument; and not without the desire also to astonish his fellow beggars with the grandeur of his rhetoric. He begins by telling this benevolent man, at much length, of the greatness and glory of his character; from that he passes to an elaborate argument upon the corn laws of the land, and beautifies his speech with many happy quotations; finally he concludes his pompous oration by saying, *Unless he forgets it*, that his family are ragged and starving.

Surely the charitable man, and all the beggars standing by, must clearly see that the chief errand of that man was to surprise the company with his oratorical powers, rather than to get bread and raiment for his household. Such a performance may have much of *pomp* in it, but it certainly is quite destitute of *prayer*. However, we will suppose, that there might have been found one tone of real supplication, in this gorgeous Sodom of pretended petition, and that that

was answered by the giving of a check upon the untold treasures of the benevolent man, for the amount offered.

A, having received this check, still remains, and again goes through with his oration once more, and at the close tells of his ragged family, and empty larder, but does not take one step toward the bank. This is "*dead faith*." Dead, for though he believes the promise made, and knows the money is on deposit, he utterly neglects *those essential works* which his two feet must accomplish in the journey to the bank. How much of the service of prayer meetings, and of the outward obedience to the ordinances, is of this character! The ground and lofty tumbling in a spiritual gymnasium once or twice every week yielding no benefit to the soul. The man to whom we now refer carefully reads his Bible; and perhaps makes his boast that he has read the same from beginning to end. He is only a sick man proud of a careful perusal of the physician's prescription, and hoping thereby for a cure, while he utterly refuses to take the medicine prescribed. Or, to return to our first figure, his only anxiety is to secure the check, while he declines presenting the same to get the gold on it.

B is a better suppliant than this. In simple language he tells his story, though now and then betrayed into an ill-timed flourish owing to his religious education, being led into the belief that no petition is complete without a few of those sacred ornaments. However, getting the check, he goes slowly toward the bank, frequently hesitating on the way, and by no means quite sure that he shall receive the money when he gets there. At last he bashfully makes his

way to the counter, and with a smile of incredulity, redeemed with some show of confidence, he casts the check before the teller, when instantly it is cashed. Then, with the yellow gold in his hand, his whole manner is changed. He runs through the streets telling everybody of his treasure, and with gratitude returns to the benevolent man. But, alas, he here stumbles into another folly, perhaps as insulting to the giver of the check as was the parade of his petition or his hesitation in the bank. For he tells the noble donor, that he is utterly astonished to find that he should ever have got the money; thinking that such a declaration shall be an offering well pleasing in his sight. In that, though he does not really mean so to testify, he actually says that his chief wonder is that the treasury was equal to the cashing of the little draft. He should have returned with exclamations of gratitude; but he should not have insulted the good man by such a show of surprise.

It is nothing wonderful that God should keep his oath. It is no mystery that the Father should give us salvation through the wealth of infinite grace, for the sake of Him whom he heareth always. The wonder lies in the fact that such a costly blessing should have been bought at such a bloody price, for beings so unworthy. A church surprised that God has answered prayer, may insult Heaven in its very offering of gratitude. *It locates its astonishment in the wrong place.*

Finally C appears, and humbly asks for the proffered money, after having told the plain direct story of his need. As he expected, the check is given him; and he goes forth from the room, worth, at that moment, one hundred dollars current money with the

merchant. It is only a check, but he sings for joy. The small bit of paper could not cover the nakedness of his children; or, if eaten, impart the least strength to his hungering family; but he rejoices over it, knowing that it is good for the full face thereof, and that the gold which it will surely procure will, in turn, produce bread and clothing, imparting thereby abundant warmth and strength.

This is "*living faith*." The first was "*dead*," for it did not take the man to the bank. The second was only partly alive, for the man made a slow and hesitating journey to the treasury; and the deformity of his faith was perpetuated even in the fruits of gratitude. But this is an **ACTIVE FAITH**. True, the man might say, That is only a piece of paper in my hand, but it is *the substance of flour hoped for, and the evidence of clothing not seen*.

O too returns and praises the good man, with tears of joy. He also wonders, not that the check should have been cashed, but that such merciful provisions should ever have been made for beings, in themselves, so utterly undeserving; that a check should have been put into so poor a hand.

The Bible is God's great check book, with which we draw on the Gilead treasury, discovered in Debtor's Room; and grace in Christ is the gold, wherewith we procure raiment for a naked soul, and the bread of heaven with which to satisfy the craving of our immortal nature.

The bankrupt merchant knows the value of a good indorsement, and well understands the theology of Debtor's Room. Hence the folly of that Christian who fears that he shall not have the desired blessing,

though going in the name of Jesus, because of his own unworthiness. It is *the indorsement* which brings the wealth. Therefore to tremble is to reflect upon the character of the indorser. God's grace is manifest in providing that, by obedience to his commandments, we may have life, and in giving us in Christ the ability to perform these holy requirements. The blessing itself is not *grace*, but rather the glorious fruit thereof. *Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city.* (Rev. xxii. 14.) *Mercy* opens to us the glorious avenue leading to the "tree of life," and *Justice* picks the immortal fruit.

The picture of Bethany Hill in a fog is not without its significance in the experience of many dying Christians. He whose journey has been bright all the way up, may, in a moment of doubt, be under a cloud; but usually it breaks away before the time of the descent into the valley and the passage through the river.

The teachings of Sick Christians' Ward are, we trust, too plain to need any explanation here. In the description of this department, we felt that we could speak with some confidence, having been there; and yet we were aware that we were liable to sharp criticism, on the one hand, by men who never visited All Souls' Hospital, and on the other by those who have their faniliar and constant dwelling in this ward, and are therefore well acquainted by a life-long experience with the whole department.

To every hospital encumbered with this room, (and what one is free from such an apartment?) the Great Physician may impart the reviving airs of Gilead, and by his own presence raise the sick to health;

and send them forth into the other wards as nurses to the countless invalids to be found there.

We have met what we do humbly suppose a very strong Protestant prejudice against the sign of the cross. It seems to us that it is the only appropriate mark of a building dedicated to the Holy One who died on Calvary. The enemies of the true faith, papists, have no more special right to the beautiful symbol, than they have to the efficacy of the redeeming blood; and it seems an equal folly to yield to them the one as the other. The building mentioned by Truthful as crowned with a fish, pumpkin, and pumpkin blossom, is a place of holy service in one of our large cities. One of the ablest preachers in the land has for a great many years ministered at its altars; and for a long period the writer of these lines worshipped with that company of disciples. The house, we believe, was thus marked to perpetuate certain New England memories, very precious unto the builders of the sanctuary. The building is sacred with the holiest of associations connected with a most respectable company of believers; but the steeple, to our eye, is a standing jest, whose joking is quite out of place.

It has been our desire to set forth in the paintings and patients in Pleasure Ward, the dreadful effects of a round of earthly folly, the ripened fruit of the tree of Sodom.

It is a lamentable fact that the writer has no need to explain the allegory of the Gilead graduate in Court Room. What branch of the church is free from some such record? So, too, in the ministerial disease denominated "Helps." A case came under the notice of the

writer, in which a man was detected in taking his sermons, for a number of years, almost entire from foreign sources. But a truth which the Vision has failed to declare, is that some religious prints have had the effrontery to defend the pious fraud, with the plea that the thief was justified so long as he did discover a fine taste in the selection of the goods that were stolen. So we should judge that the man who would rob a sanctuary of *the Bible* from the desk, would be a sanctified scamp, a religious rascal. We believe that the preacher of the gospel has the same access as any other honest man unto all the proper sources of knowledge, but it is beyond the capacity of our mantle of charity to cover a thief. We will say, however, that we have no doubt that many men make proper use of the "Helps to the Pulpit," and in no wise do come under our censure; and we have no more doubt that others do deserve more than has been said.

In the Magic Glass, and also the Image Glass, we have endeavored to set forth the gospel wonder so beautifully declared by the Apostle to the Gentiles.

And so in Rest Room, it has been our aim to show the repose of the soul immediately after the sorrows of sin. It is true, no doubt, that some, healed of their deadly malady, are strangers to that rest found where Grace, Mercy, and Peace tenderly minister, and do instantly rush out into life's battle against sin. But the general truth still is, that most men do need such gentle care.

With no sympathy with the feeble delusion of modern Spiritualism, we yet rejoice in the apostolic view of the ministry of Angels; and are comforted with the thought, that it is a safe scriptural inference,

that the spirits of the dear departed hover around us, bearing, unseen, some blessing from the goodly land.

Lastly, we have tried to depict the gracious visit of the Holy One of Gilead to All Souls' Hospital, as displaying a true revival. For this cause we suppose the illustrious visitor first to make the examination of Sick Christians' Ward. A revival can only be in the church. The work beyond that is a resurrection.

In this connection we would add that we had no hesitation in naming among the signs of the coming the fact that the worse patients in Pleasure Ward did rave and curse. This has always been one result of the approach of the Holy One, whether to a world, a community, or a single human heart possessed by sin.

Dear reader, have you no friends in Gilead? Father, mother, sister, brother, husband, wife or child? Is the earthly band broken? Has the sacred circle begun to form on high? When the death dew is on your brow, will you go by way of Bethany Hill and Lowly Valley, even through the golden gates of Gilead? Shall we dwell in the land wherein the inhabitants may no more say, I am sick; and where there shall be no further need of All Souls' Hospital?

May the Holy One grant the blessing! Amen.

THE END.