

THE
CITY OF PROGRESS
AND
SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

*Make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.
....It will surely come, it will not tarry.The just shall live
by his faith.—Hab. ii. 2-4.*

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P R E F A C E .

SEVERAL years ago, while searching after the beautiful in Nature, I stood upon a rugged coast watching for the day. The heavy night clouds rolled slowly across the sky, like moving mountains ; while again and again the morning star shone through rents in the gloom, sprinkling its glitter upon the sleeping sea.

Presently, the soft grey dawn was visible in the heavens, behind the great clouds. Then arose a struggle between light and darkness, day and night. The darkness sought to hold back the light, the coming day to drive away the night from the earth. Suddenly, a glory of brightness was flung upwards across the sky ; ruddy and golden rays transformed the upper-

most clouds into shapes of beauty ; and in another moment the sun had risen. The darkness, which yet hung over the sea's horizon and in the hollows along the coast, was overwhelmed and vanished away.

Welcoming the sun, the birds broke out in singing, the rock-crows whirled in great circles, laughing into the shining sky, the sleeping flocks awoke one by one as the sun's rays gently touched them with their warmth, and countless insects sprang forth to suck the sweetness from the opening flowers.

As I gazed upon the scene of life and glory, a stranger approached the spot. He laid his hand upon my shoulder. "Young man," said he, "love for the beautiful has led me, with yourself, hither, to mark and to meditate upon this scene. We have watched the day star in his patience, and the sun in his victory. Tell me, does the beginning of this summer's day announce to your soul that time in which this fair earth shall yet rejoice? Does the patient day star whisper to you of hope during the present

shortening gloom, and the victorious sun proclaim to you glory and peace? Say, has the Day Star risen in your heart, and do you know that soon the Sun shall rise with healing in his wings?"

After some further talk, the stranger told me that he had been the eye-witness of some extraordinary things which had taken place in his native city, and that he had kept a record of them. He then, I know not why, placed a notebook in my hands; the contents of which are presented to the reader in the first part of this volume. It may, perhaps, be mentioned that, having received the stranger's book, I sat down to read its pages. Before these were all perused, the freshness and fragrance of early morn had given place to the oppressive, weary heat of a sultry summer day. The beautiful face of nature assumed to my gaze an entirely changed aspect.

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THE
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AND
SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

CHAPTER I.
A PAGE OF HISTORY.

Full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty: Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God.—Ezek. xxviii. 12, 13.

I WAS born in a city called Progress, which has been great from its earliest days, and whose citizens have a name known in heaven above and in hell beneath. The inhabitants love their City more than their lives; indeed, they will cheerfully die for its honours and glories. Their highest ambition is to have their names handed down to posterity, to have their statues admired and their deeds exalted, when they themselves

have no longer either eyes to see or ears to hear.

The marvels of the City of Progress unfold daily, the labours of past generations are continually brought to light, and the inventions of the living are ever on the increase. While the past and the present of the City's greatness are themes of wonder and praise, it is the future which stimulates the energy and zeal of the citizens, who anticipate a glory which it is believed will dim both the present and the past.

The origin of the City of Progress is remarkable. Once upon a time certain poets of the City sang of their townsmen as the offspring of the Ruler of the Heavens, who orders the courses of the stars which are placed there ; while in the most ancient Book to be found in the City there are records even stranger than those of the poets.

This Book states, that many years ago the King of Eternity for his own pleasure designed a certain plantation, which was called the Garden of Delights: it was brilliant with delicate and

gorgeous flowers, and rich with leafy and fruitful trees—all of which grew freely, without the toil of the hand or the sweat of the brow. The morning smiled upon this lovely place, and the evening watered it with dew. This spot, so well suited to be the abode of contentment, the King placed under the care of a man whom he loved and upon whom he had set his heart. This man was gifted with rare intelligence and administrative ability, and the King entrusted him with every treasure which his Garden contained, making him lord of all. Having thus placed all under this man's control, and desiring that he should carry out, by wisdom and in gladness, the purpose for which this Garden was designed, the King bade him enjoy its sweets and dress and keep it for his sake.

The Garden-gate was upheld by two white pillars, called respectively God-Fear and God-Trust; and it had a key, named Obedience; and this, with the earnest charge and the solemn warning of the King, was entrusted to the man's custody.

For a while all went well: the flowers unfolded to the rising sun, and gave forth their fragrance to the noon-day breeze; the birds sang amongst the branches; and creatures, all of them gentle, basking in the sunshine or frolicking beneath the shady trees, gave life and grace to the scene.

However, it happened that a stranger approached the Garden-gate. This personage had at one time served under the King of Eternity, and had held a chieftain's post of high trust in his great palace; but the pride of glory elated him, he corrupted his wisdom, and therefore was cast out from his high estate and driven from his honors. No longer a servant of the King but an enemy, the aim of this personage was to injure his former lord. The King's palace was situated where he could not gain admittance to corrupt, and it entered his mind to seek an entrance into the Garden of Delights, in order that he might perchance vex the King by inducing its custodian to depart from his lord's purpose. This fallen chieftain knew very

well that, so long as the man held the key of the Gate, entrance was for him impossible ; he therefore waited till he saw the wife of the man near the Gate, and addressed himself to her with flattering speech and fair promises. He told her, that by following his counsel she should rise to the level of the gods ; and she, strange to flattery, not used to deception, nor accustomed to the pleasures of false hope, gave him her attention.

“ The King your master,” said he, “ limits you to part only of the pleasures which surround you. Do what I say. and be wise. Besides,” he hinted, “ your master knows that what you dread shall not take place.”

In her ignorance, she was beguiled ; then straightway arose in her a threefold craving—desires after feeding the flesh, desires after pleasing the eyes, and pride of life. She went immediately to her husband, persuading him to do as the stranger suggested, and he, fully aware of what he was doing, deliberately unlocked the Gate.

This done, the direst consequences ensued : a quaking fear seized them ; the pillars of the Gate-

way fell down flat, breaking into countless fragments ; and the key, so earnestly confided to their keeping, was irrecoverably lost beneath the ruins. The disaster revealed to them their folly, and opened their eyes to their ingratitude ; they fled they knew not where, and tried to hide themselves in the leafiest spot they could find. But the stranger helped them not.

After this, the King came to his Garden of Delights ; he beheld the ruin which was wrought, and at once recognised the hand of its author. He sought for the man and the woman. Their confidence in him had departed ; fear of him—born upon the moment of their disobedience—had mastered them : but he called them from their hiding-place, and asked them what they had done. Instead of at once owning to the disobedience, they each ignobly laid the blame of their misdeeds upon the other, and both upon the stranger. Their excuses availed them not, they were forthwith driven out of their happy home, and through the very breach which, by folly and wilfulness, they had rent.

It was not according to the ways of the King to repair the ruin thus effected; hence, for ever the Garden of Delights was a thing of the past, and entrance into it jealously prevented. But the King loved the man still, and accordingly he let fall a word of hope, by which these two, and their children after them, should be able to stay themselves, even in the midst of their untoward circumstances, and the power of which within them should strengthen them to look for a future even more excellent than the lost past.

Being expelled from their home, the Garden of Delights, the two began to wander, and they presently found a spot where thorns and thistles grew; and there the man began his work, and the woman shed her tears, and both began to hope in the King's word and to look for the future.

Here it was that their first-born son, who was born where the thorns and thistles grew, slew his younger brother in a fit of jealousy, and there-upon forsook his parents: nor them only, but also the word of hope, in which his brother trusted.

As time went on, this man-slayer, who was skilful and energetic, began to build a city, and by degrees he made it great. He introduced into it mechanical science and inventions, and enlivened it with music and art. So his city began to be a noted place; there was none like it upon the earth, of which, indeed, it became the centre.

As the city increased, the citizens bethought them to elect a prince over them; and amongst the candidates was the stranger whose guile had led to the opening of the Gate of the Garden of Delights. He promised the citizens great things for themselves in the present, and a magnificent future for their city. In truth, a vast scheme filled his vision, a future redounding to his own glory and his former lord's dishonor.

The citizens willingly listened to him, and by acclamation made him their Prince; and upon the selfsame day they gave to their city the name of Progress.

CHAPTER II.

PHILOSOPHIC IDEAS.

The world by wisdom knew not God.—1 Cor. i. 21.

THIS page of history—this parable, as the Wise Men of Progress describe it—neither accords with the minds nor tastes of its present citizens, nor with the literature of the City, far less with the moral sense of its historians and philosophers: it will therefore be well to turn from the past to the present.

From among many of their historic and philosophic ideas, a selection of two or three is now made from those which excite interest and debate amongst the citizens.

There are Schools of Thought within the City,

built up by many learned men ; and over these there are professors. The present head of one of these Schools is Professor Choice-Selection : this gentleman thus accounts for the origin of his City.

Ages ago, far back in eternity, the site whereon the City of Progress now stands, as well as the localities now occupied by the sun, moon, and stars, were filled with the countless hosts of the race of Tinies. These invisible creatures were ruled by the giant Mechanical-Force, whose arms stretch from north to south, and whose immeasurable strength holds all matter in his grip. This giant—as conflicting winds stir the air and tear the rushing clouds to shreds—with his hands flung and tossed the race of Tinies everywhere, until at length, after millenniums of whirlings, they themselves acquired the spirit of unrest, and so of themselves dashed through space, bumping and thumping against each other.

That was the Bumping-age, the period of incessant collisions, during which the weakest were either absorbed by their compatriots or were

thrust into nothingness, while the strongest grew bigger.

Then followed the Fusion-age. As it is in the City of Progress in the present day, the strong overwhelm the weak, the crafty convey the riches of the foolish into their own coffers, the wise in business obtain the possessions of the incapable and absorb them,—even, according to the Proverbs, “the weak go to the wall,” “the fittest survive;”—so in those ancestral days the fusion of the Tinies arose out of absorption, emanating from collisions, and great shapes sprang up out of the falling foul of each other of these small people.

Then did the Queen of all, Necessity, step upon the scene. She is that mysterious goddess who possesses neither mind nor body, who out of nothing produces something. This Queen fashioned confusion into order, and changed uncouth shapes into forms of beauty; she filled the depths of space with suns and stars, and bade them roll on in their vast courses; and she bound them in their circuits into one harmonious whole

by bands of mystic sweetness, arising from the clustering brilliancy of far-off stars.

This Queen built the mountains into their magnificence, crowned them with glistening snow, and clad them with verdant forests. She, knowing nothing of herself and having no intentions, painted the feathers upon the wings of butterflies and sprinkled tinted dust upon the petals of flowers. She it was who framed the law of Beauty, which strange law—whether in far-off stars or in the deep places of mighty oceans, whether in falling snow-flakes or in sparkling minerals from the bowels of the earth, whether in enduring mountains or in transient rainbows, whether in wings of birds that live a century or in feathers of insects that last but a day, whether in clouds sweeping over plains or embracing hills, whether in the colors of flowers or the varied green tints of their accompanying leaves—both everywhere and upon everything stamps its mystic and inimitable mark.

This Queen, too, formed men into life, and gave them powers of perception and reflection.

She it was who, by their law of being, made some minds poetical, others prosy, and some men righteous, and others knavish. She it was who laid the foundations of Progress, and gave the City its elements of greatness.

Professor Self-Causation, the chief of another of the Schools, thus teaches : There is a country at the bottom of the sea called Mollusc-land, where the No-Backboneites live. In bygone years one of these people, Chance by name, began to feel his need of advancement. The desire to possess at least an infinitesimal approach to the idea of a germ of a backbone, penetrated his inmost being. By slow degrees this unquenchable longing so affected his constitution, that, by the aid of a powerful microscope, there possibly might have been seen the commencement of an organism effected in that part of his body where his spine should be. He bequeathed his desires, together with these first elements of backbone, to his son, who in turn transmitted them to his offspring. So it happened that, after millions of

generations, the family name became changed from No-Backboneites to Backboneites. This accomplished, the family—as is still customary with the citizens of Progress under similar circumstances—since they had risen socially, regarded it as proper to look down upon their original position in life as one altogether beneath their notice.

One day one of these Chances bethought him to leave the bottom of the sea, and to come up higher still—so he came to shore.

His successors, actuated by similar desires, after many changes at length adopted the present form of citizens of Progress. And to this day the moral activity of the citizens follows the principles of their ancestors, for the citizens escape from their low estate by acquiring a knowledge of it, and grow up into the condition of goodness by leaving that state in which they were born. Having accomplished this, they scorn their past and pride themselves in their present acquirements.

The future of his fellow-citizens, the Professor

asserts, will be worthy of their past and present. In due course they will, by the force of their desires, develop their latent powers; their legs will become as numerous as those of a centipede, their eyes as manifold as those of a fly, their ears as acute as those of a mouse, their scent as keen as that of a blue-bottle, and their taste as true as that of a honey-bee. Besides which, there will be an acquirement of entirely new powers—such as wings and fins; of eel-like, electric force; of glow-worm like, self-illuminating powers; not to take note of the new and unnamed senses which the citizens wish to develop: and then neither air nor water, heaven nor hell, will impede their magnificent march.

CHAPTER III.

MORE PHILOSOPHIC IDEAS.

Folly is set in great dignity.—Eccl. x. 6.

IN the School of Thought, of which Professor Comparative is the head, another theory is advanced.

Close by the City of Progress is the City of Apes. Neither city, says this Professor, possesses archives, but each is of pre-historic origin and of impenetrable antiquity. "Let facts speak for themselves," observes this learned gentleman, as he places side by side types of the two peoples. "*Physically*, the Apeites, or at least several of them, have the advantage; for most of their patriarchs enjoy spinal elongations—a highly

beneficial arrangement for the furtherance of gymnastic science, so much esteemed in Progress—and these but very few of the citizens possess. Again, the skin of the Apeites being rough, while that of the citizens is smooth, the former have the superior place in an age of economy and simplicity of attire, for they are at no cost for clothes. *Morally*, also, the balance favours the Apeites ; their constitution requiring neither standing armies, police regulations, prisons, temperance societies, nor even women's rights. *Intellectually*, however, the Apeites are inferior to their neighbours—the importance of affinity not having led any of their moralists to desire to claim kindred with the citizens of Progress, nor the inconvenience of shivering having originated in any of their sages the art of lighting a fire. Yet, even intellectually," observes the Professor (whose great-great-great-grandson proposes, when he is born, to marry one of their family, provided the young lady will accept him), "when the Apeites require a history, certainly they will manufacture one; and when they really

need fires, no doubt they will light them ; and when they require light, they will discover what it is."

One more theory, that advanced by Professor Human-Responsibility, and then adieu to the Professors.

This gentleman is a liberal-minded man, and agrees with all he can. He goes with other Schools of Thought as far as his principles will allow him ; for example, he accepts the hypothesis that the citizens of Progress being of a wormy ancestry are naturally "of the earth, earthy," and being of a low origin are consequently "essentially bestial." This Professor gives a reason for things moral, and finds it in the middle of the human heart.

Says Professor Human-Responsibility : " In every citizen of Progress is a heart, in the centre of which is a hollow space wherein is located what is vulgarly called the will, scientifically termed molecules, but by the students of human nature named whispers within prompting the instincts of the heart or moral-cues. There is, in truth,

no such formation in the citizen as a will, but his emotional machinery is set in motion and his desires are stimulated by moral-cues. For in the heart-hollow these creatures hold their court, there they rush and whirl, expand and contract, irritate and agitate, incessantly. Now, moral-cues are exceedingly small, and in order to see into their inner being both a large eye and a powerful microscope are requisite. However, one thing about them is evident from their action, namely, they possess a will of their own, which will actuates the mental machinery of each citizen.

“The common sense explanation of all this,” says Professor Human - Responsibility, “is as follows.

“It is very well known to scientific men that in bygone ages every body was a moral-cue, and that now moral-cues compose every body. Example : bricks and men are both formed of earth, which itself is simply compressed moral-cues, —hence both bricks and men possess a similar nature. That is to say, both have a tendency to

seek the level of the earth—bricks by falling thereupon when left to themselves, men by degrading themselves as low as possible. Starting from this ascertained fact, and by the aid of the microscope, in the cavities of bricks and in the heart-hollows of the citizens of Progress can be seen moral-cues at work, to whose energy is attributable this common downward gravitation. Thus it is evident that every body is a machine, the motive power of which is the moral-cue.”

It must be admitted that no theory conceived by any mind in relation to matter can be more simple than this.

One day Professor Human - Responsibility called upon a friend. He had not been long within the house before it happened that the moral-cues within him—whirling about in his heart-hollow as do animalculæ in dirty water—so affected his emotional machinery that they wound him up to wishing for his friend's goods. His eyes began to covet and his fingers to itch ; and so, presently, his mouth was opened, and

thus did his wormy qualities scientifically express themselves.

“Neighbour, the moral-cues within me would like me to possess myself of thy goods and chattels.”

“Surely!” cried his friend; “but the moral-cues inside me lead me to incline to retain possession of my house.”

“Doubtless, neighbour,” replied the worthy Professor; “and your remark grieves me to the heart, but the moral-cues within me will not allow me to leave this house; they (not I) declare that henceforth it is mine. And now let us consider this matter abstractedly. Is not all mind and matter reducible to moral-cues, consequently are not all things one, and therefore all possessions the common property of all? Why should any citizen call anything exclusively his own? Whether mind, body, or house, he is only a part of every body, and every body is a part of him.”

“True,” his friend replied; “yet did not the moral-cues inside me lead me individually to

count out the gold with which this house and its contents were purchased, for my own proper personal use ? ”

“Neighbour,” the Professor said seriously, “thou knowest that the gold of which thou speakest is merely solidified moral-cues, like thyself. Gold is but thyself in another combination. Everything material is moralicular. Man is but a box of moral-cues.”

“I don’t see it,” was his neighbour’s retort. “Quit my house instantly.”

Whereupon Professor Human-Responsibility calmly replied, “Thy house is moralicular. Thou and I are moral-cues. I stay.”

Then in that house was there a return to the Bumping-age, the period of incessant collisions, and the Queen of All, Necessity, of bygone æons, stepped in upon the scene. Eventually the fittest survived, and what remained of Professor Human-Responsibility’s box of moral-cues was cast into the street.

CHAPTER IV.

A VIEW OF THE CITY OF PROGRESS.

Who can tell a man what shall be after him?—Eccl. vi. 12.

THE City of Progress of to-day is adorned on every hand by noble buildings, and its four great Broadways, Reformation, Agitation, Advancement, and Development, are among the wonders of the world. The chief rulers are elected for their activity, or their wealth of words; and amongst these Mr. Do-good-to-yourself, the brothers To-and-fro, Mr. All-haste, and Mr. Wind-bag, are the most prominent.

Building is carried on vigorously, and great works are in course of erection everywhere. There is also a vast amount of pulling-down

going on, and a very great number of old houses are coming to the ground all over the City. This is especially the case near the Improvement Broadway ; and hence there is not a little dust flying about the City of Progress. Indeed, the effect of pulling these old things down renders all garments of a kindred hue ; consequently, the man who wishes to show the color of his cloth needs always to carry a brush in his hand.

On the most notable site in the City a huge building is being rapidly set up. It is dedicated to Popularity ; and to make room for it, two small and decayed temples which had been erected to Honor and Virtue have been rased to the ground. This great building is chiefly for the multitude, whose numbers prohibit them from taking pleasure in the ancient temples. It is said, that when the temple to Popularity is finished, there will be in it as many pillars as citizens in Progress, and also countless chambers suitable to devotees, each fitted up with a kneeling stool and a mirror. In the centre there is to be set up a brazen image, after the likeness of a man, with

the world for its base, holding in one hand Time and in the other Eternity.

The trading quarters of the City are models of convenience ; they are furnished with every human requirement, and everything under the sun can be bought there. Anyone may obtain a name for philanthropy by doing good to himself ; applause by self-conceit ; favour by flattery ; honours by scheming ; love by money ; in a word, everything that Progress can afford. Each trader is jealous of his competitor, and denounces all other trades than his own as dishonest or immoral ; fathers teach their sons their tricks of trade ; and, according to the old proverb, “ every man is a thief in his own occupation.” The houses in which the most profitable trade is carried on belong to the Father of Lies, an easy-going, popular man, who is the ground-landlord of a vast extent of property in the City.

The public parks are exceedingly fine ; they are laid out in an elegant and picturesque manner, and are handsomely planted with the luxuriant Tree of Knowledge. This tree is so

much prized, that it is cultivated in both dwarf and giant varieties, and may be seen upon the window-sills of the poor and in the gardens of the rich. It is valuable both for use and ornament, and its leaves, fruit, and juices are all sought after. It is desired to make one wise, and is highly commended for opening the eyes. Recently a discovery has been made of a healing property in this tree for every disorder of the inner man, for the Lust-of-the-Flesh, the Lust-of-the-Eyes, and the Pride-of-Life, which at times break out in violent epidemics, and which always hang about the City in endemic form, and are called by the doctors Immoralities, Robberies, Tumults, Wars, Murders, and the like ; but whether to apply the medicine to the patient externally or internally, or whether to obtain the healing virtue of the tree from juice or fruit, leaf or root, remains at present a matter of dispute.

While there is much discussion upon the solidified past, and not a little controversy upon the altering present, yet there is no con-

tention about the unformed future ; for all exclaim, " The City's future will be glorious ! Soon every child will be a judge, and every servant a master. Distinctions will be swept away, both of body and mind, and obstructions of dialect and sex." " And," add some, " soon there shall be no longer necessity for toil, for sorrow, for decay or death."

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL IDEA OF THE SITUATION OF THE CITY.

*That which hath been is now ;
And that which is to be hath already been ;
And God requireth that which is past.*—Eccl. iii. 15.

THE City of Progress is built upon a plain of so vast an extent that there can scarcely be discerned any bound to it.

A broad river feeds this plain, a river unlike all others, for though its source is clearly traceable no one has yet been able to say where it empties itself. It is chiefly to this river that the City owes its magnificence, and from its ceaseless current the fountains and the water-courses which beautify and vivify the parks and open places, are supplied. So highly are

the waters prized by the citizens, that not a habitation is without them ; and such is the mystery of their sweetness, that those who taste them thirst for more ; yet however deeply citizens may drink, their thirst is never quenched. The bubbling and the sparkling of the water have earned for it the names of Pleasure and Vanity.

The plain surrounding the City appears at first sight to be unlimited in extent, and this has gained for the region lying beyond the range of ordinary vision the name of the Unknown Land. Into this district, straight out of the City and far across the plain, runs a famous road named the Way-of-all-Flesh. This roads leads towards a gate called Judgment, whither all the works, good or bad, done by the citizens are sent. Some of these works are forwarded openly, and reach the gate before the citizens to whom they belong, and the others follow after their owners. Little is known of the road. The Wise Men of the City have never measured its length. But though little is known about it, yet the lone-

liness, cheerlessness, and darkness of the way are readily acknowledged. There is a law by which every citizen of Progress, let his position be what it may, is bound once to take this journey; and it is enacted that he must travel, without either food or raiment, down the Way-of-all-Flesh to the gate Judgment.

The existence of this road, and the necessity imposed upon all the citizens to travel over it, has given rise to a considerable amount of business. A large body of craftsmen spend their lives in dressing and beautifying the works of such persons as employ them, in order that when these citizens reach the gate Judgment they may find their works in a favorable condition. These craftsmen also insure the lives of travellers, from the far side of the gate and onwards, whithersoever they may go.

There are other craftsmen who advertise spectacles to suit all sights, adapted for all travellers, and guaranteed to remove all optical delusions from their wearer's eyes. Every kind and color of glasses may be had, and at all prices. Citi-

zens who see the fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries dazzling before their eyes, may obtain Darkening-glasses ; those who are troubled by reading truths as they are written, may procure the patent Diminishers, which dwindle great words like “everlasting” to any required size. Such as are disquieted by seeing the black spots of their evil ways before them, may purchase the patent Magnifiers, which will enlarge “forbearance” to any extent. The long-sighted may buy the No-further-than-this-Life spectacles, and the short-sighted the All-right-in-the-End glasses.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EVERLASTING CITY.

A City which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God.—
Heb. xi. 10.

AT the utmost limit of the plain there may be traced by the vigorous eye a thin blue line, in appearance like a far-off cloud. This is formed by the peaks of the great and lofty range of the Faith Mountains, from the heights of which a clear and uninterrupted view may be had of the plain, the river, the City of Progress, and the road issuing from it, and also of other countries, kingdoms, and dominions.

There is no beaten path to these mountains, and those who travel there go forth not knowing whither they go. The journey lies through a

district of ill-repute, and is beset with a variety of dangers and difficulties. It is also wearisome and painful, and hardihood is needed for the undertaking; hence, if a citizen of Progress be asked, "Have you visited the Faith Mountains?" he will reply with the proverb, "There is a lion in the way." Nevertheless, there are some who face the difficulties and overcome them.

A few bring back reports of what they have seen and heard. They say that, standing upon the topmost peaks of the mountains, with the back turned upon the City of Progress, there may be seen, as if upon a crystal sea, the Everlasting City.

The beauty of this City transcends a thousand times even that once possessed by the Garden of Delights. This City hath foundations. In it there is not so much as one poor man, nor one who is sorrowful or sick. Its very streets are paved with gold, its stones are gems. Pure waters flow down its thoroughfares, the sides of which are planted with Trees of Life, blossoming and bearing fruit without ceasing. There

the sound of gladness is incessant, and the splendour unclouded.

Upon this fair City some have gazed rapturously, until the sinking sun casting his rich glow over its girdling sea, has traced a molten pathway of light and glory reaching from its very gates to the foot of the mountains. Indeed, some few tell of beholding the gates of pearl opened, and of watching the silver skiffs, freighted with travellers, entering in; and then of hearing the far-off music of harpers, harping with their harps, and the distant joy-song of many voices—now tender as soft winds whispering through ripened corn-fields—anon mighty as long waves breaking upon a shelving shore.

Upon these mountains, rills and water-brooks, choice herbs, and pleasant fruits abound; the air is beyond measure invigorating, strengthening the travellers to climb the peaks and to perform great deeds.

Travellers returning from these mountains describe in the streets of Progress what they have witnessed, and sing snatches of the songs

they have learned there : whereupon the simple and the weary lift up their hands at the tidings. Then the travellers reply, that the way to these heights is as free as the air, and the hardships of the journey are not to be compared with the reward awaiting those who reach the end.

CHAPTER VII.

REVELATIONS OF THE TELESCOPE.

Foolishness with God.—1 Cor. iii. 19.

THE good report of the travellers is an undisguised source of weakness to the City of Progress, and a constant irritation to its Prince. Indeed, in former years — fearing to lose the allegiance of his people — not infrequently the Prince had the travellers burned, sawn asunder, thrown to wild beasts, or otherwise tortured. These cruelties, he declared, were feasts in honor of genuine faith; and he himself presided over them, and inquired of the travellers how they fared, and how many hours it took a man to journey to the Everlasting City. Of late years,

though he hates the travellers as much as ever, he has changed his arbitrary plans for wily practices. He now stigmatizes as fools or knaves all who adopt the language of the travellers, and turns their songs into ridicule.

Before very long the Prince promises a conclusion to all desires after travelling, and he has specially retained the services of some of the most talented men in the City of Progress to accomplish this result. The seven Wise Men who can give an answer, and the calculators who can measure by how much the heavens are higher than the earth, and how far the east is from the west, are now earnestly engaged upon the scheme. They work with a will, for the words of the travellers are as thorns in their eyes, and a hindrance to the grand idea of the perfection of Progress.

The centre, where the Wise Men assemble who are engaged upon this work, is the famous Observatory in the Development Broadway, wherein is fitted up the great Telescope, called Reason. In this building the speculations of

the learned men are made, chiefly during the hours of the night. They already are able to prove, by scientific analogy, the absurdity of the statements of the travellers; and to convince all who care to be convinced, by the evidence of the Telescope, that the Everlasting City has no existence save in the fevered vision of travellers.

In due time, according to the negative principles of these Wise Men, peering through the Telescope will supersede travelling to the mountains. Already, and in anticipation of their projected millennial epoch, the Council of Education is correcting the old books of geography, and is about to issue a fresh edition, in which neither the locality nor the name of the Everlasting City will appear.

The Observatory is attractive, not only to the more educated of the citizens, but also to the ignorant,—for the Prince has had the most brilliant gems from the city storehouses lavished upon its adornment. The foundation of the Observatory is set in solid and magnificent marble from the Pride quarries, and its steps

are formed of polished slabs of the variegated stone Wise-in-your-own-Conceits.

The place is open free upon all days of the week, on the production of a ticket with "Man's-Will" stamped upon it.

A consideration of another kind is also taxing the brains of the Wise Men. They are considering, What finally becomes of a citizen after he has gone down The-Way-of-all-Flesh?

Very costly experiments have been undertaken in order to arrive at a conclusion, and very learned theories have been advanced upon the subject. Citizens in a state of dissolution have been studied by means of the spectrum, and have been watched on their journey through the Telescope; but no sufficient answer, as yet, has been given to the question.

Not long ago, it was agreed at one of their scientific assemblies that something must be done in the matter, and a practical test was resolved upon. Nothing being more practical than chemistry, it was agreed that a commis-

sion should conduct the chemical analysis of a citizen, and that the commissioners should publish the result.

The commissioners settled that the most practical method would be to place a citizen of Progress in a retort, and to reduce him, body, mind, and spirit, to his elements. This being done, it was said, by means of careful observations, discovery would be made of what these elements were, and, according to what such elements were, would they have affinity ; then, to what these elements had affinity, to that would they connect themselves ; and by noting to what they connected themselves, would be clearly shown what would be the end of a citizen of Progress.

The commissioners decided that a citizen with a large mind was requisite to experiment upon, lest an ordinary mind should perchance evaporate or otherwise disappear in the analysis.

A large-minded citizen was not easily procurable, but at length a noted philosopher, in the interests of science, kindly offered himself

for the retort. He was accordingly sealed up tight, and reduced to his elements ; whereupon the commissioners discovered, by unfailing proofs, that all that remained of him was a little gas.

This astonishing fact has oozed out, but the scientific deductions of the commission have not yet been published. As the philosopher was a man whose mind and body were both very large, and whose spirit was far from small, there is quite a stir in some circles to know—at least if not what has become of his spirit, where his mind may be ; for the result seems incredible, chemistry notwithstanding, that all that is left of such a philosopher should be gas !

CHAPTER VIII.

THE KING'S SON.

Then cried they all—Not this man.—John xviii. 40.

THE Everlasting City is ruled by the King of Eternity, whose heart of love embraces the people of Progress. The King, some little time ago, sent his son to the City to announce to the citizens his regard for them. It was by night that the royal messenger entered Progress; and the people were asleep. A glorious company from the Everlasting City robed in shining light came to the outskirts of Progress, and with glad voices proclaimed his arrival, and then, according to their orders, hastened home again.

The King's son, attired as a plain and poor

man, went in and out amongst the citizens; he won his daily bread by work, and fulfilled his father's commands. Never before, never since, did Progress see or hear a man like him. Words of kindness and of wisdom fell from his lips, new to the City, and, until he uttered them, unknown. His sayings are the wealthiest treasury of life and love that Progress contains, whilst the record of his deeds teaches men to long for his kingdom.

The King's son told the citizens the truth concerning themselves and their Prince, and warned them of his father's anger. More than this, he gave them to understand that the time would come when he should reign over their City; and he bade them cast out the evil from their midst, and repent. And, further, he told them that an end would come to the way of Progress, and to its principles and its practices; and he bade them prepare for the coming kingdom.

The common people heard him gladly--and with good reason, for none loved the poor as did he. Nor did hunger and sickness abide in his presence; his hands were full of bounty, and he

gave freely. By his good deeds the people learned that when he should reign over their City, neither pang, nor want, nor sorrow should be known in their streets. But the lords of the City envied him, and, urging on the populace, they cast the King's son out from among them, thrusting him down the Way-of-all-Flesh ; and as they did this, they cried, "We will not have this man to reign over us;" and with such violence did they shout, that the sound reached right up to the throne of the King of the Everlasting City.

Then, after the lapse of three days the King's son returned to his own in Progress, and a few days later on, the King called him up to the Everlasting City, and said to him, "Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thy enemies thy footstool." And there, still bearing the likeness of the citizens of Progress, but withal too fair for eye of citizen to behold, and robed in exceeding glory, he waits till the time appointed for the display of his power and the setting-up of his kingdom.

Though the King's son was thrust out of the

City, yet his coming to it wrought the greatest change in it that any city ever knew. Besides which, even unto this day many dwellers in Progress lament the treatment he received, and long for and wait for his coming again.

After the King's son had returned home, he sent a formal message to those in Progress who were true to himself, bidding them wait for his kingdom, till he should come again ; and, in the interval, committed to them a sacred trust, which was to be nearer and dearer to them than their very lives. Special tools were given to them for the arduous work involved by this trust, and weapons from the arsenal of the Everlasting City for their protection. More than these: a mighty person, always unseen by the citizens of Progress, was sent by the King's son and by his father, to abide with and to strengthen his faithful followers, so that they, come what might, in Progress should know what transpired in the presence of the King, and continue loyal to the King's son.

At the commencement of the work which the

trust entailed upon the followers of the King's son, the few who entered upon it were looked upon with contempt ; they were despised as the off-scouring of the City, and considered as fit only for feeding wild beasts and bonfires. But the more they were trodden down, the greater grew their numbers and their zeal.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEGINNING OF THE TEMPLE OF PROGRESS.

One Body, whether Jews or Gentiles.—1 Cor. xii. 13.

MOST cities possess some building of peculiar and surpassing interest. The special wonder of the City of Progress is its Temple, not only on account of its stupendous size and astonishing magnificence—nor merely because of the strange fact that part of it is in decay, and part still in process of completion—but because great mystery is bound up in it.

The history of the Temple is, briefly, as follows:—

The King's son had committed a sacred trust

to his followers. To one of the most zealous of their number, whom upon a notable occasion he called Stone, he committed two celebrated keys. Now, in Stone's dwelling-place was an old and massive door, called Jew-door, which from the day it had been set upon its hinges had not been opened outwards.

After the King's son had taken his seat upon his father's throne, Stone applied one of the keys to this old door. Slowly, and with considerable creaking, it yielded; and as it did so a shaking took place in what had been Stone's dwelling-place, and shortly after the glories of that old place disappeared.

Having opened this door, Stone, as he was bidden, went in search of another, called Gentile-door, which from the day it had been set up had never been opened. With no little discomfort to himself, he found this door and fitted the second key into its lock, his hand trembling as he did so. To his astonishment, this door flew open with a mighty swing, and again a great shaking occurred.

From the places which had been shut in by those two doors many persons streamed forth, and though the members of the one company when in their former places were unfriendly towards those of the other, yet all united in one throng, having one common desire within their hearts simply to please and to serve the King's son, at any cost; and this thing was new in the City.

The wish of the King's son was, that there should be a Temple to his name in the City of Progress, and that all who worked in building it should be united by bands of love and peace; and that his Temple, by its simplicity, its beauty, and its unity, should during his absence tell its own tale: and this in the presence of the other and great temples erected in Progress—temples built by the citizens in honor of their Prince or their own passions, and which were filled with images and relics.

These men began to work heartily, and in a short space of time cleared the site upon which the Temple was to be erected. In the midst of

their work they were fallen upon by the soldiers of the Prince of Progress, and many were slain, but the others held their ground.

As they fought and worked, sword in one hand, trowel in the other, there rose up amongst them a man whose unconquerable energy remains to this day an astonishment to all. He was formerly a leader amongst the noblest of the noble families of Progress. But the King's son won him for himself, and gave him the name of Worker, entrusting to him the plan upon which his Temple should be built.

The foundation was to be upon the solid rock ; the walls were to be four-square, according to the four quarters of the City ; the materials gold, silver, and precious stones, united by an invisible but enduring cement, the composition and the handling of which still remain a secret with the faithful builders. The roof was to be the blue heavens ; and it was enjoined that there should be no side-light whatever. The doorway—and this was strictly laid down—was to be so narrow that

only one man could enter it at a time, and he was not to bring in either the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, or the pride of life—valued by the citizens of Progress; and the door was named Strait.

This noble servant was sorely hated by the Prince of Progress, who at length caught him and slew him. But before his death the man nailed this caution to the wall of the Temple, where it may yet be seen :—

“According to the grace of God which is given unto me,
As a wise Master Builder,

I have laid the Foundation
And another buildeth thereon,

But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon,
For no other Foundation can any man lay than that is laid.

*[Here stood the name of the rock forming its foundation,
which is now scarcely legible.]*

Now if any man build upon this Foundation
Gold, Silver, Precious Stones—
Wood, Hay, Stubble—

Every man's Work shall be made manifest ;
For The Day shall declare it,

Because It shall be revealed by fire,
And the Fire shall try every man's Work of what sort it is.”

NOTE--

“If any man’s Work abide, which he hath built upon
the Foundation, he shall receive a Reward.

If any man’s Work shall be burnt, he shall suffer Loss. . . .

If any man defile the Temple, him shall God defile.

Witness my hand,

WORKER.”

From Worker’s blood a voice still speaks ;
the spirit of his energy still labours on, and
finds fresh vigour in the memory of his death.

The Prince of Progress was outwitted by his
own acts. In vain did he endeavour to destroy
the rising Temple ; his fire only made the gold,
silver, and precious stones of its walls shine the
brighter, and appear the more beautiful ; and to
his flames it was also greatly due that so little
wood, hay, and stubble were introduced into the
building. As vegetation grows beneath sun and
shower, so grew the Temple by fire and blood.

CHAPTER X.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE
TEMPLE OF PROGRESS.

The least of all seeds...is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree.—Matt. xiii. 32.

Even where Satan's seat is.—Rev. ii. 13.

FRETTEd and vexed, till the depths of his soul were moved, the Prince retired to his great council hall, where he assembled his counsellors. All agreed that this new Temple would be the weakness, if not the ruin, of their lord's kingdom; yet what power to raise against it they knew not. No external antagonism affected its integrity; such means rather led to its perfection. Then it was that the Arch-Minister of the Prince gave this ever-to-be-remembered advice—

“LET THE PRINCIPLES, PRACTICES, AND ENERGIES OF OUR CITY BE BROUGHT INTO THE TEMPLE, AND SPEEDILY THE TEMPLE ITSELF SHALL BECOME THE CHIEF GLORY OF THE CITY OF PROGRESS. A LITTLE LEAVEN LEAVENS THE WHOLE LUMP.”

Shouts of applause followed this counsel, the carrying out of which was thus effected:

Some of the most wily of the counsellors disguised themselves as angels of light, and appeared before the Temple door. The door-keepers were not on the watch—they were not heeding the strict injunction of the King's son, nor hearkening to the counsels of the Unseen; and they let the counsellors in. It was not very long before these men succeeded in sowing seeds of strife amongst the workers. Thus, some were heard to complain of the narrowness of the doorway; others cried that the style of architecture was too stiff and constrained for their times; and more found fault with the character of the materials as too costly, and too difficult to procure, to insure the rapid advance of the building.

Then it was that First-love, the most faithful of the workmen, reminded his fellows of the words of the King's son ; but his words and tears were in vain. The waters of strife were let loose, and in the midst of the contention one of the disguised angels of light stole away the plan of the building.

Then the workmen began to build according to their own ideas, and each one of them to look upon his own things and not upon those of others, nor those of the King's son ; and the Temple developed in the way they listed. At length such radical changes took place in the style and in the mode of erecting the Temple, and in the manner of the workmen, that any citizen of Progress who thought fit could obtain employment and gain pay upon the building.

With glee the Arch-Minister said to the Prince, " See how the leaven works ! And note, the plan is hidden. The time has come ; issue a proclamation, calling upon all good citizens to honor the Temple as you do, then introduce a new plan."

So the Prince did this. With great ceremony and pomp, he set up his throne within the Temple, and appointed an officer of his own as Master of the Works!

The faithful men amongst the builders mourned bitterly; they saw too clearly that the once costly building, erected to the name of the King's son, was becoming a huge repository for the principles and practices of the City of Progress; whilst the very name of the King's son was only preserved in it as a kind of sanction for the proceedings now taking place within the Temple. Many a brave workman protested against the authority of the officer whom the Prince of Progress had appointed over the builders, and for so doing was cruelly abused and slain—till at length a law was made by which it became an offence punishable by death for any workman even to speak of the lost plan of the buildi

During those dark days the voice of the Unseen was but little heard, and the great men of the City boasted in the Temple.

The new Master of the Works having deter-

mined to make the Temple worthy of the City, caused, in the first place, that the images of woe, and of stone which adorned the ancient temples should be brought into it, and be there set up in prominent places. He further introduced into its niches and walls much of the material belonging to the ancient shrines and holy places, but in a covert manner. He caused the name of the King's son to be no longer the only name attached to the Temple; and from that day the building has ever been spoken of by the many, in a loud voice, as the Temple of Progress, and by the very few, in a whisper, as the Temple of the King's son.

This Master of the Works, in order to render the Temple as popular as possible, restored to the citizens the greater part of the customs common to the ancient temples of their City, against which the workmen of the Temple of the King's son had strongly spoken. He reinstated the old revel-days, changing their name to holy-days, and caused them to be celebrated in memory of the very workmen of the Temple who had

been slain by his orders, instead of, as had been done previously, in memory of the ancient heroes of the City!

Having effected these changes, the Master of the Works gave out contracts for roofing in, decorating, and improving the structure of the Temple. The designs for this work are the masterpieces of the two greatest architects the City of Progress ever produced—Christianized-Jew and Sanctified-Pagan; and the works were ably carried out by the wealthiest contractors of the City, who trade under the name of the Royal-Church-and-World-Company.

In those days the builders used brick for stone, and slime for mortar, and wood, hay, and stubble in abundance. Success attended the improvements they made, in consequence of which great rejoicings were held in the City of Progress, which never before had possessed a Temple so extensive and so glorious.

Years rolled by, and the magnificence of the Temple increased, but the faithful amongst the workmen were not satisfied, for their souls pined

after the honor of the name of the King's son, which was nearly forgotten amongst the multitude of names introduced by the Master of the Works. At length, being stimulated by the Unseen, they took courage, and began to speak against the system by which the Temple had become so great: whereupon, like the early builders, they were slain by the officers of Progress. But their courage pleaded their cause; and again, by fire and blood, grew the numbers of loyal hearts to the King's son. And so it was, from the time that the Prince of Progress set his foot within the Temple, the faithful there always let and hindered him.

At length a few vigorous men in a section of the building banded together, and protested against the way in which the work of the Temple was carried on; and so strong was their determination, that once more the Prince of Progress feared lest his kingdom should be weakened, and his throne in the Temple should be disturbed.

So the Prince again called his counsellors to-

gether, when once more the Arch-Minister stood up and said,

“BRING THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF THE CITY INTO THIS FRESH ENERGY, AND AS BEFORE, SO AGAIN, SHALL ALL BE WELL.”

Such, in brief, is the history and the mystery of the Temple.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TEMPLE OF PROGRESS AS IT IS.

*In a Great House there are not only Vessels of Gold and of Silver,
But also of Wood and of Earth ;
And some to Honor, and some to Dishonor.—2 Tim. ii. 20.*

FROM the hour in which the original plan was stolen, the first idea of the unity of the Temple has been utterly lost sight of. Since the protest of the followers of the King's son against the revised plan of the Prince's Master of the Works, so many Courts have been added, that the unity of that design also has been greatly interfered with. Now, a strange union, yet want of unity, strikes the eye. Of the numerous Courts, some seem to be built back to back, with no other object than that of interfering with each other's light; while others appear to owe

their origin and growth to the spirit of rivalry between their respective workmen. Some have been erected with the sole object of rivalling the architecture of the adjoining Courts, whilst others are evidently the work of honest men.

Again, the decay which has set in in some of these Courts, the restoring of others, and the diverse ideas of what restoration is—some regarding it as a return to original simplicity, others considering it as an expression of style and ornamentation—render the Temple an interesting study for the visitor or antiquarian.

The erection of new Courts, too, is actively progressing, and with the strange result that side by side may be seen a Court almost tenantless and falling to pieces, and another half-built and being “run up,” as the workmen say. The variety of the styles according to which the various Courts are formed, occasion a mingling or a clashing of many architectural ideas in one and the same edifice, and give to the whole the charm of variety to the eyes of some, the appearance of confusion to the eyes of others.

Each Court is connected with the other, either by side-doors, back-ways, or by underground-passages : yet despite this connection there exists a large amount of jealousy and a stand-off spirit amongst the workmen.

The most important of these Courts are known as the Grecian, the Roman, and the Anglican; the Lutheran is also a fine part of the Temple. There are other notable old Courts, too—for example, the Coptic and the Abyssinian; but some of them are dreadfully out of repair, and in a sorry state of dilapidation. Indeed, it is difficult to distinguish some of these ancient Courts, once great and glorious, from the back-streets of the City.

Besides these, there are vast numbers of small Courts, some built merely of lath and plaster, others of thin boards, and weather-proof only so long as their new paint may last. As a rule, the smaller the Court the more self-assertive and self-satisfied are its builders.

The Grecian Court is a majestic erection, but it is difficult to distinguish its prevailing style

of architecture from that of the palaces of the mighty men of the City of Progress; yet its workmen maintain that it alone upholds the honor of the name of the King's Son.

The Roman Court is the most awe-inspiring part of the whole building. Once it was one with the Grecian, but the workmen wrangled together, and a walling-off took place. Notwithstanding this, the Prince of Progress thinks very highly of this Court. It is said to occupy nearly ten acres of ground, and its size is still increasing. The whole of the workpeople of this Court are bound together in trade-union; they take the lead amongst all the other workmen of the Temple in the arts and mysteries of building. With astonishing ingenuity, their skilled hands turn out fresh dogmas, doctrines, and precepts, and also a peculiar style of ornament largely used upon the top-stones of their Court, called Infallible-Contradiction. The genius of these men excites no little jealousy amongst the other workmen, and no little interest amongst the citizens of Progress. None like these builders

can produce the famed dim Religious-light, while their celebrated dye, Martyrs'-blood, remains unmatched.

The Lutheran Court is a handsome part of the Temple: its wide doorway, and the broad base of its Pillars-of-Scepticism, are worth anyone's seeing. The skilful chiselling upon these pillars of the network of Old-and-New-Incredulities, none who visit Progress should forget to study.

The Anglican Court is a grand structure. In it I feel the keenest interest, for my early days were spent in the quiet shade of its cloisters. The style of this Court is somewhat severe; it has the peculiarity of being double-fronted—facing towards both the Roman and Lutheran Courts. For the most part, its chief workmen are unyielding in their loyalty to their fathers' rules and in the use of their fathers' tools; but there is an active few to whose eyes the inventiveness of the workmen in the Roman Court is highly attractive—while there are others who try their hand at introducing the network upon the pillars of the Lutheran Court into their

ornamentation, and who are constantly crying out for a widening of the doorway to their Court.

It is said that the rigidity of the old workmen will be the ruin of this Court, and that there are anxious times in store for it. Already amongst the Anglican workmen there are agitators from the great Roman trade-union, crying, "Unite with us;" and there is a shaking of the head amongst the old-fashioned workpeople, who avow that if the trades'-union principle once enters the Anglican Court, that then murder and various brutal trades' outrages will follow, and that no honest workman will have his liberty. They also predict, that in that case workmen will no longer have the privilege of asserting their powers according to their individual skill and energy, but that all will be levelled down to meet the stupidity or the idleness of the mass. Yet, while such mournful forecasts are made, such is the present want of cohesion amongst the workmen, that none of them can suggest any kind of bond wherewith to tie them together, and merely suggest for the

time politeness of manners and deference to each other's diversities.

As the architects of the small Courts have borrowed their ideas from those of the original firm employed by the Master of the Works, and as the materials used in these Courts are chiefly supplied by the same company which contracts with the large Courts, it is evident, that though their skilled workmen may be honest yet they cannot be original.

These things every visitor to the City of Progress can see, but the wonders of the Temple lie beneath the surface. The Unseen is there, remaining there still—since such is the desire of the King's son; but he is pained by the pretension and self-will of the builders, the greater number of whom utterly ignore his presence. Perhaps these two facts are the greatest wonders within the Temple, yet it is precisely of these of which the least account is taken.

The King's son has not failed to send secret messages to the faithful amongst the workmen from the first, and these messages have had an

effect upon them greater than that which the introduction of the principles and practices of Progress has had upon the Temple. Thereby all honest and faithful workmen, irrespective of the Courts wherein they work, have had one object in view—even the good pleasure of the King's son; and this object has ever made the character of such workmen, irrespective of these Courts, more noble than the systems of their Courts.

Recently the following message, enforced upon the attention of the workmen by the voice of the Unseen, has stirred the faithful amongst them mightily — “Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.” This message has wrought upon these men in a twofold way. First, they have looked to themselves, that they might be truly ready for his coming; secondly, they have looked to the Temple, and mournfully compared its present with its primitive condition.

It has even been said, that some amongst them have found the old plan of Worker, the

Master Builder ; but it is added that the plan only makes those who behold it weep. For in the explanation accompanying the plan there is no provision made to enable any man to restore the Temple to its original character. But in one of these explanations an order has been discovered, the tenor of which is such as to demand that all faithful workmen cleanse their hands from the principles and practices introduced into the Temple by the Prince's Arch-Minister ; hence, there is a great stir amongst all loyal workmen. The faithful are at this moment working for the King's son, and waiting for his coming ; and wherever they may find either gold, or silver, or precious stones, their effort is to build these materials upon that foundation which the Master Builder laid ; and as they do so they remember the note which he appended to his caution :—

“ If any man's Work abide which he hath built upon the Foundation, he shall receive a Reward.

If any man's Work shall be burnt, he shall suffer Loss.

If any man defile the Temple, him shall God defile.”

CHAPTER XII.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him ?—1 Cor. ii. 11.

It seems as if it were but yesterday, though it is several years ago, that my neighbour, Mr. Ready-to-Perish of Graccless Street, and I were lounging near the Observatory. It was a calm summer evening, and many citizens were assembled, listening to the music, and watching one another. Presently there was a sudden commotion, and my neighbour and I went to see what had gathered the crowd : we heard a man's voice, saying, " He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Now in the name of him who is coming I proclaim free pardon to every one who desires it."

These words caused much amusement to the more considerable number of the people, who knowing that the man referred to the King's son, laughed and said, "In these days of advanced education, and extended knowledge of other countries, we citizens are not to be frightened with tales and alarms such as these." Others turned away in disgust, saying they would not hear pardon-mongers; but a few in the crowd seemed really alarmed, as if the very mention of the coming of the King's son was a thing either hateful or terrible to them.

My neighbour began to quiver. I thought he was seized with a sudden chill, for he trembled all over.

"You are ill, Mr. Ready-to-Perish," said I; "let us go indoors."

But he had almost parted with his speech, his eyes were wide open, and his knees shook like those of a man dizzy upon the brink of a precipice. At length he whispered, "I have been dreading this for over a year."

"Dreading what?" I inquired.

“Oh ! this is what Doctor Conscience told me would certainly be my end. What shall I do ?”

He was too ill to explain what it was that he dreaded, or indeed to say more—so with one or two friends I led him towards his house. As we did so, he recovered his physical powers ; then he looked us in the face, with a strange but resolute gaze, and said, “I cannot stay with you. Go I must—it is destruction here ;” and insisting on being left alone, walked away from us.

“You had better keep near him ; his head seems affected ; or perhaps it is some speculation, or a love affair,” my friends said to me ; so I quickened my steps after my neighbour.

He walked on, and as I followed he hastened till he broke into a run, and soon went at such a speed that I completely lost sight of him.

The disappearance of Mr. Ready-to-Perish from amongst us was a nine days’ wonder amongst his old friends and neighbours. The usual charitable inferences from his behaviour were drawn,—he had gone mad—he had played a trick upon his creditors—he had escaped to

another country. But knowing my neighbour personally as a sober-thinking, honest, and unimaginative man, the event had a strange influence upon me. I could not fathom its meaning, and it made me unaccountably depressed.

One evening a friend called upon me to ask what was wrong with me, and why I had turned so melancholy. He spoke very kindly. He was considerably my senior, and begged me to shake myself out of myself; "for," he added, "you know that melancholia and mental disturbances are increasing in our City, and I do not want to see you go off your head."

So I related to him the behaviour of my old neighbour, and the incidents of the evening when I was last with him. He shrewdly asked if I thought that the notion of the coming of the King's son had in any way affected our neighbour's mind. "Not," added my friend, earnestly, "that I believe such things for one moment; but some minds are affected by these notions. The strongest minds, like armour-clad ships, have

their weak points. And when a strong mind is reached through its weakness, it is in a worse case than with one which, like a wooden vessel, is weak all over; an idea that goes in at one side of a weak mind, and out at the other, will literally explode in and shatter a strong one."

Then, perhaps not so much to compliment as to console me, he suggested that if I could see some of the people of the Temple, learned in the things relating to that edifice, and therefore authorities in matters concerning the King's son and his coming again, I should probably have my brain swept clear of its cobwebs, which, because of the effect produced upon me by Mr. Ready-to-Perish's strange behaviour, threatened to cover it.

"Or, at all events," said he, "by thus occupying your mind, you will have something to counteract the creeping influences of melancholia."

CHAPTER XIII.

PROFESSIONAL BUILDINGS.

What is my reward then?—1 Cor. ix. 18.

MY friend's advice, or the latter part of it, I thought contained sound sense, so early the next morning I began my inquiry after the learned people of the Temple.

It is said that no man is usually more ignorant of a country than he who is born there. The saying holds good of the citizens of Progress. Personally, I can bear witness to having passed and re-passed many of the great buildings of my own city without entering or even thinking of entering them; whereas, had I been in a foreign land, I should have obtained the services of a guide, and should have observed the buildings

from different points of view and searched them through and through. What is true respecting the ignorance of citizens regarding buildings, is seen even more distinctly in their manners and customs, which are scarcely, if ever, noted by those who practice them; while to a foreigner the things of every-day life, down to the style of a dress or to the prattle of a child, are equally strange and interesting.

In the City of Progress there are streets and quarters which, either by habit or by tacit understanding, become devoted to different trades or classes. One of these is an old square, in which are situated the Professional Buildings, of these for years I remained in ignorance and unconcern, simply because the square and the buildings were known to everybody in the City. The Professional Buildings are in that part of the City where the officers over the workmen of the Temple most frequently reside. Led by the instinct of my desires, with no settled plan, I found myself looking about me early in the morning in this square, and with the eyes rather

of a foreigner than of a citizen; and thus my soul took note for the first time of things which my eyes had seen a hundred times.

There is no distinguishing style of architecture in Professional Buildings, the dwellings being formed according to the wants of their tenants, and ranging from the ill-furnished and insignificant prophet's chamber to the luxurious and stately ecclesiastical palace. Some of the houses are old and in a state of decay; others not too modern to be considered without a history, are fitted up with all the most recent improvements of the City.

But that morning I was thinking rather of the inmates than of their residences, for there was something within me which longed after I knew not what. Still, those houses in the hush of the early morning had a strange effect upon me—not unlike that of a row of doctors' residences upon a man whose ignorance of the merits of the respective physicians hinders his knocking at any one door, yet whose sense of sickness detains him in their neighbourhood.

While thus doubtful I chanced to read upon the door of the oldest building in the square, in letters almost worn away by time, a strange inscription—one, indeed, so peculiar that to this hour I remember it well. These were the words:—

“ God’s ministers for Him should work;
His ministry should tell;
And all who are His servants true,
May in this College dwell.
Then ye who have His grace with us
Approve yourselves His servants, thus:—
In much patience,
In afflictions,
In necessities,
In distresses,
In stripes,
In imprisonments,
In tumults,
In labours,
In watchings,
In fastings.”

I pondered over these words for a considerable time, till they so fascinated me that I was held by the eager desire of seeing him, or them, who dwelt within doors. As knocking went for nothing, I

made bold to lift the latch, whereupon the door, not being fastened within, readily opened to my push. As it slowly swung back, creaking upon its rusted hinges, the morning light shone across a writing upon the wall, which ran thus:—

“Master! Thy servants’ hearts incline
To patience much! Afflictions nine
Furnish our house—which once was Thine!
We would not greater be than Thou,
Master, when suffering crowned Thy brow.”

There were some further lines, but so very much worn that I could not decipher them. However, I traced some of the words, namely, “promise,” “throne,” “rest”: but do what I would I could not frame the sentence.

Then the inscription continued in larger letters, very easily legible—

“Ye servants read, and ye shall tell
How in this house a man may dwell—
By pureness,
By knowledge,
By long-suffering,
By kindness,
By the Holy Ghost,
By love unfeigned,

By the love of truth,
 By the power of God,
 By the armour of righteousness on the right hand
 and on the left,
 By honour and dishonour,
 By evil report and good report.

* * * * *

Servants of Him who lives in Heaven,
 If ye have read these BYs eleven,
 Approve yourselves amongst these seven—
 As deceivers, and yet true,
 As unknown, and yet well known,
 As dying, and behold we live,
 As chastened, and not killed,
 As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing,
 As poor, yet making many rich,
 As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.”

Not seeing anyone within the place, I called loudly; but the house was as still as death, so I returned into the square.

Immediately opposite this small lodging-place stand the palatial residences of the three greatest persons in Professional Buildings—the dignitaries Purple, Scarlet, and Lawn. My calling loudly at the early morning hour apparently disturbed these personages, for from each mansion servants came running to stop my voice.

One, a scarlet-liveried footman roughly asked me my business. He was inclined to think I had been indulging in the festivities of Progress, and had lost my way; but no sooner did he hear what it was that I wanted, than, lowering his voice, with a wink he whispered, "The sooner you are away from my master's neighbourhood the better, for he little likes the spirits of the past. He is very superstitious, and did he know your intention he might think that one of the ghosts of that old house would be raised to visit him." To this, on behalf of their respective masters, the purple and the lawn liveried footmen agreed.

"The present and the past are remarkably unlike," muttered I, as I strolled further down the square; and while so doing, read on various brass plates affixed to the doors the titles of those within—"The Reverend," "Status in Society," occurring most frequently.

While scanning the inscriptions upon the doors, a passer-by thus addressed me:

"You are in the professional quarters of the

great City of Progress. These buildings are inhabited by persons of reputation and degree. The antiquated house in which you interested yourself is too old for present use, and too narrow for the advanced customs of the times; it was built when the Temple was in its infancy, and was regarded by the citizens as the abode of fools appointed to death, who were a spectacle unto the world and to angels and to men. These modern constructions are in chief part the abodes of those who are rich, who are full, who reign as kings before the coming of the King's son and his kingdom—people wise in their generation and respected by the citizens."

Then, noting my expression of astonishment and perplexity, he added, "Nevertheless, all these profess to serve the King's son, and to look to him for reward; and such being the case, he holds them to his word—'If any man serve me, let him follow me:' 'the servant is not greater than his lord:' 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.' Each of these personages will have to render an account to

him,—those who say in their hearts, ‘Our lord delayeth his coming;’ those who smite their fellow-servants, and eat and drink with the drunken, and those who act as lords over the heritage; as well as those who are examples to their fellow-servants and faithful to their master;—for though these buildings do dishonor to the King’s son, yet there are men in perhaps all of them who honor him.

“When he comes,” and my informant spoke in tones of deep distress, “there will be cutting asunder, weeping and wailing, and a portion with the hypocrites. Oh! that the ancient house, furnished as you have read, might once more find tenants! Yet be not discouraged. You wish to obtain advice from the learned men of the Temple, and to obtain instruction from the instructed there. Go, then, as a blind man whose eyes have just been opened. Before you is the great Court-yard; its doors are never shut. May peace attend your steps!”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COURT-YARD OF THE TEMPLE OF PROGRESS.

To draw away disciples after them.—Acts xx. 30.

THE sun shone cheerfully, and the fresh breeze hastened the morning clouds across the clear blue sky, as I stood wistfully gazing at the Court-yard gate. Within the enclosure there were as yet but few signs of life. Some men—officials, apparently—hung about the entrances to the various Courts, looking like sentinel-bees at their hive doors; but upon the great Court-yard were no other shadows than those of the passing clouds and myself.

As I scanned the familiar entrances, strange feelings came over me, and I anxiously con-

sidered by which door I should enter the Temple, or by what principle I should guide my choice. It was neither curiosity nor routine that had led me there that morning—but desire. How majestic did the Temple appear; a noble pile, truly, towering up in its glory to the very heavens, and stretching in a long array of Courts as if it would cover the whole earth.

“Somewhere in this mighty place,” sighed I, “am I to find an answer to the longings of my soul! Temples may be great, but the heart of man is greater—Truth, not the Temple, satisfies.”

As I halted and hesitated, a venerable man of commanding appearance accosted me; he came from the Temple, but out of which entrance I do not know. He heard my story, and then said, in a silver-toned voice, “You have done well, my son, in coming hither; I perceive that your soul drinks in the glories of this vast edifice: follow me.”

“Sir,” said I, “I wish to know whether it be true that the King’s son is coming to this City

with his armies, and how his friendship may be obtained."

"Cast the burden of your mind upon me, my son," answered he; "simply follow me, and you shall learn all that you wish to know."

As I followed him across the Court-yard, I anxiously looked at the many Courts and their respective gateways, and enquired which of their number might be the chief, and which was the acknowledged entrance to the whole.

Father-like, yet chidingly, he replied, "My son, follow me: there is but one Temple, and but one entrance, and also but one voice uttered by the Temple—a voice which has not failed these——"

Before he could complete his sentence, as the words were leaving his lips there rushed out from the Temple a man in violent wrath. He roughly pushed the venerable man aside, and shouted in his face, "Tradition, away." And turning to me he cried, in the same rough voice, "The fellow is a forger of lies,—heed him not."

Whereupon Tradition, with more than the

strength of youth, seized the interrupter, and shaking him fiercely, hissed at him through his clenched teeth, "Protestor, objector, faggot of negatives, fit only for the fire of hell, would you lead this youth down to your own perdition?"

The two struggled violently, and the noise of their strife speedily brought a number of persons into the quiet Court-yard, and changed it into a scene of wild activity. From the various Courts issued several officials—perhaps gate-keepers; and these, to my intense surprise, instead of seeking to cool or to separate the combatants, began, some warily, some wildly, a free fight amongst themselves. Riots in the streets of Progress I had often seen, but there fighting is carried on under the most considerate and humane of laws. Indeed, so refined are the laws regulating murder in the City of Progress, that the only wonder is that what is spoken of as slaughter is lawful. But such a merciless and unfair struggling, such biting and devouring of one another as took place in the Court-yard of

the Temple, was new to me. It was more like the persistent and exterminating fury of conflicting hives of bees than anything else I have witnessed.

What gave this peculiar strife at first an amusing, though afterwards a painful, interest to me, was the discovery that I was regarded in the light of a prize to be captured. Yes, I!—who from my childhood, as a listless visitor to the Temple, had been unnoticed by any one of its officials, and who might surely have been laid hands on years before, had I been thought worthy of the pains! Thus, while they stung each other with bitter words, and belaboured each other's spirits with violent language, their eyes were upon me; and if, perchance, I inclined, or even looked, towards one gate-keeper, then another would pull my ear towards himself; and, while torn between these two, a third would force me back by my hair in his direction, or a fourth would trip up my feet to make me lean his way. So that, in self-defence—though not knowing for what I contended, unless it

were for breathing-room—I too was fain to battle in the general strife.

During a momentary lull, I shouted again: “Sirs! is it true that the King’s son is coming to this City?” and, “Is there pardon for the rebellious?”

But this made matters worse, for amid a medley of replies and a common declaration of creeds, which supplied me with no answer, a fiercer laying-on of hands upon me than ever followed, and a more furious conflict amongst the gate-keepers, in the midst of which, by a desperate struggle, I escaped, panting, from the fight.

The effect of my question was thus my salvation, for while it gave rise to disputing amongst the gate-keepers hotter than before, the hands that held me were loosed to grip their adversaries; and I doubt whether, when the battle was over, I was missed by even one of them.

As I was about to leave the Court-yard in disgust and despair, a stately man bade me

stop. His face was calm but sad, and dignity wreathed his brow.

“A burning fire is in my bones ; I am weary of forbearing, and cannot stay,” he exclaimed. “Oh ! that men did contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and not for creeds ! The King’s son will surely come again to this City of Progress, for such is his word. And there is free pardon for all who seek it, for he has said it.” He placed in my hands a copy of the ancient Book which is kept within the Temple, bidding me read that and learn.

As he led me quietly but quickly further from the still struggling throng, he explained to me that the Temple contained in it, not only the principles and practices of Progress, but that the Temple was also the only pillar and ground of the truth in the City ; and hence the Book was found there.

“Yes, the hand of the King’s son,” he said, “will soon be felt in the Temple and afterwards in the streets of Progress. Now, see to it that you are ready, so that when he comes you may

not be found amongst his foes, whom he will make his footstool.

“Now take your journey to the Faith Mountains. Your way will be beset with difficulties; but one hour of the air, and of the sights and sounds of those heights, is worth ten thousand life-times spent within these City walls.”

Then I read in golden letters upon the cover of the Book, “Make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it;” and, hardly conscious whether I was indeed myself, or whether the earth was still the earth, I began my journey towards the faint blue distant line of mountains.

Seeing this, he who had given me the Book cried after me, “If the truth shall make you free, then shall you be free indeed.”

CHAPTER XV.

A VERY OLD ROAD.

The work of their own hands.—Isa. ii 8.

BEFORE I had been on my journey many hours, I learned that there was an energy without as well as within the City of Progress; for I found, to my surprise, that instead of being alone upon a dreary road, my difficulty rather lay in selecting my companions.

Men, women, and children—like birds flitting across the autumn sky—were hasting, some in companies, some singly, along the plain which surrounds the old City. In one thing they were all agreed: their birthplace did not satisfy them, nor did its glories fulfil their desires. Yet I could

have wished myself solitary, for amongst the travellers there were the most diverse judgments upon the principle of travelling, and the way to be trod. A track extolled by one would be denounced by others, and the various guide-books possessed by many were as diverse as the minds of their compilers—not a few of whom, by the evidence of their own experiences, it was clear to the simplest of travellers had never been so much as a day's journey outside the City walls.

Wandering on, I came to an old sign-post, which pointed to the Everlasting City. Upon its arm was written this quaint doggerel:—

“I am the Sign-post : Travail is the Way !
And old as ancient Adam, people say ;
Haste along, Pilgrim,
Do not delay.”

This, then, thought I, is that of which I have read; a Way for wayfaring men, who, should they be fools, with so plain a direction need not err therein.

The exercise of walking rendered good ser-

vice to my nerves, and I stepped blithely forward.

Presently I came to a man with hammer and chisel in his hand, who was cyeing the ground for specimens. He introduced himself to me as Mr. Geologist, and told me that he could read the language of the earth—adding, that because of an argument he had lately had with a friend, respecting the Way of Travail, he was spending a few hours in studying the materials of which it was composed.

“You are a traveller from the scientific City of Progress, I perceive; let me, then, inspire you with desires to learn the character of the ground upon which you tread before you take another step. There are ‘sermons in stones,’ as one of your poets has said.”

As I seemed unwilling to delay my journey, Mr. Geologist laid hold of my sleeve and began, with the earnestness of a scientific explorer, to explain to me the characteristics of the road as evidenced by the materials used in its construction.

“It is the most remarkable road in the world.

Never has man formed such another. It is the wonder of all who study it. History declares that it was commenced some six thousand years ago, and has had the skill of generations of engineers expended upon it. Untold wealth, also, has been directed towards its completion, and still it is not finished." Then, diving into the satchel which was slung across his shoulders, he drew out a fossil, saying, "This stone I found imbedded in the mortar of one of the most ancient of the bridges which this road possesses; and the bridge is nearly as ancient as the oldest part of the road. The interesting fact is, that this very type of fossil is to be found scattered all along the road; and it may be discovered in its most modern as well as in its most ancient parts. Now, what is the type of this fossil? We recognize it as one peculiar to the Rocks-of-the-Flesh formation, which we geologists are all agreed were upheaved when the Waters-of-Sin burst out. The deduction is simple,—it is this: the engineers, past and present, engaged upon this road have obtained their materials from the

same quarries; an interesting fact, not to be gainsaid."

"Now, look you at this specimen," and Mr. Geologist produced a different kind of stone. "See how it sparkles! You might take it for a gem! But it is not fit even for road-mending. See!" and, tapping it with his hammer, it fell into atoms in his hand; "it is merely compressed sand, and by its characteristics we know that it has been brought hither from the Sand-pits of Modern-Religiousness."

"The road," Mr. Geologist ardently continued, "is most interesting. We may form a fair judgment of engineers by the materials which they use. 'By their works ye shall know them.' Personally, I am assured that a road made of such materials is fit only for sunny climes. It may suit well enough for a cloudless climate, where buildings made of mud and slime may stand for centuries; but where rains descend and floods rise it will never avail. What may be ahead of you, I know not."

Having bidden Mr. Geologist good afternoon,

I continued my way. How much further I might have gone upon it I can hardly tell, had I not fallen in with a workman who was returning from his day's labor. I inquired of him how many miles further on it was to the Everlasting City.

"Bless ye, sir," he answered, "nobody knows that. I have been working on this road the best part of my lifetime—keeping bits of it in order, and that like. It was many a year ago when the foreman says to me, 'Come, Hopeless' (that's my name, sir), 'work you for Mr. Supererogation, governor of the Congregation of the Dead; he's the master.' So I came on, and have been working on this road ever since. Well, Mr. Supererogation was to get a fortune out of it, and all of us working men were to be well paid. But it's the river, sir,—that beats them."

"What do you mean," inquired I, "by the river?"

"They can't get a bridge across it; there's nothing on the other side to hold to."

"What river? I do not understand you, Hopeless," said I.

“Why, the river, to be sure, that runs down into the Sea of Death. Sure, sir, you know all about that,—you don’t need to be taught by a working man like me. It’s the river they call Disobedience, and sometimes it has less and sometimes more water in it, according to the weather. I have seen it wash away in a night all the works my master had put up in a year. I believe he’s more like to be ruined than that he’s like to make a fortune out of this job; nor do I believe that they will ever finish the bridge and the road. But that’s no business of mine, sir; I work for my living.” And with this he bade me good day.

CHAPTER XVI.
AN OLD HOSPITAL.

Good, if a man use it lawfully.—1 Tim. i 3.

CIRCUMSTANCES have a powerful effect upon the mind, and influence the judgment as strongly, and often as permanently, as the unseen sea-wind does the trees growing upon the shore.

Once more I fell in with the people who were hasting across the plain. Some of the travellers bent their steps in one direction, because a pathway was trampled out before them; some followed another course, because their guide-books had been paid for out of their own pockets, and they did not like to waste their money; and some stepped blithely forward, because the company in which they were pleased them. One

thing was evident—each traveller's destiny depended upon his own steps.

After some hours of walking, I overtook a company of persons zealously plodding along a well-trodden track. Whether hap, or like-nature, drew me amongst them, I know not; but I was soon in their midst, listening to the chief spokesman.

“You must be aware,” said he, “that the climbing of mountains is a task which taxes a man's endurance. We are not of the mountains, but of the plains, by birth, and therefore heights and crags are not natural to us. Hence, we require preliminary training; and so we go to the Law-Establishment yonder, where not only is exercise to be undergone qualifying for mountaineering, but where also any who are not strong enough for the task, can obtain strengthening treatment.”

Falling back a little amongst the company, I observed that several of the number seemed out of health: one had an Evil-eye, another a Foul-mouth, a third had Feet-swift-to-shed-blood; not

a few were disfigured with a skin-disease called Vain-glory, or were afflicted with the nervous twitch called Self-conceit; while Headiness and Highmindedness so sorely interfered with the walking powers of others that they could not keep to a straight line.

Now the human frame is readily affected by the sufferings of others, and I soon found that I was looking within myself to find the symptoms of sickness which I perceived in my companions; and presently I began to feel peculiar sensations. Thus we went forward till we reached the Law-Establishment.

It is a building half for pleasure and half for pain — a mixture between hotel and hospital. Within the same walls are heard the laughter of the strong and the groans of the weak. The idea of the place is to combine the requirements of appetite with medical attention, and to occupy the patient or the guest with himself, and yet not to make him melancholic—while all these attractions are especially set out for such as possess but slender means.

Some seemed to enjoy the Establishment immensely, while others were the very picture of misery; and all talked incessantly over their own and their friends' complaints—which I cannot but think tended to retain them in the Establishment, rather than to restore their health.

Perhaps I should have been at home there for a time, had it not been that I happened to see a young man whom I used to know in Progress, who was serving as a medical assistant under the physician of the Establishment. Heal-others, the young man in question, was, like most students, very warm and enthusiastic about his profession; and I, being an old friend, must needs go with him into every corner of the building.

He first took me into the room where those who needed the services of the physician were waiting. Heal-others was soon chatting with some of these, and I heard him inquire of a young man who complained of a little weakness, where he came from and what he wanted of the doctor.

"Oh! I have not been here long," said the

stranger. "I am Mr. Ailing, of Not-worse-than-your-Neighbours Street ; and I merely require a little strength."

I knew that street well, for it forms part of the long street in which my old neighbour Mr. Ready-to-Perish dwelt, only he lived in the lower end of it, where it goes by a different name—Graceless Street. So I was very much interested to hear Mr. Ailing's description of himself. Heal-others told him that now-a-days want of strength, or being a little weak, was what everybody seemed to suffer from, and this comforted Mr. Ailing exceedingly; however, when he went into the physician's private room, I learned that he was anything but comfortable.

"You say you live in Not-worse-than-your-Neighbours Street, I think?"

"Yes, doctor," replied the young man.

"The death-rate is very high there; it is the most unhealthy part of Progress, sir. I advise you to change your residence as quickly as possible. Now, if you please, I will examine you."

As he did this, the physician shook his head, and said to himself, "Tongue has used deceit; mouth full of bitterness; eyes without fear of God."

He then prescribed for young Mr. Ailing, who was so confused and upset that when he came out, if I mistake not, he went straight back home, and as he reached his door found that he had lost the doctor's prescription. Be that as it may, he took neither the doctor's advice nor his medicine.

Amongst those who were waiting to see the physician—whose name, Dr. Insist, should have been mentioned before—was a woman of a very nervous temperament, and who talked a great deal. She complained much of her heart, and of dreadful things which she believed came from it. She had the notion that her complaint was Stony-heart, because almost all of her family had died of that disease. Then she would begin, in a hysterical way, to weep and say, that with such a bad heart as hers it was impossible ever to endure the exertion of climbing the mountain.

I learned that Dr. Insist prescribed for her with a view to touch her complaint in such a way, that she should herself turn her heart into a heart of flesh; but whether she took his medicines I know not.

As I did not feel a sufficient interest in the theory of the Law-Establishment to please Heal-others, for my tastes are not medical, he must needs next take me to witness the practice of the place. Upon this business, I went with him by constraint, and merely out of old friendship.

He led me into a large room, containing several beds, all of which were occupied. Upon one of these lay a man who was being consumed by a disease called inability. On his bed-card Dr. Insist had written, "To do his duty towards God." .

"Will he ever get well?" I whispered to my friend.

"Oh, no," said Heal-others, "but we have to take all sorts into our Establishment, you know."

Another was continually moaning, "O wretched

man that I am!" Of him my friend could not say whether he would live or die.

Heal-others seemed to take an acutely professional interest in the various patients, for to my remark, "What agonies they suffer," he replied, "Very interesting cases."

There was one poor creature whose case particularly struck me; he was afflicted with some internal disorder, and yet, until the doctor's treatment, was insensible to pain. Dr. Insist had asked him if he felt the sensation of lusting, and when he replied, "No," the doctor applied an instrument called Desire to him; whereupon the poor man was seized with a fit of covetousness, and was, when I saw him, still convulsed.

"How many of these reach the top of the Faith Mountains, Heal-others?" I inquired.

"Really, I do not know," he replied, "for I am so engaged in attending to the sick and in studying my profession that I have not gone into statistics."

While we were speaking, he led me down a back staircase, and there, as providence would

have it, I saw the way out of the Law-Establishment.

It was growing dark, and what I had heard aroused within me certain misgivings.

Some long time after this, being in a different locality, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Grace, who gave me certain information respecting the patients in the Law-Establishment.

Mr. Grace said that none of them had improved in health; indeed, that under Dr. Insist they rather grew worse, or appeared to be worse; and this result was due not simply to the system of the Law-Establishment, but chiefly to the fact of the bad constitutions of the patients, whose inherent weakness rendered the medicine of no effect.

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Grace, who was the kindest of men, "whosoever will, may climb the Faith Mountains, but not so long as he remains in the Law-Establishment."

CHAPTER XVII.

AN OLD INN.

Are ye so foolish? Having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?--Gal. iii. 3.

WITH the growing darkness my difficulties increased. The ground beneath my feet became less and less secure. I stumbled over stones, plunged into pools, and at last was fairly held fast by the sinking soil. Whilst bogged, and up to my shoulders in reeds and rushes, and scarcely daring to move, a light flashed and flitted before me.

Any light is hailed in the gloom. Shipwrecked mariners have before now thanked providence even for the wrecker's torch, and broken hearts have blessed even deceivers for

their smiles. Whether it was a will-o'-the-wisp or a guardian angel leading me, I knew not; but after much stumbling through mire and water I gained the door of what proved to be an Inn.

It was midnight, and the house was still; but at length an overworked and half-asleep servant girl opened the door, and after telling me that there was no fire, and only Isaiah's bed to be had, left me.

I tried to warm myself with some sparks of my own kindling, and then betook my shivering self to the bed, which was shorter than a man could stretch himself on, and the covering narrower than he could wrap himself in. It was the worst bed and the most wretched night I ever experienced; almost sufficient to deter anyone from leaving the comfortable City of Progress.

In the morning the company assembled in the only public room of which the Out-of-the-way-Inn boasted. However, Mr. Feelings, the proprietor, did his best to keep us from leaving him. He was hardly a genial person. He had a

long face by nature, although he had what he called his bright seasons. Of such a table as he spread it was never before, nor has it been since, my lot to partake. Self-experiences served for bread and lamentations-about-self for water, neither of which are palatable.

Mr. Feelings strongly commended some dishes of his own preparation, especially a little one spiced with complacency; and a large one which he described as resources-within, he said was sweet and toothsome. To my taste they were sour and ill-cooked, but I was too hungry not to make a meal off them.

The company was as singular as the dishes. Diverse as each guest was from the other, all seemed to have an affinity of taste and to like the fare. Certainly they were all agreed that what Mr. Feelings provided for the inner man could not be otherwise than wholesome.

Upon my recounting the night's discomforts I received some kindly looks, but when I inquired if any of those present had seen the Everlasting City, all dropped their eyelids, and, with sighs, in

almost inaudible tones, replied that they *hoped* to do so.

Frequenter of the Inn complained of habitual mist and cloud, but cheered themselves by saying they were only waiting for a promising day for their journey. The proprietor told us that at times splendid views were to be had from his windows, and that on fine days and with strong eyes the shepherds and travellers on the mountains might be easily discerned.

A gentleman, whose name I learned was Mr. Self-strength, sat at the head of the table, by right of his lengthened stay in the Inn. He was a very old man indeed.

Mrs. Try, a lame little woman, very chatty, sat on his right. She, too, was advanced in years. "She was always hoping," she said, "but as yet had never had more than a hope of seeing the Everlasting City." She told me that as recently as the previous morning she thought of starting for the journey, but was delayed through not being able to clear up her accounts with the proprietor in time for the weather; adding,

"that keeping accounts had always been a difficulty with her from her childhood."

Hearing her, a Mr. Dudgeon, who was on Mr. Self-strength's left, answered, "Ah, Madam, I can sympathise with you, for I fear I shall have to return to my mansion in the Vale of Dust without so much as seeing even what you hope to do. I can hardly expect a sight of even a small portion of it. Yet I have heard some travellers tell that they have beheld the sun shining upon patches of the mountains, which they have seen high above their heads, through cloud-rents, as birds hovering with outspread wings; but as for me, it has been cloud, cloud, continually. Besides which, my sight does not improve with advancing years."

Here another of the travellers, Mr. Unstable, related how he had in his young days climbed the mountains half-way, when, coming to a dangerous place, he had slipped, and had nearly broken his neck.

I will not record the conversation of the younger portion of the company—of the Ups-

and-downs, Never-sures, and Change-colors, who were also staying at this Inn; but will simply add, that I was either robbed of my purse or lost my money at the place, and that it was only after some angry words and no little violence to Mr. Feelings, that I managed to leave the shelter of his house.

After an interval, and at about the time of my making the friendship of Mr. Grace, my unceremonious mode of departure pressed so heavily upon me that I wrote Mr. Feelings a few lines explanatory of my inability to pay his bill:—

“Sir,—I left the Out-of-the-way-Inn in your debt! Neither can I nor shall I discharge it. None of your food satisfied me, your bed did not afford me rest.

“Kindly inform Mr. Self-strength that if he would learn what strength is, he must turn from himself; Mistress Try, that she shall find by giving up effort; Mr. Dudgeon, that it is not a long face but faith which opens the door of

gladness; Mr Unstable, that his name shall be changed when he believes. And as to the rest of the company, I pray, Mr. Feelings, that Trust, the gracious servant of the King, may lead each one far from your shelter, for, despite your sanctimonious appearance and humble voice, you are the greatest impostor that ever robbed travellers to the Faith Mountains."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GUIDES.

They hunt our steps.—Lamentations iv. 13.

To be penniless was at first intensely trying, but it sharpened my eyes to look out for help. The experiences, too, through which I had passed led me now to consult the Book which had been presented me at the Temple. I had often searched through it, but now I began to let it search through me, and was astonished to discover how it discovered me to myself. It showed me not only which were wrong roads, but also why I was wont to tread them. That Book can only be read in its own light. And the wonderful thing about it is, that its letters are as

visible in the dark as in the day,—it is a light to the feet and a lamp to the path.

Coming to a place of rocks, where the way was weary, the mountains began to rise before me. This is characteristic of them; the nearer you approach the bigger they grow. They began to assume distinct and strange shapes to my eye, filling me with awe — such as only those who for the first time have seen mountains can understand.

The nearer I came to them the more noble did they appear. My soul thrilled at the sight. I had seen pictures of mountains in the City of Progress, but no one can even understand a picture of a mountain who has not seen the reality. The more life-like the picture, the more it is necessary to know that which the painter conveys to the eye.

Dark shadows moved across them; the light of the sun illumined them. They were giants, but friends, as I gazed on them. From that hour, even the buildings and works of Progress were as nothing to me.

But the way was rough—the sun, too, was hot; so I sat down to rest. It was a stony place, with patches of sand and bush. The mountains grew continually more beautiful; every fresh look revealed fresh wonders. There was a great mass or shoulder in front of me, which I pondered how I might best reach, and wondered whether from it the summit could be seen. Then I took out my Book again, and read the instructions it contained.

While thus delighting myself, three men, whom I had scarcely noticed, drew near. They were dressed alike, each wearing a loose garment girded about him with a knotted rope, and having a crook-headed staff in his hand.

“Peace to you, traveller,” said they; “we saw you a long way off, and being the licensed guides of these parts, have come to lead you whither you would go.”

Now my purse had been lost at the Out-of-the-way-Inn—and I knew that in Progress licences have to be paid for—so I naturally replied, that I was but a poor man on his way to the Ever-

lasting City, and must decline their services, which no doubt would be useful to the rich.

“We serve for duty, not for gain, traveller,” said they—adding that in them had been vested through their fathers before them, in one unbroken succession, the responsibility of caring for all, rich or poor, who would reach the Everlasting City. The ropes about their loins, they explained, were for attaching travellers to themselves at slippery places, and their staves for climbing purposes. “So on with us, traveller, to a resting-place, before the sun goes down.”

They were well accustomed to their work; they read my thoughts even before I could speak again, for one said, “By the orders of the King, no man may set foot upon these mountains without us. Upon the mountains are dangers unseen at such a distance from them as that at which you now are. Those seemingly velvety sides are a mass of rents and gaps, crags and precipices, sinking ground and miry places, where the foolhardy perish. Mists, too, roll

suddenly down from the higher crags, or rise from the hollows, and in a moment envelop in their gloomy folds such as climb there, and, should the travellers be without us, the clouds become their shrouds."

As they thus spoke, a dark shadow and then a mist, thick and apparently impenetrable, rolled down the mountain side—the chill attending which blotted from my sight the former sunny beauty.

"Yes, traveller," said another, "it is fatal to climb alone."

"Friend," said the third, "we are well-known men,—you may trust us. We are the three brothers Not, and are distinguished by our christian names as Handle Not, Touch Not, and Taste Not. Clouds not more dense than the one you now observe, have wrought death to many."

"Well, you make me to doubt," I answered; for the clouds, like sentient beings, began to rise from the hollows and slowly to creep down the heights before me.

“Rightly spoken,” Taste Not said. “Wise fears, serviceable doubts. Surrender your judgment to ours, and place yourself under our guidance, and then you will soon be in a position of safety.”

Just then a ray of light burst through the gathering darkness, causing me to exclaim: “Pray, guides, what are the glories of yonder heights? Tell me not only of dangers, nor dishearten me with obstacles — brace me up with rewards; for the Everlasting City I must reach.”

“Traveller,” Touch Not said, “your wisdom is first the way, next the end.”

“But my Book declares to me that first the end, next the way, is wisdom.”

They whispered together a little, when Handle Not broke forth, “Traveller, pray what book may that be of which you speak?”

“That,” replied I, “which was given me at the Temple, and which has inscribed upon its cover these golden words, ‘HE MAY RUN THAT READETH.’”

“You must not trust to a book or a chart; you will surely read its instructions amiss. It is sheer madness to attempt crossing a mountain range with a chart for a guide! You require the voices of living men, whom you can understand; not the letter of that which has no voice, and which is, perforce, to you unintelligible. You need men to help you whose profession it is to guide; and such are we.”

Here I turned away, for a space between them and me seemed desirable; but they followed, and, changing from argument to requirement, insisted that the Book or Chart should be surrendered to them; and Handle Not, who was the stoutest of the three, stood in front of me, and peremptorily demanded that I should forthwith give it up to him. “The lives of travellers are committed to us. Our life for yours. The evil influence caused by the retention of that piece of property will be your ruin.”

As I still refused to part with what I considered my own possession, an altercation ensued, during which Taste Not, who was of a wiry

build, came behind me, and, before I was aware, with his crook-headed staff caught my foot, as a shepherd does a stray sheep. This threw me face forwards, and as I stumbled, in an instant the other two had me in their arms, and whipping their rope girdles from their loins, sought to tie my hands and feet.

I now believed they were highwaymen, and fought for my life. But their tripping-up tricks mastered me. So they tied my hands and my feet, all the while imploring me not to misunderstand their motives. But when I shouted for help, they proceeded to gag me—declaring that it was all for my good. Then they searched me, still assuring me of their benevolent intentions.

However, the only piece of my property they cared for was the Chart; and indeed I had little else. This Touch Not withdrew from my possession and flung aside.

“Now, traveller,” said they, smiling, “you are in a fair way to be regarded as safe; that is, provided you remain as you are. Trust alone to

us, and you shall doubtless see the Everlasting City;" and then they removed the gag in order to hear my reply, but almost immediately replaced it, declaring I was bent on suicide.

"Listen to love and authority, poor deluded youth, bent on self-destruction," said Touch Not. "We, the family of guides, have, after the labour of generations, constructed a pathway, step by step and bridge by bridge, up to the very gates of the City. Upon this pathway have multitudes of travellers journeyed. The wise and the great have trodden it, the footprints of the noble are upon it."

The three proceeded, at considerable length and with great fervor, to recount the glories of the works of their fathers, till so excited did they grow, that they left me to engage in a kind of triumphal dance in honor of their predecessors. Their passes and leapings led them a little distance from the spot where I lay bound. I could not see all that they did, but once, by twisting my head, perceived them executing various steps over and around the Book.

They spat upon it, kicked it, struck it with their crooked staves of authority, and finally heaped a pile of stones upon it. Then, tired with their vehemence, they sat upon the heap, and so soon as they had regained sufficient breath, joined in a song of triumph.

Perhaps it was this song which drew a passer-by towards the spot. He saw me lying bound and gagged, then glanced at the three singers, and in less time than it takes to relate, guessed the whole scene. Before they were aware, he was between me and them, demanding, in the name of his master, their business. He was a powerful, active man, and though they were three to one, the now silent singers neither liked his question nor his look.

"Pray, sir, and who may you be?" I heard them say. "We alone are responsible for the security of travellers; we follow the occupation of our fathers," thereupon drawing out their staves as evidences of their authority.

Upon which the stranger cried, "I am Break-bands," and lifting up a cudgel whereupon was

engraven one word—Truth—added, “and this carries its own authority with it.”

As he was speaking, Taste Not, the guide who had tripped me up, crept behind him, to do the same to Break-bands. But he seemed to have eyes in the back of his head, for, lifting up his foot, he crushed it down upon the head of the staff, splintering it in two.

With angry cries the other brothers immediately rushed upon him, and then began the manfullest fight I had ever witnessed. I only wish that I had had a fairer view of it, but my thongs would not allow this.

It was cudgel against staves, truth against authority, one against three. As for Break-bands, he seemed to grow more vigorous by the blows he received, and to care not one whit for his wounds. Yet at times I thought he would have been beaten down and killed outright. It might have been so, had not Taste Not lost heart at the loss of the head of his staff.

After a long conflict, Break-bands forced up their staves, and rushing upon them gripped

Handle Not with his right hand and Touch Not with his left, and by sheer strength of loins forced them both down upon the ground. Taste Not had fled.

Drawing them to the spot where I lay, Break-bands, having ungagged my mouth and loosed me, bade me declare, in the presence of the two witnesses, how I came to be found lying helpless on my way to the Everlasting City.

“You may know who are and who are not guides sent by the King,” said Break-bands, “by their feet and by the shoes they wear. For beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who publish glad tidings of peace, and their feet are shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.”

Having said which, he bade the brothers take off their shoes, and though they cringed yet they obeyed ; so I saw their crooked feet.

“The way of peace have they not known,” said Break-bands.

Having soundly chastised them, Break-bands let them go, and turning to me, smilingly, said,

“You are young; the roughness with which you have been handled will do you good. A man who cannot endure hardness is not worth the name of a man. All along the way you will be met by wolves in sheep’s clothing, and deceitful workers transformed like their master into angels of light, whose end shall be according to their works. Therefore, buy the truth and sell it not, and make what you have acquired part of yourself. Hold fast that which you have.”

As he spake thus, I told him that the guides had made away with my Book. He was very indignant, and exclaimed, “Why did you not say that before, for then those mock guides should have received their due?”

“My own deliverance so occupied me that I did not think of it at the time,” I answered.

“Ever the way, ever the way,” said he, frowning; “self first. But where did they hide it?”

We searched, and Break-bands recovered the Book from its burying-place. He returned it to me, bidding me note that despite the spitting upon and kicking it had received, yet it was

none the worse for its treatment. Not a leaf was spoiled, not a letter of the writing was marred. "No," said my deliverer, "not one jot or tittle harmed, and so long as you live this shall be a sign to you; for not all malice, not all ingenuity, can remove from the Book a dot from one *i* or a cross from one *t*."

CHAPTER XIX.

EXAMPLES.

For these things our eyes are dim.—Lamentations v. 17.

I NOW began my ascent of the mountains. Many are the lovely flowers upon the slopes, and sweet are the scents wafted on the wind as the climb is made. Sheep feed in the green hollows; here and there a sparkling stream leaps down the hoary rocks. Each upward step opens entirely new scenes. Rising higher and higher, all things around take different shapes.

Let all who would really know enjoyment toil up the rugged mountain side. Never from that day have even the flowers on the plains appeared as those upon the mountains: and the higher

you ascend, the fairer are their tints. The cloud-shadows, too, upon the heights are in no sense what they seem to be upon the level land. Another thing, which none can fail to notice, is the immensity which surrounds the traveller, when standing upon heights, and fills his very soul. It is no wonder that mountaineers are accredited with fire and enthusiasm, which men of flat countries are said not to possess.

Presently I came to a flower-decked dell, where, welling from a rift in the rock, a crystal stream poured forth its soothing music. Much fruit was clustered here—some upon the branches of lofty trees, some upon the sprays of plants trailing upon the ground. I gathered to my appetite, and ate all that I wished; but it was not lawful to carry away a store for the morrow, and anyone doing so would find the fruit rotten in his lips.

As I went on, the very vastness of that which became increasingly great with each upward step, in some measure perplexed me; and I perceived, with pleasure, a shepherd seated

upon a rock at some little distance. Now, shepherds are spoken of in the directions in the Book; and having there read of them, it was as to a friend that I approached him.

The old man was sitting upon a stone, and holding one of his feet—as children nurse a sore finger. In answer to my inquiries, he said that he was not in a fit state to help me, because of his own suffering; then, pointing to another shepherd, he sighed, “My brother, yonder—who should know better, for he is aware how acutely sensitive I am—did but just now tread violently upon my toes, and the agony is insupportable. It renders me unfit both for feeding the sheep and for helping you.”

There were other shepherds a little higher up, so, wishing the good man well, I joined them. One of their number lamented that the painful self-consciousness of his brother with the sore foot should so spoil his usefulness. They said wise things, and showed me the way which I should go.

A pleasant and profitable conversation was,

I regret to say, broken off by one of the shepherds exclaiming that he was sure he smelt the savor of Filthy-lucre. This, it should be explained, is a kind of truffle, and is found underground. In the plains about the City of Progress, unclean creatures—such as dogs and swine—are trained to scent it out; and there the dainty is highly prized. It was very surprising to hear a shepherd amongst such clean creatures as sheep thus exclaim. But he spoke not in vain; for, himself leading the way, he was presently digging into the ground for the treasure—and there surely it was. A general scramble ensued, each shepherd taking, for the benefit of his children, as much as he could of the savory spoil.

Presently I came to a flat and somewhat boggy spot, where I lighted upon a group of children flying kites. Now the children of the City of Progress are noted for their imaginative powers. Ragged little urchins may often be seen crowned with weeds, yet happily fancying themselves kings and queens; and hungry

beggar boys and girls will often gather up small heaps of mud, and, dotting these with stones, declare to one another that they are enjoying a banquet! They reason not, that perishing weeds are not immortal crowns, nor mud pies the endless feast at the King's table. Half their pleasure consists in supposing themselves to be what they are not. These little kite-flyers, however, proved themselves to possess powers of imagination as remarkable as the children of Progress.

"My boy," said I to one of them, "how is it that you are engaged upon this pastime here?" But he merely turned his eyes towards his plaything, which drew my attention to the fact that each child had his eyes set upon his kite, or fixed where he believed his kite to be — for some of the kites were clean out of sight, and, save for the tugging at their strings, those who flew them could not tell where they were.

Perceiving some words upon one of the kites which happened to be near the ground,

I looked steadfastly at it—for these demure but slovenly children considerably interested me—and I made out these words to be, "I am in heaven."

Then I learned that all the kites had been bought at one shop, kept by a Mr. Transcendental, and that as the Faith Mountains are high, and climbing them is difficult, these children were playing at being where their kites were. They seemed to be quite satisfied, and apparently imagined that they had reached the heights of the mountains.

So strangely does the imagination render children unpractical—keeping those of the City of Progress from realizing the fact that they grovel in the mud, and those of the Faith Mountains from perceiving that they are up in the air.

Near the spot where I saw the shepherds scuffling, Mr. Lukewarm met me. He was coming down hill. I knew him well, having, when in the City of Progress, been to school with his sons, under old Mr. Assent-to-the-Truth, of Creed College.

"What!" he cried; "are you going up this toilsome place? Once, my young friend, I was as eager for climbing mountains as you may be now; but my young blood has cooled. Youth is hot and excitable, age is calm and quiet; spring-time is full of blossom, but the flowers die like the hopes of youth—not one in a thousand reaches perfection. Not all eggs are hatched; and even of the chicks which pipe within the shell, many never break out. Such is my experience; and so I am for spending the rest of my days in ease and quiet."

"But, Mr. Lukewarm, what upon these mountains has so disappointed you?" I inquired; for the sweetness of the air and the glory of the scenery were as new life to me.

"Ah! young friend, I do not wish to disturb your inclinations; but it is the ceaseless up-hill work which has exhausted me. It is this incessant up, up, up,—I am worn out by it."

So the old man went down the mountain side, and I afterwards learned that, growing colder as he descended and needing exercise, he began at

a steep place to run, and having once started could not stop himself—but by his own impulse was driven down the slope swifter and swifter. Presently, losing his balance when nearing a spot where he knew there was a precipice, the poor man threw himself down, and clutched at the grass and the ground to save himself: but, alas! it was of no avail!—down, down he rolled, and was dashed to pieces upon the crags beneath!

CHAPTER XX.

THE MOUNTAINS.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.—1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.

MR. LUKEWARM'S sad end led me to study my Chart afresh, and again to address myself to the work before me. Such as have climbed mountains have often mistaken jutting rocks and rising knolls for the true summit, and have frequently fancied that they were just at the top, when in reality they were still far down the sides. Thus, too, is it upon the Faith Mountains; but the higher the traveller rises the higher he longs to go. Step by step he surmounts the steep places, and overcoming difficulty after difficulty, acquires fresh energy for stouter exertions.

It is not easy to describe the peculiar emotions which possess all who force their way upwards ; but it is beyond the power of words faithfully to express the thrilling delight which masters the soul of him who, for the first time in his life, gains the mountain crown and beholds below his feet the scene that bursts upon his vision. But I must relate how the topmost ridge of the Faith Mountains may be gained.

All along this ridge runs a steep, unbroken wall ;—these are the Rocks-of-gold, or, as some name them, the Rocks-of-righteousness. This wall is high, and has neither crack nor crevice by which human hand or foot can hold. Resplendent like a mirror, these rocks shine terrible in the light. I long wandered at the bottom of this ridge, vainly searching for means to cross it. Many a weary hour did I spend at its foot. After a long time, at a certain place, I heard an echoing voice, and, listening intently, it seemed to resound from the rocks on every side.

Presently I perceived a tree, and as I had seen none grow so high up on the mountain,

this tree attracted my earnest attention. It was rooted in the Rocks-of-gold. Again the echoing voice was heard. There was no living person visible, yet unmistakably from the precincts of that tree came the voice.

It was a withered tree, which had apparently been long dead. Drawing nearer to it, the voice spake more and more clearly, till these words were distinctly audible:

“He that eateth me, even he shall live by me.”

The voice was that of a man, and the words were sweetly spoken.

Drawing nearer still, I stood beneath the branches of the tree: they stretched towards the four quarters of the earth—their shoots pointing up to heaven. Upon these lifeless branches was much fruit clustered, and as I looked upon the tree the same voice said again:

“He that eateth me, even he shall live by me.”

So I stretched out my hand to this Tree-of-death, and plucked therefrom the Fruit-of-life, and ate. Then my eyes were opened in a mar-

vellous manner, and I experienced what I had only heard of before.

Once more the voice amid the branches whispered: "I lead in the way of righteousness; in the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof is no death."

The fruit of this tree is most bitter to the taste, but being eaten, it fills the soul with sweetness and with strength, and with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

My eyes being thus opened, I saw the way to the Everlasting City through the Rocks-of-gold. This is the way whereof it is recorded: "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelp hath not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. He putteth forth his hand upon the rock." The way for the traveller is straight through the rocks, and the pathway leads through a cave where once One was buried. Upon the other side of this way are all things new. He who enters upon it leaves the old behind. He is himself what he sees before him—a new creation.

In a moment more I was upon the ledges of the mountains which face towards the Everlasting City, and I beheld its glory. Now, not having looked at aught, save at my footing, for a long time, such was the overpowering glory of the scene that, like one fainting, I sank upon the ground. At first I was not sufficiently steady to look intently, and could only lift my head for a moment to gaze, and even then scarce dared believe the witness of my eyes.

Yet it was so. The Everlasting City and its girdling sea glowed and glittered before me. Upon the waters were the pleasant vessels—those silver skiffs wherein travellers are carried to their home.

The light of the City was as that of the sun shining through transparent jewels; it combined a splendor more glorious than that of the noon-day, with a tenderness more refined than that of the softest beauty of the rainbow. But I saw nothing with absolute clearness, my eyes not being accustomed to such brilliancy.

Looking behind me—for I turned to look that

way—the City of Progress was also distinctly evident. It stood far away upon the plain. Across this ran the Way-of-all-Flesh, in a straight line to the Gate Judgment. The broad river Vanity, emptying its bubbling, sparkling waters in the Sea of Death, could also be plainly discerned.

The eye quickly becomes tutored; it takes in new things far more readily than the ear. Looking steadfastly towards the Everlasting City, that which at first appeared so far off became gradually nearer—till the City seemed verily to glow beneath my feet. The golden streets were clearly visible. Radiant companies walked there. Each person composing them shone as a star beautiful in itself; and all blended in one blaze of glory—forming an union of brightness like the thickly-studded way of light which arches the midnight sky.

Then my eyes failed, for longing,—I forgot the darkness by reason of the light, the sorrow for the joy, the evil for the good.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VIEW FROM THE FAITH MOUNTAINS

A better country.—Heb. xi. 16.

SINCE that first sight of the Everlasting City, it has been my lot to behold the scene frequently. Unlike all other scenes, it never palls upon the eye; while each fresh view of it renders the soul of him who gazes upon it more desirous to see it afresh. There is but one solitary thing in the City of Progress, the joy of the possession of which in any degree expresses the pleasure of beholding the Everlasting City—and that is the evergreen called Love. This little plant is prized alike by young and old, by poor and rich, for its lustrous leaf never fades.

One clear day, when feasting my soul upon the scene, the golden way of light, which leads across the sea from the foot of the mountains to the City gates, partook in my vision of a distinct form; so that instead of seeming, as it had done previously, a blaze and a glory too wonderful for words to describe or for eye steadfastly to behold, it fashioned itself into a rippling pathway to the very gates of pearl.

On that day, not only did I see the land, which is very far from the City of Progress, but my eyes beheld the King's son in his beauty. He sat upon the throne, arrayed as on that day when, despised and rejected in the City of Progress and cast out from it down the Way-of-all-Flesh, the King his father had said to him, "Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool."

Lilies lightened by the morning, jewels resplendent in the sun, may be described; but none can adequately testify to the light itself. Concerning the King's son my lips are sealed.

Around him were those who are robed in

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shining light — those who had announced his arrival when he entered the City of Progress; and nearer to him still the waiting company of those who had reached the Everlasting City by the Way-of-all-Flesh.

On other occasions I have seen, bright with glory, the landing-place whence travellers depart to cross the sea and to enter the City. The silver skiffs touch at this landing-place, to carry the travellers home. No sooner does a traveller step into a vessel, than the sails are spread by one of those who are robed in shining light, upon which it floats across the sea straight to the pearly gates.

I have many times seen travellers take this voyage home.

Once I saw one leave the landing-place. He bade his children farewell, and told them that he was weary and longed for rest. "This," said he, "all the wealth of the City of Progress can never buy; neither is it there ever offered to the heavy laden. But whither I go, there is rest." Upon the shining shore there waited for him

one who had gone before, and who had told him that she should see him again.

I saw a beautiful boy borne in his father's arms to the Rocks-of-gold. The child tasted of the fruit of the Lifeless-tree, and lived never to die. As he trod his youthful way, a silvery glow marked his goings; and, though it is some time ago, the prints of his feet still give forth a gentle light, and many weep who look upon them. The child came to the landing-place, and upon and from his face the glory shone. Then he stepped into the silver skiff, which the King's son had sent for him, and with a smile he looked towards the City, and then waved his hand and bade his friends adieu.

It is at such seasons that the melodies which fill the Everlasting City are clearly heard; they come wafted across the sea, like the many-voiced chorus of a spring dawn when the woodland wakes to greet the coming day, or like the laughter of thronging children heard from afar, which lives in the memory as one continuous delight. The gladness wherewith this music fills

the soul is as that which possesses him who, waiting upon a wintry height for the coming spring, smells, upborne upon the breeze, the odours of budding valleys beneath him.

So pure is this melody, that it counts no tones of sadness among its notes; it fears no winter after spring, nor age following youth; it is the melody of realized expectation, yet of expectation more than realized.

It was upon a day that, having accompanied a dear friend to the landing-place, and seen him take his seat within a silver skiff, I heard him sing a song of loves. Then, as his vessel spread her sail and glided gently homewards, his song came wafted to me across the shining water; it grew fainter to my ear as the vessel flew from sight, till reaching the gates of pearl my friend was lost to sight and his song to my ear.

One of these songs, beginning with a sigh and ending with a triumph, was once thus recorded in a book :—

A SONG,

One countenance transcendent
Than noon-day sun more bright,
Blest City, all resplendent,
Fills all thy ways with light !
Did men but know Thy treasures,
Thy joys, no tongue can tell,
Amidst thy ceaseless pleasures
Their souls would pant to dwell.

Behold ! in virgin whiteness
Upon her marriage morn,
In gems of costly brightness
The bride her lord adorn !
So City, jewel-gleaming,
Bear thine own lover's name
As from thee glory streaming
Spreads far and wide his fame.

Lo ! girt about thy treasures
Thy mighty jasper wall ;
The bulwark of thy pleasures
His glory, keeping all.
Security unbounded !
Thy sons have nought to fear,
With majesty surrounded
No foe dare venture near.

How firm thy twelve foundations,
With twelve great names engraved,
From whom all tongues and nations
Learned His, who dying saved.

Each garnished is with treasures
Of varied jewels rare,
While all their equal measures
A perfect work declare.

Pearl gates ! all pure and holy,
Through which no ill can glide,
Nor pain, nor melancholy,
Though ever open wide.
Within, all fair and smiling,
No stain thy gold defiles ;
No Tempter there, beguiling,
Corrupteth with his wiles.

Pure holiness, those golden
Translucent streets declare ;
While garments white embolden
The blameless walking there :
Each washed his robe to whiteness
In springs of crimson dye,
And treads the paths of brightness
In perfect liberty.

Fresh limpid streams, e'er flowing,
Rejoice the golden street,
Where trees of life are growing
With fruits and blossoms sweet.
'Tis from the Throne Eternal
These gladd'ning waters well ;
And these fair trees, e'er vernal,
Free favour ever tell.

Blest City ! where can enter
No curse ; where light divine,
As from a radiant centre,
In ceaseless smiles doth shine.
From thee, for ever flowing
In crystal, spreading tide,
Grace pours its gifts, bestowing
On nations far and wide.

Each citizen instructed
Both good and evil knows,
Yet loves the good, inducted
Where evil never grows.
Once Innocence was dearest,
Now Love with Light is wed,
And Holiness, the clearest,
Crowns every priestly head.

A graven jewel sightly
Each forehead, see, adorn !
And ever glisten brightly
As dew-drops on that morn
When flowers, fields, and fountains
Reflect the sun's glad rays,
As, rising o'er the mountains,
He sheds around his blaze.

Here grief is ever banished,
Here tears are wiped away,
Dark memories have vanished
In endless, cloudless day.

Here hearts faint not : and never
Do hirelings sigh for rest ;
Love's service works for ever—
Eternal service blest.

Pearl gates ! lo, now I enter,
And ever cease from strife !
My thoughts now ever centre
On Thee, my Lord of Life.
Ah ! Death ! 'Tis thou art dying !
Thou, Grave, hast lost thy prey !
My sorrow, sin, and sighing,
Have fled with night away !

CHAPTER XXII.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW NAME.

Old things are passed away; all things are become new.—2 Cor. v. 17.

VARIOUS facts respecting the Everlasting City and the Faith Mountains have been recorded, and it is now time to chronicle a few things which happened to me since that day, when, from the Rocks-of-gold I first saw that city of light beam before me.

Ah! how I longed on that day to enter in! How I longed, there and then, to step into one of the silver skiffs and be away over the waters and up the glistening pathway to the very gates of pearl. But it was not so to be. Instead, one came to me, bringing a casket, wherein was a scroll upon which my name was inscribed

in crimson letters. This scroll was the record of my freedom of the Everlasting City; and he showed me that I was an accepted citizen, whose name was written in the book there.

When I stretched out my hand to take this casket, he said: "Not so, lest you should lose it. It is too valuable to remain in your own custody. It shall be kept hidden in the treasuries of the King. In his treasuries there are thousands upon thousands of these caskets, each having within it a scroll inscribed with the name of a man, woman, or child."

He also told me that every one whose name was enrolled in the book of life belonging to the King's son, was not any longer of the City of Progress, even as the King's son was not of it.

After this, my way led me by the shoulder of the mountains, whence neither sea nor City could be seen. Once more I was alone on my journey, yet never more to feel lonely, for my Book was my companion.

While upon my journey I heard one day a

cheery salutation. It was a familiar voice, but in a changed key, and I recognized it as that of my old neighbour, Mr. Ready-to-Perish. His manners were as much altered as his voice, for the moment he saw me he ran and greeted me with such affection, that I might have been his own brother brought back from the dead, instead of merely an old neighbour.

“I made sure you would come this way,” he cried; “yet it seems too good to be true.”

When he had heard my adventures, he smiled, and said I had made a very long journey of it.

“Then how long were you coming to the mountain top, Ready-to-Perish?” said I.

“Do not call me by that old name, friend. Old things are passed away—all things are become new. My name is changed, if not my nature. I am Never-Perish now. But I will answer your question: it was but from night to dawn with me.”

“What! Did you not visit the Temple before you commenced your journey?”

“No; I was in too great haste.”

"Did you not traverse the Old Road?"

"Why should I? Had I not read, 'Not of works'?"

"Surely you paid the Old Hospital a visit,—for you were ill enough that night to drive you to the doctors."

"I was delivered from that place by this writing, 'Not under law.' And to tell you the truth," he added, smiling, "I have little faith in doctors. Some kill their patients by experimenting upon them; and few have any perfect principles to work upon—for the new science of to-day decries the old science of yesterday, and, acquiring fresh knowledge, the doctors devise new theories. Yet, be the doctors old-fashioned or new, all their patients must die, and so do men die where there are no doctors at all. No; I ran by the Old Hospital for the very life of me."

"Then, the Old Inn. Did you stay there?"

"Not I, indeed. My heart was too sick for such sickly company."

"Well, Ready-to-Perish, you always were peculiar——"

“Don’t call me by that old name,” he said, again. “I am Never-Perish now.”

“Indeed! Are you so certain?”

“To be sure. I was certain of death, and now I am certain of life. And as all are dead or alive, there is nothing peculiar in the certainty. The peculiarity is the uncertainty.”

“But did you not see the guides? or did not they find you? I was handled rather roughly by them, and cannot forget it.”

Then he burst into a laugh. “I will first ask you a question: At what time of day did they find you?”

“In the afternoon.”

“But I was that way early in the morning, and on their ground before they were astir. They are never up very early.”

“You have escaped from a thousand difficulties.”

“Why say ‘escaped’? It would be better to say—You did not *make* a thousand difficulties. Any child, without weariness, may make but one walk of it from the City of Progress to the

Faith Mountains; but with wise men it is too frequently a life-long journey with a thousand stages. Perhaps to my stupidity I owe my freedom from difficulty."

Here the subject dropped. Mr. Ready-to-Perish being a man who was always accredited with distinct views of his own, it did not seem wise to argue with him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AGITATORS.

In all labour there is profit :

But the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.—Prov. xiv. 23.

ONE day my friend introduced me to a little house on the other side of the mountain, telling me that he had become a member of a secret society which assembled there. It was not a very easy place to find, and to obtain an entrance was a very difficult matter; but, having my friend's introduction, I was favored with admission.

In the family part of this house I made the acquaintance of an elderly lady, who was, with the rest of the company, an agitator. Women's rights was her great theme. And she had

enough to say on the matter. Now, in the City of Progress the old women who discuss women's rights are not kindly company. The young women of that city do not go into the subject; they prefer to be pleasing. However, the elderly lady in the little house was not like a female agitator of Progress—a woman without womanliness, an attempt at a man without manliness. Notwithstanding which, she had a strong mind of her own.

Mrs. Dorcas, for that was her name, must perforce read me a little lecture. “Ah!” said she, “young man, you don't understand me. Listen, then, to some of our rules.

“‘I will, therefore, that the younger women marry, guide the house.’ Now that's one, and number one, too.

“Here is another of our rules. ‘To learn in silence with all subjection.’ Again, ‘I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over a man, but to be in silence.’ Yes, indeed,” ran on Mrs. Dorcas, “Eve acted without her lord, and was deceived; and since that day it is one of

woman's rights to lean upon her beloved. What I say is, Let the woman who would usurp authority over the man, become blacksmith, or turn to some muscular trade.

“Another of our rights is to cut out and mend garments, to prepare food, and to nurse the sick. No man should here interfere with the woman on any account. Not for all the world would I see woman disabled from her duties, or debarred from her rights.”

In the midst of her eloquence there came a knock at the door, and in a moment Mrs. Dorcas rose with a smile, and left me, saying, “It is my right to be his helpmeet.”

So I went into the debating room, where was written in plain letters upon the wall—

“NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO FIND FAULT WITH OTHERS WHOSE CONSCIENCE FINDS FAULT WITH HIMSELF”—

and learned that each agitator enrolled by this secret society was under a bond to make the world better by one, before blating about ele-

vating humanity generally, and that even then his bond held him to produce more good from himself than he looked for from others. These rules had the effect—at least upon the night that I was present—of keeping everyone perfectly quiet.

After the meeting was over, there was a good deal of friendly chat amongst the members, all of whom seemed to esteem others better than themselves; and overhearing the conversation of two old men, a shepherd and a ploughman, who were seated by the fire, I think I gained an insight into some of the secrets of this society. The men were discussing the rich, and this seemed to be a favorite subject with them.

Shepherd: Our bee master was saying to me this morning, that his hives are very light this season.

Ploughman: But did the bee master say that he had fewer stings because he had less honey in his hives than usual?

Shepherd: Come, brother, maybe you need a little sweetness yourself; but as all honey-bees

carry stings, and you are no drone, I will ask you a question: how is it that men grow rich?

Ploughman: Well, that is a question which always touches a poor man. Now, everything in our kingdom is like a man's face in a looking-glass—the left is right and the right is left. Our books of learning must be read backwards; and then the strange thing is, that when we have come to the beginning there is no end. Poverty comes by keeping, and riches by giving up; whosoever will save his life shall lose it,—and contrariwise it is also true. So it was with Antipas, from whom they took all things, and at last his life; but the more he lost the more he gained. Now, shepherd, tell me, what will the shepherds of the plain around the City of Progress say to this doctrine?

Shepherd: I will try you on a text not so common, for riches are what all expect to gain. Tell me of glory.

Ploughman: Not many are ambitious for more than flattery. But I will answer you by the

grass of the field. Twice a year—once when bruised and torn by bush-harrow, and once when cut down by scythe, laid low, and tossed about—does the grass receive honor. Then do all who pass by praise its sweetness. And even those who are afar off, stop upon their stone streets to rejoice in its nosegay. So glory is the fruit of suffering: the crown is the end of shame.

Shepherd: Riches and glory are coming to all. For when a man has, he wants more; and glory to him is always a goal not gained, but power is a present position. Now what say you to it?

Ploughman: Every man loves power. We see it in the child, who strives for his own way so soon as he has sense. We see it in the servant, who seeks to rule his master as soon as he has his master's confidence. Power to a man is both glory and wealth, and, as you said, a fine property to boot. Power is the outcome of weakness. When I am weak, then am I strong. Power is the exact opposite of self-strength. But this is a riddle.

Shepherd: Well, brother, as you are so chatty to-night, what say you as to wisdom? For all the young shepherds whom I know do little but talk about wisdom.

Ploughman: Mean you that they do little but talk much? Truly, that is not wise—as any one may see in a looking-glass. For he has but one mouth, and two ears; which means, that a man should at least listen twice as much as he speaks.

Shepherd: Since it is by my fault that you speak so much this evening, I will not put the looking-glass before you, brother. But these young shepherds are all crying aloud for wisdom, and so much so that, at times at least, they forget to feed their sheep.

Ploughman: In which is small wisdom, for sheep cannot tend themselves. But as to the question: well! there is little else to be said about wisdom, than that a man is born without it; and that a man's wisdom is to learn.

Some, who work in the fields, say that we can know nothing to be true until we have ourselves

proved for ourselves whether the thing be true. But how shall a child know who is his father, save by faith? These long-heads began life believing; yet now they grow old, know nothing without doubt. I will tell you a story.

There were two townsmen, one taller than the other, who would measure a mountain. So, having no measuring rod, each took his own height as the standard. When they had done measuring, each was satisfied, reckoning that it took so many men like himself to make up the height of the mountain. But as these two men would never agree which of them was the taller, and as they had no standard measure, neither were they, nor was anyone else the wiser for their measurings.

So it is with the fine things which these long-heads speak. When they have settled amongst themselves which of them is to be believed, it will be time enough for them to tell us to receive their witness. But as it is, every fool is by them made bold to take his own wits for a measuring rod wherewith to measure truth, and to hold

that only to be truth which his wits can measure. And as even amongst fools not two are of the same size, hence truth itself is not alike true to any two of them. The mountain is great or small, according as their measure be short or tall. Further, according to this manner of measuring, as the youth grows taller the mountain becomes smaller,—which, between ourselves, is a doctrine much to the liking of these new-notion folks.

There is more knowledge than wisdom in the market.

But come, shepherd, you have had it all your own way—so one question before good night: Since sheep are prone to wander, what is the best plan for keeping them at home?

Shepherd: Good food, to be sure.

Ploughman: And how do you make them lie down and be quiet?

Shepherd: By filling them in the green pastures—good food again.

Ploughman: The food, then, seems the chief thing in your eyes?

Shepherd: That anyone may tell by looking

at a stray sheep. A fat sheep never wanders far
—which doctrine let the shepherds study. Yet
there is many a poor sheep which for lack of
pasture would fain fill its belly with the husks
which the swine do eat!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE VALLEY OF VISION.

Can ye not discern the signs of the times?—Matt. xvi. 3.

WHILE I was in those parts, one day I was invited to visit the Valley of Vision. This valley lies in a lonely place, which is to be found at a high elevation on the Faith Mountains. Rocks surround the valley on every side, and in its centre is a walled place wherein are to be seen Things-to-come. Into the wall certain men—the roll of whose names begins with one Enoch and ends with one John—have dug holes at different times; and those who will, may look through these holes and see what is within. The holes are made low down, hence it is necessary to stoop upon the knees in order to see through them.

The guide having led me into the valley, and pointed out the holes in the wall, bade me look through one which Enoch had made, and then asked what I saw.

But I saw nothing.

"Look again," cried the guide; "can you not see the King's son, with his tens of thousands, coming to execute judgment and to convince his enemies both for their ways and their words? Come, turn back: it is always easier for visitors to this valley to look behind than before them. But unless a man's sight enables him to perceive what is past, he is never able to discern what shall be. Apply, then, this test to your own powers of sight, and tell me what you now see."

"Water. It bursts from beneath and falls from above."

"Well, there is good hope that since you are able to look so far back, you may have eyes to see the Things-to-come. What is next before your eyes?"

"Fire. It rains from above."

"What has been shall be," the guide said.

Then, taking me to another hole in a different part of the wall, he said, "You shall now look at present things. What do you see?"

"The City of Progress as it is," I answered. "There is little left to pull down. The four great Broadways are nearly completed. The Trees of Knowledge in the public parks have grown to a vast size. The saplings have acquired spreading branches; and several of the old and stately trees, which once were the admiration of the citizens, lie rotting upon the sward.

"Yonder is the Popularity Temple. The devotees are there in thousands, and seemingly well satisfied with their devotions.

"Now I see the trading quarter of the City. The merchants vent their grumblings at the badness of the times, and vend their wares as usual. A large trade is being done in brag and self-laudation, and in whitewash, varnish, gilding, and kindred businesses. However, in the honesty and uprightness markets there appears to be a great stagnation of trade, the demand

for these classes of goods having apparently gone abroad.

"Ah! what is this? It is the Observatory. It stretches over an immense area, and bids fair to rival the Temple in character. Two vast wings have been added to it, and fitted up as museums. In one the collected Facts-of-science are being stored, in the other a collection of Speculations-of-scientific-men."

"The Museum of Speculations," said the guide, "when in perfect order, will form as handsome a show as that in the Gallery of Superstitions belonging to the Temple.

"Now," continued the guide, "look towards the Temple. There is an agitation proceeding within it."

"I can see," said I, "a great number of persons, workmen and others of the different Courts, apparently packing up their goods as if they were about to make a removal. Pray what does this signify?"

The guide said, "These people are about to leave the Temple and to follow the King's son,

who is coming for them. Now, look at the Temple again."

"The Lutheran Court," I replied, "seems to be suffering as if from an earthquake. The Anglican Court, too, appears to be rent by some convulsion. It either requires extensive repairs, or external support—for it is shored up in many places. There are signs of activity within this Court;—the workmen are walling off part of the Court and opening the remainder into the Roman. The Grecian Court seems as if it had had a shaking, either by wind or earthquake. The Roman Court is in a magnificent state."

The guide then explained to me, that there existed great competition amongst many of the workmen, especially those of the small Courts and that part of the Anglican Court which was being walled off from the Roman Court,—the workmen seeming to fear lest these Courts should lose their attractiveness to the citizens. Some of the workmen, he said, were devoting their energies to preparing performances and entertainments in their Courts—like those native to

the streets of the City ; others were levelling down old beliefs to make a common ground where the Wise Men from the Observatory might exhibit their wisdom ; others, again, were opening doors to face the Observatory, whereby the better to bring in from thence, as they might be wanted, infidelities and speculations into their Courts.

“They thus speak,” said he : ‘It is not fair play, in these days of competition, that the Roman Court and the Grecian Court should have all the performances to themselves, or that the Lutheran Court should possess more of the interest of the Observatory than we of the Anglican and the smaller Courts. There must be union in all these matters. Neither is it just, considering the hardships of the times, that the Roman Court should have the sole privilege of discarding the ancient Book. We, too, declare it to be an antiquated myth, for we must possess equal rights with that Court, so as eventually to enable us to effect union amongst ourselves.’

“This is enough for one day in the Valley of Vision,” said the guide; and he would show me no more. “Wait,” cried he: “‘Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.’ I will show you some of the Things-to-come on another occasion.”

Here the note book—which, as before related, so strangely fell into my hands—abruptly came to an end. It was evident that only half the story had been told. However, if the reader will exercise a little further patience, he shall hear the end. For it happened that after the lapse of some time, being one day in a solitary place, I chanced upon the stranger once more. He at once recognized me, and beckoning me to him, inquired whether I had read his notes. When I told him that I had done so, he asked if I had repeated them to anyone. “No,” said I, “not to a creature upon earth.” These two replies seemed to please him, for he said—

“Return to me the record of the beginning, and you shall have that of the end. I have just

come from the City of Progress—the whole of which is completely changed—and the end is more wonderful than the beginning.”

This second portion of the history is so passing strange, that I must lay a few extracts from it before the reader.

PART II.

CHAPTER XXV.

LITTLE BELIEVED: LESS EXPECTED.

Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour.—Matt. xxv. 13.

ONE night as the City of Progress lay asleep and quiet, lighted by its myriad lamps, an unseen herald passed down the four Broadways, crying—"Behold, he cometh,—behold, he cometh;" but no man in the Broadways heeded. And on the herald went.

He passed by the Observatory, which was lighted within, the Wise Men being engaged upon their calculations and experiments. The herald called, but none there so much as heard his voice. And on the herald went.

He reached the precincts of the Temple, the

lamps of which were dimly burning. He entered the great Court-yard, and, with a voice like a trumpet, made the building echo as he proclaimed, "Behold, he cometh! go ye out to meet him."

Then there was no small stir within; many roused from their sleep, and lamps were trimmed. And on the herald went.

He stood before the Professional Buildings, and cried, right earnestly, "Behold, he cometh! go ye out to meet him." Lights flitted from chamber to chamber at the sound of his voice. There was an awakening within the lodgings of that old square. Several of the tenants congregated in one locality, and finally agreed to hold a congress, at a day to be afterwards fixed upon, in order to consider the meaning of the herald's words. And on the herald went.

He passed down an obscure place. He stopped and cried again, "Behold, he cometh! go ye out to meet him."

Immediately the casements of a window were opened by little hands, and a child peeped out,

saying, "I am ready—I am ready;" and straightway the door of that house was opened, and the child ran out to meet him of whose coming the herald told. As that child hastened down the stairs, he knocked at the door of the chamber where his parents slept, and cried, "Awake, awake!" and he stood beside the beds of his brother and his sister, and called to them, "Awake!"

On his way the herald went. Some heard not, some heeded not, and some awoke to fall asleep again and dream, while some went out to meet the coming one.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A GREAT EXODUS.

*Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me,
To give every man according as his work shall be.*—Rev. xxii. 12.

SHORTLY after the stir caused by the herald's words, the Everlasting City shone as a cloudless morning; and the throne of the King of Eternity radiated grace and glory;—his Son sat on his right hand and, surrounding him, stood his legions.

Then the King's son rose from the throne, and took his way to the outskirts of the City of Progress; but he approached not so near to it as did those robed in shining light, when, one midnight, years gone by, almost forgotten in the streets, they had announced his coming; and

when he, as a plain man, himself had entered the City. How changed were the circumstances, as the self-same bright hosts now watched his way to its outskirts!

Presently there was the sound of a great shout. The chief of the legions uttered his voice, the summoning trump of the King of Eternity was blown, and with a rallying cry the King's son called his own around him—his own and no other knew his voice—and in an instant two vast companies gladly obeyed his bidding.

The one was composed of the loyal-hearted, who had gone to him down the Way-of-all-Flesh. When they took that journey, they went out of Progress as do all others, with neither food nor raiment; but now that they came back, they were robed in garments of glory. The other, also attracted by his irresistible call, sprang up out of the City of Progress, and its members were clothed upon in similar garments, given them by the King's son. The two companies united their countless numbers and

formed one dazzling host, encompassing the King's son.

Never before did human eyes see such a sight. The company was more in number than the stars, and brighter than suns. With unbounded joy they followed the King's son, who led the way into the Everlasting City. And its gates were shut.

In the self-same hour, the Unseen, who, until this occurrence had remained in the Temple, took his departure therefrom, never to return thither.

Now all this was a thing of a moment: it took place in the twinkling of an eye. The people came from the Courts of the Temple, and from the Professional Buildings, and sprang up with gladness; and those who had been divided were united. Yet nothing seemed sweeter than the clapping of hands of that little child, for his brother and sister were with him.

The gates of the Everlasting City were closed. Neither sorrow, death, nor enemies, can enter there. It was indeed a gladsome day, and the

Everlasting City rejoiced as it had never rejoiced before. It was, too, a day of surprises, but of no disappointments amongst the hosts of persons who entered the City, for each rejoiced alike in the joy of others.

The servants assembled about their lord and master, who rewarded each according to his works.

The laborers, who had toiled in the field, ploughing and reaping, brought their sheaves with them, and the master bestowed upon each of them crowns of rejoicing; the shepherds, who had served their master's flock, not for lucre, but for love, received each one at his hands an immortal crown; the patient guides, and with them the chaste and lovely ones whom they presented to their master perfect in knowledge, appeared before the King and received their crowns.

The last were first and the first were last,—for honors are bestowed in the Everlasting City in order exactly the reverse of that which obtains in Progress.

All were at home; the children gathered around their father, the guests assembled at the feast; not one was missing.

So the King's son returned to the Everlasting City, and all his people with him. Not one was left behind in Progress, neither was one solitary individual faithful to him forgotten who had gone down The-Way-of-all-Flesh. It was not in him to pass by the smallest act of loyalty done towards himself, far less the least of his loyal people.

It had been determined in the counsels of the Everlasting City, that upon the self-same day in which the call to the loyal-hearted to leave Progress should come, the messages of forbearance to the citizens should cease, and that, instead, the vengeance of the King and the wrath of his son should fall upon the City; hence it was all-important to the King that the loyal-hearted should not be mixed with the rebellious. Again, the King's son had pledged his word to remove the loyal-hearted to the Everlasting City before he laid siege to Progress; and he, being faithful

and true, valued his word more than all his wealth.

The citizens of Progress could not justly complain either of haste or harshness on his part, for his messengers had come to them at least two thousand times, bidding them seek his mercy and choose their master. Often and often had he warned the citizens. Therefore those who were left in Progress were exclusively such as had neglected the messages which they had received, or such as had despised the mercy of the King and had chosen the service of the Prince.

Now when the loyal-hearted who had reached the Everlasting City began to inquire of each other, they found that their numbers were far greater than they could have expected. The King's son rejoiced in the gladsome host, even more than they in him. Great as was their joy, his was greater. He assembled them in a circle around himself, and appointed them thrones—for he had promised that such as suffered for him in the City of Progress should reign with him in the Everlasting City.

And the tens of thousands of the mighty ones, robed in shining light, made way with great joy, and taking a place less near to the throne of the King, stood in a circle outside that formed by those who sat upon the thrones.

This done, the King commissioned his Son to begin the work of subduing the City of Progress, and the overthrow of its Prince; and immediately the Everlasting City rang with the songs of such as sat upon the thrones, and the responsive shouts of the tens of thousands surrounding them—all glorying in the prospect of the rule of the King's son over Progress, and the peace and prosperity which should ensue therefrom to that City, and, above all, in the honor which should be given to the King.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A SORROWFUL DAY IN PROGRESS.

*He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and
He which is filthy, let him be filthy still.*—Rev. xxii. 11.

AH! this is a terrible day in the Temple—a day of trembling and of gloom. Men are beginning to realize that what had been so much spoken of during late years is an accomplished fact; that those who looked for the King's son have been called away out of the City, and have gone from it and its future.

It breaks upon the neighbours and friends of those who are gone, with a horrible astonishment! Wives have become widows, without the death of their husbands — husbands widowers, without the death of their wives — children

orphans, without the death of their parents—and parents seek for their children, but find them not. The heartrending anguish is too bitter, too awful to describe.

Some will not believe the news; there are stirs within the Professional Buildings, and rewards are being offered for the missing. Many lodgings are left vacant in that old square. There are stirs within the Courts of the Temple, heaviness and dismay, for numbers of the workmen engaged there are not, the King's son having taken them away.

Now a band from the Courts of the Temple assembles, and sets out to follow those whom the King's son has called away. It is all in vain; the only available path to the Everlasting City—that which leads to the Faith Mountains—is closed by a flaming sword which turns every way. In their blind haste, these men choose another route; but the gates of the Everlasting City are closed against them, and they can only stand without, saying, "Lord, Lord, open unto

us!" It is too late; the answer is, "I know you not!"

They are all turned back, and thus receive the reward of the folly of their former indifference and present presumption. These are the orders of the King: the gates of his City are closed against all who, being of the Temple, were not for his son. Alas! it is the most bitter day that ever befel the City. Various of the Courts of the Temple are filled with confusion, lamentations, and woe. The band of followers of the missing returns to the City, utterly distracted, fearing everything and beginning to believe nothing.

It is wonderful how rapidly events move: the hour seems to have but thirty minutes in it instead of sixty, and the minutes seem but moments. It seems incredible that within these few days there should be such a marked change in the Temple. Already the band which followed those who were taken to the Everlasting City are saying, "Since the gates are closed

against us, and we are denied happiness there, let us eat, drink, and be merry. Henceforth our City of Progress shall be our all-in-all." And they shake off their sadness and curse the City, and the King who closed its gates against them; and the workmen generally are congratulating themselves at the riddance from the Temple of those who let and hindered them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE COMPLETION OF THE TEMPLE OF PROGRESS.

I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow.—Rev. xviii. 7.

THE change wrought in the City by the departure of the Unseen and the loyal workmen of the Temple, is even more marvellous than that which was caused by the visit of the King's son. His visit produced an inflow of kindness such as was never before known within the walls of Progress;—their departure seems to have carried kindness out of it. The thoughts of the citizens are rapidly reverting to their old channels; it is as when a river long diverted from its natural course regains its old direction, and flows with renewed force where it did at the first.

In the Temple a complete revolution of feeling has taken place, and an impetus truly terrible is given to every kind of principle and practice against which in former days loyal workmen protested. The policy of the Prince's Master of the Works in introducing into the Temple materials belonging to ancient shrines and temples used to astonish men, yet the change which was effected in it by those doings is as nothing compared with that which is now seen in every Court.

The trade-unionists of the Roman Court will very soon succeed, at the rate at which they are now going on, in bringing all the Temple workmen into one grand trade association. The two great rules of their union are: no workman either to think for himself or to heed his conscience ; all workmen to be levelled down to the ignorance and unscrupulous behaviour of the most immoral of their chiefs. The chronicles of the Roman Court, written by its own scribes during the early days of the activity of the Prince's Master of the Works, explain in degree what the effect of these rules will be when all the

workmen of the Temple submit to them; for the language used by those chroniclers immortalizing the deeds of the workmen exceeds the limits of decent utterance. And the scribe of the Everlasting City writes thus: "The mother of harlots and abominations in Progress!" In these days the mother and her daughters—the Roman Court and the Courts its offspring—are to be seen living in concord under one roof; and the builders are boasting that this latter glory of the Temple—this unitedness of all its Courts, exceeds all its past glory!

Added to these developments, the determination of the men who have been turned back from the gates of the Everlasting City, and who have chosen for their future the destiny of Progress, is fast making itself heard and felt throughout the Temple.

The ink which has written these things is hardly dry before it transpires that the Prince of Progress has not let present opportunities pass. For a long while he has had his heart set

upon effecting unity among the different Courts of the Temple, and then of consolidating the Temple with the City. Conceiving that the anticipated time had arrived, a few days ago he convoked an important deliberative meeting in his old Council Hall. At that assembly, after due note had been taken of the great Exodus and the departure of the Unseen, the voice of the wise old counsellor had been once more heard. These are his words, as reported:—

“THE WHOLE LUMP IS NOW LEAVENED, THEREFORE SINCE NOTHING REMAINS TO LET OR HINDER, THE TEMPLE SHOULD DIRECT THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICES OF THE CITY.”

In consequence of this counsel, a very great impetus is given to all those shows, performances, entertainments, and amusements generally, which just before the great Exodus so largely drew upon the energies of the workmen. The roofing in of the whole Temple, its decoration and artificial lighting are to be immediately completed. Fresh Doctrines, Dogmas, and Precepts are being

manufactured; and new top-stones of Infallible-contradictions are being fashioned; and, more, the workshops are turning out Point-blank-lies innumerable. Added to these energies, and capping them all, is the order that the name of the King's son shall be forthwith erased from all tablets in every Court of the Temple.

The workmen are in very high spirits—as they have at length found the basis of union amongst themselves, in the total rejection of the authority of the ancient Book; and have discovered the principle of their bond of peace, in falling away from the name of the King's son. This union—this fulfilled dream—is a theme of constant praise amongst these ardent-hearted men. They speak with rapture of the Temple, which they almost idolize; they address it fondly, as their mother, their queen, their lady robed in perfection, abundant in treasures, who shall know no sorrow.

The luxury of the Professional Buildings increases daily; and so popular has the Temple become with the lords of the City, the merchants

and the rich, that the wealth of Progress pours into its coffers.

The magnificence of the Temple is indeed splendid in the extreme; never since its foundation has it presented such a blaze of grandeur in the City of Progress.

Its internal and external union is as wonderful as it is mysterious. The Prince has now succeeded in gaining absolute possession of every Court, and of bowing all the workmen to his will. There remains not in it so much as one solitary principle or practice in which the King's son has pleasure.

A remarkable event has taken place. It has become a vain thing amongst the builders to attempt to read the Book, which has been sealed against them by an unseen hand; hence, if one of the City perchance says to a lodger in the Professional Buildings, "Read this," the man replies, "I cannot; it is sealed." And despite the advanced education amongst the ordinary workmen, if any inquirer of the City happen to ask

them to read the Book, the reply is, "I cannot, for I am not learned;" and, more, even the memory of what they did read before the great Exodus and the departure of the Unseen, has become to them as a mist—uncertain and dim to their darkened souls.

The face of the King's son is now thoroughly set against this Temple, which once bore his name graven upon it, but which now has written upon it, "Mystery and Apostasy." No messenger from him ever reaches it, nor does any word of warning or exhortation ever sound in the ears of its builders; the Temple has cast him off, and he has forsaken it.

But while this is so in the Temple, yet in the outlying parts of the City, and in the eastern districts, his messengers have gone out and have spoken with the great power of their master's authority, bidding the citizens there be aware that as a thief in the night—as an intruder who robs sleeping men of their possessions—so he is coming to Progress; and that he will first purge

it and then reign over it. And in answer to these his messages, there is an awakening; and many sigh over the times, and plead for the overthrow of the Prince of Progress and the purging of their City; and the voice of these men may be often heard in the streets, saying, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SUDDEN DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE OF PROGRESS.

*She shall be utterly burned with fire,
For strong is the Lord God, who judgeth her.*--Rev. xviii. 8.

THE four great Broadways, Reformation, Advancement, Development, and Improvement, have reached a state of completion during these last few months; and, consequently, much feasting and boasting have fallen to the lot of the various workmen engaged on these great places. Strange to say, this boasting has resulted in a serious agitation, which now threatens to shake the western districts of the City, if not to do worse.

For some long time past, the workmen em-

ployed on the Reformation Broadway have asserted rights little relished by their betters; and this has been very noticeable since the day when the people of the Temple found the gates of the Everlasting City shut, and came back to Progress declaring their intention to find happiness solely there. Since that time the Reformation Broadway men have been holding what they call missions, and have been preaching the true secret of happiness to all citizens. This—according to them—lies in no man having more than another, but in all having everything in common with the commonest. And now they are demanding, in the interests of this happiness, the right of changing the name of the Broadway upon which they have been working to what they please. To this the constructors object, on the ground that the right of naming a design belongs to those who devise, not to those who carry out the idea. Hence this doctrine of happiness causes strife. But strife or no strife, the workmen are not to be denied. Principles, cry they, are dearer to them than bread; they

have decided to call their broadway Revolution Broadway; and in this determination they are backed up by the whole of their brother workmen of the other Broadways. All strike work and mass together, and the gatherings are most turbulent.

Thus have these Happiness Missioners kindled a great fire of strife. Work is at a standstill, trade is hindered, prosperity has vanished, and bread is hard to be got. A perfect solidarity exists among the workmen of the Broadways. Struggling and rioting increase. Every street in Progress trembles.

A few days have elapsed. The successful prospects of this new mission trouble the Temple builders exceedingly; nor are they easy in their consciences—for though their Temple presents an appearance of grandeur and of unity, yet in these anxious days the builders cannot but think of those called away by the King's son from these times of trouble to the Everlasting City.

The rioting is increasing in the City,—the

fears of the Temple builders are too well grounded; for the hungry mobs, stirred by the Happiness Missioners, turn their eyes towards the old structure.

What has been happening during the last few weeks, is but as the rush across the blue heavens of the ragged brown precursors of the coming storm, the moanings in the sky before the tempest, the groanings of the land before the earthquake. In the nature of things, floating molecules must, by the force of their own laws, assume definite form; and, according to the first principles of evolution, mobs cannot continue in a course of dissatisfaction without obtaining a specific idea. Such procedure would be unworthy of the education of the citizens! The Missioners have begun to utter their discontent against things definite, and the objects they have fixed upon are the Temple and the Professional Buildings.

At one of the great Happiness meetings, three of their Missioners, Bottom-upwards, Nothing-

thine, and All-things-mine, cried, "What have either Temple or Professional Buildings ever done for us? For whose benefit are all the riches belonging to those places? The dignitaries, Scarlet, Purple, and Lawn, live in houses furnished with all kinds of articles in ivory and precious woods, and have horses and chariots, just as they like, while we fools build Broadways in which we never dwell! Look, citizens! the Temple is glorious in ornaments of gold, precious stones and pearls, and full of fair and splendid things—marble, and myrrh, and frankincense. But who gets the treasure? The rich traders and the lords of the City, to be sure! While for us, these things are seen, but through gratings and glass doors."

In vain did the lords of Progress strive to stay the gathering storm; the heart of the masses of the citizens was turned against the Temple, even as the waves of the flowing sea are at the change of the tide turned against the forsaken, stranded ship. And as the waves of the sea unite their strength, so did these multitudes of

citizens become one flood. Presently every street around the Temple was filled with violence, and the City resounded with fierce cries, "Burn the Temple, burn the Temple! Down with the Professional Buildings!"

Then began the work of demolition and destruction—a work in which, by the previous training of their former leaders, these mobs were well educated. For though not one of these rioters had the wit to design a building, yet they all had, by long apprenticeship, acquired the art of pulling down to perfection.

Being old, the Temple was not in a state to stand much mob work. The greater number of the builders were also craven-hearted, though there were a few who were ready to die, if not for their Temple's glory, at least for its wealth. But the vast amount of inflammable materials—of wood, hay, and stubble stored in it—entirely prevented the building from being saved from the fire applied to it.

When the Happiness mobs saw the flames arise, the very sight of the fire made them the fiercer;

they rushed with the maddest fury to their work, and in an incredibly short time the vast Temple was ablaze from end to end. In the heat of the flames, some of the selfsame wily counsellors who had originally disguised themselves as angels of light, and thus attired had stolen away the original plan of the building, bravely rescued a great number of the older relics and images from destruction, and placed them by themselves in safety.

The glare and flare and burning pieces of the Temple lighted up the City from west to east with so terrible an illumination that every man's face told his fears. The Professional Buildings shared a similar fate the same day. The palatial abodes of the dignitaries Scarlet, Purple, and Lawn, and all the luxurious apartments of the Reverends and the Status-in-Society people, were utterly consumed. And thus it happened that the men who had been full and had reigned before the kingdom of the King's son, were hunted out of their homes and driven by the jealous mobs to famine and to death.

A few days have elapsed. Deep distress is the result of the terrible Happiness agitation. The lords of the City lament; the architects, glass-stainers, and traders dependent upon the Temple for their living are reduced to poverty; the shareholders in the Royal-Church-and-World Company wring their hands; and the rulers cannot refrain from weeping, as they behold the smoking ruins of what was once the glory of Progress.

Now when the tidings of the destruction of the apostate Temple reached the Everlasting City, words of solemn exultation like these were heard there, "Rejoice over her, O Everlasting City; and ye, the followers of the King's son; and ye who laid her foundation stones be glad—for the King of Eternity hath by the hands of her sons requited your blood upon her." And there arose a mighty song of triumph in the Everlasting City, and the multitudes therein repeated the rejoicings because the Temple of Progress was no more;—its shams were burned with fire; its

Pillars-of-Scepticism, chiselled with the network of Old-and-new-Incredulities, and its top stones of Infallible-contradiction, were laid low; its system of the Professional Buildings had come to an end; its trade-unions were broken up; and the name of the King's son was now no longer used in Progress to shelter the relics and images which he hated as abomination.

Thus by blood and fire the history and the mystery of the Temple of Progress came to an end. The Temple grew in its youth in spite of blood and fire, till the Royal-Church-and-World Company corrupted it to employ blood and fire wherewith to build. Hence it perished in its old age by these agents. Its own principles were its destruction. What was sown was reaped. The King of Eternity was not mocked.

CHAPTER XXX.

A NEW TEMPLE.

All ye inhabitants of the world, and dwellers on the earth, see ye.
—Isa. xviii. 3.

THE terrible occurrences which have just taken place have had a remarkable effect upon the eastern districts of the City. It is a strange truth, that in great cities the habits of life and modes of thought, the recreations of the citizens, and even the language spoken by them, differ, varying according to the quarters in which they live. What happens at one end, is little known at the other; and this must account for the fact that what has been proceeding for some time in the east of Progress, has been almost unheeded by the mass of the citizens. The facts are these: the

members of the wealthy Guild of Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen have been leaving their abodes in various districts, and gradually settling themselves and acquiring property in the east end.

This guild was, indeed, originally formed in the east end of the City, and possessed much property there; but the citizens who owned land near that of the Guild, gaining sufficient strength and acting on the familiar moral principles that the weak go to the wall and the fittest survive, ousted the Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen from their possessions and appropriated their property. After which experience of civilization, these men have lived where they best could, actuated by the double motive of getting gain and retaining their exclusivism. "The people shall dwell alone," is the motto of their Guild, and antiquity is their pride. Modern things they, as a Guild, despise, and especially have they ever been at variance with the Temple, now destroyed.

Their rooted dislike to it is distinctly traceable to the fact that when the King's son came to

Progress, they would not recognize his origin or heed his words, but shouted the loudest, "We will not have this man to reign over us," as the citizens thrust him down the Way-of-all-Flesh; hence the Temple reared to his honor was to them most contemptible.

And since the Prince's Master of the Works introduced his changes into the Temple, the builders were as little friendly towards this Guild as the Guild towards the Temple: in fact, despite the express command of the King's son, the greater number of them had done all that lay in their power to make the members of this Guild abhor the very name of the Temple; and absolute success attended their efforts. The existence of this Guild, notwithstanding its ill-usage and the jealousy exhibited towards it, is one of the wonders in Progress.

Its members, then, have been turning their eyes towards the houses and lands of their fathers; and as the Guild is wealthy and its members enthusiastic, money and fervor promise to re-invigorate the ill-managed, poverty-stricken

eastern quarters of Progress. The Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen thus speak: "In the west the light dies; in the east light arises." And, they add, "The greatest glories of our City, its noblest memories, its most ancient monuments, its earliest life, belong to the east; and now the sun, which with the day has travelled westwards, sets, but only to rise again."

Animated by such ideas, these men gradually assembled themselves together in the actually poor but proverbially fruitful eastern districts of Progress, where their money and their business abilities soon caused a great change. Sufficient numbers being at length gathered together, they determined to erect a Temple for themselves, which should be the great centre of attraction for the whole of the members of their Guild. In the prosecution of this scheme, the foundation of a Temple, which had belonged to their fathers, was discovered by the Surveyors; and with this spot the Guild was highly satisfied, and presently began the building. True to their motto and their pride, these Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen em-

ployed Architects of their own; they despised the architecture of the Temple in the west, and scorned the materials used in its construction, and so chose the designs of the great Architects of their own body—Delusive-Prophets.

When these men began first to return to the east end of Progress, and to speak as they did, the greater number of the citizens ridiculed them; and when they commenced building, their style of architecture was greatly sneered at. Nevertheless, some few of the lords were friendly towards the Guild; and the Shipowners, so well known over the length and breadth of Progress, helped them considerably. Thus it happened that a new Temple began to show itself in the east while that in the west was still standing.

Now, when the riots in the west took place, and the Temple there was burned, the pride and zeal of these Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen increased greatly, and they declared that the time for their restoration had arrived. They boasted that they should regain their old possessions, and that then their Temple should rule the principles

and practices of the City, and the coming glory of the east end would outshine the past glories of the west.

In immediate connection with the departure of the Unseen from the Temple in the west, the sealing of the Ancient Book there, and, indeed, the destruction of that building—and also with the rebuilding of the Temple in the east—there has been a marvellous development of the Spirit-peeping and Dead - men's - voices' businesses. The conductors of these occupations flourish exceedingly, and the Lying-wonders, Mutterings, Charmings, and Divinings which they sell, are in considerable request, large numbers of citizens daily thronging the places where these businesses are carried on.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A GREAT REVIVAL.

I saw a Beast rise up out of the sea :—Rev. xiii 1.

The ten horns . . . are ten kings.—ch. xvii, 12.

And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God. —ch. xiii.

A VERY great gap marks the site where the mighty Temple once stood. The City groans and staggers under the terrible wounds inflicted upon it by the Happiness mobs, and the people dwelling round the smoking ruins are unquiet, as is the sea when beneath it a volcano has broken out ; then do its waves roar in their trouble, and in their fury foam out their shame. It is the period of democracy and communism. Levellers and destroyers are supreme. The Happiness mission has resulted in the direst misery.

The heaving and swaying of the stormy sea, restless, broken, confused, is the only similitude which in any way represents the present state of society.

The only old buildings of importance left standing are the Popularity Temple and the Observatory. The former is frequented more than ever, and the Happiness Missioners perform their devotions hourly before the mirrors there. The Observatory is revered daily more and more, and already begins to take the place of educating the minds of the citizens which was held by the Temple now destroyed.

The Wise Men of the Observatory have, during the last few weeks, issued a kind of pastoral charge to the citizens upon the signs of the times; it is to this effect: "Despite the roughness of the mode of operation, Progress may congratulate itself upon the destruction of the Professional Buildings and of the Temple, for the end of these institutions can be distinctly traced to the natural course of development;

and, indeed, the whole of the transactions may be regarded as illustrating the principles of mechanical force and the law of necessity. Such being the case," the charge runs on, "all citizens may expect soon to see the natural sequence of these laws, and also to experience the beneficial effects of the principles of evolution—even order arising out of disorder. And more, the citizens may soon expect to see the predicted healing qualities of the Tree of Knowledge in operation, relieving Progress from such epidemics as Immoralities, Robberies, Tumults, Wars, and Murders, and, after that, the citizens may anticipate entering upon their long-looked-for and glorious future."

This charge of the Wise Men seems to have very much pleased the Prince, who has, in consequence of it, taken them into his confidence, and sought their assistance in carrying out his grand idea of bringing the whole City into union. According to the published reports of what transpired at the conference, his ever practical mind has thus expressed itself:

“Molecular energy is only a means to an end—mob rule, like mechanical force, needs a guiding hand: the theory of evolution is sound philosophy, but a power is needed at the back of the doctrine; accordingly, a new form of government is required to meet the present state of Progress.”

These common-sense sentiments very soon expressed themselves in corresponding action. The Prince introduced a form of government such as had never before been tried in the City. He divided the western districts into ten parts, and over these he set ten administrators, making one of them Ruler-in-Chief. To each of them he gave a rod of iron, and they presently beat the Happiness mobs into shape and fashion. And when this was effected, the mobs praised the order and blessed the shape into which they had been beaten. Then did the streets about the ruins of the Temple greatly rejoice, and the pride of the west end of Progress again assert itself. The citizens regarded their glorious future as very near at hand indeed, and the

Prince, who hated democracy save as a means to an end, was jubilant in the extreme.

The Observatory, it must be borne in mind, is now the chief building in Progress, and, under the guidance of the Prince and his administrators, its Wise Men have just issued another pastoral or charge. "It is," they say, "a well-known fact in Progress that the teachings of the Schools-of-Thought are those of truth and soberness, and, according to these schools, the citizens have descended from the No-Backboneites, and are cousins to the Apeites: hence, as a matter of honorable feeling, as well as a visible expression of the sequence of science, the citizens are called to adore the images of their ancestors. It is," the charge continues, "consistent with the wisdom of the citizens that images, made like to themselves, to birds, and to four-footed beasts and creeping things, should be the symbols of their worship."

This charge resulted in the re-erection of the temples which had been pulled down when the

Temple to the honor of the King's son was built, and in a very brief period the City of Progress reverted to its ancient religious forms and ceremonies. The relics and images—which the wily counsellors had secured from the flames when the Temple was burned—were re-established in their old places, and great honor was paid them. The citizens generally—though there were some exceptions—declared that the Temple the Happiness men had burned had been for years the great obstruction to their moral elevation, and more particularly to the development of the sacred and noble sentiment within their hearts called religion; and they blasphemed the memory of the King's son, and cursed the King of Eternity himself.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A GRAND UNION.

Great wonders.—Rev. xiii. 13.

THE ten administrators unquestionably have produced a remarkable fusion of the different parties in the western districts, and evolved out of the disorder there, compactness and strength such as never before were witnessed. It is the eastern question, as it is called, which now threatens to disturb the City, and, as the religious element is at the bottom of this, it is a most delicate matter to handle. The Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen distinctly refuse to bring into their Temple relics and images such as adorn the western temples, and it seems as if

another storm were brewing, and as if the City would be divided against itself. Religion has so often divided families and districts, and set street against street, that there seems to be good ground for accrediting the report of the Prince's anxiety.

The news is being circulated that the Prince is holding frequent councils with the Ruler-in-Chief, the administrators, and his advisers, as to what course to pursue. His practical mind—so it is said—has laid it down as a principle that the religious question is one which can only be satisfactorily settled by the force of individual conviction; “but,” he adds, “it must nevertheless be settled.” This concession to individuality is approved by the citizens as very liberal, while his resolute determination is equally respected as being worthy of his firm character.

The announcement has just been made that the Prince and his advisers have devised a grand plan for the union of all citizens, heart and mind, body and soul, whether of the west

or east ends. The scheme, generally, is this: There is to be a Chancellor appointed, who is to be head over the east end, and he will have powers somewhat similar to those of the Ruler-in-Chief. These two heads are to control and direct the whole City, and, as the Guild of Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen is such an important factor in the east end, the Chancellor will be chosen from one of the families of which it is composed. The principles which shall effect the union are to be shortly published.

The Chancellor has made his appearance! Without doubt he is the most attractive leader and the fairest-spoken man that ever set foot in Progress—excepting, of course, the Prince himself. His penetration is only equalled by his presumption, his sayings by his deeds. His kinsmen are beyond measure enraptured with the man, and are already confident that his rule will answer all their desires, and give them all they wish. He has set several schemes in motion for the beautifying of the east end;

riches are flowing into the district—in a word, he is thoroughly prosperous.

It is apparent to close observers that the Chancellor does many things similar to those which the King's son did when he visited Progress, and that he is also possessed of vast resources—so that with all power he shews signs and performs wonders, thus commanding the homage of the citizens. He is intensely popular among the Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen, who are flocking to him from all parts of the City, and who are completing their Temple under his direction. They say, "What we looked for has come: the sun has risen, and shines in the east."

They carry on religious worship in their Temple, the Chancellor being the leading spirit, and by his intervention are also supported by the Ruler-in-Chief. This is a step towards the union of the east and west ends of the City. The Ruler-in-Chief supports the Chancellor in the east in return for the services which the latter has rendered to the western districts.

The signal success attending the administra-

tion of these two heads, and the good-fellowship springing up between the east and west, have led the Prince to proceed with confidence in his grand scheme of assimilating the religious sentiment of both the east and west ends of Progress. The more active part of the work entailed by the execution of this scheme, will fall to the lot of the Chancellor, whose extraordinary presence and eloquence carry all hearts with him. But how the Wise Men of the Observatory and the keepers of the relics and images are to go hand in hand with the Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen, is a mystery. They are, to all appearance, so utterly opposed to each other in principle, and do so heartily despise each other, that the project seems an impossibility. But the powers and resources of the Chancellor are wonderful. If this matter is to be accomplished, one thing is certain: the Chancellor will be the man to do it.

It is astounding! The Chancellor has been holding secret consultations with the Wise Men

on religious union. The efforts of the Observatory for a long time past have been directed towards the production of life, but with small success; for though the Wise Men have agreed among themselves as to what life is, they have not unravelled the secret of its formation. Upon this subject the Chancellor is able to give them material assistance, possessing, as he does, such vast resources and powers. He suggested to them to form an image expressive of the wisdom of the age producing life—such wisdom being a complete answer to the prerogative of the King of Eternity. The image, he further suggested, should be that of a man, and because of the success attending the new government of the City should be dedicated to the Ruler-in-Chief, he being the acknowledged head in the west.

In accordance with his instructions, a really wonderful image, far exceeding all others previously fashioned in Progress, was made; and this done, still following the advice of the Chancellor, a day of glory was proclaimed, on which

all the citizens were to assemble together in a given locality to do homage to the image.

In answer to the proclamation, they arrived in thousands. It was a grand gala day; and after the preliminaries and speeches, and much music, came the unveiling of the image. When this was brought about, during the deep silence of the moment, the Chancellor, by virtue of the mysterious power in his hands, actually gave breath to the image, and caused it to speak! Thus openly, before all, the citizens beheld the realization of the expectations of the Wise Men; and immediately, with a great shout, as of one man, they prostrated themselves before the image and worshipped it. "Ye shall be as gods!" cried many voices. "Man he is God! man he is God!" echoed others. And they gloried and boasted exceedingly.

The citizens were bidden to consider that the speaking image was a definite object before them, uniting religious thought, and binding all together with the bands of conviction that wisdom and power were vested in themselves;

yet they were not called upon to surrender their own peculiar ideas of worship, as expressed in the various temples—since all that was required for union was a common centre.

This done, the Chancellor presented himself again in the east end amongst his kinsmen, who at the first were inclined to look coldly on him, for they prided themselves on their abstention from image worship. So when he returned amongst them, they cried to him, "Shew us, your kinsmen, a sign—as well as the citizens in the west end." Accordingly he assembled them together, and reminding them of their traditions and of their forefathers, he recalled to them the days of a former crisis in their history, and of the deeds at that time of their great prophet. And when his words had raised their enthusiasm to a very high pitch, he paused, and called for a column of fire to fall from the heavens in the sight of them, and bade them behold the witness of his authority. And while their eyes were turned upwards, lo! the sign they sought appeared,—the fire fell on the

earth. Then they, too, did homage, and shouted for joy.

A short period has elapsed. The Chancellor has decreed, that in order effectually to maintain the union of religion throughout the City, he will change the times of the religious worship in the Temple of the Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen; and forthwith he has brought an image into the Temple, and set it up there as the object of adoration,—declaring, while doing so, that it is the will of his master the Prince that no sectarian feeling, nor exclusivism of any kind, shall henceforth be tolerated in Progress. He adds, “The living image of living man, the symbol of self, is the noblest object of worship, according to the promise, ‘Ye shall be as gods.’”

Then, throughout the greater part of the City of Progress were heard these triumphant words: “We live in the age of miracles—our millennium has come.” And the citizens boasted in the advent of that time promised them by their Prince and so long predicted by their prophets.

But all do not thus boast. Far from it. Many in no way respond to these jubilant words, nor do they accredit the great signs and wonders of the times. Also, numbers of the kinsmen of the Chancellor have fled to the Faith Mountains; and very many simple people sigh for the coming of the King's son.

This greatly enrages the Prince; he has ordered that every rebellious citizen shall be forthwith thrust out of the City down the Way-of-all-Flesh; and all who cannot hide themselves are being cruelly ill-treated. Every dissentient voice is to be stifled all over the City. Union is to be absolute—cost what it may. A gospel of blood and iron is being preached; and the hapless citizens are learning the terrible lesson of the unspeakable contrast between the promised righteous reign of the King's son, which they would not have, and the abounding iniquity of this their chosen present rule. In the east, not a few are feeling the sin and shame of their fathers' cry, "We will not have this man to reign over us."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A NEW TITLE FOR THE PRINCE.

Above all that is called God, or that is worshipped.—2 Thess. ii. 4.

THE City of Progress is now united as it never was before, and, according to the proverb, Union is strength. The blood-and-iron gospel represses dissatisfaction, and those who in spite of this gospel will not accept the image worship, are speedily thrust down the Way-of-all-Flesh, and the City is rid of their presence.

There is but one fear before the eyes of the citizens, and that is lest the King's son should suddenly come with his armies. To meet this contingency, the Ruler-in-Chief is drilling and arming every man—so that the present millen-

nium is not without its gloomy bodings. But the signs and wonders which in these strange days are so frequently wrought, strengthen all hearts, and especially in the neighbourhood of the old burned Temple, to believe that, should the issue come, victory will rest with them and their Prince.

Now that the City is absolutely at his feet, a plan of exceeding glory has filled the proud heart of the Prince. He has long ago quenched the democratic ardor of the mobs; and woe to any one who dares to fail in worshipping the image. The Prince alone makes laws, and his officers rigidly enforce their execution. All citizens—save those who rather choose death—have submitted themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to him. And no one so much as buys or sells, save by his permission.

Being thus supreme, the Prince, according to the custom of great potentates, is about to arrogate to himself a name and a title equal to his power. The Prince of Progress is a title

far beneath his pride. The memory, too, of his former greatness, when he was a chieftain in the palace of the King of Eternity, leads him to nobler aspirations—he is to be thrice crowned King!

The proclamation has been issued, the Prince has been crowned, and he now wears the triple diadem! The procession first wended its way to the Popularity Temple, and the scene there was of the most imposing description. The building was filled from end to end, and a grand religious ceremony took place, the chief features of which were the adoration of the citizens before the mirrors, their laudation of themselves, and the exaltation of their own wills. Then the Prince advanced to the throne which had been erected at the feet of the great brazen image of the man having in one hand Time and in the other Eternity. Standing while the herald proclaimed his greatness, and that also of Progress, he received the diadem shining with, to him, the costly stone, Will-of-humanity, from the

hands of the citizens, and, placing it upon his head, was hailed "The Wilful King."

The procession next started for the palace of the Ruler-in-Chief, and after much feasting and boasting, and all kinds of music, the administration, councillors, lords, and every kind of ruler, stood about the Prince and laid at his feet the imperial crown studded with the honors and glories of the City. They avowed that he, and he alone, was the governor and possessor of the wealth, the land, and the bodies of the citizens. The Prince then placed this second diadem upon his head amid a scene of great pomp and glitter, while the people shouted, "The Supreme King."

Leaving the western districts, the procession moved grandly towards the east. The Temple of the Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen was reached. It stood there in its beauty, built upon the site of the nobler erections of their forefathers, yet maintaining many of the memories of the things which had made those temples glorious. To it the Prince led the way, entered it, and seated himself

therein; and then, amid the triumph of the masses but the trembling opposition of a few, assumed for himself the proprietorship of all souls in Progress: and he claimed from all the tribute of unquestioning worship. Having thus exalted himself, sitting in the Temple and shewing himself as God, he placed the third diadem upon his head, while multitudes fell down and did him homage, hailing him, "The Divine King!"

When these great events took place, many remembered the words of the ancient Book, and the caution therein contained,—“Whoso readeth, let him understand.” And those who had understanding, were able to count the thrice-told number which is the number of a man. And these, far from being carried away by the magnificence of the coronation, wept in secret, prayed and watched for the speedy coming of the King's son. The Prince poured out his fury upon these men; he cruelly tortured many, and commanded that all of them should be cast out of his City.

Since this triple crowning, everything goes wrong; there are pestilences and troubles in all the streets, and threatening storms of misery.

The Prince—for such I shall continue to call him—has become mad with pride and drunk with success; and thus the truth has come out, and his real character of liar and murderer is unveiled. Having gained all that he possibly can, his behaviour proves that he cares not one whit for the citizens, and only values Progress so far as it ministers to himself. The Ruler-in-Chief and the Chancellor, following the ways of their master, make the City groan with their exactions. The eastern districts especially, which promised so brightly, have become the theatre for scenes of blood and horror; the Temple there is degraded by the abominations and desolations within it; and tumults and slaughter are of daily occurrence. And though in the western districts men harden their hearts, yet surely never as now have they suffered, or been so anguish-stricken.

The Observatory and its Museums are little

visited, for in these times of famine and misery who cares for theories—even of the Wise Men? And the Trees of Knowledge which are not cut down are untended, and are in consequence fast losing their distinctive character and degenerating to ordinary timber. The distress is such, and the citizens are complaining so bitterly, that they propose to re-name their formerly noble Broadways, and to call them Tyranny, Misery, Desolation, and Despair; while some say that the City of Progress itself should be called the City of Great Tribulation. What makes matters so terrible, is the fact that there is no hope and no prospect of redress. The rulers hate those they rule, and the citizens reproduce the cruelties practised by their rulers; they hate each other, they hate the Prince—but yet, with deeper hatred still, the King of Eternity and those whom he has with him in the Everlasting City.

Is this, then, the realization of the future so long promised by the Prince? Is this the millennium so often foretold by his prophets?

Horror and darkness, gloom and wan-hope!
Alas! and are these the waking realities following the dreams of gladness and expected peaceful songs with which Progress was to be filled? The only welcome sound that can be heard, is the sigh of such as cry, "O Lord, how long!" The only prospect of peace is his coming.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE PRINCE OF PROGRESS.

I will destroy thee, O covering cherub.—Ezek. xxviii. 16.

WHAT wonderful events and remarkable changes have taken place of late! First, there was the departure of the Unseen and the loyal workmen from the Temple; then its destruction by the Happiness mobs; afterwards the introduction of the present form of government and the revival of the ancient image worship in the stead of the Temple service; and following these events, and during the last forty months or so, the most wonderful things of all—the age of miracles—the amalgamation of west and east—the setting up within the Temple in the east of

the western image-worship; and last, but most marvellous, the threefold crowning of the Prince, and all its horrible consequences.

Well may the citizens moan, What will happen next? Men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the City. But a few begin to lift up their heads, believing the signs of the times indicate that the King's son will shortly establish his kingdom; they say, "His coming is near, even at the doors."

And not only in Progress, but also in the Everlasting City, have great things happened. First, the mighty gathering together of all the loyal and the true, whether those who left Progress by the Way-of-all-Flesh or those who hastened out of the City at the call of the King's son, and the seating of them all upon thrones around the King. Next, the entrance there of the many whom the Prince drove out of Progress subsequent to the call of the King's son, simply because they sighed for his coming.

It was no light thing within the Everlasting

City when these outcasts cried before the throne of the King, "How long, O Lord, dost thou not avenge our blood?" The City was stirred by the cry, and they were bidden to wait for a little season, till the time should arrive for their petition to be granted. The numbers of these persecuted people increased daily, and their cry grew louder — till at length a vast company stood before the throne. Indeed, at one time the songs of the Everlasting City were hushed during a deep silence there, as all hearkened to their pleadings and to the tidings of the tears and afflictions of their companions suffering in Progress.

And since the image was brought into the Temple in the east, there have been greater stirs; and the tidings have gone round that the King's son declares there shall be no further delay. And this announcement has been greeted with great voices and great joy—all remembering how he was despised and rejected by the citizens, and all rejoicing in the prospect of their beloved lord wearing the diadem of Progress. "The Kingdom

of Progress is become that of our lord, and he shall reign," is their gladsome theme.

There is a movement in the east and around the Temple there, such as has never been before. Messengers from the Everlasting City have reached those districts, and, notwithstanding the fierce Chancellor and his savage determination to destroy every man, woman, and child who speaks of the King's son, many are counting the very days for his coming. The Temple is made desolate, its former religious services have ceased, and the image-worship of the west, called by the Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen, abomination of desolation, prevails. The Chancellor, instead of proving a deliverer to these men, as they blindly believed, is now manifestly before their eyes their deadliest foe.

The Prince, with the Ruler-in-Chief and the Chancellor, are exerting themselves to their utmost; they surely know that the great crisis is at hand. They have sent forth their miracle

workers to the administrators and lords of the City, and to all the citizens, to gather them together in armies prepared for the battle.

The great day has passed ; the struggle is over, the power of the Prince is broken—the King's son has come. It took place thus: A mighty shout, as the sound of many thunders, resounded throughout the length and breadth of the Everlasting City as its armies assembled to march upon Progress. The great gate was thrown open, and the King's son rode out in his power. On his head were many crowns, and his vesture was blood-dyed. The armies in the Everlasting City followed him, robed in spotless white; the tens of thousands of his faithful people, and legions of his mighty ones, being in his train. In flaming fire they came, and with power and great glory.

His armies first reached the east of the City. He came suddenly to the Temple there, and its builders saw him, and, with broken hearts, remembered their fathers' cry, "We will not

have this man to reign over us." Then there was great fear in the hearts of the people of the east, and pleading for mercy by those who felt their sin and shame; and they mourned and were in bitterness. The King's son set his feet upon a little but well-known mount over against the Temple, and, as the lightning flashes out of the east and shines even to the west, so was the news of his coming spread over the whole of Progress

Hatred had hardened many hearts, and the signs and wonders wrought by the Prince had given boastful expectations to vast numbers of the citizens; hence, at the call, the armies of the City assembled for battle—the administrators, the captains and mighty men, the free and bond, small and great,—all led on by the Prince, his Ruler-in-Chief, and Chancellor. On that day, the fowls of the air—which scent death afar off—crowded together, and hung in clouds above the battle-ground; the conflict was short and terrible; the armies of Progress were utterly destroyed; the pride of its soldiers

was broken. The administrators and leaders fell in the conflict, but the two arch-enemies of the King's son, the Ruler-in-Chief and the Chancellor, were taken prisoners. The Prince also was seized; he was bound with a great chain and thrust into a pit, where he is to be kept till the time appointed for his judgment, and that of all the enemies of the King's son who had gone down the Way-of-all-Flesh. The two others were not reserved for this tribunal; but, because of their abominable ways and the horrors they had wrought, were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone, and so received their condemnation.

Thus suddenly has the Prince fallen, and in a moment has his power been broken; and, after what seems to us a very long time of sorrow, the enemies of the King's son are made his footstool. So ends the kingdom of the deceiver and the great promises he made to the citizens. These are the simple facts. The magnificent future which the deceiver offered,

never was to have an existence. But we thank the King of Eternity and his Son that the long and dreary, and, at its close, unutterably terrible, history of the deceiver's sway, has come to a close; and that he, who in return for his love and kindness was cast out of Progress, has returned in power to establish his authority according to his faithful word, and according to his father's will.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PROGRESS PURIFIED.

*They shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend,
And them which do iniquity.—Matt. xiii. 41.*

AFTER the power of the enemy was broken, and all his various forces were consumed, the King's son purged the City of Progress from its iniquity and uncleanness. Ever since the election of the Prince, impurity had been accumulating in heaps in various parts of the City; and there was not a street exempt from the presence of the epidemics Robberies, Murders, and the like, nor from such complaints as Oppression, False-oaths, Hypocrisy, and Bribery—the two last being of a very fatal type and sadly prevalent. These diseases the doctors in

vain had tried to remove from Progress by means of the virtues of the Tree of Knowledge, but they had not cured themselves, much less their patients. The City then was purged from the heaps of impurity which excited these sicknesses.

In the trading quarters, and especially in the workshops rented from the old landlord, the Father of Lies, goods of a disgraceful kind were largely manufactured, and were purchasable solely in coin bearing the Prince's image and superscription. By the command of the King's son, all such goods were removed from the City, and the manufactories levelled with the ground.

There was also a great search made in every street for the images and relics with which Progress teemed, and which the King of Eternity abhorred. These were carried outside the walls, and the City cleansed from them.

The Spirit-peepers, and the Mutterings, Divinings, and Charmings in which they dealt, were also destroyed, as utterly hateful to the King.

A throne of glory, moreover, was set up for the King's son, before which all the citizens were gathered—as it was necessary that the loyalty or rebellion of each one should be individually proved. During the last days of the Prince's rule, some had shewn kindness to such as stood boldly for the King's son; they had either given them meat and drink, or clothed them, or in some other way had treated them with tenderness. These services were owned publicly, and those who had wrought them were bidden by the King's son himself to take their place at his right hand. Others had been indifferent or unkind to these people, and they were placed on his left hand. The King's son separated the citizens even before they knew why he had done so; he then told them the reason, and great was their astonishment at hearing their sentences given.

Those on his right had assigned to them honour and joys in his kingdom; those on his left received the same reward as the Prince for whom they had lived.

The Popularity Temple, with its brazen image and usurping hands, its kneeling stools and mirrors, was burned to ashes. East and west were freed from every abomination and deceit. Evil was no more called good, or good evil; nor was light put for darkness, or darkness for light, bitter for sweet, or sweet for bitter. Things stood on the basis of truth, and righteousness was established.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE REIGN OF THE KING'S SON, AND A NEW NAME FOR THE CITY.

*Their soul shall be as a watered garden;
And they shall not sorrow any more at all.*—Jer. xxxi. 12.

THE works of judgment and purification being thus accomplished, the King's son, having received the diadem from his father's hands, established his royal throne in the City, and chose the east for the situation of his palace.

For a long time past the stronger citizens had laid violent hands upon the possessions of their weaker brethren, and had appropriated them, under the name of civilization ; hence the rights of property were in an uncertain state at the coming of the King's son. This state of things

had grown worse of latter years; and especially amongst the citizens of the western districts robbery of land and property on a large scale was avowedly popular. Many of these men used iron tools, and would enter the houses of quiet, decent-living persons, and so civilize them that the poor creatures were reduced to poverty or driven to destruction. These abominable practices were not only stopped, but the King's son also restored all things to their lawful owners.

He made the east the centre of the City, and set the bounds of the different streets and districts according to the numbers of the Guild of the Ancient-Exclusive-Craftsmen. Then the King's son sent his heralds up and down the whole of Progress, bidding the north give up, and the south not keep back, any members of this Guild; and he gathered them from its four quarters, and planted them in their ancient heritage. And they returned to obey the voice of the King of Eternity, to love him with all their heart and soul, and to do his commandments. The eastern part of the City was soon

rendered beautiful in the extreme, and became the joy of the whole of it. There men dwelt safely and in confidence, built houses and planted vineyards; and the citizens said that it was like a resurrection, as these men assembled in their ancient homes.

Judges and Counsellors were established throughout the whole City—honorable men, who love righteousness and hate iniquity, with souls above bribery and unmoved by false witness. The sceptre of the King's son was a sceptre of equity, and under him the princes ruled in judgment and were examples to those they governed.

The King's son also built a perfect Temple in the east, which was the centre of the worship of the City. Its foundation was immoveable strength, and its adorning wisdom and power looking upon victory; and these were placed through all the house round about. This Temple was very great indeed; and holiness was there. When it was completed, the glory of the Everlasting City filled its lovely courts and illumined its many chambers; and the whole of

the City shone with its brightness. From under the threshold of this Temple a stream of pure and healing water issued, carrying joy into all the streets; and the citizens, drinking of this sparkling river, thirsted no more for the waters of Vanity, which their fathers had so greatly valued. On either bank of this river Trees of Grace were planted, the leaves of which were evergreen and the fruits of which were ever fresh. And men ate the fruits and used the leaves for medicine.

The terrible epidemics, Immoralities, Robberies, Tumults, Wars, Murders, and the like, which the doctors of former days had sought in vain to eradicate, were no longer in existence; and the disorders of the inner man, Lust-of-the-Flesh, Lust-of-the-Eyes, and Pride-of-Life, which it was said the Tree of Knowledge would cure, disappeared under the touch of the King's son; and wisdom and knowledge were the stability of the times.

The old Observatory was pulled down, and the ancient Telescope, called Reason, was supplanted

by a far finer one, bearing the same name. The four great Broadways were re-named Satisfaction, Contentment, Gladness, and Perfection; and the will of the Father of the King was done throughout the streets. Ignorance was banished, and the healthy-minded knowledge of past days was increased a hundredfold; so that the former wisdom of the Wise Men was regarded merely as the graspings of the babe, whose feeble fingers cannot hold firmly, and whose immature mind knows not the substance of that at which its hand clutches.

There were no longer in the City rich men to hoard for corrupting moth and rust, nor thieves to break in and steal. Poverty existed no longer, oppression ceased—all had enough, and to spare; and none coveted his neighbour's goods, for all were satisfied. Neither did any man either vex or envy his neighbour. None strove with his fellow, and the weapons of war were cast aside.

The pride of the western districts of the City gave way to gratitude, the coarseness of the

north to tenderness, the looseness of the south to honesty; while the exclusivism of the east was turned into streams of liberality, which flowed over the whole of the City.

The hearts of the citizens were content; they loved each other, and they loved their lot. Sorrow and sickness fled from every home, and terror from each soul. The voice of weeping and the voice of crying was heard no more, but the songs of children rose continually. The name of the King's son was praised in the dance, and sung to the harp and timbrel. The strong used their energy for goodness, and the aged knew not infirmity. The streets of the City were full of boys and girls playing, and old men and old women dwelt there in peace.

By the order of the King, the Way-of-all-Flesh was closed; nor was it opened save at his express command, and then only upon such as would perversely reject the good and choose the evil.

Even the dumb animals felt the blessings of

the reign of the King's son. Those which had been fierce, became gentle—they neither hurt nor destroyed, nor were little children afraid of them. Those which had been fearful, became trustful, and trembled not at men, and their groans and miseries ceased.

And more than this. The very character of the soil whereupon the City was built underwent a change. Instead of the thorn, came up the fir-tree; instead of the brier, the myrtle. In the fields around the City, the ploughman overtook the reaper; and in the vineyards, the treader of grapes him who planted the young vines.

The solitary places became joyful, and the desolate places blossomed as the rose; the fruits of the earth yielded their abundance, and the fields gave their increase unblighted. The remembrance of what the Garden of Delights had been, came to mind, yet the end was confessedly far more beautiful and glorious than the beginning.

Thus the great and noble plan of the King's son was perfected,—his father's will was done

in the City over which he reigned, even as it was in the Everlasting City; and the citizens of both cities held converse with each other, and rejoiced exceedingly in each other's joy. It was the time of reconciliation and of peace. The glory of the Everlasting City shone over all, and, from the palaces of the King's son to the humblest abode, all homes rejoiced in its light. The songs of one City were learned and sung in the other, and perfect harmony pervaded both. The sun had risen with healing in his wings, and the long, long day was cloudless. Former things were forgotten; sorrow and sighing fled away. The citizens loved their King, and spoke of him as the Mighty Counsellor and the Prince of Peace. The goal of their desires was reached, and the expectations of all were more than realized. Hence, by common consent, they no longer called their City by its old name, for that, said they, implied imperfection, but they named it

THE CITY OF REST.