

can go farther. They have extended our scientific possibilities with microscopic amplification. Just as easily as your astronomers calculate the experience of a comet, ours calculate exactly the experience of the human atom."

"On Earth the few who believe, call this 'Solar Biology,' but those who do not, call it 'Astrology,' and very few outside of lunatic asylums pay any heed to such calculations."

"Because as yet the best on Earth have but a paltry, half-blind idea of the real effects of planetary influences. Your predictors are more often wrong than right because the subject is too vast for them. Your 'Zadkiels' and 'Raphaels'; your 'Orions' and 'Ruthiels' would be immeasurably distanced in prophetic foresight, if pitted for five minutes against our children of five years of age."*

"What you say leads me to look with respect on what I have hitherto sneered at," I remarked. "Be it my task when I return to Earth, to study this science with us at least as ancient as the days of Joseph, the son of Jacob. But you have not yet told me what evil news your friends, the visionaries, had to communicate."

"They uttered words of warning—which I shall not heed—bidding me understand that the end of our affection must be inauspicious and grievous."

"But why?"

"It were needless to enter into scientific details. Suffice it to say, that the positions of the various orbs that go to make up the aggregate of the Universe were ominous at the moment of our meeting. The seers accordingly forecast an evil end to our acquaintance."

"Evil shall never befall Myrina if I can obviate it," was my reply. "Therefore this moment, it becometh me, as one worthy of her affection, to bid Myrina farewell until permitted once more again to visit her—as a spirit, from beyond the grave."

"Stay, thou daring one. Check for a moment thy adventurous spirit, which would, without a thought of the consequences, attempt the accomplishment of that which would bring everlasting grief on us both." Myrina could read my thoughts, which at that moment were those of the life destroyer. "Was it for this, think you," she exclaimed, clutching at both my hands, "that I watched over and loved thee from thy earliest hours? Was it for this that I separated thee from thy kind, and finally allured thee to attempt and accomplish a journey that other earth-men, wooed by Martian maidens, have never dared do more than dream of? Was it not for me to count the cost beforehand, and shall I now fear aught that can come upon

me? See, here is the scheme of heaven;" and Myrina drew from her bosom a paper on which the whole heavens were delineated at the moment of our first meeting. We sat for a short time in silent contemplation of it.

"Seest thou not Seybold, that this scheme is more lenient to thee than me? Thy lines will fall in pleasant places when mine are for ever obliterated. Because it is so, and Seybold has little to fear, I am unwavering in my desire for thy continued presence. Whilst we are permitted, let us stay near each other. If ruin or death is to overtake me, I trust, I prefer, I pray that it o'ertake me in thy arms or at thy feet."

To such pleadings earth-love could have but one answer. It was the same on Mars. Self abnegation, that most difficult of virtues, raised my beloved infinitely in my estimation. What but caresses might seal such a bond? In them, we forgot the sword that was lifted over us; so soon to smite. It was most natural, too, for us as lovers to forget. The world may have a theory that love has regained his sight, grown old and obese, had his wings clipped, and changed his bow and arrows for a cheque book. I tell you it is only a theory. What is more, I am ready to assert that the world lies to its face! Because what you designate by the sacred name of love prefers gold to goodness of heart, appetite to affection, lust to love, is that any reason I should? Because love is to you a jest must the rest of the world be debarred from viewing it as a passion worthy of its most serious attention? To love, I take it, is a sacred duty that one owes, not only to another, but to oneself. It gives a zest to, and makes life worth living. Never separate, ye happy lovers!

"Let each be dear to each, and as nothing count the rest,
I myself have sometimes been by a lover's ardor blest,
And then I'd not have changed for any palace here below,
Or for all that in the heavens in their lustrous splendor glow."

Love is the sun of existence. Without it, human life would be as great a blank as earth-life with the natural sun blotted out.

"Come see where and how we live," said Myrina, the smiles returning to her beautiful face as she rose, taking my hand.

We passed from the conservatory, the portals at the end nearest the house opening at our approach and closing behind us by springs set in the floor. From the conservatory, a hall opened whose length, to my finite ideas, seemed almost infinite. Around this hall ran a second gallery, reached by staircases, in it being ranged the book lore of Martian sages, dealing not only with the affairs and history of their own planet, but with those of all other inhabited worlds. Here of

course I saw ranged in many volumes "The History of the Earth." In these, many names that we delight to honor and speak of with enthusiasm, I found written down as tyrants and villains; while many names ignored or unknown to the world, found place among the lines recording virtuous acts and honorable exploits.

To get a book on the subject of Druidical temples, of which Stonehenge forms so important a relic, Myrina had to proceed to a corner of the gallery which lay in shadow. At her approach, there was a sudden "click" and immediately the whole neighborhood became as light as day. What was the cause? The "click" was due to an electric spark, struck by Myrina from her fingers, but the light itself proceeded from a jet of natural gas, with which many of the Martian mansions are lit. Drilling has, of course, to be continued many thousands of feet below the surface ere a pocket of this inflammable material is reached, but when it is reached, it often proves practically inexhaustible, and, under perfect control, is conducted through pipes of various sizes, similar to those used by our gas companies, through the houses and streets, forming an admirable adjunct to electric and solar lighting and heating almost everywhere.

Descending to the ground floor again, I found it covered in the centre with triumphs of the sculptor's art. These were not, as with us, everlasting repetitions of a certain ideal of the human form. The Martian sculptor aims at higher realizations. He presents the observer with exact representations of actual specimens of the Martian race from its first inception; from its creation, through every stage of existence and developmental progress up to the present highest type of intelligence. The race, I saw, had grown, not shorter, but taller and broader, with each æon of existence, during which the atmosphere had become rarer and rarer, and exerted, in consequence, less and less pressure.

Martian sculpture has even yet a wider range. Grouped around each specimen of human progress, were its accessories also, cut in imperishable material. First the open houses, erected as a shade from tropical suns and a protection from tropical showers, with animals similar to those we credit to our latest pre-historic period; then the houses closed all around but furnished with broad verandahs and projecting roofs fitted to effectually screen the then residents from the sub-tropical sun of noon-day, and to shelter them, if needed, from the chill airs of night. Next came houses somewhat similar to those now in use on Earth; then others with thick walls, double doors and windows; next a return to less substantial buildings, when improved appliances in the shape of heating and heating apparatus

* Five Martian years of 1 year and 10½ months—according to earth-reckoning—is here meant.