

FOR THE LAMP.

SETTLING ACCOUNTS.

A DREAM.

I had the sense of fuller knowledge, and a keener appreciation of the significance and relationship of things. A wider understanding seemed to enable me to gain vastly more from an ordinary statement than I had ever supposed possible. I had apparently at my command such wisdom and gravity of demeanour as might not be attained except after a long and studious life.

The building in which I found myself appeared to form one of a group, and had the air of a Museum or Library, or some such public building. The rooms were lofty and broad, and lighted by large, uncurtained windows. There were no books visible, but I had the impression of records existing in the drawers that filled the counters which were ranged upon the spacious floors. A few men moved about restlessly. An air of unquiet and discomfort seemed to hang over everything, a feeling of desertion and desolation, as though the population had fled from the city.

Outside, drifts of snow flew past the windows. The sky was overcast and gloomy. One involuntarily shivered at the dreary prospect. We were near the sea. The higher rigging and spars of shipping were to be seen from where we stood. The weather was either unseasonable or unwonted. All wore light clothing unfitted to the temperature. Here and there a few people stood together, conversing anxiously.

I passed into another room where I found some persons talking, "The wires are completely out of order," one said. "All sorts of currents are flying back and forward, but we can get no messages. The electric services are quite useless."

Another man came up and some one asked, "How are the compasses now?"

"The needles are all pointing due east," he replied.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the profound effect this statement had upon me. I seemed to realize in one instant all that could possibly be implied by it, and yet before I had any

time to coherently formulate the ideas that poured into my mind, my attention was arrested by a greater shock.

The faces about me paled. I was conscious of the very presence of Doom. A sound such as language utterly fails to echo, shook the earth and rent the air, and grew in volume, and roared about us. All the artillery and all the effects of mighty explosions multiplied a thousandfold: all the thunders that ever crashed, uttered together and continued without interruption; a million Niagaras pouring their floods in one tremendous and unceasing discharge; the avalanches of all the Alps rolled valleywards in one precipitate plunge of grinding horror; these but weaken by their detail the vast and awful unity of tone of this last ominous word of the voice of Nature. The earth swayed and melted. The mountains may have bowed together. A sense of the passing out of existence of all solid things was followed by a rush of waters and the overwhelming weight of an ocean whose crests curled heavenwards, then broke and quenched out all life in the blackness and darkness of oblivion.

IRIS H. HILL.

A NEW MAGAZINE.**"ISIS"**

THE Theosophical Society in Europe (England), has arranged to issue a new magazine devoted to the Occult; price fifteen cents monthly.

THE LAMP has accepted the Canadian agency for this important publication, which will number among its contributors Mr. W. Q. Judge, Jasper Niemand, Dr. Buck, Dr. Hartmann, Dr. Coryn, Dr. Keightley, Messrs. Hargrove, Patterson, etc.

"ISIS"

Will deal with the teachings of the Secret Doctrine, as far as possible, in the spirit in which they were delivered by H. P. Blavatsky, and it will endeavour to render theosophy a living reality to the student.

THE LAMP will book subscribers at \$1.50 per year, and for this amount will include one year's subscription to THE LAMP.

"ISIS" is now for sale. Sample copies will be sent on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.

Address,

THE LAMP,

157 Bay Street,

TORONTO, ONT.