

sentative idea. And in supernormal states, in conditions where clairvoyant and prophetic powers are exhibited, the soul may be *en rapport*, to some extent, with that ultimate order of being in which the past, present, and future exist in one indivisible unity, wherein is seen, as in a picture, we will suppose, those events which to us now appear to be separated by definite periods of duration. We conceive our position "between two eternities"; but there is only one eternity, and that we may assume is the time of the *eternal present*.

If these considerations do not help us to understand how the mind can perceive events which, from our point of view, have not yet occurred, they may help us to see that conceivability is not the limit of possibility. Under conditions that are inconceivable, but possible,—and some thinkers would say probable,—the soul may know the future as well as the past. As we approach or come under the influence of these conditions, even while the mind is partially eclipsed by the opaqueness of the body, we may catch glimpses of the future, and thereby obtain knowledge which no mere study of the calculable order of nature can give.

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### THE DEATH OF DAY.

BY ALONZO LEORA RICE, RAY'S CROSSING, INDIANA.

"Sweet day! so calm, so cool, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;  
For thou must die." —*Herbert.*

An hour ago two giants met in strife,—  
Two giants, Day and Night, and Night has won;  
For all the west is crimson with the tide  
Of fair and stately Day, that smiled serene  
On all the world from his gay chariot.

His reign was one of plenteousness. The birds.  
Saluted his high coming in the east,  
With countless songs of charming eloquence;  
The loyal dewdrops, at his kingly touch,  
Paid tribute with a million sparkling gems.  
And, in his glance, the yellow-belted bees  
Hummed in their Eldorado of sweet bloom,  
While mists of morning built their altars high,  
And offered up oblations of the world!

The streams run crimson that at noontide flashed  
The burnished beauty of his golden shield;  
The hills whereat he tossed his sunny spears.  
Lift far on high their reddened peaks; the field  
Incarnadines the panes that westward look.