

are the depositaries. The awakening is upon us. It will come, bringing, not the peace of spiritual coma, but the sword of spiritual wrestling, of inquiry, and upheaval. Our brother here, as he has said, has lived a great life; but in a sense which never occurred to his lowly spirit. Sometime, better than now, this will be known. The exploiters of the people; those who force men to fix their eyes upon the muck-rake of their living, so that they can not spiritually live—these are strong. But the time is coming when 'the strong shall be as tow, and his work as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them!'"

This story, as the reader was warned, ended with the last chapter. Whoso has read further, has done so at his own risk. What of the new Reformation? Perhaps we have said enough of that. Let us only add, that the grave in the humble cemetery possesses a curious attraction for many people. The sexton looks in wonder at the path, worn by the feet of common-looking folk, which leads to it, as to a shrine. Who knows what dynamic thoughts may be in the heads of some of them? Sometimes the sexton sees a slender woman there, accompanied by a curly-haired, growing girl, with blue eyes. And sometimes comes a stocky man with graying hair, with a stately woman whose great luminous eyes are as black as the sky of night. They come and go together.

THE END