

THE QUEST OF A HUMAN SOUL.

*(For the Review.)*By **GEORGE V. WELLS.**

A human soul traveling from the unknown into the Present, searching for an abiding place, came one day to Earth. The Father had sent the soul although it knew it not. The Father was guiding it, but the soul was blind and saw it not. It but followed the universal instinct of souls, and winged its way through space seeking a resting place—a haven that promised rest and ease.

It paused before a lowly cottage near a giant manufactory, where the clang of the hammers and the grinding of the wheels and the smoke of the furnaces never ceased, but persisted night and day.

The soul saw within the cottage a woman lying upon a bed of pain, and while it was yet hours until dawn, it saw a man just arising from a scanty meal, grasping a square dinner pail and leaving the cottage to go into the whirlpool amid the grinding wheels, where he would toil till night for the pittance which kept hunger and cold from the inmates of the little cottage. A little girl, but little higher than the table from which the man had eaten his morning meal, ministered to the woman upon the bed of pain, and did her best to bring order and neatness to the two rooms of the little cottage.

The soul, seeing these things, savoring of nothing but hard and unremitting toil with scanty recompense, shuddered within itself and thought, "I cannot linger here. There can be no rest in such a barren place as this. Peace cannot live in the midst of such bare and sordid surroundings. I must go further to find a dwelling place."

The little girl busied herself with her homely household duties, the woman moaned upon her bed of pain, and the soul winged its way to other scenes.

Far, far away from the murky atmosphere of the factory district, amid murmuring leaves of stately forest trees, where the air was perfumed with the odor of fragrant flowers that grew and made brilliant a velvety lawn, the soul paused once more in its silent flight—paused in contemplation before a lordly mansion.

Lights gleamed from every window of the palace, and within its walls human souls disguised and masked in elegant and costly apparel passed back and forth from room to room, mingling gaily in banquet hall or circling lightly round the ballroom floor. Laughter and song resounded through the elegant apartments. Quip and jest passed freely from lip to lip, and upon the surface of things it seemed that our searching soul had found a peaceful dwelling place.

But the soul saw beneath the gilding of the surface, and paused again in deepest thought. At the back door of the palace a ragged beggar sought a crust of bread and was repelled by a servant that had not long ago himself begged for a position in the palace. In the elegantly furnished library of the palace the master of the house bowed his head upon his hands and cringed

with craven fear at the thought of an impending financial crisis that threatened to deprive him of his unearned wealth.

In the ballroom envy and hatred brought frowns to brows that should have been smooth, and angry gleams to eyes that should have been soft and love-lit. Sordid and defeated ambition brought pain to hearts that should have been filled with kindness to fellowmen, and slander and backbiting made the very air of the palace lurid with wicked thoughts.

The wandering soul paused and considered in dismay. Again it formed its thoughts: "I cannot seek an abiding place here. There is no peace within these walls. Needless anxiety and craven fear of material loss poisons the palatial atmosphere. Envy and hatred rule the hour. The things of earth that crumble to dust are worshipped here, and the things that perish not are wholly forgotten. I cannot rest here. I will go farther and seek that peace that passeth all understanding."

But the soul wandered far and wide over all the earth and found no peace. It compassed land and sea, and everywhere it found strife and confusion and hatred and envy among the children of men, because the treasures of earth that the moths consume and the rust corrupts are valued more than the treasures of Heaven.

In utter despair the soul wended its way back to the Father that sent it. The Father in His infinite wisdom comforted the wandering soul.

"Go back!" he said. "Go back to the little cottage near the great factory. Look once again at the man with the dinner pail. Gaze once more upon the woman lying upon the bed of pain. Observe the little girl in her ministrations to the afflicted, and take the lesson to thyself. There is no rest but that which follows service. There is no peace but that which follows suffering. You will then have learned in advance the lesson that many travel weary years to know. Go forth and live the life that I have given thee. There is no possible evasion of the law of service. Peace and happiness spring alone from the observance of that law. My people must learn it both individually and collectively before they can attain the Kingdom upon Earth that I their Father have promised them."

OUR ABUNDANT OPPORTUNITIES.

(For the Review.)

BY JANE DEARBORN MILLS.

In the May-June, 1908, number of the REVIEW, Mrs. Eliza Stowe Twitchell had a letter which I have wanted ever since, to comment on in your columns, but have until now been prevented from doing so. She gives a hint there of how to utilize, for Single Tax purposes, certain statements made by those not Single Taxers, and perhaps really opposed to us. Her suggestions seem