

and enjoys robust health in a greater degree than most men. His own firm conviction is that he was dead—in fact, they buried him—and was restored to life by a Nazarene physician of his tribe, whose voice of command his spirit heard, saying, 'Lazarus, come forth, arise!' and he did arise and came forth from the recesses of the silent tomb." Karshish then expressed to his master and friend his own professional view of the case. "'Tis but a case," he says. "of mania, subinduced by epilepsy—a trance prolonged unduly some three days, when by the exhibition of some drug, or spell, exorcization, stroke of art, unknown to me—and which 'twere well to know—the evil thing out-breaking all at once, left the man whole and sound in body indeed, but the soul (just returned from death, and newly established in the body) open to the conceits and faucy scrawls, which entered and became so impressed upon it that they could not subsequently be erased—such cases are diurnal, you will say. Not so this figment, which instead of giving way to time and health, eats itself into the life of life, as saffron tingeth flesh, blood, bones and all. For see how he takes up his after life.

Some elders of his tribe (I should premise) led in their friend, obedient as a sheep, to bear my inquisition. This grown man eyes the world now like a child. While they spoke and gave their statement of the case, he listened not—except I spoke to him—but folded his hands and let them talk, watching the flies that buzzed. And that's a sample how his years must go. The golden mean is lost to such a one. His fantastic will is the man's law.

Let us say he *has* knowledge increased beyond the fleshy faculty :

Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,
Earth's forced on a soul's use while seeing
Heaven.

The value and proportion of things is lost to such a man. Discourse to him of events happening in the world, whether great or trifling, he is uninterested; and even should

his child sicken to death, he continues to exercise the trade by which he earns his daily bread with unabated cheerfulness. But he is impatient at ignorance, carelessness, and sin; while a word, gesture, or gleam from the same child will startle him to an agony of fear. He appears conscious of a glory which he may not enter yet, . . .

The spiritual life around the earthly life :
The law of *that* is known to him as *this*,
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here.

The man is, in consequence, perplexed with impulses. His soul often springs in his face, as if he saw and heard again the Sage who bade him 'Rise!' and he did rise. Then something within would appear to admonish him, and he would become silent, submissive to the heavenly view, waiting patiently for that same death, which must restore the equilibrium of his being."

Karshish then thinks his master Abib would enquire why he had not before sought out the Sage himself, the Nazarene who wrought the cure, and enquire and confer with Him in the frankness that befits the learned. "Alas!" he replies, "it grieveth me to tell you, the learned leech perished in a tumult many years ago, accused—learning's fate—of wizardry, rebellion, the setting up of a rule and creed prodigious—as described to me. His death was wrought by the mad people—that's their wont! Perhaps on a vain appeal for miraculous help. That's their way! The other imputations must be lies; but, take one as a sample, though I loathe to give it thee in mere respect for any good man's fame." ("And, after all," Karshish says in parenthesis, "our patient Lazarus is stark mad. Should we count on what he says? Perhaps not; though in writing to a leech it is well to keep back nothing of a case.) This man, then, Lazarus, so cured regards the curer as—God forgive me!—who, but God Himself, Creator and Sustainer of the world, who came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile. But why write," he continues, "of such trivial matter when things of price call at every moment for remark." He then gives his observations of things likely be of use