

**TWIN SOULS: A  
PSYCHIC  
ROMANCE**

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Twin Souls: A Psychic Romance by Henry D. Northrop

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**HENRY D. NORTHROP**

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ROMANCE**



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A

PSYCHIC ROMANCE

BY

HENRY D. NORTHROP

PHILADELPHIA

A. S. HATHEWAY & CO.

111 North Fifteenth Street



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AMONG the dreamy groves and vales of Greece,  
Dwelt Psyche, young god Cupid's love and  
pride,

A maid to whom no charm had been denied,  
Eyes deep with spirit, head a golden fleece,  
Whom jealous Venus fanged and robbed of peace.

Loved, lovely goddess, day by day she died,  
Yet, of immortal life the deathless bride,  
Through gates of light she sprang to her release.  
So—says the story—fares the sighing soul,

All whitened in the bath of cleansing fire,  
Eager to gain the laurel and the goal,

And in its great quest ever struggling higher.  
Well for thee, soul, to dwell where pangs have birth,  
Be schooled, and then rise, mistress over earth!

## Scene I.

### A Summer Resort by the Sea.

#### I

IT was the gala time of June,  
Earth, air and sky in rhythmic tune,  
Life throbbing in the stem and leaf,  
Young cereals hasting to the sheaf,  
Birds fluting to the pearly dawn,  
Blithe children chirping on the lawn,  
The myriad wheels in summer's loom  
All humming, with a movement free,  
To weave the green, to weave the bloom,  
Of virgin dress from sea to sea.

#### II

By dreams of relaxation led, -  
Conrad the wearying town had fled,  
As in old fables that relate  
The Grecian god's propitious fate,

Great Hercules unbound the chain,  
 And gave Prometheus life again:  
 Fled from the din, dust, merchandise,  
 To winds, to clouds, to vales, to skies,  
 And where the proud, high-vaulting sea  
 Wars with scarred cliffs, God's masonry.

There purple mists creep o'er the main,  
 There white sails go and come again,  
 Sweet sea-songs lull the dreamy night,  
 The whitecaps dawn with morning's light,  
 The great sun, hot and fiery red,  
 Sinks down into his ocean bed,  
 And straight, from where he dips his rim  
 Beneath the far horizon dim,  
 A rosy path, traced by his beams,  
 Athwart the waters brightly gleams,  
 As if it were a heavenly street,  
 Paved o'er the brine for angels' feet.

### III

"On time, I see," did Conrad say,

"He promised he would write to-day."

... *He opens and reads a letter.*