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OR THE

ADVENTURES OF EDWARD FOSTER.

The Enthusiast, the Philosopher, and the Loner

BY CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN.

CHAPTER XIII.

From the time of the death of Mrs Foster to the time of the conclusion of our story, the events which intervened were so numerous, and yet, except a few of them, so much of a character with the common lot of life, that we are moved to record only so much as relates to the prominent principles inculcated in this narrative. There were a few things—two in particular—that occurred to Edward, that now become of special interest, and will lead to the conclusion of the whole matter.

I should remark, however, first, that the death of his wife had such an effect upon him as to cause him, more than ever, to indulge in the most speculative and solitary reflections. All the powers of his abstract and metaphysical nature seemed now to be called into complete play, and he was able to develop more fully those subjects to those spiritual phenomena which sometimes occult things, which, in a former period of his life, were more the matters of reflection than of personal experience. His dreams, his occasional sights, such as the figure in black which he saw in Woodstock, had only, previous to this, furnished him with themes of reflection on the wonderful and mysterious operations of the soul; but now, in his extreme loneliness, with no one but the little boy, of all the family he had been accustomed to, he would more frequently find himself the subject of those mysterious operations which are sought to be explained by various theories, and which, in these later days, have so engrossed the minds of psychology. Once, in particular, he saw—in what place we do not know—could not tell—the figure of a beautiful female, of more than mortal loveliness, float before him, which made him think of his first love—the departed Mrs. Willard. But yet there was a most distinct impression that it was not her. Several first appearances of it, it was repeated several times, until at last he was enabled to distinguish it appeared to him a state between sleep and wake. One day, after dinner, he fell asleep in his chair and saw it. And the singularity of it was the distinct impression that always accompanied it that it was not Mrs. Willard. Sometimes it appeared more, sometimes less distinct. What it really was it is impossible to say. He told it to Goodman, but he could not divine. It seemed an absolute fate with him to be always haunted with visions of the beautiful. Despite all his experience of bitter misery, and all the disappointments which accompanied his devotions to this capricious goddess, still the vision haunted him. Was it that the impulses of his mind, or his imagination, or his feelings, gave him the power of their extreme activity, take to themselves form, and project themselves to his inner sense in such images of beauty? Or was it that by some supernatural influence he was made the victim of his devotions to mere outward forms? He almost dreaded the influence sometimes assuming the paraking of an infernal spirit, as it were.

He loved to dwell never, even in his thoughts like it before, and he could not divert himself of the mysterious influence which it wrought in his mind. Once or twice he tried to sketch an outline of it, but he could not sufficiently imitate it on account of its changing appearance. He told the vision to Willard, and tried to have him sketch it. But he could not draw from him, and drew from him another caution not to be so hallucinated by mere forms of the beautiful.

Foster kept this in his mind, but was shy of speaking of it, except to Goodman and Willard. It was a day-dream and a night-dream to him. The figure never appeared but four or five times in full distinctness, but this was enough to imprint the memory of it indelibly upon his mind; and there it lived, for good or evil omen.

He tried now to turn his thoughts as much as possible from anything that could awaken unpleasant recollections, and gave himself to works of true usefulness. The memory of his wife was with him for a similar influence. The more he thought of her, and the results of their union, the more he was convinced that he had not been afflicted in vain; and the sufferings of his former life were hallowed and sanctified by the reflection

of her last days, and the holy interest and affection that then existed between them. With these thoughts he determined to consecrate himself more and more to religion. Although there was no church with which he could unite in full faith, yet he was always convinced of the existence of important truths in all religions, and even the Christian Church, and his conviction for its sacred mysteries, its deep spiritualities, and its appreciation of the power of art to embody and represent the holy and beautiful things of faith. So, under the influence of Goodman, he resolved to go to church with him, and, if possible, take an active part in the promotion of the religious culture of the young. Goodman had recently joined the Baptist church, and he had always attended there, but he was united with a Unitarian congregation. Not that he had come to agree fully with that form of doctrine, but that his inquiries had led him to a freer and more philosophical habit of mind, and inclined him to depart very much from what are called the old landmarks. Still, both he and Foster felt the operation and need of a deeper religion than any of the churches of the city could minister to, although they found here a practical element and some encouragement to higher things. In this church, too, Foster could, without compromising conscience at all, engage in teaching the principles of religion to the youthful mind. Especially, as it was understood to take a somewhat higher stand in doctrinal matters than some other churches of the same denomination, both he and Goodman could engage in it untripped.

It was here, in the Sabbath school of this church, that Foster was brought in contact with the first of his great friends. An excellent lady who had been pointed out to him some time before, and who had so distinguished herself as a teacher and a philanthropist. As he looked upon her, so very homely and yet so marked for the goodness and force of her character, he found a new occasion for the contemplation of his old theme. "And it is possible," said he, "that this creature should be so different from what a true system of order and arrangement would have appeared to me. To Foster's eye, and had he been the master of the universe, she should have been decked out in the most gorgeous and beautiful array, altogether becoming the soul that spoke through her. And yet, almost every feature about her was distinguished for its deformity. She was really very repulsive to the stranger. After an acquaintance, the repulsive

centures, as usual, would lose their prominence, and, something of the character shining through, she would appear not disagreeable. Her first view was anything but inviting. She had coarse skin, rather large features, sandy hair, a forehead full and rather even, but disfigured by an ugly black wart, and absolutely much darker on one side than on the other, as though some malignant disease had settled in that side of her head; large, grey eyes, which, in another face, might have helped out the beauty of the countenance, but here only glimmered in a dreary, lonely light; nose, thick at its root and perceptibly flattened at the other extremity; large, thick lips; long and broad chin; and a form and general countenance indicative of not the slightest refinement. Of course, there was refinement in her manners, and a certain grace in her eyes, which told of intelligence and spirit. It was not in her manner, but in her exceeding richness. There is a power in the voice which reveals character, frequently, when nothing else will. Foster had often remarked this. It seems to correspond to the affections. While the words that are uttered indicate thought, the tone in which they are uttered often betrays more than all that is said. Corresponding to the subtleties of the mind, there is a varied quality of the affections, hence it is that the sounds of different kinds have such power to affect us, and that music, in particular, is capable of awakening almost every sentiment and passion of which the heart is susceptible. The voice, in fact, far more than the eye, which is usually thought to be the most expressive feature, is most expressive of the inmost of the soul. The eye relates more to the outward, and the voice to the outposts of the body, and is expressive of more or less vivacity, brightness, penetration, &c., and of affection in a less degree. I own that it often gives most bewitching and overpowering glances; but the voice is an outflow from the deeper recesses of the body, and by correspondence, from the deeper interior depths of the soul. It speaks directly to the fullness of the heart, and one can listen to it, in its varied modulations of grief, good-will, sympathy, friendship, hatred, anger, despair, hope, gladness, devotion, without being impressed with its immediate and close connection with the whole affectional nature.

Now, Foster's intuitions at once detected this one characteristic in this otherwise most disagreeable person. There was a tone and melody about her which was very rich. It was like the soft sounds of the flute through some thick, craggy forest. When she spoke, it was without affectation, and with manifest sincerity. It was the music of the heart. But when she opened her mouth, he sure it was not to display a fine set of teeth. For these, though generally sound and healthy, were often torn loose or irregular. But the opening of her mouth was the signal for all within hearing to be in sympathy with the sweetness and goodness of her disposition and her intelligent spirit.

ner intelligent spirit. The person mentioned about this person was a manifest grave of manner which indicated refinement of mind. She was one of whom it might sometimes be said—"The body spoke." Any one could see that, however unbecomingly in features and complexion, there was an expression which indicated that the person was a person of high ability. By the way, this thing that we call manner is not so superficial a thing as some are disposed to consider it. How often is it said of an agreeable person, in a light and trivial way, that so much is "mere manner," as though it were mere outside. It is not so. It is the expression of the mind, and it is not remarkable for depth of thought or eloquence of diction, it is said, frequently, that it is the "manner," chiefly, that makes him popular and attractive. Hence the proverb that "manner is matter." But it is to be observed that this is not the manner which we frequently speak of as being good. The manner, in fact, is the man himself, exhibited far more really than all he can say, ever so well or wisely. For, while the thoughts may be perfect, and the depth of his remarks characteristic of the strength and profundity of his intellect, still if it is accompanied by a cold, unbecomingly guarded, ungracious, or, at the worst, ungraceful expression and an unlovely voice, how will the man that is in the manness contradict the man that is in his remarks! Manner is matter, truly; and it is frequently the richer matter of the affections, of the most interior part of the mind, that is the matter of the manner. Hence, if they ever so beautiful and weighty, are only the matter of the intellect—thus quite superficial and unaccompanied frequently with a dowered and hollow heart. Of course there are exceptions to these remarks, as where, by some secretary or amanuensis, the manner of the man is not that of the man, and where there may be much more kindness and goodness than is expressed in it; but, generally speaking, the criterion here is given, and it is a true one, and to "mend the manners" is to mend the heart. It only requires a fair share of common sense to detect the falsity wherever it exists.

Now, with the lady in question, it was her manner, not only, that was beautiful. There was a beauty of life in her which could be Miss Prescott's presence five minutes without being impressed with more than ordinary weight of character. She seemed so good, too! I once caught one glance from her eye which was so expressive of affection that I never forgot it. It abided with me like some haloed influence from the skies. And I am sure the lady thought no more of it than of the air she breathed. I would have it understood, however, that even in manner she was not perfection. There was, I should say, a slight heaviness about her at times—an appearance of dullness—as though by her constitution, her spirit was drawn, when of itself it would have lightly ascended. But this was only occasional. Generally speaking, her manner and voice, with her intellectual culture, very much overpowered the first impressions of her exceedingly homely and unfortunate face.

Another thing to be noted was a certain untending, lurking beauty in that large, gray eye. It was not a handsome eye by any means, but lighted up as it was with so much of her soul, it wrought in the beholder a conviction of character, and shone with quite a decided beauty in those who could appreciate it.

This was all. She had no color to redeem this coarse and rough exterior; was of medium size, and about thirty years old. Her form was rather erect, and her step dignified.

Such was the Sabbath school teacher, the singer, the philanthropist and the occasional literary amateur. I am particular in her description on account of the connection which she came to have with the parties before mentioned.

This lady was distinguished: As soon as she was twenty years of age, she showed a decided preference for works of charity. Indeed, from a mere child she was distinguished for her loving and gentle disposition, and her readiness to assist the school children. She would frequently take the place of those who were put upon, abused or neglected by the other children, and thus early acquired the character of a generous and self-sacrificing girl. She used to be called "good little Grace." Her home was in the town of Somers, and she called her home "little Grace." But she never had an enemy. Had she been fine looking, she might have been envied; but no one envied her as she was. When arrived at the age of twenty,

she desired of her own accord to become a teacher in the Sabbath school, having early learned the value of knowledge and of herself, and realizing their importance. She continued from that time to the time of which we are now speaking—a period of ten years—to be one of its most active and efficient members. During that period she also proposed the establishment of a school for children, which, after being duly submitted to and approved by the congregation, was first commenced in her mother's house. But three or four children were at first collected, who were without parents, vagrants in the streets, and there she instructed regularly and gratuitously every afternoon except Mondays and Saturdays. But as their number increased, it was found advisable to have a school in a separate building, which was built, and the gathering more convenient for all. In the course of a few weeks, by her assiduity alone, as many as twenty children, mostly girls, were collected together and instructed in the rudiments of a moral and domestic education, with sewing, reading, writing, &c. It soon became necessary to enlarge the school, and the enterprise which was more than she could carry on alone; and as the children increased in numbers and the whole thing gave evidence of usefulness, so important to be neglected, application was then made to another charitable institution of its kind for character, and it was proposed to unite with the two existing schools, and the Misses Hilditch was retained as a teacher. She continued in this capacity for two or three years. Then she became interested in the culture of older and more advanced scholars, and resolved upon the establishment of a private school of her own, where she could not only impart the principles of the English education, but give particular attention to those moral and religious studies which were so neglected in the training of the young. For this purpose she resigned her position in the first mentioned establishment, and opened another school. This also was first commenced in her mother's house. She collected thirteen or fourteen more advanced scholars, with a small remnant of the younger children, who, with the small amount of estate in the north part of the city, who, with the income derived from this, and with the labor of her own hands, with the assistance of a son who was in a comfortable business of his own, contrived to support comfortably her mother and one or two daughters. She was first a schoolmistress, and then the number of scholars increased, and she was able to hire another room, and in a little time made the enterprise not only useful, but profitable. She could more than supported herself in this way; and it was a matter of joy to her that she could thus relieve her mother and sister, and that she was doing good to her family. Her occupation she followed for years. And none can estimate the amount of good accomplished in this way; first to poor and vagrant children, then to scholars of a more advanced culture, by rescuing them from sin and misery, and introducing and forming in their minds the principles of a true Christian morality, and thus saving them from destruction in the city, except those controlled exclusively by the Catholics, which she did not know of, and which received not her countenance and encouragement. And yet, on account of her unobtrusive manner and simple modesty, she was not the object of much public notice, but was quite unknown to the single-minded and mindless only, in general, to those who were more immediately benefited by her labors of love.

When sickness came to the neighborhood, she was one of the first to offer her services, and many were the beds of pain and languishment which were blessed by her attentions and lightened of their burden of suffering.

Her labors at home were not among the least of her good works. She diligently worked with her sister, who was twelve years younger than herself, to have her accomplished in everything that pertained to a thorough education, and would second her studies at school by her own labor out of school.

She was on many committees for the relief of the distressed, and many particular instances might be given of her forwardness in the cause of charity, in the aid of the oppressed, and in several enterprises of popular philanthropy such a command the attention of a city so noted for its works of this character.

We have said, perhaps, enough to show the
 mind and heart of Miss Prescott; and now it be-
 comes interesting to know of her association with
 Foster and Goodman in the Sabbath school. Suffice
 it to say that they were both equally delight-
 ed with the constancy, interest and effect with
 which she pursued her course, but, nevertheless,
 she was secretly conformed. There arose for her
 philosophy of the beautiful was really a poser to
 him, and it afforded both him and Goodman a
 small amount of secret morniment. Beautiful
 alas! in everything but the outward appearance
 and this—alas for the blunders of Dame Nature
 He could not exult upon it, but could only
 bewail it. Old Goodman could have been given
 to see the form of interior beauty which unob-
 nably dwelt in this unpromising outward case.
 Goodman took particular notice of her evident
 self-forgetfulness—of the absence of that painful
 self-consciousness which is the bane of so many
 persons. He would not have been able to see
 would light up her countenance when she per-
 ceived that a child had comprehended some dif-
 ficult subject which she had been earnestly trying
 to illustrate and to enforce upon its mind. But
 what more than all arrested Foster's attention
 were the tones of that rich, sweet voice, when
 he was singing. He would have been glad to
 smile to catch some of those unfastened and ex-
 alted strains; and a man with any music in his
 soul could not listen to them, frequently, without
 a sense of the melody of other climes, and
 charm not easily broken. Miss P. exerted her
 powers in this respect with good effect, both in
 her own singing and in her pupils. For she
 distinguished above all the rest in the choir; and
 as she poured it forth in the clear, strong tones of
 rich contralto, for her whole soul in it, it struck
 a chord in Foster's soul which vibrated in the deep-
 est union. Goodman, also, was under the power
 of it, and the more so, as they were all mutually
 acquainted. For the sake of Foster, therefore,
 they considered her as a marked object of inter-
 est, and would frequently discuss the matter in
 way which reflected very severely on the common
 judgments of mankind.

"I declare," said Foster, "if there is any evidence of sin having passed over such a world as this, it may be found in the faces and bodies of mankind. Nothing but sin, surely, could have given rise to such ugliness in its first inception. But in cases like these, what is the conclusion?—but that hereditary causes in the parents and grandparents have transmitted a form of outward deformity, while at the same time the spirit, if we could see it, would give the lie to the whole of it. I cannot give it up, that, in true order, both the internal and external must have

"You might as well give it up first as last," said Thomas, impatiently, who happened to over-
hear the remark. "The fact is, if a man will go
crazy on the matter of pictures and images, and
undertake to meddle with subjects so out
all human reach, the sooner he caves in the bet-
ter. If I were you, I would show a little sense
the rest of my days in keeping to substantial
matters." And he left the room in disgust.

Goodman, however, was willing to continue it

subject, for he felt that he had the positive and serious truth of it. "Yes," said he, "*an mus* have done it. But, then, this law of heredity does not operate so strangely sometimes, and the subject is so varied by circumstances, that we know not of, that it would not be right to charge the sinfulness of such productions to the immediate parents or grandparents of such persons. Take the case in hand, for instance. The mother of Miss Prescott was a noble woman, and her father was a man of propriety and virtue. But certainly, if we theorize aright, there must have been *somebody* in the line of descent—for aught I know a hundred years back—causes of spiritual deformity operating, which first produced physical deformity, and of the course of many crosses and re-crosses, has set its mark upon the blood of those who are spiritually very unlike the wearers of them."

Well, well, this perhaps is so. But I wish
could get rid of the confounded feeling I have
about it. I could have laughed with Thomas and
cried bravo, if it were not for this terrible sensi-
tiveness I have, and this absolute passion for
truth. You say, Goudah, you know yourself
that I am not so much of a hypocrite. It has
such a tremendous influence in the world. Why
is it that we cannot love such persons as we do
others? And yet I think that scarcely any man
could. We may be convinced ever so much that
the qualities of goodness and truth are in a per-
son, yet his exterior smoothness and forbidding
ways will love us hardly or not at all. And
yet there is something greatly wrong about it
but such facts will speak for themselves."

Yes, and that is certainly a misfortune to the
honest and virtuous, as well as to those who
cannot bestow their affections so readily. The
person of unsmooth and forbidding exterior suffers
for the want of that very love which his spirit so
richly deserves; and the person who withholdeth
that love suffers also from not being able to in-
crease his own. But it is a great deal to know the truth of the
matter—to know how true beauty of spirit
ways has its appropriate interior form, and will
shine in heaven in proportion to its goodness; these
We should not say that we cannot love such persons,
but that there is something about them which
which is so great, that it is almost impossible to
ever be drawn into sufficiently near connections
to inspire the sweetest love. A sufficient ac-
quaintance might do it even for them. But there
is always that in them which we can love in
certain degree, and still enough of character and
humor to command our dearest respect and
loyalty. But we might as well be plain about it
as to say that we cannot love them. We cannot
the very form of goodness itself, to say that
these fine emotions can as well exist without it
is to say that the form is of no consequence as
it is. It is, or God would never have had any
forms, or one form might answer for everything.
I have often told you that the outward form, or
the face, is different from a book, and that
magnificent with the qualities within. One of
sometimes said, "Beauty attracts love, but does
not retain it." If it were true, however, it would
retain it. You might as well say of a good book
that the cover is of no consequence at all. It is
for why do we bind them in handsome styles?
person, however, is different from a book, and
the cover of a book is merely artificial and mechan-
ical, while the face of a man or woman is Na-
ture's development, and ought always to tell the
truth. Nay, I go further. I maintain that the
matter of beauty is so important that it is an evi-
dence of depravity when a man is dead or in-
different to it. Depravity is a low cloth-
ing, and has no argument of color. It is
should you contemplate her with all that con-
placency and ardency? I could not; and the
same may be said of Nature's work. Of course
a true man may find a strong and delightful
affinity in the purely spiritual qualities of a woman,
yet still with a sacrifice to exterior deformity
—a part of the penalty attached to a world of sin
—and he will be wise to deny it; it is so. It is a positive
sacrifice."

Foster laughed outright. He had almost mind to summon Miss Prescott herself. "What said he," would she say to hear us talk thus? Do you think she cares anything at all about it? Do you think she feels unpleasantly about her own looks?"

"She would hardly be human if she did n't."
"I declare, I would like to propose this very subject to her."
"What, personal beauty?"
"Yes."
"Do it, but with caution."
"I will do it, if I live, if I ever get enough a

We must now observe here that both Foster and Goodman did get acquainted with her, and for several years she ranked among the very first of their circle of friends. They were frequently together in meetings connected with the Sabbath school, and in social private parties. Miss Prescott's appearance was far from being uninteresting though so very homely. And a further acquaintance with her very much diverted attention from her unbecoming face to the shining and dominant qualities within, so that she came to be one of the most agreeable and entertaining of any company which she might chance to adorn.

daily when he was not long before Foster got the chance to see her. She was a young woman, of the kind that he coveted. There had been a party of ladies and gentlemen at a fashionable house in E— street, and among others present was a young woman of exceeding amiability of person and of womanly powers of conversation. She was a woman of entertainment, but who had the misfortune to be lame, and to be under the necessity of using a crutch. She also was deformed in one shoulder, and could not express herself with perfect ease on account of a defect in the upper lip. She excited everybody's sympathy. Her character was well known, and she happened to be a friend of the lady who was performing a similar entertainment, at the house where Foster boarded. This gave occasion for some remark upon her at a time when Miss Prescott was present. Foster intended to draw her out, and he made this lady's case the subject of some comment for that purpose. I think, also, that Miss P. took the liberty of a sidelong application of a much wider range than was expected.

"If I understand," said she, "the bearing of your remarks, it is concerning personal appearance as connected with character. I have often thought this a matter worthy of some better philosophy than generally obtains; for in my opinion, one's looks are very significant. We are often deceived by them, but Paul speaks of the 'discerning of spirits.' This was a faculty, I believe, better known in the primitive and simpler ages than it is now. Yet the world has always had those in it who could exercise this gift, and I have read of a German by the name of Zschokke

who would frequently, when in company with a stranger, see so much in him very soon as to be able to tell him, in a manner that perfectly founded him, large portions of his past experience. I have read of several such instances. Indeed, it is not true that this is a faculty which is less in common to human nature, only it is more or less blunted and obscured by the thick coverings of flesh and sense? We all, at times, seem to be put in possession of persons' thoughts, even before they begin to express themselves, and therefore we know anything of them. May it not

just in proportion that the spirit operates independent of the body, as we can imagine it to do in the purer world." Indeed, I have frequently asked myself if it was ever intended that we should have this power of deception so as to be able to conceal ourselves so thoroughly from our associates. Is it not rather the effect of sin? If we were all pure and as we should be, we should have but little, comparatively, to conceal; and it is my opinion that, in a perfectly true state, here as in heaven, no one will have the power, either by design or accident, to deceive another, in any amount of personal deception. We were made, I think, to be more transparent to each other. We ought, in a true state, to be able always to see into each other's souls, except in cases of certain privacies which do not concern others, and which it is improper for them to know. In such a state there would not be that blundering there is in the dealing of blunders and transacting business. We certainly do need to know greatly of character; and yet it is almost impossible, frequently, without a long and blundering experience. Why not see it at once? Why not greater transparency? But this, I confess, would not do in the present state, for man's wickedness renders it necessary that much should be veiled from the transparent in darkness. If every body's thoughts could be written on their foreheads, there would be an end put to the present condition of things. The whole of society would be thrown into confusion. Our social state would go speedily to ruin. While, then, it is now a necessity that we should not be able to know each other so fully, yet this is only a corollary to existing states of wickedness; whereas, in a true order of things, the power of discerning spirits would be granted to every one, when occasion required, as a common gift and inheritance."

"I admire your views," said Foster, "and they apply admirably to the matter in hand. It is undoubtedly true that there is a way, deeply obstructed as it may now be, of penetrating more readily to the secret of the soul. But the precise point of our conversation was, why all this terrible antagonism between the outward appearance and the inward reality?"

"As to that," said Miss P. "I confess to much dissatisfaction. Yet I have given the subject considerable attention. I have never been able fully to solve the problem. It is important for us to remember, however, that, had we this gift of the discernment of spirits, we might not see things as they really are, but comprehend but perhaps why the outward appearance was frequently so different. I would have it observed, however, that this discrepancy is not so great as many think it is. We never see the extremes of depravity on the most excellent of the earth; we do not see murderers and adulterers and blasphemers and blasphemers with the look of demons. There is always something, either in face, form or expression—some tell-tale thing about a body, which accords with all our highest notions. Indeed, I think it much more so than we allow, frequently. But I am not theorized to clear up all difficulties. I understand that you are not a materialist, and I am perfectly willing to wait for the sights of heaven till I realize the joy and perfection of heaven. But I was going to remark—I have read with a good deal of satisfaction some speculations on the origin of verbal language. It is when men first saw, and said, 'this language is an instrument invented to convey thoughts.' Now, *verbal* language too frequently becomes prostituted in this manner. And so, indeed, does the language of the face and the expression. But it is said, and I have thought with a good deal of truthfulness, that the first woman—Adam's back—when she said, 'this language of the face could not have been practiced on the expression. And of course there must have been a time when such language was invented, or when it grew gradually from the wants of men. Now in the primitive, simplistic condition of the world, sincerity and truthfulness must have characterized the language of the face and the expression. But what did they do for language?"

When they had no such artificial language, we

When the mind of such Artificial languages as we have now, or when, at least, it was only rudimentary, in a few, comparatively, brief sounds and utterances, the form of expression and the motions of the face must have been more multiple, facile and more sincere. And with the exceptions alluded to, no one could have cherished a thought or wished to cherish any but what he was willing should shine forth in the face. This kind of discourse, perfected as it is capable of be-

kind of substance, present as the expression of being, and the expression of being, is the expression of being, from the eyes, lighting up and enlivening every feature, must, in so much, at least, have exceeded that of hearing or as the sight of a figure, except a verbal description of it. Such a description, however, is not a verbal description only, but a description of the angels of heaven, with the means of communicating thought they may be possessed of. And so long as man on earth continued to be influenced by a principle of rectitude and sincerity, so long such discourse in its simplicity remained; but as soon as sin entered longed for, and the mind began to think one thing and speak another, then verbal discourse began to exist and increase as we now have it, the face being either motionless or deceitful. Hence it was, then, that the internal form of the face was changed, and the face was no longer to be devoid of life. And, by natural consequence, the external face partook of the change that went on within; yet, being fired with a certain animal spirit, as well as somewhat of the soul, it retains, of course, a power of expression and of feeling, and is, therefore, a very different from the reigning interior principle.

Where have you ever read any such thing as

Where have you ever read any such theory as this?"

"In some of the writings of Swedenborg."
 "But you do n't believe in all *his* visions?"
 "I have n't said whether I do or not. I suppose
 one can be an eclectic in this world, where truth
 is so scarce, and sense lords it so over the spirit."
 "Excuse me, but I want to ask if you believe
 this account of the primitive men and of their

"So far as I can understand it, I do. It seems to me rea-son-able. And now, if there is any truth in these representations, and if not only verbal language, but the language of the face and the expression is so different from what it might be, ought to be in a true state, then perhaps we have a clue to the reason for the difficulty of the situation. The situation, I think, is that I have a little to say of. Mere flesh and blood I don't care so much about. For my part, it has never troubled me much, although I have given the matter a good deal of thought."

The conversation then turned to lighter matters, and Miss Prescott showed herself equally adept in the common socialities of the evening. After they had separated for that time, Foster said to Goodman—"I declare, that girl is a stunner. She beats all I have ever seen. She has got the germ of the whole matter."

"Foster, you will find your match in that girl. There is more sense in her little finger than that girl

"As to Miss Hunsman I have nothing to say, but that Miss Prescott—I value her acquaintance."

Time passed on; and the acquaintance grew

lished an operetta, entitled "Grandpa's Birthday," words by
Dexter Smith, music by C. A. White.
