

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. III.

{COLBY, FORSTER & COMPANY,}
{NO. 31-2 BRATTLE STREET.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1858.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,}
{PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.}

NO. 12.

Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light. A PRAYER IN SUMMER.

BY CORA WILKINS.

We worship Thee, Spirit of Love and Power!
Amid the glories of the Summer time,
From mount and dell, from forest-glen and dower,
Come whisperings fraught with wisdom's lore sublime.
The leaping waters, the deep, azure sky,
Enfold Thy glory—give Thy love's reply.
Father, 'neath the Summer air
Bow Thy children's hearts in prayer!

We worship Thee, Spirit of Love and Truth!
Soul of the Beautiful, the Grand and Free!
With all the ideal longing of first youth
For the veiled splendors of eternity,
We worship at Thy wildwood's hidden shrine,
And drink of knowledge at a fount divine.
Spirit! 'neath the sunlight thine
Bows th' adoring soul in prayer!

We worship Thee, Spirit of Love and Joy!
The weary soul bates in the Summer rays
Of joys supernatural; freed from earth's alloy,
It seeks Thee in the world-spirit's ways.
Of solitude and peace; there wakes the lyre,
Responding to the heart's intense desire.
Soul of the Universe! abiding there,
We bow to Thee in ecstasy of prayer!

We worship Thee, Spirit of Love and Peace!
The tokens of Thy bounty fill the world
With wealth and beauty; earth's dire phantoms cease
To haunt its homes; the Banner is unfurled;
It waves from mountain height and turret spire—
With Freedom's watchword bids the soul aspire.
All-Merciful! beneath Thy fostering care
We yield the license of responsive prayer!

We worship Thee, Spirit of Love and Life!
We bask in sun-rays from the Eternal Heart.
The angel smiles amid the worldly strife,
And leads the weary, wandering soul apart
From thorny paths—from suffering and pain,
Unto the realms of Summer's endless reign.
Inspire! the sweet flow'ers' breath—the air—
Thrills our spirits with the might of prayer!

We worship Thee, Spirit of all that is!
Father and Mother of all worlds that be!
The earth's deep reverence and the seraph's bliss,
The ocean's anthem and the congregator's gloom,
The music of the chiming spheres, all praise—
Soul-offerings at Thy all-pervading shrine.
Infinite Spirit! Thou art ever where
The heart-strings quiver 'neath the breath of prayer!

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 5, 1858.

Splendid Romance!

Written for the Banner of Light.

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS;

OR,

THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER VI.

"They take religion in their mouth,
They talk of mercy, grace and truth,
For what?—to give their malice scope
On some poor wight."—BUNYAN.

It was a fine September morning. The sky was cloudless, the air sweet with the perfume of ripening fruits, and the woods glorious in their autumnal foliage, which one or two slight frosts had tinged with crimson and gold.

Mr. Spicer's white house, (very white indeed, it was, with its fresh coat of white paint, and very green, too, the blinds, for the pale painter had not spared his stock of gay Paris-green in painting them,) looked as if it were deserted, for it was closely shut up, nor a door or window stood open; nothing indicated that life within had any sympathy with the rich life of nature without. There was a small yard in front, but no vines twined about the doorway, and no shrubbery clustered beneath the windows, or was seen inside the white paling. There were two maple trees well trimmed, and their trunks whitewashed, an improvement, Mrs. Spicer thought, upon the natural brown which the Great Artist chose as contrast to the green foliage. The grass was freshly cut, and the stone wall leading to the front door was still wet from its morning abluion, and the brass knocker shone so bright that one almost fancied if it could speak, it would say, "Hands off, I am cleaned to be looked at." Perhaps Mr. Sewall fancied it did thus speak, for, as he sprung from his double buggy, which, with his span of noble greys, stood at the gate, he did not wait for ceremony, but walked in, and not finding any one in the front part of the house, made his way to the back kitchen. Mrs. Spicer was clearing cupboards, Johnnie was scouring knives and forks, and Martha was scrubbing tins.

"Good morning, Mrs. Spicer," his rich, musical voice sounding pleasant to at least one present.

"How do you all do, this fine day?"

"As well as we can be, with so much hard work to do. The hot weather and flies do make such work with a house, it keeps a woman cleaning all the time."

"Well, well, put by your work for to-day, and join us in our picnic. Our family are going to Beech Grove to take dinner, and we would like to have you join us. It is Johnnie's birthday, you know, and Jerry is going to leave us so soon that we thought we would improve this fine day, and see how much pleasure we can take in the fields and woods."

"Oh, dear! Mr. Sewall, I find no time for such things; and if I did, I should not enjoy it—taking dinner out in the woods with snakes, toads and all such things!"

"But you can spare the children, I suppose? Come, Johnnie, run and dress up; where is Billy?"

"He has gone fishing," said his mother.

Johnnie had dropped his rubbing cork, and was looking anxiously at this mother, not daring to move until he had obtained her permission.

"Come, Johnnie," said his uncle, "the greys are impatient—they like stirring this morning, as well as the rest of us."

"May I go, mother?" said the little fellow, in a low voice.

"Yes, I suppose so, if your uncle wants you."

Johnnie was not long in putting on his clean clothes and smoothing his soft, brown hair.

"And is this the girl that you sent for?" said Mr. Sewall, glancing with a compassionate look at the half-dressed and homely Martha.

"Yes," said Mrs. Spicer.

"Well, let her go, too; young folks must have some merry days; there is plenty of room."

Martha did not stop her work, neither did she raise her eyes to express her own wishes in the matter.

"Why, Mr. Sewall, I could not think of it—there's so much work to do. The Sewing Society meets here in two or three days, and I want to put my house in order. It looks so now that I am ashamed to have anybody step inside of it."

"Oh, then, it is best to scrub away. Ready, Johnnie? Good morning."

"I never did see anything like it!" said Mrs. Spicer, as the spirited greys trotted away, with their heads up, and their bright harness glittering in the sun.

"How in the name of common sense that family can waste their time gadding about the woods, and carrying their dinner, too, I don't see. The Sewalls are a queer set; just because Jerry is going away, the old folks must act like boys and girls, and go romping in the woods! I'd rather eat my meals under a decent roof, than beneath the open sky."

"Perhaps they like to look at God's works sometimes," said Martha. The Bible says, 'The heavens declare the glory of God.'

Mrs. Spicer dropped her scouring-cloth, and looked at Martha in perfect astonishment. It was the longest speech which she had made since she came.

"Martha, if you were a wise woman, you must come to Mr. Spicer or myself to explain it to you. For the future, do not think David was talking about the sky when he wrote that passage. 'Taint a bit likely good old David went gadding about the woods, and spending his time gazing at the sky. Now, mind your work, and see if you can finish those tins before dinner. I am going into the storeroom to clean. If the baby wakes, you may bring him to me."

Martha made no reply, and was working in a slow, do-it-care way, when she heard Mrs. Spicer's voice in loud exclamations.

"Martha, come here, quick!"

Martha obeyed, but at her usual gait.

"See there," said Mrs. Spicer, pointing to the broken jar, and the mass of jelly upon the floor.

"Do you know who did that?"

"I never saw it before," said Martha, about to return to the kitchen.

"Stop, girl, not so fast. I know somebody has been here, for the door was not fastened; some one put the key in the lock, but it did not catch, for the door was not shut close. I will look and see if the key is in its usual place."

In vain Mrs. Spicer searched her drawers—no key was to be found, and her temper, which had with difficulty been restrained, now rose to fever heat.

"It is clear somebody has taken the key to the closet, and whoever has, had better confess it, or they will suffer the consequences. Now that jelly has been there for six months, and until you came, has not been disturbed. Now tell me the truth—have you been here? Now stop before you think. If I catch you telling a lie, I'll keep you all day, and night, too, in the little dark cellar, on bread and water."

Not a muscle of Martha's face moved, nor could the least emotion be discovered in her face, as she distinctly and slowly said—"I have never been in your closet, ma'am."

Mrs. Spicer cross-examined her, but could elicit nothing more than the same remark repeated—"I have not been to your closet." She therefore sent her back to the kitchen, thinking she should solve the mystery when the children returned.

William came home before long, and was summoned to a private conference.

"Have you searched her room for the key?" he asked.

"Why, no, child, I did not think of that—it is very strange I did not. Well, go and dress yourself, and run down to Beech Grove. Uncle Sewall's family are having a picnic, and you will be in time, I guess, for the dinner."

Martha was still scrubbing at the tins when William passed through the kitchen.

"Going to the Grove, Martha; I'll bring you home some cake."

"Cake do not agree with me," she answered drily; "I aint used to it."

"Martha Gage, come here!" cried a stern voice from up stairs.

Martha obeyed, slowly, as before. Mrs. Spicer stood, pointing at the key in the wash-stand drawer.

"Now confess that you broke that jar, or I'll whip you till the blood runs."

When Martha saw the key, she divined in a moment how it came there—but she merely replied—"I did not go to your closet, and I did not put the key there," pointing to the drawer.

"I tell you that it will be better for you to confess it—you know the punishment of all liars."

"I am wicked enough to tell a lie, but I do not

choose to do so to-day, and so I shall not say I opened your closet."

"Go down into the cellar, you deceitful hussey!"

Martha again obeyed directions, but she was hardly there before her mistress, whose step was the quicker.

"And so you hid away that key in your own room, that you might indulge your appetite at leisure? Pretty return you are making to me! You forget that I took you naked and homeless."

For the first time emotion was visible in Martha's face. She was pale, and around her mouth was a white, livid circle; hotdull, brown eyes glared terribly for an instant, but she made no reply.

"Confess, and I'll not punish you," said Mrs. Spicer.

"I have nothing more to say," was all the answer she received. Mrs. Spicer raised the whip, and was about to strike, when Martha sprang, threw her long arms around her mistress, and forced the whip from her hand.

Mrs. Spicer was like a child in her grasp. She dared not venture the experiment again, but resented that her husband's stronger arm should inflict the chastisement.

It was near midnight when Mr. Spicer, finding that neither his blows nor his exhortations could elicit any confession, permitted Martha to go to her bed. But early in the evening, when Johnnie returned from the picnic, he stole down to the cellar door and whispered—"Martha!"

"Johnnie, is it you?"

"Yes, Martha; did you break mother's jar?"

"No, Johnnie—I wouldn't tell you a lie any more than I would an angel. Bill did it."

"Why do you tell father?"

"Never!"

"Shall I?"

"If you do I'll never take the picture down again."

Johnnie slipped some candy and cake through the door, but he couldn't sleep thinking of Martha. No punishment could elicit any confession from Martha—and Aunt Polly was called at last in consultation upon the subject.

"I wonder what you are doing," said Mrs. Spicer, as she saw Johnnie's face.

"You are a mother; but all I can say is—you must subdue children's wills, any way."

"I do not know about this subduing the will," said her sister, Miss Betty. "I should say regulate them, or rather teach children who have violent tempers, to control them. This is better than to govern by fear."

Now there is Mrs. Willis manages her children to a charm when they are in her presence. It is a word and a blow with her, and they know it, and they obey with fear and trembling. "If a child said, I will, to me, I would knock him down," I have heard her say, and have seen her do it. Go into her house, and her little ones are like so many automata, save that they love her as the captive mouse her tormentor, the cat. But see those children away from home! stars! how they behave! They are like young colts let out of pasture; yes, worse—Bedlam run loose.

Then there is Mr. Sewall's family is just the reverse. There is Simon, the red-headed one; he has an awful temper, quick as a flash of lightning. I have known him when a little fellow to throw himself down in a fit of passion, and knock his head about as if it were a stone, and he would actually foam at the mouth in his fury.

His mother does not say a word to him till it is over, and then she takes him alone in her own room, reads the Bible and prays with him, and when he is calm talks to him about the wickedness of indulging his passions. He used to get angry with the dog, beat the cat and get vexed with the cows. But now just look at him. He is fourteen years old, and a real gentleman, and they call him the peacemaker in school. His hair does not look as red now, and I really like the color, because it is associated in my mind with his goodness. Like all quick-tempered people he is affectionate, and nothing grieves him so much as to see how much his passion tried his mother. He was subdued by love, and I think that is the best method."

"La, Betty, how you talk! Just as if all children could be managed in that way! For my part, I have not much notion of this 'moral suasion.' We must have the terrors of the law thundered out sometimes, and this Martha is a desperate hard case. She's got to be subdued, and I guess old Dr. Norris' punishment will suit her case. Do you remember how he managed the little boy he took out of the poor-house?"

"Managed him to death, sister! The child died in fits."

"Fiddlesick! The fits were natural to him. Nobody could do anything to the child but the Doctor took him. One of his punishments was to put the child down cellar, and throw water upon him. This cured his obstinacy when nothing else would."

This plan seemed to strike Mrs. Spicer very favorably, and she determined to adopt it to wake Martha's stupid conscience.

But Martha, meanwhile, was plotting how she could rouse another conscience which she knew to be rather hardened. With some difficulty she obtained a piece of phosphorus, and wrote certain ominous lines on the walls of William's bedroom.

William was a superstitious child, afraid of the dark, afraid of his own shadow, and in mortal fear of ghosts. When he went to bed that night, he first stopped to eat a few early apples which he had stolen from a neighbor, hiding others under the bed.

But soon after extinguishing his light, a scream from his room rung through the house. A tall, ghostly figure, all in white, seemed to rise up at the foot of his bed, and point to the words of fire on the wall.

"Confess your lie, or the Devil will carry you off."

"I broke the jar! I broke the jar!" he exclaimed, while great drops of sweat stood upon his face, and his whole body shook as if in an ague fit.

His father hastened to him with a light.

"Oh, father, where is it? Did you see it? I broke the jar! I broke the jar!"

"You rascal," said his father, "I suspected this before; and you have been frightened into telling the truth. I'll whip you now as I never whipped you before."

"Stop, stop, Mr. Spicer," said his wife, who had followed her husband; "the child is sick."

"Sick with wickedness, I guess; I have been wondering this very day how the boy knew so well where you would find the key. And see there! Look under that bed. Those are Mr. Johnson's early apples. He was telling to me to-day that somebody had robbed his tree. No, you go down stairs, and leave the boy to me."

Mr. Spicer's word was law, and his arm strong, as William found to his cost. Sore and angry, but not made better, the boy crept to bed, not daring to blow out his light.

No acknowledgment was made to Martha—no sympathy expressed, save by Johnnie, for the wrong done to her.

"You need not mind about it, Johnnie. I'm used to pain and cold and hunger. I suppose I was made to be knocked about, and starved and abused—I always have been. I would kill myself, only I suppose I should be just as bad off in another world; they told me so in the Asylum. Tons and snakes were made hateful, you know, and so was I, and I can't help being wicked and miserable."

Poor Johnnie did not know how to answer, save with tears.

"Do hush up, Johnnie; you'll die and go to heaven, one of these days, and be a little angel, and see your mother all the time; you are so gentle and good, and don't feel spiteful as I do when I am abused."

"But I want you to go too, Martha."

"If you go, I'll go too, if the people they call good here on earth are going too. Your mother is certain she is going, and the man who took my dog from me and drowned it, belonged to the church—and the woman who took Lot's wife was called a Christian, (but you do not know about that), and now if I should go to heaven they would despise the homely, wicked little bound girl there just as they do here. No, no, Johnnie—pearly gates and golden streets are not for me."

"But the thief on the cross, Martha, and poor Lazarus—they are both in heaven."

"Yes, I have thought that all over, Johnnie; but I guess Lazarus was good before he had the sores. He was not wicked—only sick and poor. Angels loved him because he was good; and the thief—he was near to Jesus Christ, and suffered with him. Now, Johnnie, I have read all about Jesus Christ, and how the lame, the sick, and all sorts of poor, suffering people came to him, and he never turned away from them; no, he was not afraid to touch them and call them 'son,' and 'daughter.' Now I know I should have gone to him if I had lived there. I would have crept up and touched the hem of his garment, just as one poor woman did who dared not speak. But I can't pray to him now that he is on the great, white throne, all surrounded by angels. I would be willing to be crucified, if I could once hear such kind words spoken to me as the Saviour spoke to the thief. Yes, I would not mind the nails, if they pounded a hundred into me. But Jesus is a great way off from me now. Once when a little baby sister died, I tried to pray. It was in the cellar where we lived years ago. I was kneeling in a corner; my father came in, and when he saw me, he kicked me over with his foot."

"None of your snivelling here," said he; "go out and beg, and if you do not bring home money, I'll beat your crooked back for you."

"But, Martha, you can pray now—and do not you know you won't be a little bound girl, if you go to heaven. If you are good, you'll be a beautiful angel there."

"No, no, Johnnie—not if they told me right. You see, I was thinking of it one day, and I asked the matron of the Asylum if our bodies would all be raised at the last day."

"Why, yes, said she—'have not I taught you that before?'"

"But, said I, 'will they be the same bodies?'"

"Yes; every bone shall meet its fellow-bone; they will be gathered up from the depths of the sea, and the tops of the hills, and the separate parts of every body reunited, till they shall be formed again as they were before. The trumpet shall sound, and the dead arise!"

"Now, Johnnie, of course I shall be ugly and deformed there, and nobody will know me. If I was altered, then it would not be me."

Johnny was puzzled, and determined to consult Uncle Sewall. He always had some comfort for the doubting and sorrowing.

That night, when Martha passed the door of Johnnie's room, she heard him praying for her, and stopped a moment to listen.

"No use, no use," she muttered to herself, and went on.

CHAPTER VII.

"In its politics, both at home and abroad, Austria has more influence than any other State in Europe, in suppressing liberal opinions, and resisting the claims of the age."

ESOP. ALEX.

Within the past few weeks, the heart of every American has thrilled with pleasure at the eloquent plea of Mr. James, of England, in his defence of Ber-

nard, the alleged conspirator. The Emperor Napoleon himself was in reality on trial, and few in that court but felt that the despot deserved the roughest handling, when they were called upon to remember the "thousands that he had sent to prison without trial, and the thousands more transported to the arid plains of Algiers, or to the deadly marshes of Cayenne."

That English court boasted of their country as the home of the exile—that exiled kings, priests, and nobles had found refuge there from oppression. We admire the noble independence of this English advocate, who thrust aside all the pomp and pride of place which surrounds Napoleon, and bade him look at himself as a man among men—as a usurper, who, in elevating himself, has crushed the happiness of so many, and paved his path to power with broken hearts of brave subjects.

But there is another country in Europe where despotism with its iron heel has crushed the masses of the people for centuries; and so firm, so powerful, has been this pressure, that, save in one province, there has been no organized resistance, and that was quelled by the strong arm of military power, till some of the noblest hearts that ever breathed a prayer for liberty were left dead on the battle-field; others immured in dungeons, or banished as exiles. Of all the despots in Europe, the government of Austria has the longest and blackest record to be settled in Heaven's court of chancery. We know less of the oppression there, in our own country, because the people are so thoroughly subdued that they are almost hopeless in their submission, and are kept in ignorance, that they may never know the freedom which other countries enjoy. Until Kossuth came among us, we knew little of an Austrian prison, or the stern cruelty of the government. Stung by the oppression of their tyrants, there arose many years ago in Italy, a society called the Carbonari. Their creed was revenge for the land crushed by tyrants, and freedom of religious worship. Bad and designing men have no doubt been numbered as members of this society, but it has had also some of the purest hearts and best intellects in Europe. The Austrian government, however, has always been a member of this society to enter its territory, and when one is found there, death is the penalty. A few have found refuge in America.

This explanation may assist a little in understanding some parts of our story, for if Mr. James could say of England, "it is the home of the exile," with how much more force may we claim that honor for America!

But to return to our little exile, Alice. She was of course invited to the picnic, as was Ada Grace, who was not so exclusive but she could enjoy herself, even if the kitchen-girl was to be her companion.

"There, now," said Mr. Sewall, whispering to his oldest daughter, Lizzie—"is not mother happy? She has poor little Johnnie on one side, and Alice on the other. Every once in a while she strokes his hair and calls him her darling, and the child looks up to her as I have seen devout Catholics gaze at the picture of the Virgin Mary. It is Johnnie's kingdom come to get under the shelter of Aunt Sophy's wing."

"Father," said Lizzie, "do not you think Alice is looking better and prettier than formerly?"

"Yes, she will, as the story-books say, 'blossom into beautiful maidenhood.' Whenever I look at her I do not wonder at the strange interest we have taken in her. I wish she could be taken from her present place."

Lanannah, who was never in one place long at a time, came and touched Alice, and whispered in her ear—

"Did you bring the letters?"

"Yes, you may be sure I did not forget them."

"Well, there is a nice place in the shade where we will be all by ourselves, and we can read them at leisure."

Perhaps my readers will like to follow, and learn more of Alice's parents, and if so, we will listen while she reads—

ON BOARD SHIP "ESPERANCE," JAN. 18.

MY DEAR WIFE—A few hours only have passed since I bade you adieu, and kissed with a sad heart the soft cheek of our child. And though we are but few leagues from shore, yet we go too fast for my weak spirit, that would fain linger in sight of some tall spire or cheerful light-house, something on which your eyes too can gaze. Each wave, as it rises with its curly crest, seems to be forming another link in the "lengthening chain" which binds, but parts us too.

When I last stood as a traveler, upon a ship's deck, you and little Alice were by my side, and we had many pleasant hours; those moonlight nights, when we sat upon the silent deck, our child asleep, and we breathing the soft air, looking upwards to the image of the infinite, and blessing God for love and freedom. Now, how different! The air is cold and keen—a gray mist is settling down upon us, and I feel as if it brooded over my own spirit too; a sense of undefined danger, a fear of coming misfortune oppresses me. Let me not yield to it. I am strong in the consciousness of doing right, and though I go back to Fatherland—a proscribed and dangerous man," according to the terms of the government paper in Vienna, yet I go on a pious mission. Surely they will not molest a son who goes to soothe the last moments of an aged and grief-stricken father. No, no; I look up to the flag at the mast-head, bearing the sweet word "Esperance," and I hope; higher yet, I lift my eyes, where one star shines faintly through the mist, and I trust. Blessed be God for that faith which is now an anchor to my soul. You, dearest, were the angel that with golden key opened the door, and gave me this glimpse of heaven. You led me from the cold, cheerless valley of scepticism to the clear, sunny heights of Beulah! Lead our dear child in the same way. I wish she might never know what it is to doubt the holy truths of the Bible. I would rather she would ever be like Mary, sitting at the foot of Jesus, than what the world calls a "strong-minded woman," an intellectual Amazon, reasoning, cavilling.

Sweet child! I anticipate much pleasure in opening to her the hidden wonders of science—in training her rich voice to make true melody, and teaching her the wonderful mysteries of nature's soul. *Take yourself.* Yes, my highest ambition for my daughter is that she shall be like her mother.

I hope, on my return, that my wife will have full leisure to devote herself entirely to her, and my greatest trial now is that I must labor for your support while I am gone. Your skill in music will, I am confident, secure you more pupils, and I am told that in Boston, efficient teachers are appreciated, and well well paid. But it will not be long before I shall return, and my heart is never so brave, or my arm so strong, as when wrestling with the world, to win gold for those dependent upon me. Gold! Dross, worthless dross, in itself, but, oh! how I covet it for the comforts it might command for my wife and child. When I left my father's castle and broad lands, cast away my title as a worthless thing, and all for the sake of freedom, and the hope of achieving to win it for my country, I little thought I should ever value worldly comforts as I now do.

Nor do I value them so highly as to retract one step I have taken. No, I would rather be an exile in America, toiling for my daily bread in a land of freedom, than the tool of a despot, the pampered minion of a work, Austrian monarch.

But, good night, my dearest. To-morrow I will write more, and will daily talk with you while the voyage lasts.

Then follows a journal kept at sea, more interesting to Alice than our readers. We will omit it. One letter remained. This was stained with tears, and worn with reading.

"MY DEAREST ONE—MY WIFE.—All my saddest fears are realized. I am under arrest, and surrounded by officers of government, commissioned to convey me to prison! I found my aged father upon his death bed. He forgave what he called my youthful indiscretions. (I did not tell him that my manhood approved those deeds,) and blessed me before he died. His will he has revoked, and if government does not forbid, I can inherit his estates. But at all! I am a captive, without hope of respite or life. An Austrian dungeon, and a felon's death, but not a felon's crime, are mine. They permitted me to bury my father, but seized me as I returned from his tomb! Farewell, oh, farewell! my wife, my sweet child! Farewell, the blessed light of heaven, the faces of loved and loving friends! Farewell to all of earth, but freedom of thought, and hope of a blessed immortality, and a reunion with my wife and child, where the wicked cease from troubling. God give you strength! God give you courage, my dearest wife, to bear this great sorrow and struggle with the world. Go to your brother; he will cherish and—My time is out, they can give me no more. Well, let tyranny do its worst, my unfettered spirit soars to sue for mercy at a despot's hands. Farewell! oh, farewell! my cherished wife—dearest, now when the dungeon and death parts us!"

Alice read this letter with many tears, and when she finished, Hannah drew the pale face close to her bosom, and said—"Oh, Al! I love you better than ever. You have a rich legacy in the memory of your parents. But do you suppose your father really died? Perhaps he was saved."

"No, no, my mother used to call me her 'poor, fatherless child.' You will not blame me now for wishing sometimes that I could go to heaven and be with them. But I have been happier since I have had these letters and journals; when I am tired and worried I read them over."

"And this helps you to be patient?"

"Yes, these and my little."

While the girls talked together, Jerry and the young German, Mr. Schmidt, who was in town, making some arrangements connected with the railroad, were rambling over the woods.

"Sewall," said the German, rather confidentially, and in a low voice, "that Alice is a charming girl. I wish to educate her. I have enough, and would not it be beautiful to see the intellect expand itself, as the body is likely to do, into beautiful symmetry and grace? And, when educated, —but I must not tell my thoughts—though the truth is, the little fairy has quite bewitched me. Do you see anything improper in the plan? It is an old notion, I know, but I was thinking of doing it all through your mother, and not let Alice know who advances the means. What say you?"

The evening shadows concealed Jerry's face from his companion. Had they not, his expression and answer might have been seen to be variance.

"I wish she might be taken away from Mrs. Shuttleworth; but is it not the truth always best? Let her know from yourself you wish to educate her, and then there will be no unpleasant developments to make in the future."

"I believe you are right, and I will write her a note this evening."

Jerry walked away, looking as if he had swallowed a pill, and it choked him.

The next day was Saturday. Now the Sewalls revered the customs of their ancestors, and, therefore, this day was with them as with the Puritans, a preparation day for the Sabbath. In the morning, the large oven was well heated and filled, and in the afternoon the boiler full of hot water was made ready for the weekly ablutions of the children, and the clean clothes were laid out to be donned the next morning. At sunset, labor was suspended—the pot of baked beans stood simmering in the still warm oven, beside the huge loaf of bread, and the jar of baked pears, while the cleanly fresh look of everything within doors harmonized with the calm, sweet twilight without. In her own room, seated in her covered easy chair, Mrs. Sewall was resting from the fatigues of the day, when a gentle knock was heard at her door, and in answer to her cheerful "come in," Alice entered.

"Come, my child, I know you have something to say, by your looks,—tell me all your troubles."

"There is a note that I received this morning, and I want you to tell me if you think I have decided right," she said, while she handed the following note to Mrs. Sewall:—

MY DEAR LITTLE ALICE.—From the little which I have learned of your history, I know your father is from Fatherland. I have learned, too, of your trials—far away from kindred and home. Let me be a brother to you, and give me the privilege of a brother in taking care of you. You would, no doubt, like an education, and I propose to send you for four years to H—Seminary for young ladies. Give me your consent to this plan, and we will then make definite arrangements as to the future, consulting, of course, your friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sewall. I hope you will assent to this plan immediately.

Your friend and brother, KARL SCHMIDT.

Mrs. Sewall read the note, and then looked earnestly at Alice, as if she would read her thoughts. The latter did not speak.

"Well, my child, this is very generous in Mr. Schmidt."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I suppose you will be glad to leave your present home?"

"I am not happy there, Mrs. Sewall."

"I do not see how you could be. But you do not look so delighted at the prospect of a change, do you?"

supposed you would; have you any doubt about accepting it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Sewall. I can't tell you why, but something tells me it is not best. I would rather not be dependent on any one in that way. Perhaps I am wrong, and if so, will you tell me?"

Mrs. Sewall was surprised at the decision of Alice, and half regretted it, for she longed to see her released from her present bondage. "And yet," she said, "just as I would like a daughter of my own to do in like circumstances."

She promised to see Mr. Schmidt herself, and tell him how grateful Alice was for his kindness, and render her refusal as gentle as possible. She kissed Alice and bade her "Good night—God bless you, my child—perhaps a brighter future will open before you."

Hannah met Alice as she came out of her mother's room, and they spent some time in pleasant chat, forgetting the lateness of the hour. The clock struck eight as Alice started for home—her old path across the field. It was a bright, moonlight evening, and she walked slowly, half sad at her decision, and half pleased with herself that she was able to make it. The crooked elm was about half way, and Alice almost always stopped a moment there. But she was surprised, and a little startled, at this time, to see the spot already occupied, and was about making a circuit when a familiar voice said—"It is only Jerry—come, sit down a moment. I am taking my leave of this pleasant spot."

In the valley lay the farm-house, with its cluster of barns in the rear; it was a large, old-fashioned farm house, painted a light stone color. Two tall poplar trees stood at the gateway, while nearer the house a venerable elm threw the shadow of its giant branches over all the south-western side. Cherry trees, climbing roses and a variety of ornamental trees and shrubbery nearly filled the remaining space. The large kitchen garden behind the house, and the thrifty orchard beyond, were also to be seen from where Alice sat. Jerry's face wore a very sad expression as he looked round and repeated:

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled willow-wood, And every loved spot which my infancy knew."

I cannot leave them without regret, perhaps I should not want to leave them at all; but Alice, I want to see something of the world—to be other than I am now—to do something worthy of a man."

Alice smiled.

"Is that wrong, Alice?"

"No, Jerry; I was thinking if I were a man I should feel thus."

Jerry was only half pleased; he had hoped to hear some expression of regret at his absence.

"I shall not see home for some years, Alice. The gentleman who employs me will go to Europe before long, and wishes me to accompany him. We go to inspect some railroads and steam boilers."

Alice's blue eyes sparkled.

"Oh Jerry! how delightful! You will cross the ocean; once, I believe, I crossed it. I cannot remember it, but I think it must have been very pleasant to me, for whenever I saw the water, or the vessels coming in and going out, when we lived at Boston, I longed to step on board. And then you will see in the old world so much that we love to read about. You will write it all to your sister, I suppose, and it will be better than reading a book."

"Why, Alice, if you will like it, I will write you a letter from over the ocean."

On Jerry's side, I should like it of all things, and when I learn to write well enough, I will answer it. I am taking lessons of Hannah now."

"Alice, I am sorry to leave you at Mrs. Shuttleworth's; something better will turn up for you, I trust. Perhaps you will leave Mapleton before I return?"

"I am afraid Mrs. Shuttleworth will go to Boston," said Alice.

"You will be sorry to leave Mapleton?"

"I shall be sorry to leave your family," said Alice, "they are so kind to me."

"We have all learned to look upon you as a sister, Alice, and this reminds me of a little gift I brought here to-night, thinking you might return home this way. I made it for you, and hope you will like it, though it is one of 'Jerry's notions' as our folks say."

It was a little work-box, very ingeniously made of rose-wood with various compartments, and finished with great skill and taste. Alice was delighted and expressed her joy with all the eagerness of a happy child. Of course Jerry was pleased and delighted—"but," he said to himself, "she'll throw this aside when Schmidt sends her more costly presents!" Poor Jerry; the very incident that opened a path to business for him, had taken away his little friend. The educated, accomplished German was too formidable a rival for the rough country boy, so he walked home with Alice and bade her good-bye, with a sad heart, blaming herself all the time that he could not rejoice in her good fortune. Alice, meanwhile had gone to her chamber and knelt down to thank God for the kind friends He had raised up for her. A happier worshipper did not enter the little meeting-house than Alice the next day, and if she felt sad at Jerry's departure, the sadness was tempered with pleasure that he had now the opportunity to gratify his taste for mechanical knowledge.

She was sure Jerry would be a famous man some day. She thought of him a good deal that day, even to the neglect of the sermon, though that could be no fault of the preacher, who was young and talented, and just settled in Mapleton, and of course popular with old and young. Fortunately her Sabbath School lesson had been learned the week before. But a word about Mapleton meeting house, to which we have not yet introduced the reader. With a spirit of classification, too common alas! in more aristocratic temples, there was the "poor pew," and the "colored pew." But as the barber was the only occupant of the latter, his little girl "Cynthia" was classed in the Sabbath School with Martha Gage and Alice, and Aunt Betty Wood was installed as teacher. But she had no sooner accepted her office than Hannah Sewall, who inherited a good deal of her father's independence with her mother's benevolence, came and seated herself by Cynthia.

"May I be in your class, Miss Wood?"

"Yes my dear, glad to see you."

"Ugh!" whispered Martha to Alice, edging as far as she could from her colored classmate, "I don't want to sit by a nigger!"

"Oh she is a nice little girl," said Alice—"and very neat."

"But she's a nigger, though!"

Cynthia showed the whites of her eyes, and her white teeth, as Hannah seated herself. She felt quite honored.

They had the good, but almost obsolete custom of repeating Scripture verbatim. The book of John had been chosen. All the class were surprised to hear

Martha recite; she went on, verse after verse, rapidly, correctly, and for aught they could see would have gone through the book, had time permitted, but her voice was harsh and her manner dry and cold. It was like a scribe over the fresh grass; as she passed over it, it fell drooping and lifeless to the earth. Alice commenced slowly and reverently—"Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." Her gathered frowns were fresh and full of perfume and beauty.

"Why, Martha, how do you find time to learn such long lessons?" said Alice, at the close of the exercises.

"Oh, I learned them long ago at the Asylum. We were made to learn a chapter in the Bible as a punishment, whenever we did wrong, and I had a good many to learn of course."

"A gentle punishment," said Alice.

"Well, I don't think we liked the Bible any better for it. Aren't you an Asylum girl?"

"No," said Alice, "I wish I had been; I have heard about them in Boston, and what good care they took of orphan children."

"Yes, you'd like it—you are just the sort; pretty girls, with soft blue eyes, get along well enough, but I was n't happy."

"Why not?"

"I did n't like the exhibition, for one thing. We were taken to some church, all dressed in uniform, and placed where we could be seen by everybody. Then Dr. B., or some other distinguished minister, preached a sermon, and then we all stood up and were addressed by the minister, who told us how much we were indebted to the good ladies who had taken us from the poverty and filth of our wretched homes, and taught us to be useful and virtuous. It was all sport to the pretty girls, and they would look smiling and happy, but I was so tall, and awkward, and homely, that they always put me back, and out of sight as much as possible; yet I was seen, and only to mortify them. The lady managers took the girls for house servants when they were eleven years of age; but nobody wanted me, and I was kept on hand, like a piece of damaged goods, ready for the first bidder."

"Why, Martha, I know you are good help; you can do a great deal of work."

"I have done a great deal; just look at my hands; don't they look like elephant's feet beside your little paws? But they were large before I went to the Asylum, and no wonder. We lived in a cellar in Ann street. My father and mother used to drink. Did you ever live with anybody that drank rum?"

Alice thought of "Nap," as he was now called, and how he looked after his midnight apnea, and she felt sick at heart; but as her companion did not wait for an answer, she went on.

"Why, Alice, when I was n't more than four years old, my father and mother would be, all day, dead drunk upon the floor, and I took care of the baby as well as I could. Sometimes when there was nothing to eat in the house I would take her and go out and beg. The first cent I received, I always spent for milk to feed the baby, for if I didn't, father would take it for rum. I was n't always quite as ugly as I am now. One day my father came home drunk, and was going to beat my mother who was sick; I ran between them to prevent him, when he seized me and flung me over the stone side-walk. After that I was sick and wept a great while, but got well at last, though I have this crooked back to remember my father by. Some fathers leave their children money, you know; some give them a good education, and some that have nothing else, a dying blessing. My father left me this humped back. My mother took in washing when she could get it to do, but people did not like to trust her, and it was seldom we could get enough to eat. One little baby sister died of hunger, I guess; I was sick at the time, and mother lay drunk a day or two, and one morning the child was found dead on its bed of rags. Our next baby, Lotty, was a beautiful child; I was older and stronger then, and took all the care of her; but I found it hard to get clothes enough to keep her warm. I remember how happy I felt one day as I took home some clothes that my mother had washed; to a lady. She was in her nursery, and told me to come in for the pay. Her own baby lay in a rose-wood cradle, dressed in lawn and lace; a blue silk quilt was thrown over her, and a coral necklace, a silver rattle, and all sorts of playthings were scattered upon the floor. I looked at the sleeping child, wishing Lotty was as plump and fat. The lady noticed me, and asked if we had any babies at home."

When I told her about Lotty, she gave me a parcel of little dresses and aprons, and a pretty straw hat with a blue ribbon round it. How proud was I of Lotty when I dressed her in them!

She was only three years old when mother died, and everybody that saw her used to say—"See that beautiful child!"

I used to go hungry to feed her, and all the money I could beg or earn I spent upon her. One day father came home, just able to stagger into the house; the blood was running down his face, and he was shockingly bruised. He threw himself upon an old straw bed in the corner, (we had no bedstead) and called for some water. I gave him a drink, and then I washed the blood from his face, and dressed his bruises as well as I could. I had a few cents, and he looked so sick that I went out and bought some tea, and boiled it in an old tin dipper over a few coals. He drank it eagerly; then I put Lotty to bed, and watched her till she slept. It grew very dark, and I had no candle. I sat down on an old stool, the only seat we had; to watch father, for he groaned and tossed about as if he was very sick. I groped my way to his side.

"Father, can I do anything for you?"

"Holl and damnation!" he cried, "get out of my way! I want die! I want die! I'll have my revenge on Tom Brown before I go to the devil!"

Then I knew he had been fighting, and I thought he would get over it, so I sat very still, and he seemed to doze. Soon he waked and was very restless.

"There she is! there she is! Don't you see her? I see her at the foot of the bed!" Sally, wait, wait; don't torment me yet!"

His mind was wandering; he thought he saw my mother, and his remembrance of his ill treatment to her haunted him. He threw off the bed quilt, and tried to raise himself upon his feet, but fell back exhausted and groaned deeply. It was so dark I could not see him. I used to wish that we could afford to have lamps. I wondered, sometimes, that the rich do not think of this when they are giving to the poor. Light is a great luxury with them.

I thought I would go out and beg a candle, but he clutched my arm fiercely—"Don't leave me! don't leave me!"

I knelt down close to the old straw bed, and he

held me fast. It was starlight, but we could see very little of the sky from our small window. I tried to see my father's face, but could not; he appeared to struggle; I heard a rattling in his throat; his hand dropped from my arm, and then all was still. I laid my head down close to his and listened; I could not hear him breathe, and then I thought he must be dead. It was now midnight, and I dared not go into the street. It was cold and dark, and if it had not been for the sound of Lotty's regular breathing, I should have felt worse than I did. That was a great comfort to me.

I did n't shed a tear, Alice, nor did I try to pray. Good folks, Christians, passed us by; they would n't listen to us, human, dying creatures like ourselves, subject to pain and death as we were—why then should God care for us?

I sat down upon the straw and leaned my head upon the stool; one hand was under my head, and one arm lay upon the straw where father was. All at once something cold touched my arm and crawled up to my shoulder. I started, and a cold shudder ran over me. I soon found it was only a rat.

I don't know why I should be so frightened by a rat—often ran over us in the night. But just then it made me feel horribly, and ever since the sight of one makes me sick. I was not sorry that Lotty waked. She could not sleep because she was so cold. I took her in my arms, wrapped an old shawl about her, and sat till morning. Then I went up to the chamber where an old woman lived and told her my father was dead.

"He'd better be in the ground than above it," said she; "he has done nothing but abuse you since I came into the house, and she went on drinking her tea out of a tin mug, and eating a piece of bread. 'La! child, don't you know? There are those who would rather bury folks than take care of them when they are alive. Policeman Brown lives across the street—call him, and he will attend to you.'

I gave me, and then I thought I would go to the lady who did me clothes for Lotty; for when I asked the old woman if she could n't help me prepare my father for the coffin, she replied—

"La! no, child; I am naturally afraid of dead folks, and could n't touch one, no how."

I had a cracker and some cold tea; these I gave to Lotty, and then I took her, and walked a mile to the lady's house. Then I waited a long time in the kitchen before I was permitted to go up stairs. Her husband was with her, and when he heard my story, he shrugged his shoulders and said—

"If one would stop and listen to all the tales of suffering and misery in this city, they would do nothing else; but perhaps you better send Bridget back with the children, and see to them for a few hours."

The lady was kind, and gave me some warm breakfast, and then she sent Bridget with us; and when she found how far it was, she gave Bridget some money and told us to ride in the omnibus as far as we could. If it had n't been for this lady, I should have believed there was no kindness in this world. She did not forget us afterwards, but found us places in the Orphan Asylum. I did not want to go there, but I went for Lotty's sake, for I knew she could have food and fire and shelter."

"And where is Lotty now?" said Alice.

A strange expression passed over Martha's features as she spoke. It was a cold, hard expression, half hatred, half despair.

"I have told you Lotty was beautiful. Oh, how hard I tried to keep her so! I went hungry that she might have bread; I suffered cold that she might be warm; I humbled myself to beg from door to door; that she might not need; I worshipped Lotty; I would have died for her; she always slept in my arms, and I thought she loved me. But one day a beautiful carriage stopped at the Asylum. There was a gayly-dressed driver, and a colored footman. A lady dressed in velvets and furs came in and asked to see the children. The moment her eyes fell upon Lotty, she called her to her side. I had just finished dressing her hair. It hung in natural curls over her shoulders, brown we called it, but in the sun it looked lighter and gold-like. Her skin was very fair, and her eyes blue as the sky."

"Oh, what a beautiful creature," exclaimed the lady, as she played with her curls; "I must have her!" She took out some sugar-plums and gave to Lotty, and said: "Will you be my little girl?"

"Yes, ma'am, if you'll take sissy, too."

The lady looked at me, shook her head, and turning to the matron, said in a low voice—

"No, no; that cannot be. If you will be my little girl, Lotty, I'll give you a new doll dressed in blue silk and gold spangles."

"And may I have a silk dress, too?" said Lotty, "with gold spangles?"

"Yes, yes," said the lady, laughing, and kissing her, "and a pretty straw hat with a blue ribbon, and some gloves and some garters."

Lotty clasped her hands with delight.

"I'll go! I'll go!"

I went and took Lotty away from the lady and held her tight in my arms.

"Oh, Martha, you hurt me; let me go to the lady."

"Do you want to leave sissy, I said."

"I want the pretty things, Martha; sha'n't I look like a doll myself? See the lady—she's n't she beautiful, too? How white her hands are, and how the rings shine!"

"Oh, you darling," said the lady, "I must have you!"

It was all arranged between the matron and the lady. The latter said she lived at the South, but would stay in Boston a few days. Her husband was at the Tremont House, and there she took Lotty.

I held Lotty in my arms, and said, while I tried to keep back the tears—

"And will you leave me, Lotty?"

She kissed me again and again, but her hands were full of oranges and candy, and the lady had promised to stop and buy her a doll on the way. She was too happy to cry, and so willing to go, that I believe it made me crazy. My head seemed on fire, and I had no tears to shed. I cried when they killed my dog—I did n't tell you about that, but no matter; he gave me such a sad, pleading look, when they dragged him from me, that I never forgot it; but Lotty—Lotty that I would have died to make happy, went away from me laughing and happy!

That night when I was sent to bed, I could not stay there, I was so lonely and wretched. Hardly knowing what I did, I took my bonnet and rushed out of the house. I walked on and on till I saw a large, stone building, where the lights shone from every window; gentlemen and ladies were going in and out, and everything looked gay and lively. I saw the word "Tremont" in a transparent shade, and then I knew I was near Lotty. I went in; the hall

was full of men. One tall, fine-looking gentleman was just going upstairs. I touched his arm—

"Is Lotty here?"

"Lotty, Lotty, who is Lotty?"

"My little sister, sir, mine—my own."

"Lotty, Lotty; why, that is the name of my wife's new pet. Did you want to see her?"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir—please tell me where she is."

"Walk up stairs—first door on the right, No. 10."

I went on, opened the door, and saw a lady in a large easy-chair. A nice little crib was near her, and in it lay my Lotty. She was asleep. She wore a cambric cap with a lace frill, with blue ribbon-strings tied under her chin, and a night-dress with ruffles round the throat and wrists. Her doll lay beside her, and she looked very happy. Ah, she was forgetting the old cellar, and her poor, deformed sister. I stood a moment, kissed her, and tried to speak to the lady, but my throat was so dry and husky that I could not say one word.

"Poor child! poor child!" said the lady, "I will be very good to your sister. I can do better by her than you can. Her name is not Lotty now—it is Edith Delgado; my husband has named her for me."

This was the last drop in the bitter cup. Lotty was dead to me. There was no Lotty more.

"Poor child! don't take on so!" said the lady. "We go to-morrow. Kiss your sister and go. Here is something for you," and she handed me a bright, large gold piece.

I kissed my sister, but I flung the gold piece on the floor and went away. What did I want of money, now that Lotty was gone? It was only for her sake that I had ever wanted money.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

DEATH.

BY OUR JOURNAL.

Close softly the door!
Tread lightly the floor!
A few moments more,
And the couch will give place to the tomb!

Yes; Monks appear,
Revealing the years
When she smiled at our fears,
In the morning of life and of bloom.

The brook by the hill—
Sweet, musical rill,
Rolling under the mill,
Haunts of her youth, are with us again.

The rich mound of flowers,
Which won her for hours,
Will have lost its glad powers,
When the dear one no more shall remain.

The desolate home!
Where, where shall we roam,
O'er our life-earn of foam,
When the messenger robs us of light?

We may not conceal
How deeply we feel,
For our sorrows reveal
In life, as stars beam forth in the night.

Ab! gasping for breath,
Mankind's doomed to death—
So experience saith,
Press her lips ere the spirit hath fled!

Sigh not for our pain;
We'll meet thee again!
Fell our tear-drops like rain—
Dark was the home where the casket lay dead!

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LIFE LESSON.

BY GRACE DELAND.

"In tears, Lena! why is this?" And a hand was laid gently on my head, and my aunt asked, "What can trouble our happy Lena this bright afternoon?"

"Oh! nothing, Auntie, only I've got the blues!"

"And is that all, my child?"

"Yes, I feel just like crying, and you know I had anticipated cousin Minnie's visit so much, and now she can't come; and then, Edward is away so long—two months more before I can see him! Oh, I think I have a great deal of trouble, Auntie!"

"Well, my poor afflicted child, I want you to send back those tears, bathe your eyes, and walk out with me; I wish to make

down a miserable street, where only a few very poor families lived.

"You remember that poor family that came into the village last week,—one of them: sick boy, who was brought on a bed?"

"Yes; have you seen them, Aunt Lucy?"

"I have been there twice, and they seem to be very good people. The poor boy will be glad to see us."

We entered. Such a scene of mingled poverty and neatness I had never before looked upon. The floor was very clean; an old tumble-down cooking-stove had been made to look its best; the few broken chairs bore not a particle of dust, and in a cupboard, the door of which was open, were a few pewter dishes, so bright, that the lack of china-ware could scarcely be regretted, while on a low couch, all the appendages of which were scrupulously neat, lay Andrew, the sick boy.

A bright, glad flush passed over his pale face as he recognized my aunt, and he answered her inquiries about his health in a voice from which the music had not been driven out, even by much suffering.

His mother, too, was very glad to see us. I noticed at once what a deep love united the hearts of that mother and son, it glimmered out so beautifully in every glance, and breathed in every tone.

I had been talking with his mother, when his voice, slightly raised, called my attention to him.

"Oh, Mrs. Alison!" grasping her hand in his eagerness, "I saw my father last night, I'm sure I did! He looked just as he did when he was alive, only so happy, and so glorious! He was standing right there," pointing with his finger, "and he smiled so kindly on me, just as he used to. Oh, don't tell me it was only a dream! I am sure I was wide awake!"

"I will not tell you it was a dream, my dear boy; I doubt not it was your father, for we are sometimes permitted to see the loved ones who have gone before us. It will be a comfort to you to know that angels come to your sick room."

"And they bring so much brightness and love with them!" said the boy, his large eyes brightening, "it seems as though they lift me up nearer to God."

"Don't you suffer very much?" I asked.

"Sometimes, but not more than I ought to. You know how much our Saviour suffered for us, and I was perfectly holy. It would be strange if I were not willing to suffer some for my own good, when he bore so much for others, and they his enemies. The only thing that troubles me is to see my mother work so hard."

"That worries my boy," said his mother, "but I am strong, and well able to work."

My aunt had brought a book for Andrew to read, and some oranges and grapes, and promising to see them again soon, we took our leave.

Our walk was a silent one, till we regained the street we had left.

"As we are passing by, we will call and see Hattie Ray a few moments," said my aunt.

We found Hattie in deep affliction, from the recent death of her mother. Aunt Lucy gave her that consolation which only those who have been sanctified through suffering can give, while I could only offer her a silent kiss of sympathy. I knew how cold would seem to her words of sympathy from one who knew not what it was to suffer.

"One more call," said my aunt, as a few moments after, we turned towards an elegant mansion, surrounded by trees and shrubbery. It was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lindley, and their adopted niece, Emily Reynolds.

We were ushered into the parlor, where we found Mr. and Mrs. Lindley, who welcomed my aunt as an old and valued friend, and greeted me kindly. Emily Reynolds soon entered the room, and greeted us with her own sweet smile and loving words.

Emily was naturally intellectual and gifted, and had enjoyed the best advantages for mental culture, and I knew that under an assumed name she was widely known and admired as an authoress. I had often thought she could have no earthly wish ungratified. I knew she was an orphan, but her uncle and aunt seemed like parents to her, and I supposed that as she had probably lost her father and mother in her early infancy, she could not realize her loss. I thought so, because she never spoke of her parents.

We were so absorbed in conversation with Emily and her aunt and uncle, that we were unaware of the lateness of the hour, until the evening shadows came stealing in, when we hastened home.

We had lately removed to W—, where my aunt had long resided. She had often urged my parents to come and make her house their home, and she was now one of our family. Edward Jordan had been for several years my father's clerk, and was at this time absent for a few weeks at the South.

"Well, Lena, where are those troublesome little imps, the blues?"

"Oh, Aunt! I had forgotten them quite. It does one good to go out and see how happy others are. And then I feel as though I have no reason to be unhappy, after seeing Hattie Ray and that poor Andrew Ford. I don't understand how that poor cripple can find so much enjoyment. Why, he seemed really happy."

"Yes, my child, he, too, has learned the great lesson of life, which always brings with it true happiness."

After a pause I said: "I don't exactly envy any person, but if I were to envy any one, it would be Emily Reynolds. How happy she must be!"

I looked at my aunt. Tears were in her eyes.

"Sit down, Lena, and I will show you a little of the inner life of these friends you think so happy. Do you not know that the happiness which is born out of anguish is the most beautiful, the most bright, the most lasting?"

I seated myself on a low ottoman at her feet, and looked up into her face while she continued.

"We will first speak of Marie Stewart, who, you say, is always happy. Two years ago, he who was soon to have her husband died of consumption. At first, as she told me, her heart was buried in the grave; but she found that he whom she loved was not there, but was risen, and since then her heart clings not in such despair to the green mound in the churchyard, but her eye is heavenward. She feels that he is ever near, an angel guide, and she is comforted. Marie will always be true to the unseen, be loved one."

"Oh, Aunt! and I thought she was so happy. And I have Edward left me yet!" But Emily—Aunt, what trouble can she have? I know her parents are dead, and that is very sad; but did she ever know them?"

"Yes. Six years ago they were both living. Her father was a lawyer of great ability, universally

esteemed and beloved; and her mother was a woman of uncommon intellect, and also beloved by all who knew her. At that time Emily's only brother was lost at sea. This sad affliction, together with long continued ill-health, made her mother insane. In one of her severe attacks of insanity she inflicted a blow upon her husband's head, which caused a disease of the brain, from which he never recovered. He became incapable of attending to his duties, and was irritable, peevish, and childish. He lived three years, the mere wreck of what he once was, and then died suddenly. Only a few months ago Mrs. Reynolds died in an insane asylum. At the time when Emily most needed sympathy, he whom she had long loved with a depth of affection which only a great and noble soul can feel, became changed toward her, she knew not why. She has since learned it was the work of an enemy, who misrepresented her to him, even telling the most glaring falsehoods concerning her. Although there never had been a formal engagement between Arthur Clifton and Emily Reynolds, yet they loved each other, and it was generally believed that at some future time she would be his wife. It is nearly five years since she has seen him, but her heart is faithful; for, though he is deceived in regard to her, she knows he is noble and good. She is waiting, and her faith in heaven is steadfast, and she knows that, if not before, in the light of eternity all will be explained and understood."

"Oh, Aunt! how can the angels in heaven look down on so much misery?"

"Because they see not as mortals see. They can see how the burning fires are refining the silver, separating it from the dross of earthliness and sin. They can see how the deep anguish is working out for the soul a more glorious bliss to come—how it is bringing that soul nearer to the Great Father, till it shall stand in His presence redeemed, rejoicing."

Years have passed since then, and "by the stainless Father stand," with their deathless records of our hearts, waiting our entrance into the Hereafter.

And my friends—where are they?

It is almost a year since we laid sweet Marie Stewart in the pleasant churchyard, beside the grave of him she loved so well. She went home with a bright smile on her lips, and these last words floating out upon the still air—

"I thank Thee, Holy Father, that my task is done. Herbert, I come, my beloved!"

Andrew Ford is no longer a poor, suffering cripple, but a happy, rejoicing spirit.

Hattie Ray is like a mother to her motherless brothers and sisters, and the stay of her father's declining years. Hattie is happy in making home beautiful and bright for her loved ones.

And Emily Reynolds—oh! the promises of God are sure! To Emily the day-dawn of happiness has come. She had walked through the night-shadows, till the light of heavenly love shone in, full and warm, upon her spirit, and then her soul took up that prayer of the Saviour, "Father, not my will, but Thine be done." For years that was her constant prayer, and then—the night was past, the day had dawned, and Emily's heart grew young again in the glad sunshine. Arthur Clifton is now the faithful and beloved pastor of a church in one of our New England villages, and Emily is his wife.

And—the lesson I learned that day was never forgotten. From that time I date the awakening of my better self. Very gradually I learned the lesson that life teaches, till at last the "new song" gushed up from my soul, even—"Praise to our God!" Since then I have walked through darkness and gloom, but an angel has led me, and my song of gratitude has not been hushed. Not hushed—although seven times the first spring flowers have bloomed above his grave, and seven autumns the trees have folded their leafy mantle lovingly around it.

And my heart has learned to say, "It is well!"

BARNUM COMING UP.

The great showman acts on the maxim of Barnaby Rudge's immortal raven—"Never say die!"—and is on his feet once more. He has made an arrangement with his creditors, by which his hands are free to operate again. He has at present on foot a grand project for opening a series of operatic performances in New York during the coming season, in which there is not much doubt, despite the price, that he will meet with large success. It is expected that it will throw his Swedish Nightingale business completely in the shade.

The New York Times says that during the last year he has been negotiating with Lumley, of London, who has a mortgage on all the finest artists of Europe, with the exception of Mario, and in connection with that celebrated manager, he proposes to bring over to New York, in September, the entire company attached to Her Majesty's Opera singers, orchestra, drop and scene painters, numbering some two hundred persons, among whom will be Piccolomini, Titiens, Ortolani, and the great-tenor Giuglini, Bellet, &c. Among the corps de ballet will be Pochini, Rosati and Annette. The great Lumley himself will accompany the troupe, to give the representation the benefit of his personal supervision. The arrangements have all been made on the other side, but before the signing and sealing takes place, and the Academy is secured, Mr. Barnum requires that the public of New York shall do their part towards securing him from a pecuniary failure. The cost of the twenty-four representations is estimated at not less than \$300,000, and as a partial security for the remuneration for this great outlay, the projector requires eight hundred subscribers at five dollars a night for twenty performances, the tickets to be delivered by Mr. Lumley on the arrival. This is about half the price paid for the choice seats for the same performance in London. If the requisite number of subscribers can be obtained in New York, an opportunity will be given for Philadelphia and Boston to participate in the arrangement, by which they can secure the enjoyment of a limited number of representations of the grand Opera.

It is said that about half the necessary number of tickets have been taken. The whole matter it is necessary to have determined by the 10th of the present month. It is by far the most brilliant scheme that has ever been projected in this country; and although in our judgment it would have been better that the masses should be permitted to enjoy this musical Niagara, yet we still hope, for the sake of seeing true courage properly rewarded, that Mr. Barnum may be liberally remunerated.

It is expected that the Fall business season will be excellent, and upon this depends altogether the success or failure of this most magnificent enterprise.

Think how many excellent persons in all ages have suffered as great, and greater calamities than this, which now tempts them to impatience.

THE LONE WANDERER NO MORE ALONE.

This night, and the wind howls piteously among the leafy trees that overshadow a princely dwelling, from whose windows, the light breaks forth in fitful gleams. There, in a chamber filled with every luxury wealth can purchase, lies the form of a nobleman. Upon his brow the death-damps have thickly gathered. His sunken eyes and attenuated frame show, but too plainly the ravages of dark disease and agonizing suffering.

By his side, with hand clasped in his, a beautiful female kneels, gazing upon him with such blind affection, that she realizes not the approach of the angel, men call Death. Thus, with loving, peaceful gaze, the spirit passes from the loving vessel, (no longer able to contain it,) and upon that kneeling one, comes the sad knowledge with trembling effect.

Those arms that have so often clasped her in fond embrace, now lie motionless; those eyes that have never gazed upon her but in fondest love, are closed forever; the voice that was ever attuned to kindness, the lips that have so often answered the soft kisses, the heart that throbbed so faithfully—all are still! No responsive voice answers her frenzied cry! The loved one has left her, and she is alone! Alone with this great grief, which imagination has never pictured, and which her heart cannot realize.

She throws herself upon the lifeless form, striving by every endearing title to win back an answer; but, alas! no answer comes, and with one heart-rending wail she becomes insensible, and is borne away by her friends.

And now behold a funeral train stealing along the avenue, while the distant bell sends forth its oblique knell of departed hope. The very winds seem wailing a sad requiem, and the heavens draped with heavy clouds of gloom. All things seem fit emblems of the darkened life of the lone mourner, who, robed in the dark habiliments of woe, sits motionless in her carriage, with never a tear or sigh to speak the desolation of her heart. But upon her brow there rests despair—which naught but resignation's pure light can ever dissipate.

The coffin is lowered to its narrow bed; the earth falls with heavy sound, hiding the loved form from her eyes forever; but still she moves not and weeps not. The very fountain of her tears is dry; and will flow no more till hope, with her magic wand, smites upon the rock of her despair.

And now again behold the mourner, walking alone upon her weary journey. She is still enveloped in those dark robes, and before her face is a veil, which casts a gloomy shade over all things.

The sun shines brightly; the flowers lift their sweet heads, sparkling with dew-drops, and upon leafy sprays, the birds carol their morning song. But she sees them not, and hears not the sweet tones that echo all around. She walks alone, for she turns away from all who extend the kindly hand of sympathy, and they come to her no more.

The weary outcasts cry out for charity; but she hears not their cry, and sees not the dark lines of want upon their brows. The veil hides from her eyes, not only the beauty of nature, but the misery of the wanderers, who, homeless and homeless, seek bread by the wayside.

Little children hush their merry laughter, and flee away at her approach, for her presence casts a shadow which chills their glad, young hearts.

Now she walks by a flowing brook, whose waters, flowing onward and onward perpetually, seem to entice her to follow their course. And thus she walks on with her eyes fixed upon the flowing waters, till she loses all power to withdraw them. She hears not the rugged rocks which rise around her, nor the widening of the stream, whose turbulent waters dash onward with terrific power. The perpetual dashing charms her, and she sees naught else.

Weariness oppresses her, and dipping her hand into the tide, she dashes the water upon her burning brow and attempts to moisten her parched lips; but, oh! the bitterness of the draught. With one quick shudder she turns away, and at once the danger of her situation becomes apparent to her, and fearfully she gazes around. Dark and frowning precipices rise above her, and before her is only a narrow footpath, bordered by the now fearful stream. She moves on with trembling steps, but each step only brings her new terrors.

And now darkness is throwing its sable mantle over her; slowly the light of day passes away; heavy clouds obscure the heavens and she is alone in that horrible darkness, with only jagged rocks to lean against, and the rising waters at her feet. She clasps her hands and calls upon God to help her, for she is in fearful danger and alone—alone! The cliffs echo back, alone—alone! The waters dash wilder and wilder, but no answer comes. She clasps her hands upon her brow and, oh, the agony which rends her bosom. All her blind intuition rises before her, and she sees how fearfully she has gone astray. She has repulsed those who offered their kindly sympathy, and now she is alone. The memory of the loved ones she has cherished so selfishly, excluding all else, has at last brought her to the very brink of despair. She kneels in that rocky pathway, and with humble, contrite heart, prays God to lead her feet away from that dark valley, so beset with danger, and to guide her to a better way.

Sweet tones of celestial music swell upon the night air, and, hovering gently above her, she beholds an angel with shining face and golden harp. His eyes beam upon her with looks of love, and he bids her look upward. She looks, and beholds in the distance a circle of shining ones, and in the midst of them her loved one stands, extending his arms and calling her to come. His countenance wears a look of brightness such as she has never gazed upon, and his garments are pure and spotless. His eyes are full of beaming love and tenderest pity, but alas! she cannot go to him.

The scene vanishes, and again the angel voice addresses her: "Wouldst thou go to thy loved one? Then divest thyself of those dark robes; tear away the veil of selfishness, and with thy deeds of love and charity, weave for thyself a brighter robe; and he shall even come to thee, giving joy and gladness to thy spirit, and from God's gift shall come, to bear thee up as thou walkest; and when thy mission is ended, then will thy loved one take thy weary spirit in his arms, and bear it away to those bowers of blissful repose in the Paradise above. And now we give thee a light to guide thee; follow where it leads!" Thus saying, the angel vanishes, and for a moment all is dark again, and she hears only the sullen roar of the river. But anon, and directly before her, a light glimmers, and with faltering steps she follows it.

And now behold among the cliffs a narrow pathway, upon which the star brightly shines.

The way is rugged and difficult and many times she falls, bruising her tender hands and feet; but quickly she rises again and moves onward with earnest, unflinching steps. And now the way is smoother, the rocks less jagged; the clouds have passed away, and it is a beautiful starlit night.

The air is freighted with the perfume of flowers, and as it gently breathes upon her, she reclines upon a mossy bed and sleep closes her weary eyes. Shining ones are gathered around her; they bathe her toil-stained form with waters from the celestial fountain of Love, and replace the dark robes with lighter ones.

All the while soft music is stealing through the forest glade, soothing her weary spirit with memories of early days and cheering with hope of future joys. In her sleep sweet smiles play about her mouth, for, in her dreams, she is walking again with that loved one, and her heart thrills with bliss unutterable.

As the purple tinge of morning brightens the eastern sky she awakes, and oh, how bright she is! The rock of despair has yielded to the magic wand, and now the waters gush forth in pearly tear drops. Upon bended knee she raises her eyes upward, thanking God for her marvellous restoration, and with deep humility prays for guidance in the upward path. As she thus kneels the morning dawns, and upon every hill and in every valley there arises a glad jubilee. The singing birds, the lowing kine, the bellowing lambs, all swell the glad chorus!

The flowers smile and nod their sweet heads, the brooklets that all night have chanted their murmuring song, sparkle and dance in the glad sunlight. Beauty reigneth all around, and with entranced eye she gazes upon it.

No veil casts its gloomy shade before her now, and she sees what she has never seen before! The Spirit of God shines through His works. No more does loneliness oppress her, for His is there! She feels His presence in her heart. The loved one, whom she called lost, is even now standing by her side; her spirit thrills with the blissful consciousness. Truly she is no more alone.

And now with firm step she goes on her way. The light of love shines in her heart and beams in her countenance, giving it a spiritual beauty that attracts all eyes.

The weary and homeless wanderers now receive sympathy from her heart and bounty from her hands, and they too go onward rejoicing. The little children stop their sports to gaze at her, and, as she calls, eagerly run to her outstretched arms and nestle upon the heart so full of love. They have no fear of her now, for she is full of such a childish simplicity that she hesitates not to join in their merry sports.

Once more I behold that form whose wanderings we have traced. She is the centre of a group of cheerful friends, who are walking hand in hand along the pathway of life. They do not flatter or stumble, for they walk in the light of Divine Love, which grows brighter and brighter as the night cometh. Those dear ones who have from time to time gathered about her, guiding their feet through dark valleys to the glades of Truth and Parity. Her garments are now spotless, and the angels are so near that she hears their soft voices singing glad songs over the sinner who has turned from the path of evil to walk in the way of Truth and Righteousness, which leadeth unto life!

Written for the Banner of Light.

Flowers.

BY OORA WILBURN.

"They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part."

Angel messengers! how deeply fraught with memory's endowments, their graceful forms incline, and their remembered fragrance greets us; the weary wanderers in an oft discordant world! The virgin lily, gazing upon it, a vision of loveliness fills my soul, and away from the un congenial surroundings, the pent up life, the narrow limits, the toils and encompassing cares, my spirit soars into a purer atmosphere; revisits the harmonious scenes of childhood, and by the crystal lake, and moonlighted shore, pauses awhile to dream and to enjoy. There bends the stately lily, bowing its gently head to the showered love-glances of the distant star-worlds; while the sleeping lake reflects her form of angel purity. The breezes make delicious melody amid the saluting foliage; the waving grass joins in the greeting choir; the willow bends majestically. At the water's edge too, in cerulean clusters assemble the sweet Forget-me-nots; a fairy multitude, inspiring the wandering poet's heart with strains of Elysian love and repose. Tender, fragrant violets! they remind me of a gentle blue-eyed child, who fled smilingly to the spirit bowers, bidding us, of earth, "good night!"

White rose! thou wert placed upon the bosom of the good and guileless, who departed ere example warped, or experience blighted, or life had brought deep sorrow. Thou consciously blushing rose! they twined thy kindred flowers amid the dark waving tresses of the radiant, exulting bride, who with untiring heart, and elastic step of youth and pride, passed singly o'er earth; till sorrow and disappointment came, and twined the cypress and the willow amid her changing hair.

In the retirement of her chamber, a bereaved one bends over a long since faded, but how dearly cherished token, a crushed and withered flower! but the hallowed memory is fresh; the love-vow then spoken when that flower was freshly culled and fragrant, yet thrills her heart with a perpetual joy; and the immortality of that love gives forth a glorious prophecy, that is a balm of consolation unto her yearning, widowed heart. The smile of resignation illumines the pale, sweet face; and faith responds to the angel's whisperings, "I know that we shall meet in Heaven!" and the withered flower, the talisman of memory and hope is kissed and laid aside.

A vine leaf—amid the pages of a favorite book! Once, when that leaf was fresh, a mother's lustrous eyes were uplifted to the shady bower, formed of the encircling vine, the clustering honeysuckle, the peeping jessamine and the fragrant woodbine; the wild roses, too, entwined those lovingly and little, intrusive flowers, undimly unfolded, and hid amid the mass of leaves. The spirit of that mother now rejoices in the sylvan bowers of Paradise, and weeds and rank grasses have overgrown the once favorite retreat, and banished the carefully tended flowers. Strangers dwell in the rural home, and the familiar beauty of the spot has fled; the poet eye and artist hand have ceased to adorn the once bright and beautiful spot.

A dried and withered garland pressed between the pages of a heavy book! It once adorned the happy,

girlish brow of one unconscious of her fatal dowy—beauty! Then she was gay and laughing, confiding and unsophisticated. Years brought changes; the laughing, romping girl became the dignified, conscious woman; flattery and adulation fulfilled their perverting mission; the tares of vanity and pride grew luxuriantly upon the fertile soil, and crushed the soul-blossoms of love and happiness. She bartered the flowery garland for the coronet of gems and pearls—the simple raiment for the costly garb, the tinsel show. She became the wife of one she loved not, for the sake of shining an envied star of fashion in the superficial world. She grew cold and stern, and potent; velling her life's unhappiness by the outward seeming of gayety and fashionable indifference.

Here is a fragrant leaf; it comes from the tropic lands, bringing reminiscences of dazzling blue skies, and summer seas, of forest depths, and dark cedars mingling with the palm and cocoa's bending grace.

A small crimson flower, folded in a letter! it was culled in a garden of sunny France, and the dimpled hand that gave it has forgotten to write the words of love to the absent it once delighted in.

They come with hallowed memories, with visions of beauty, with whisperings of consolation, with gleams from Heaven,—these fragrant worshippers! They invite to prayer, to smiles and tears, to festal joy and deep reflection, to love and peace, and universal charity. The sunshine of God dawns to them; the winds of freedom pass over them; the touch of angels sanctify them, blest and beautiful immortals as they are! Away with the costly offerings, the lavished trifles, the glittering toys.

"Give me from one kind hand a flower," as the choicest gift of affection, the holiest, purest offering of a kindred, feeling soul. Gather around me the emblematic forms of flowers, and while I inhale their sweet perfume, perchance a holier incense will enwrap my soul in vision; and my seeking eyes shall obtain the long prayed for boon, a radiant glimpse of the bright land my loved ones dwell in, the crystal streams, and paradisaean bowers, the undimmed skies and flower enameled plains, the cottage home, and the ascending heights of the future "divine abode."

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 26, 1853.

SOMNAMBULENCY.—A MOST SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

During the revolutionary war, there was a gentleman of large property residing in Brookline, Mass., who was addicted to the habit of walking, in his sleep—panic struck at the invasion of the enemy, he deeply expected that his dwelling would be ransacked and pillaged. Under the influence of these fears, he rose one night, and taking a strong box, which, when awake, he never attempted to lift without assistance, he proceeded down stairs, furnishing himself with a lantern and spade, and, in a deep, wooly glen, about a quarter of a mile from his house, he buried his treasure, carefully replaced the sods so as to create no suspicion of their having been removed. This done, he returned, undressed, and went to bed. Next morning, he was first to discover the absence of the "strong box," without having the slightest remembrance of what had passed. Enraged at its loss, he immediately accused his domestic of the robbery, as no traces of violence were perceptible either on the locks or doors of his house, that could induce him to suspect strangers.

Month after month elapsed, and still the mystery was not solved, and his family began to want the necessities of life, without the means of procuring them; at that period of public calamity, no money could be raised on real estate, and it was at that season of the year, when agricultural laborers had ceased, which left him no means of earning a support for his family. To augment his misery, his only son lay confined by a violent fever, without any of those comforts which his situation demanded. The mind of the despairing father was strongly affected by this melancholy view of the future, his rest became more frequently broken, and he would often wander from room to room all night, with hurried and unequal steps, as if pursued by an enemy. His wife and daughter, who were accustomed to these nightly wanderings, never attempted to disturb him, unless they were fearful some accident might befall him; in this case it was necessary to employ the most violent means to awaken him, upon which he usually suffered so much fear and distress, that they would exhibit him to recover gradually from his trance, which was always succeeded by a drowsiness, after which he would sink into a light and natural sleep, which generally continued for several hours.

One night, as his daughter was watching at the couch of her sick brother, she heard her father descend the stairs with a quick step, and immediately following him, she perceived he had dressed himself, and was lighting a lantern at the hearth,—after which he unbolted the door, and looked out; he then returned to the kitchen, and taking the lantern and spade, he left the house. Alarmed at this circumstance, which was not usual, (although it sometimes occurred as above related, without the knowledge of the family,) she hastily threw on a cloak, and followed him to the wool, trembling with apprehension of his knowing not what, both for herself and for her father.

Having gained the place where he had three months since buried the box, he set down the lantern, so as to reflect strongly upon the spot; he then removed the sods, and striking the spade against its iron cover, he laughed wildly, and exclaimed, "My treasure is safe, and we shall be happy!" And shouldering his heavy burden with the strength of a Hercules, he stopped not, as before, to replace the sods of earth, but snatched up his lantern, and pursued his way directly home, to the joy of his daughter, who could scarcely support herself from the fears she had experienced, which were that he was about to dig a grave, and either commit suicide, or murder some of his defenceless family. Unexpressible, therefore, was her joy, on seeing him ascend the stairs, and place the box in its former recess; after which, as usual, he retired to rest. His wife and daughter, however, were too anxious to sleep, themselves; the one sat impatiently watching the dawn of day, and the other retired to the apartment of her suffering brother, to relieve his mind by the joyful event, and her consequent hope of his immediate recovery.

When he arose in the morning, his wife observed the same settled gloom on his countenance, as he anxiously inquired about the health of his son, and expressed his sorrow at not being able to procure those comforts for his family which were so much needed. Finding him perfectly unconscious of all that had passed the preceding night, she watched the effect which the restoration of the box would have upon his mind—and (as she expected) with an astonishment almost amounting to phreny, he

There is no great element of truth in the facts of Geology, demonstrated in the formation of earth, the construction of rocks, soils, and strata. It has only

a tendency to lead the human mind nearer to ultimate truth. You live emphatically in an age of facts. Religion is given to you just as it came from your fathers, and possesses no more variation than the instrument of the organ-grinder. He gives no more expression of feeling than his instrument is capable of giving. So with religion—your prayers never vary—your creeds ever remain the same. There is no change—no progress.

All things of your existence are resolved into a crucible of facts. Your theological shells are filled with fossils of facts, as society is filled with fossils of humanity.

Though in your own mind you have always had the truth, yet to-morrow may reveal to you what you never knew before, and undermine what you had always held as truth. Facts are but the stepping-stones to truths. Know that you must search for truths—that all the soul's earnest desires are for the attainment of the one great perfect truth.

The teachings of Christ will apply to all ages, and to all generations, and on all occasions. Though this may meet with a doubt at first, yet the very simplicity of his teachings will live when science shall grow dark, and sink into nothingness.

You must not hold on to facts till they decay. Facts are but helps towards truth, and you cannot cling to favorite opinions or institutions, and arrive at truth. Remember that all these must be sacrificed to the attainment of truth. Remember, when you hear the minister preach the same sermon, in the same tone of voice, and repeat the same prayer, that he is chained only to facts; but when he throws away his sermon as he has written it—lays aside his long gown, and tears away the glittering tapestry of church, you may know that he is aspiring to something higher. When you see the business man sacrificing his standing in the church, and the name of millionaire, and going forth to fight for the right all alone, you may know that he is striving towards truth. When you see any man, or any woman, giving comfort to those in distress, joy to the sorrowing, or lifting the degraded ones up, you may read in their deeds the very language of truth.

In the Spiritualism of to-day there is too much of facts, and not enough of truth. Many witness and acknowledge its facts, and yet deny its truths. Remember that you are not to dwell on the facts of tippings and raps alone, but are to question the spirits what you may do, to advance your soul towards truth.

The greatness of truth is in its simplicity. Men stoop in search of religious truth, but the first principle of life and of truth is within their own souls. Then on, through the unending ages of eternity, you are to achieve it.

Most perfect is Christianity when it soothes the heart of the suffering, and, like its author, goes about doing good, as its only work; but when it does not, it becomes cold and dark, and has no response in the soul.

The medium then gave permission for the audience to catechise her on any point of her discourse. The following are among the questions asked, and the annexed answers given:—

Question.—Is it not a truth that twenty cannot be divided by six?

Answer.—No; it is only a fact. The geometrical ratio of planets is considered truth, but it is only a fact of science. Mathematics, geology, chemistry, are facts, but not truths—they embody no great principle of truth.

Q.—Then are we to understand that there may be true facts and false facts?

A.—Yes; a thing is a fact with you so long as it is your own conception. It is such.

Q.—Then does a belief of a thing make it a fact?

A.—Things are facts while they exist as facts. But new facts are every day being discovered, which overturn old facts.

Q.—Then if an Indian believes the world is flat, it is a fact that the world is flat, while if a civilized man believes it is round, it is a fact that it is round?

A.—While there is no difference in the fact, there is a vast difference in the conception of what fact is. Each inference is drawn from their highest convictions and from their own investigations, and so each has the fact of his experience to guide him.

Q.—Is not this world an exact type of the spirit-world?

A.—The natural universe makes up the body of which the spirit-world is the soul.

Men of science almost cease to retain respect for the Creator. They seek to measure God by mathematical laws. We do not profess to have elucidated the subject of our discourse in all its bearings, but have striven to draw the distinction between truth and facts. If we have been successful in freeing some from false conceptions, we are satisfied.

MR. WHITING'S DISCOURSES.

In the afternoon, Mr. Whiting's discourse was on the use and exercise of the human reason. Man should exercise his reason, not only in the material world, and universe of matter, but in the world of spirit and thought. Reason is one of man's noblest attributes. It decides in the intellectual mind how much of truth and falsehood exists in the world around him. If man's reason is unfolded, he will not consent to follow blindly in the footsteps of his ancestors, nor wear the same garments which his fathers wore, but will seek out new paths for his own feet to tread. The fact that it is placed in man's mind, demonstrates that it is placed there for use. No individual on earth is entirely destitute of reason. Philosophers find it almost impossible to draw the line where instinct ends, and reason begins. Reason may be divided into these classes:—Instinctive, Comparative, Analytical, and Intuitive. Reason traces effects back to their cause, but that is a small part of its faculty. Instinctive reason, is reason and instinct blended. Comparative reason enables man, by comparing himself with others, to better understand himself. It is by comparing with love, that the latter impulse is understood, and it is by comparing the low and dark mists of earth with the high and lofty, that the appreciation of goodness and purity in man is gained. It is by comparing this world with the spirit world that we are enabled to understand the beauties of the latter. But intuitive reason is more lofty and noble than all. The soul of a man who is capable of high intentions, is not only a receptacle of truths, from a higher source, but there exists the power which enables him to communicate them to mankind. In proportion as the attributes of reason are lacking in man, his thoughts are discordant, and often meaningless. This attribute of his soul tends to make him blossom into the perfect man, and then into the pure angel.

The three great enemies of reason are fear, conceit, and prejudice. Fear says, "Reason is carnal. Beware—you must not exercise it!" But strive to be

guided by that reason which is not carnal. Be directed by the law and testimony in all cases. Prejudice says—"Beware how you receive one truth, which has not been handed down from the past." Prejudice has always stood in the way of reason, because its language was that of ignorance, while reason was the language of wisdom. Conceit says—"I know enough already. I seek to know no more—begone, Reason—your task is done. Cease, Inspiration—we do not need your services more on earth." The higher the scale of man's reason, the more charitable he is towards others. The reasoning mind seeks to find some truth in all things, while prejudice and conceit discard it.

Man has been taught that reason was opposed to religion, and so must be discarded. But reason is the twin sister of religion, and religion without reason degenerates into the grossest superstition. Man's progress towards eternity is like the winding of a spiral cone standing on its apex, each circle growing wider and wider—the pilgrim learning new truths with each extending circle.

So cultivate the faculties of your soul. Not only cultivate reason, but intuition. It is the key-note which angels strike, and all mankind responds to.

When the reason becomes thus elevated, then will liberty reign triumphant in the human soul, and the grave will open to receive all the dark dogmas of the past.

"Flowers" was the subject of the improvisation, and the matter was well rendered.

In the evening his subject was: "What is the object of life—what is the grand end and aim of human existence?"

Why was man placed upon the earth, amidst its beauty and harmony, while he is so imperfect? This question interests the mind of the scholar, the philosopher, and the theologian. All mankind are led to inquire into their own existence—for man does exist, though now and then some peculiarly organized mind will deny it, and claim that existence is only a fantasy. The great fact of existence is admitted by all, with exceptions only enough to prove the rule.

Some say that man is destined to destruction, and unless another power reaches down and grasps him away from his doom, such will be his fate. Others say that he is but a material existence, and when he dies, all is extinct. Others say that mankind are born over and over again. If they are good when they die, they will be absorbed into the bosom of Brahma; but if evil, they are doomed to another existence in another form. Yet others believe in total depravity—that thousands upon thousands of years ago, by eating of a forbidden apple, man's life was made one of sorrow and despair, and his finality a burning lake, except by faith in Jesus Christ, who died to save those who believe in him. Another class yet believe that the soul is born with the form and grows up with it, and when the body decays and is put aside, the spirit takes another body in a higher life, and soars onward through eternity. But throughout all these antagonistic ideas, there is a firm belief in the reality of life.

Then what is its object? The Brahmin tells you it is to follow and obey the Vedas. The Christian says the chief end of man is to glorify God. The Mahometan says life is an existence given him in which to smoke, to hold slaves, and to live in luxury. We cannot blame either in the ground they have taken.

What will become of a man, politically or socially, if he loses confidence in himself? Then how much more is it to be feared when he believes himself totally depraved!

If man believes he is to die when the world is over, then to him the harmony and beauty of earth are in vain. Man has taught the elements to obey his will; but what avails it, if his life ends with his mortal body?

Mankind are apt to look down upon those beneath them, and call them evil, because they are not up to their standard. What if the angels regarded us in the same light, or what if God should discard all His creatures, because they were not so high as He? We must view humanity as part of the great tree of life. Some limbs are warped, gnarled, and stunted, while others, warmed by the sun, and moistened by the rain, rejoice in fragrant beauty. Man has no right to look down on others, because they have not had his advantages—because in early life they were trampled on, and neglected, and never found a helping hand to cheer or encourage.

We find society as one vast machine, in which each individual has a part allotted him, which he fulfills. We find in the human soul, those great desires—to live, to be happy, and to know of God. No man lives but has some conception of a God.

The man fears death, and watches its coming with terror, whose soul is shrouded with these dogmas of torment. But the Spiritualist fears not death—he can see bright worlds of happiness beyond. With stern agony the man meets death, who has no faith in immortality. No heathen ever immolated himself on the altar of his god—no Hindoo mother ever drowned her child in the muddy waters of the Ganges, except with the hope of thereby obtaining immortality.

The objects of earthly life are different with different individuals. Some live for wealth, some for the gratification of political ambition, some for social power, some for theological fame. Still all cling to life—all live for happiness. Happiness is found in the gaining of knowledge. If man knew all that was to be known, and could know no more, then would even life be irksome. But man can never gain true happiness without obeying the Golden Rule of Christ. Life on earth to man is what infancy is to his earthly existence. Never declaim against the world in which you live. You may escape earth, you may pass into dust, but you can never escape from your own individuality. Strive to elevate your nature, rather than declaim against it.

A committee to choose a subject for the oratorio of Mr. Whiting's poetical powers—consisting of T. J. Stephenson, Esq., F. H. Sprague, Esq., and Mr. Crockett—reported: "The death of Daniel Webster," which theme, though unexpected, was nevertheless ably handled.

FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.—The news by the late arrival from California is unimportant. The steamer brought to New York a large number of passengers, and \$146,175 10 in specie. Indian hostilities are said to have broken out in Plumas county and in Hoke's Lake Valley. At the latter place a party of emigrating Mormons were attacked and had their horses stolen; but getting aid from the white residents, they gave fight, killing a number of the Indians. Many colored people intend immigrating to Vancouver's Island, British possessions. Mining remains about the same as it has for some time past.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, June 12, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—It will be recollected that Cornelius Wille, the negro whose body was dissected by Dr. Redman and other University students, last winter, and whose bones, at the present juncture, are making something of an unusual stir in the world, is supposed to have been a hard drinker and to have died of the delirium tremens. This was his own statement; and his brain, when laid bare by the knife, gave evidence of the truth of it. Though obviously a well-meaning, kind-hearted man, of no mean native intellect, he has declared on several occasions, that he is still, in his present condition as a spirit, a sufferer from his perverted appetite, which he is unable to gratify. This makes it necessary that I correct a slight typographical error of a single letter which occurred in the printing of my last communication. You make Cornelius say that he would do anything the Lord might require, if he could only get one hour a day. The word hour should be horn. In Cornelius' own language:—"I'd do all the Lord says, if I could only get one horn (drink) a day. I'd work—my god! I'd—well, I'd—do everything."

Mr. Von Vleck has suddenly broken up his "dark circles" and gone west, or into the interior of the State. This was occasioned by no failure in the fulfillment of his programme; but, as I am led to believe, by a recurrence of the singular doubts as to the exact nature of the manifestations made through him, which have so much tormented him in the past; mingled somewhat, perhaps, with that fakeness of temper, which it is much to be regretted is so often an accompaniment of the best mediatorial powers. After a full and repeated investigation of the phenomena exhibited through him, and free conversation with him on the subject, I am constrained in spite of myself, to pronounce him an extraordinary medium in his peculiar field; and certainly honest, as the free expression of his constantly returning doubts sufficiently attest.

The case is a singular one, and will bear a word of improvement and illustration. The common phenomena exhibited through Mr. Von Vleck—aside from his medical and psychometric clairvoyant examinations, the spiritual nature of which I do not understand him to question—are these: 1st—He will allow himself to be bound by the audience, in the strongest and most complicated manner possible with ropes; and then, being left alone for a brief period in a dark room, he will present himself before them, free with every knot taken up of the cord. 2d—Being left alone as before, in the dark, and unbound, the audience will find him, after an absence, perhaps, of ten minutes, bound; and that most ingeniously and securely. On an occasion witnessed by myself, the wrists were tied together in the lap, with the middle part of the rope; the two ends were then carried round, one to the right and the other to the left, and knotted to the chair, and finally terminated to the lower round behind. Every part of the cord was drawn tight, the knots were model ones; and there was a system and order pursued in the process quite superior to anything manifested by persons from the audience who from time to time officiated at the tying. 3d—Two guitars, a banjo, etc.—at least a couple of these instruments at a time—pass swiftly around a large room, freely lightly touching persons in the audience, at the most distant, as well as the nearer points, and all the while loudly thrummed. The maximum of noise and movement is only reached when the medium is not bound, but the phenomenon clearly occurs when he is bound, as also when his hands and feet are held.

These are not all the phenomena that occur, but are sufficient for my purpose; and promising farther that due precaution is taken to prevent collusion—that closets are searched, and the medium placed under lock and key; or in case the audience remain in the room, all take hold of hands, or are connected together by a cord, and we have substantially the whole field before us for survey.

It is asserted that Mr. Von Vleck has said that he performed these wonders himself; it is clear that he manages to throw a great deal of doubt over their origin, by stating to his audiences, as he generally does at the beginning, that they must judge of the phenomena themselves; that he cannot say that they are spiritual; that he does not believe that spirits can move physical substances, except they do it through physical muscles; etc., etc. The imbrogllo, indeed, became so entangled, that I thought it well worth exploring, for the light such exploration might throw on the general question of Spiritualism; and to this end have followed up the question, and sought explanations from Mr. Von Vleck himself; and must conclude, in the absence of further evidence, that his doubts are not well founded; and that he is bound and unbound, and the guitars played on and moved about by some agency outside of himself, and without his contrivance or collusion.

Among the questions I asked Mr. Von Vleck, was, whether he was conscious of any volition or action on his part, towards unbinding and binding himself, or moving, or producing sounds on the guitars and other instruments. His statement, in one reply, may be set down as follows: He believed, during the manifestations occurring in his presence, that he was generally, perhaps not always, in possession of his external faculties; that he is not conscious of moving or thrumming the guitars and instruments, when they pass about the room; that on neither of the occasions when I had helped to secure his hands and feet, had he consciously meddled with the instruments, in the way that Mr. Coles had suggested might still have been possible, or in any other; that he does not escape from the ropes, or bind him; self by any trick, or contrivance, or effort on his part; but that when he is unbound or bound, an influence like a rushing wind or wave comes over him; he quivers from head to foot; his limbs become rigid and senseless, and very shortly he is free, or bound, as the case may be. What might be done with his hands, while in that state, he could not say; but certainly nothing was done by his own volition, or of which he was conscious, or had any knowledge.

It is under this state of facts, that I have come to the conclusion, that the manifestations through Mr. Von Vleck are clearly spiritual; and that in binding and unbinding him, etc., the spirits do not make use of his hands or muscles, or those of any one else in the form. It is difficultly seems to be his having unfortunately adopted at the outset, the belief that spirits are confined in their action to the spiritual plane, unless they can find physical muscles to work with; a position which can have no weight with me, or others, who like myself have seen, in a

full light, material objects move without physical contact.

This very day, in the presence of Dr. Rodman, I have seen a heavy breakfast table tip to the right and left, and finally sustain itself for nearly a minute, without physical contact, balanced on two legs. On one evening last week, at one of friend Munson's circles, in the presence of the same medium, a good sized table was lifted completely from the floor, and there sustained for a brief period, without physical contact; and on a former occasion it was my privilege to witness a table without contact, lifted over the heads of the persons seated round it, to a different part of the room, and ultimately returned to its place in the circle by the same invisible agency.

For the purpose of inviting extraordinary and unmistakable spirit manifestations of this kind, and others, Dr. Redman, I understand, proposes to devote Tuesday evenings of each week—at his rooms, 82, Fourth Avenue,—to a select public circle, to be restricted to ten persons. On Thursday evenings he will be at Munson's, as heretofore.

Aside from the doings of our mediums, in the present melting summer days, there is little spiritual news. Munson's library and circles have already assumed a position among the things that are, and are to be. Dr. Tyler, an accomplished clairvoyant examiner, and delineator of character, whose proper office is at 47, Thirteenth street, will hereafter, on certain days and hours, be found at Munson's rooms. I think he will prove an attraction, as the single delineation I have witnessed at his hands, was clearly a pointed and brilliant success. York.

A MESSAGE VERIFIED.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 2, 1858.

Messrs. Editors.—I send you a statement, as given to me by J. D. Cook, of Chicago—whose truth and veracity will not be doubted by any one here. It is in reference to a spirit-communication published in the Banner May 22, purporting to be from one Bent. Mr. Cook first saw Bent in May, 1849. He crossed the plains to California with him and wife. He knows Bent left the earthly form in 1850. Bent's wife had a sister living at, or opposite, Council Bluffs, and Mrs. B. being in ill health, intended stopping with her, but concluded not to do so, on account of many nude Indians being in the vicinity. She crossed the plains, and became healthy. Cook saw her many times after, at her husband's house in Sacramento. Mr. Cook does not know of any children belonging to Bent. There were two men of the names of Galt and Fitch, who crossed the plains in company with Bent. Fitch, who was supposed to be from the same neighborhood with Bent, had with him his wife and son. By the way, Mr. Cook is not a Spiritualist. Yours, fraternally, T. H.

Political Items.

The London Post, which is the organ of Lord Palmerston, the late Minister, has an article condemning in strong terms the idea that America has exclusive right to the Isthmus of Panama, and insisting that England has just as much interest there as we have.

Lord Napier has received despatches from the commander of the West India Squadron, expressly disavowing having authorized the recent acts of visitation, and explicitly disclaiming having any instructions contemplating such a contingency. He states further, that immediately upon being informed of such offensive proceedings, he despatched the sloop Jasper after the Styx and other cruisers, with orders to bring them in, intending to hold the officers to a strict account.

The Lords and Commons Committee of Conference have agreed upon the right of the Jews to become members of Parliament.

The troubles in New Orleans have all subsided at last. The city is quiet under its Native American Mayor.

The election for Mayor in Washington, at which trouble was apprehended, resulted in the choice of Col. J. H. Berrett, formerly Postmaster of the city, by a majority of 629 votes.

John P. Hale has been re-elected United States Senator from New Hampshire, for six years, from the 4th of March next.

Official information has been received at Washington of Governor Cumming's arrival at Salt Lake City, and the submission of the Mormons. The Governor's despatch was sent to the House, with a message from the President, conveying the belief that the difficulties with Utah had terminated. The President congratulates the House, and expresses the opinion that there will be no occasion to make the appropriation for the three regiments of volunteers recently authorized for the purpose of quelling the Mormon rebellion.

In his proclamation to the Mormons, the President said:—"If you obey the laws, keep the peace, and respect the just rights of others, you will be perfectly secure, and may live on in your present faith, or change it for another, at your pleasure."

Arrangements to E. K. Collins, of the Collins line of steamers, have been voted by the Senate, amounting to \$147,780.

There has been a series of personal troubles in Congress, of late. First, between Hughes and Harris, of the House, which was settled; next, between Davis and Benjamin, of the Senate, which was ditto; and, finally, between Wilson and Gwin, which also was settled.

The case of Judge Watrous, of Texas, has been postponed in the House, till the 2d day of December next.

Two vessels have been seized going out of New York, on suspicion of being slavers.

The President has sent in a message to the Senate, conveying the correspondence between Secretary Cass and the Peruvian Minister, in regard to the violent seizure of the American vessels Georgiana and Lizzie Thompson, while engaged in taking in guano at the Chincha Islands.

A person who left Gen. Johnston's army at Fort Bridger, on the 8th of May, reports that the troops would be out of beef by the 10th, but that their other rations would last till the 1st of June.

Messrs. Gales & Seaton have been allowed \$340,000 by Congress, for printing the American State Papers.

Congress adjourned, finally on the 14th. At the regular State Democratic Convention, in Illinois, on the 9th inst., a resolution was introduced with others, denouncing Senator Douglas for his opposition to the present administration, and charging it all to his "overweening conceit." He is thus thrown out of the party. It is reported that if he falls, of a re-election to the Senate, he will run for the House in Col. Harris's district.

Congress have been very busily engaged over the Army and Navy matters. In the House, the Senate's

amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill was taken up, providing for the construction of five propellers, and one side wheel steamer, for the China seas, and amended by increasing the number of propellers to ten. A similar proposition has already been rejected in the Senate; but it is said the House will insist upon the proposition. On motion of Mr. Cochrane, the construction of ten iron screw gunboats was authorized; and an amendment providing for four vessels for the Northern lakes was agreed to. The President was authorized to borrow \$1,900,000, at six per cent., payable semi-annually, to defray the expense of building these vessels. An amendment providing for furnishing the ship Franklin with steam engines, and launching her, was passed. Altogether, the House provided for increasing the navy, by the addition of twenty-five effective steam vessels of war. The Army Appropriation was next considered, and the Senate's amendment appropriating \$1,285,000 for fortifications stricken out.

On Friday, 11th inst., the President sent word to the Senate, calling attention to the destitute condition of the Treasury, and says that the Secretary of the Treasury estimates that thirty-seven millions of dollars will probably be required for the first two quarters of the next fiscal year, and recommends Congress to provide the means before adjournment.

It is thought that the difference between England and Naples will lead to serious results.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Miss Charlotte Cushman completed her engagement here last Saturday. Her performances here have, if possible, even raised her reputation as the greatest living actress. While performing her characters of "Queen Catharine" and "Meg Merilles," she held her audience spell-bound with the power of her representations. She will play another engagement in New York, and will then return to Boston to start for Europe about the first of July, where she proposes settling down for the rest of her life. The "Rouini Ballet Troupe" will next visit the theatre. This company was here last summer, and won "golden opinions" from the lovers of the pantomime.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—The "Crook of Gold," recently played at this popular resort, was one of the best performances we have ever seen on its boards. The leading character, "Roger Acton," taken by W. H. Smith, was one of his best performances, and Miss Rose Skerrett as "Grace Acton," his angelic daughter, added much to her reputation, as one of the most promising young actresses on the stage. In the farce which followed this performance, "The Quiet Family," Mr. Warren's impersonation of Mr. Barnaby Rudge, was positively the best we ever saw, and "brought down" the house in frequent outbursts of enthusiasm. Warren will receive a benefit on Friday evening, when will be presented five favorite pieces, in all of which he will appear, supported by the entire strength of the Museum company.

CHASE AND BARTHOLOMEW'S DIORAMA, now on exhibition at the Meisouon, is one of the finest that has visited Boston for a long time. We would advise all to go and see it. The fire scene is alone worth the price of admission.

HALL'S BOSTON BRASS BAND will give a grand Promenade Concert on Thursday evening, 17th inst., at Music Hall. A choice entertainment may be expected.

The Buss World.

FUN AND FACT.

THE BANNER THIS WEEK contains, if it be possible, more than its usual variety of entertaining and instructive matter. The Message department, especially, is very attractive; while the miscellaneous and literary portions of the paper will be appreciated by all readers. Part fifth of "Life Eternal," by Mrs. Adams, may be found on the 7th page; also a history of Mr. Mansfield's mediumship, compiled by Dr. Child.

We have several communications on file, which we shall print as soon as the crowded state of our columns will permit. "To a Friend," a poetic gem, by "Cousin Benj.," will appear in our next.

Judge Edmonds's Spiritual Tracts are for sale at the Bookstore of Bela Marsh, No. 14 Bromfield street.

BRAD says the practice of registering letters at the post-office containing money is all gammon—it only serves as a guide-board to put dishonest clerks on the track; and adds—"The way I do, when I am lucky enough to have money to send my friends through the mail, is to place a large black seal upon the letter, and write underneath, in haste! Such letters always get to their destination in safety."

Chauncey Shaffer, a prominent lawyer and politician attempted recently to shoot Justice Steers, while the latter was attending to his duties in the New York Police Court. Mr. S. is one of the recent revival converts, and is supposed to be insane.

EATING HOUSE DIALOGUE.—Waiter—"Steak for one." "Coming, sir." Gent, (scrutinizing it)—"Waiter, here, take this gutta-percha stuff away; it isn't fit for a hog." Waiter, (riled)—"If I'd known that, I wouldn't have brought it to you, sir."

ENORMOUS SHARK.—A shark was killed at Menasha Bight, near Guy Head, recently, which measured twenty-eight feet in length and four feet in diameter. He has three rows of teeth, and his liver produced six barrels of oil.

At Havana trade is dull, but the health of the city good.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY MEETINGS AT THE MELODEON.—MRS. HATCH will lecture at the Melodeon next Sunday forenoon at 10:12 o'clock. Her subject will be—"The words spoken of Jesus." And he went and visited the souls in prison."

Mrs. A. B. WHITING will occupy the desk at the Melodeon at 3 and at 7:34 o'clock, P. M. An improvise poem, upon any question selected by the audience, will be delivered at the close of each lecture.

SPRITUALIST MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon at No. 14 Broadway Street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

Miss ROSA T. ADAMS will lecture in Stoneham, Tuesday 16th inst.; South Dedham, Wednesday, 17th inst.; and North Bridgewater, Sunday, 20th inst.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening at GUILD HALL, Whittemore street. D. F. Goddard, regular speaker. Seats free.

LONGING MOORE will lecture as follows:—In Georgetown, Wednesday and Thursday, June 10th and 11th; Exeter, N. H., Sunday, June 20th; Portsmouth, N. H., June 27th; Portland, Me., Sunday, July 4th.

Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture fails for want of useful arrangements. Mr. Moore will act as Agent for the "Banner of Light."

JOHN H. CURRIER, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Newburyport, Sunday, 20th inst.; Milford, N. H., Sunday, 27th; Lawrence, Sunday, July 4th; Franklin, N. H., Sunday, July 11th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wall's Hall. Speaking by mediums and others.

QUINCY.—Spiritualist meetings are held in Mariposa Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

Written for the Banner of Light. A MESSAGE OF LOVE.

BY M. M.

Lo! from the Heaven above—
The peaceful sanctity, the holy calm—
I fly, to pour upon the hearts I love
A soothing balm;
Balm for earth's aching ill,
To cheer them as they falter on the way,
And bid them look toward the heavenly hills,
Bathed in pure day.

Beyond those emerald hills,
The greenness of whose slopes no mortal sees,
Because we, free from scorching heat or wintry chills,
"Beneath the trees,"

And, basking in the wealth
That never taints the soul with harmful gulls,
We feel the bliss of spiritual strength,
"Neath God's warm smile.

High thoughts, a genial flood,
Flow o'er us from the never-falling river
Whence poets, martyrs—all the true and good—
Have drunk forever.

Say to all loved ones here,
To think on me as one whose tolls are past—
Who rests in calm repose and duties dear,
The mind at last.

And we shall meet again—
Meet! the whole measure of the earth-life full,
And clasp each other, freed from death and pain,
With joy unutterable.

Life Eternal.

Communicated from the Spirit World, to a Lady of
Boston.

[Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams.]

PART FIFTH.

Now, let us look abroad over the great mass of human intelligences, and see for what these endowments are given to man; for what are these powers of the soul—these mighty perceptions placed within him, if not to unfold in the great eternity? Were he only made to live while the mortal body lasted, this unending power of expansion would not be embodied in his spirit. Let us look beyond the discordant elements, that chain him down to circumstances. Look on the wonderful and progressive elements of this age—did they not come down from a world of higher intellect into man's ideal? Is it not mind—that frames your mighty fabrics? Are they not first conceived in the mental, and then, with materials, man frames your mighty mansions, that beautify and adorn your earth? All things are first conceived in the ideal world, and then placed before the external gaze. The soul that is endowed with powers of mechanism and construction, shall be not go on through eternity, unfolding those powers? The innate powers of man call for and ask a future and unending space, where existence may be prolonged; and where, in the fathomless ocean of time, they may bathe their souls in the waves of flashing, flowing life, that flows from the great existence—the great life-power of God. There is not a soul but claims this right, for he, himself, is an atom of creation; and all the particles that compose him are made of eternal composite—both body and soul are undying. These bodies you now dwell in, may go and mingle particle with particle of kindred particles—the vegetable cleaving into the vegetable life—the electric portions going to unite with flowing forces in the atmosphere, and the mineral deposits of the body will cleave again to the same, and not a particle be lost.

See the great economy in the works of the Creator! How mighty and minute are His laws! He, perhaps, who walks upon this earth, after thy body has been laid in the dust, may see portions of thy once material frame growing in a flower. It is necessary, in His great laws of economy, that the bodily elements should be called back, for they are needed in the world of atoms. So the spirit, in corresponding duty, attracts itself to the great and glorious truths that exist in the mental world, even as atoms, particles and monads live in the material existence. The mind is made up of varied and numberless expansions of thought, even as the bud is formed from vegetable, mineral, and electrical forces. How numberless are the souls that are living, not knowing the laws of existence—not knowing the claim they hold to the spiritual world—but a moving, rushing mass of breathing matter, without one soaring thought—without a chain of aspiration to which the mind can cling. But this is matter unprogressed, and mind unenlightened. These are the dark phases of existence, which intelligence must enlighten, to which intellect must bear, her stores of beauty. They only make in life's great picture, the light and shade which must be blended. The two principles are inseparable—they are but one—the same as good and evil—heat and cold—the positive and negative sides of life.

My progression to-day is attended by some shadow, for some soul in the universe is groaning for the light I have. His soul is beggared for food, while I am feasting. So inseparable is the great mass of human beings, so disconnected is the progressive principle. It is necessary that the bodily elements shall decompose, that the spiritual powers of man may have full expansion; Oh, no! He may step in and walk in spheres of light. He may traverse worlds unseen to the material eye, for it is the soul that ranges through the majestic regions. It is the soul, and the thoughts that compose it, that represent all beings. It is not the body and its forms, and its many and varied conformities to the world of fashion, folly, and ignorance. It is the spirit that is the animation of God, dwelling within the wonderful mechanism, capable of sustaining its powers. And how independent of its motions is its spiritual part, which can go roaming abroad when the body lies at rest on the evening couch—which can traverse over the mighty globe, and land in some distant clime.

This shows the power of the spiritual being, and the velocity which it will attain, when disconnected from these laws of gravitation—when it moves from this earthly thralldom—when it passes out from this house of clay. Then you will go with the motion of the mind. And with this speedy power roaming, wonder ye that we quickly wend our way to earth; and cry out to the tombs, as it were, to cheer the hearts of men with the glad tidings, that the great birth of the spirit life has come, and that man is to be born again, that he may see the kingdom of heaven?

Ah! what are the varied emotions that carry on this throng of life. They are chained by conditions—and the bright God-spark that is lodged within them, grows dim, by the jargon and conflicting surroundings! Oh, progression, development and unfoldings! Let our souls pour out in a heavenly lay, as we catch the chant which angels sing of bright

and endless progression. How false, how erroneous—over apart from knowledge—how incompatible with the belief that we go onward through life progressing—are the teachings and dogmas of the day—that divide the God-power—that give Him a hand of redemption, and a hand of damnation.

But error must roll away—must fall off—like clouds, and they who dwell beneath it be brought to the humble courts of wisdom, where God manifests Himself through nature and her laws—and appeals with life-like emotions to the sensibilities of man.

Alas! who shall claim to be the standard of justice and truth? Away with that doctrine of evil that flows over the land, like midnight clouds, teaching man there is no dawn, through our redemption. There is naught beyond it but clashing discord. How it reverses the God-nature—and makes the throng of breathing human existences go treading backward—to heaven's courts, trembling for the fate that awaits them; and living on in trembling fear, with the thought that sorrow and misery is their portion, when this little span of life has run.

Wonder not that spirits come with mighty power—come like an avalanche, to do away these maddening teachings of man. We pity him who stands in God's temple, built by human hands, giving forth to the multitude that this is his own belief.

Oh, how narrow the view, that a certain acquiescence to certain forms of doctrine, will save a soul! Did belief carry us to the bosom of our Father, the victim of the Ganges would be with and dwell with Him forever. For he that bowed to his God of stone, bows in belief—in fond trust, that he worships the true God.

It is this that I would show to the children of life—that belief does not secure a heaven. It is the great truth of things in existence, and the knowledge of those, that bears the spirit away to rest. But how has nature been shunned, and the natural things of life been discarded for some mysterious thing, all shrouded in impenetrable folds, and reserved for the elect; to be explained in the future ages. There is not a thing that God has hidden—all things are open and waiting for man to unfold to his eternal gaze. The universe is his to walk upon, to scan and fathom. We are heirs of immortality, and God holds naught in reserve—everything is given freely and in beneficence to all alike. It is only the soul that comes forward first—to receive wisdom from His great storehouse. But He holds the same for all His children of eternity. That great, impartial Being enfolds all creation in His arms of affection. He keeps in His embrace the smallest creature of existence, as well as me. His heart of love bounds and goes out to the most remote corner of thy habitation.

May I with humbly as I gather wisdom, for all things are Thine from the beginning. As Scripture saith, In the beginning was the word, and the word was with Thee, and Thou art the word of life. Through eternity we will praise Thee—we will acknowledge Thee—we will bow in homage to Thee, Thou Omnipotent Being! Thou who dost pervade all existence—and according to the brightness of Thy works dost flow in and dwell there. Knowledge fails—Wisdom falters—Comprehension grows inadequate to the task to find Thee out—Thou that dwelt from all time—Thou whose existence will never cease—who dost throw off Thy breath, and quickly bring forth souls, formed in Thy image. Thou, oh God, art the theme of the life theme—the immortal study! And we will centre around Thee and encircle Thee with Thy reflected goodness. Had we ten thousand tongues, they would fail to sing Thy praises. How shall we best acknowledge Thee? and how shall we pray? Is it for the children of life to put up the prayer, asking Thee to step aside from Thy boundless laws, and to come and bless us, according to the conception of our blessings?

From Creation Thou hast blotted Thy children—ever they were called to their consciousness of existence—when they were living in particles of life, Thou wert blessing them. By Thy provision in the great laws of the Universe, which existed with Thee from the beginning, not a span of life goes on, but blessings from Thee flow. Not a tidal wave of sorrow comes beating against us, that Thy hand of goodness did not first form—not to dash, by chance, immediately on one or another. But in the law of progression, there must be contra-emotions; there must be what seemeth afflictions, bereavements, among the children of earth. There must be the broken household-band; the vacant chair, that appeals to the fountain of affection; and draws forth the bitter tears of sorrow. All these must come, for we are unprogressed.

Our Planet is moving into more harmonious action—our climate is revolving into a more congenial region, where a softer atmosphere will overspread it—where more balmy breezes will blow around. And our God will ever manifest Himself in His changing power. This earth shall one day be a spot of love, truth, and harmony. All, all this generation, that I now see moving upon it, shall have deposited the particles of the body here, and their spirits step into the great space of infinitude.

But memory, bright, golden links of memory, will never forget thee, O earth! or thy children. It was the home of the body, and we that have lived there, love it. We float back on the tide of memory, and recollection, and we keep blessing and replenishing it with food from our store-house of knowledge.

O, how many forms of unseen visitants people your earth! How they walk beside the children of life! How they come with Hope's golden rays to the sorrowing! How they cling round you with the warmest affection! O, dear inhabitants of earth's sphere! Think not thy climate a far removed thing of Creation which God has forgotten to help! It is dear to Him. He holds it. His children are dwelling upon it—children of eternal redemption! And in His great design, He placed that glorious luminary, whose magnitude so far exceeds the boundary of this earth. He placed it, that its rays might fall, and under its genial warmth life spring up. And would He make such boundless provisions, such sources of gratification for His children, if they were not His eternal offspring? They that say He will cast into utter darkness, know but little of His kingdom; for He has no place where His glory shines not; He has no spot that corresponds to man's ideas of regions of darkness. No! All His planets are bright and glorious as this earth, and they far excel it in celestial brilliancy! Then all will come—the Universal voice of God calls them to come—His arm of salvation enfoldeth Creation, and His food of life is all-sufficient to feed His children.

In His name I invite them to drink of heavenly fountains. I cannot ask thee to come to God, for thou art already in His great existence. There is no child of the Universe that is far from Him. But I would ask thee to come and learn of His works. You will find Him in the glorious adornments of thy

sphere—read Him in the little brook that, goes flowing by—hear Him in the thunder's crash—see Him in the lightning's flash—view Him in the mountains—praise Him in the little valleys—love Him in human forms—embrace Him in a brother—and in all things that exist around thee, acknowledge Thy God and Maker. And then, thou wilt find there is no real evil on earth; for, to acknowledge the real existence of evil, is to detract from the ever-dwelling principle of God. It is only the undeveloped state of things. It is ignorance, not evil, that makes in harmony, and the faster this knowledge is gathered in to souls, the sooner will come the kingdom of heaven.

To reclaim a wanderer from his fold, is to tell him he is a child of God—then how the little quivering spark will glow within him, till it grows a star, and burns out remorse—and the rays shine out from his spirit, and he finds himself a thing of light and life. Oh, acknowledge the ever-present Deity! There is within memory's soul the God-principle to which we may appeal. We will call it man's better nature. Tell him 'tis his God-nature. We fail to reclaim when we appeal to the sensual man; but when we send the God-spark into him, from ours, then do we feel the kindling—for it ignites the holy blaze. And farther—I care not how abandoned the wretch—how deep he is stained in misery's dye—for were there not the God-spark within him, he would never feel remorse for his deeds. It is that divine principle which groans in its inharmonious surroundings, and flutters its wings like the caged bird for release. It is that which makes the hell of woes—the divine nature struggling to be free—sighing for pinions with which it may fly and be at rest. Were there such a thing as a child of evil, he might dwell with evil forever and feel no compunctions, no workings of conscience.

How gloriously does the divine principle within us glow, as we learn to dwell in harmony. How sweetly her pinions unfold, till the soul plumes its way over the discords of life, and send itself beside a harp whose strings are the elements of creation, whose melody and song is the love of God and the love of man—eternal, undying love, that flows from the fountain of affection into every soul of life, and is carried back again on wings of love, till the great Creator gathers the innoise to Himself, and sends it forth anew with added love, till it flows on and runs through every vein of existence. Though the mass of human forms are individualized and identified, they are but one moving body of life. They are, as it were, each separately, one faculty of God—and they will grow with them through eternal space, magnifying in brightness, and still lose none of the faculties that now dwell within them. Each attribute will be fed, and every faculty with which the human soul is endowed, will have an ocean of joy wherein to bathe!

Will not love to God and love to man faster revolutionize and harmonize the children that dwell here, than the principle of evil, which tells them they are the children of sorrow?

Let us all be ambassadors of the great, life-principle. Let us be co-operating with God and the Saviour.

Why wonder ye that Christ, when here, was looked upon as a Being of Divinity? According to the capacity of the minds which were then on earth, he was to them a God. With their limited knowledge, their souls were not sufficiently enlightened to make a higher one. He was so far in advance of them—so harmonious, so beyond their conceptions of truth and beauty, that they made him a God, out of the highest of reverence. But he claims not in all his words to be beyond the Father. He was equal with Him. "So I and my Father may be one, and all His children may be one with Him."

But we go to our Father who is greater, we go to the courts of immortality—we go into eternity—we are now there—and shall dwell there forever—throughout undying ages. Infinite on infinite are Thy ways, O God. Let us all come, and live, and dwell in Thee—for our being is with Thee.

TO BE CONTINUED.

History of Mediums.

BY DR. A. B. CHILD.

NUMBER III.

J. V. MANSFIELD.

Mr. Mansfield is well known to the public as a writing medium of extraordinary and peculiar developments.

We propose to sketch—but very briefly—a history of his mediumship, and some incidents of his early life, that may have favored his medium development.

Mr. M. is a member of the Methodist Church, in "good standing," and has been for seventeen years past.

He was born in Southbridge, in the year 1817. At the age of seventeen, he had a very severe attack of typhus fever, by which his system was so much prostrated and enfeebled, that he was confined to his bed, in an almost helpless condition, for three years. There may not be a doubt but that this long and painful illness had a mighty, though unseen and unrecognized influence in developing and preparing him for his present usefulness as a medium, though near twenty years have elapsed since his recovery.

From his earliest recollections in life, to the present time, Mr. M. has seen spirits almost daily. He sees them really and tangibly, and converses with them as mortal converses with mortal; he hears their voices as he hears the voice of any mortal, and answers the same. He calls spirits at his pleasure, and seldom fails to get a response. In this way he gets information that is interesting and useful in his every-day life. How beautiful, how pleasant, how valuable is this power; it is the key to the fountain of knowledge, and the gateway to power, freedom and heaven. No earthly influence can intercept it, even prison walls cannot shut it out; no material condition can suspend it, or take it away. It is above the power of man and the influence of matter. Many, many times, when he has been alone, spirits have audibly spoken to him, and have warned him of approaching danger, and have told him of coming events; and he has found their prophecies ever reliable and truthful. This capacity of communing with spirits in a normal condition, has, through his whole life, gradually increased, and is greater now than at any previous time.

At Mr. Mansfield's first sitting in a circle of Spiritualists, it was communicated to him through another medium—Sitt one hour in fifty-four consecutive days, and you will become a writing medium." This he did, and on the fifty-fourth day his hand was mechanically moved to write.

Shortly after, Mr. Mansfield was developed as a medium for answering sealed letters; and so many applications were made to him, that he was forced to choose between his former business and this, and deeming that it was his duty to devote himself to the cause, he chose the latter alternative, sacrificing, therefore, considerable pecuniary interests.

Since, modern Spiritualism has caused him to recognize his medium powers in other directions, which

is about three years; through him doors have been opened and shut without physical touch; tables have been raised eighteen inches from the floor without contact with any person or any thing, and suspended in mid-air; a number of seconds in the open light, and no person within a number of feet of them; to these manifestations many persons can bear witness. Piano-fortes and violins have been moved about the room, and played upon, producing the sweetest and most heavenly strains. This has been done without contact with the instruments, and in brilliant gas-light.

Ever since Mr. M. became acquainted with modern Spiritualism, he has felt an indescribable love for it, and a deeper and truer interest in it than in all earthly things. He says uncounted millions of earthly treasures can have no influence to draw his love away from it; for one is uncertain, and endures but for a little time,—the other is certain, abiding, and eternal.

Mr. M.'s time, for the last three years, has been devotedly given to answering sealed letters, without breaking the seal. Sealed generally in such a way as to preclude the possibility of reading them, or knowing what they contain, without opening them. The spirits move his right hand to give the answer, while his left hand is held in contact with the letter. Thus he writes answers, and returns the letters, or answers the letter in the presence of the person who wrote it. Every answer given is an answer to the questions contained in the letters. The average number of letters sent for answers, and returned without answers, is one in every five; and four in every five are answered with correctness; and every answer has a test.

The philosophy of answering letters in this way, no science of earth can explain, independent of the recognition of some unseen power and intelligence. In the last three years Mr. M. has written thirty-one thousand answers to letters, twenty-one thousand of which have been written and sent free, without any pay, or any demand for pay; about ten thousand he has received compensation for, which compensation has fallen short of the expenditures of his family, during that time, and office expenses. As the answers he sends are written very coarsely, on printed paper, postage stamps form no inconsiderable item in these expenses, sometimes as high as twenty cents being put upon one letter, and as the postage must be paid in advance, even while he receives nothing for his services, it will be seen how the amount he receives may be dwindled.

This does not appear like a device for making money out of Spiritualism, for Mr. M. left a profitable business, which gave his family an ample support, with a conscientious and heart-felt desire to make himself a useful instrument in the proclamation of the new and beautiful gospel of Spiritualism to mankind.

He must have bread and clothes for himself and family, and his receipts are insufficient, from the exercise of his mediumship, to supply these wants. Thus his position is not an enviable one. He works very hard; is early and late at his office. From skepticism he has had very severe and unkind things said and written to him. But these sayings he passes over as easily as he can, without allowing them to turn him or change his course; for he knows that he is doing right,—he is fulfilling a good mission.

Through him letters are seldom if ever answered that would disturb domestic peace, or advance pecuniary gain; and it is perhaps for this reason that letters sent to him for answers of this nature, pass unnoticed by the higher influences that control him, and are returned without an answer, and this accounts in many cases for his reputation of occasional failures.

Letters too, have been written to him of most deceptive character—trivial and false; these have been treated to with indifference, or with most severe rebuke, accompanied with most extraordinary tests.

A letter was written by a gentleman of this city, addressed to a person living in the form. This letter was intended for Mr. M. to answer; and to be carried by the writer on the following day, and presented to Mr. M., under the disguise of being addressed to a spirit who had left the form. On the evening previous to the presentation of this letter, Mr. M.'s hand was moved and wrote the name, appearance and full description of the man who wrote the letter, his intentions of trickery, the full contents of the letter, and the precise time when he would bring it. This man was a perfect stranger to Mr. M. He came the next day at the hour predicted and was immediately recognized from the description. And while he yet held the letter in his hand Mr. M. told him the contents, the name of the person to whom it was addressed, that he was still living, and his plan of deception.

Many most ingenious devices of a similar nature have been practiced upon Mr. M., whether to test his claims of spirit power, or for imposition, it matters not; they have been met and disposed of by a power that sees and knows the hidden thoughts of men the same as spoken words.

Sealed letters have been written to him for answers in Hebrew, Greek, Spanish, French and Chinese, and correct answers have been returned, written in the same language through Mr. M.'s hand, which languages to him are perfectly unknown.

In many instances he has had promotion of the death of friends, which has happened as predicted. He has had written through his hand in two instances the death of friends immediately on their decease, many hundred miles distant, whom he supposed to be in perfect health;—and letters subsequently received have proved the truth of the communications.

Mr. David Pierce, of Belfast, Me., on Saturday evening about ten o'clock, said to the spirit of an Indian girl then communicating through a medium, "Go to Mr. Mansfield, in Chelsea, to-morrow morning at precisely eleven o'clock, and make him recognize your presence. At precisely eleven o'clock the next morning, which was Sunday, while sitting quietly in church Mr. M.'s face was turned suddenly by some unseen power to look at the clock, which he noticed told the hour of eleven precisely. This he made a note of, though he knew not why. His hand was moved and wrote: "I come to make my promise good." This was signed by the spirit, with directions to send it to David Pierce, Belfast, Me., which was done.

Seventy-four portraits of spirits have been painted by artists, alone from the description written through Mr. M.'s hand. Sixty-one of the seventy-four have been recognized by the friends of the spirits as being good likenesses of them before their decease.

Mr. M. is visited by all classes of men; mostly by men of thought and research; ministers of all denominations, from all parts of the country, have sought to test his powers, or commune with spirit friends, through him.

Three instances within the last few months of persons who have come to him (not those who believed in Spiritualism) that had fully resolved to put an end to their earthly existence. These persons seemed to have been drawn to him by some power that they could not control to be rescued from the unnatural deed of suicide. On these three various occasions his hand was most powerfully used, and the most heart-touching appeals were made which caused their tears to flow, and their purposes to change. Thus suicidal intentions in three instances, by means of Spiritualism, have been changed to a fearful submission to God's will.

On one occasion there assembled at Mr. M.'s office Capt. W. of the U. S. Navy, Lieut. McN. of the Army, and a distinguished physician, Dr. W. Through him was written the name of Emma Winslow. She stated that she "died in England, March 10th, 1857, aged 16 years 8 months 10 days."

"What is your object in coming to us, as you lived and died in England, so far off, and so long ago?"

"Can my family ever be discovered?"

"This is my object, and to furnish you a strong test of the power and willingness of spirits to communicate with mortals."

"I am sister to Sarah Winslow, who died in Boston, 1857, aged 26 years."

"Was she buried in Boston?"

"You will ascertain the above to be truthful by searching the burying-places in Boston."

"What burial ground?" we asked.

She replied—"I do not know the place by name. Boston was a small town at that time; but you can find the truth of the aforementioned, if you persevere."

It was asked if her remains were entombed or buried. She replied—

"Buried."

"Does any stone indicate the place?"

"Yes."

"Marble?"

"No; a common slate stone is there, which will show the above record. I come, therefore, to give you this test."

These remarks having excited much interest, it was concluded, before any other test was asked for, to confirm it; or prove its falsity, by examining a cemetery in Boston. During the next day they found a tomb-stone bearing date "1857," and "sister to my memory of Sarah Winslow, who died in Boston, aged 26 years." This cemetery is surrounded by a high wall, and no one, unless by permission, is allowed entrance. Section after section was visited, and, although all had abandoned the search, it was only by the persevering efforts of Lieutenant McN., who, after many hours' patient examination, discovered the stone sought for.

The grass being ready for the scythe, the keeper of the yard wished that further efforts might be postponed until some other time, when the medium being influenced to write, laid down a piece of paper, and his hand moved, when was written—

"You have passed my grave. SARAH."

The party retraced their steps, and found a stone hidden by the long grass, moss and earth, eight inches below the surface, and which had never been disturbed since it was originally placed there. Upon removing the earth, the almost illegible inscription was deciphered, faithfully agreeing with the above description, and utterly unknown to any living person. The effect upon those who witnessed this discovery was intensely interesting.

We clip the following from the N. E. Spiritualist of March and January, 1857, from the pen of Rev. D. F. Giddard:—

"A Baptist clergyman, residing but a few miles from Boston, and often in the city, investigating this subject, sent, one day, in Mr. Mansfield's office, found himself, to his surprise, a medium for the sounds which there greeted him. After some little questioning, friend Mansfield's hand was seized, and, among other things, it was written in substance as follows:—

"My dear unknown brother—The spirit that is present now, is, by name, John Colby. I was a Baptist preacher, some forty-seven or eighty years ago, living in Vermont, traveling from place to place. A life of woe is now extant."

Neither our brother clergyman nor Mr. Mansfield knew anything of all this. It was a test. Going to the regular Baptist bookstore, our investigator found nothing like this memoir; but, upon inquiring at the Methodist store, where the Free-will Baptist books are kept, a memoir of "John Colby" was discovered, a Free-will Baptist preacher in Vermont, some forty-seven years ago, beginning to preach at the age of twenty-one, in the year 1808, and "traveling from place to place," thus corroborating the communication in every particular.

The following are through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield. He is a writing medium, through whom any number of similar tests have been given. The first I offer, came at a sitting, the 15th of May, 1856. Mr. Mansfield and family, with an officer of the army and his lady being present, an influence seizing the hand of the medium, wrote "Nancy Holden." Question—"Who are you?" Then followed: "Wife of Thomas Holden—died in Boston, 25th May, 1802." Question—"How old?" Answer—"Nineteen years, two months, four days." Question—"Where buried?" Answer—"North part of the city, (Boston); I died in child-birth; my babe is sleeping with me, buried in the same grave. You will find my tombstone with the above inscription." Then in answer to question, "My gravestone may be found on the right side of the hill, a small common slate-stone, &c., &c."

N. HOLDEN.

The next morning, in company with the aforesaid officer, the graveyard at the North End was visited, entrance being obtained by application to the proper official—for it is kept locked; they proceeded in a systematic way to the search, beginning at the foot of the hill, and taking the stones section after section. They had thus examined one large strip of graves, from the foot of the hill to the top, when Mr. Mansfield proposed giving up for the present. But persuaded by his companion, who was yet no believer, they agreed to take one more slip or section, a little further to the north. Here, after some search, they came upon a stone bearing the following inscription:—

"In memory of Mrs. Nancy Holden, the wife of Thomas Holden, who died 25th May, 1802, aged 19 years, 2 mos. and 4 days."

Also, an infant buried with her. A perfect corroboration of the statement given through the medium.

At another sitting, later, the name "Candace Chamberlin" was written. Then following, "died at Irlsburg, Vt., of consumption." A letter then was written, commencing "My dear Samuel"—among other things, recalling to his memory for evidence, that she requested the reading of Scripture a week before death, and chose this text for her funeral discourse: "Set your house in order, for you shall die and not live." Then, additionally, that this was preached from at her funeral service. This letter was directed to "Samuel Chamberlin, Barton, Vt.," although she died at Irlsburg, Vt.; and in about ten days came the answer, stating that every particular was true, name, place, Scripture-reading, text-choosing, the preaching of discourse from same, &c., &c., ending "God only knows where it came from, but 'tis true."

Mr. Mansfield is a man of unimpeachable integrity, holding a highly respectable social position, and has been giving his time to this mission of furnishing evidence free of all charge, hitherto, to those examining. He, with his family, before this new experience, were members of the Orthodox congregation, and have gained nothing of what the world deems reputation, by taking the present position. But here are two cases, whose legitimate conclusions cannot be escaped, without charging the medium with deceit the grossest and most foolish. This kind of talk we meet further on. Mr. Mansfield is in a perfectly normal condition, conversing with you upon indifferent subjects while writing. There is no implication of the mental faculties, but a purely mechanical use of the hand. But before the whole weight of this argument is urged, let me present a few more facts.

Here is one, very short, but very direct and conclusive. Mr. Mansfield at home, was about retiring for the night, when, finding his hand seized, he went to the table, and, taking a pencil and paper, received the following:—

"I came to make good a promise that I would dictate through you. I have been with my children at Derby, Vt., manifested by answering questions through the table, and promised to give through you this test, and the time I was with them. This was the 8th and 9th of June, 1850, DAVID HOPKINSON."

Mr. Mansfield afterwards learned that upon those very evenings, at the house of Mr. Hopkinson, in Derby, Vt., the spirit-father had thus appeared, though nearly the whole company were unbelievers, made this promise twice in succession, and thus exactly fulfilled it, late on the very night it was last given.

And thus again, and again, and again. Seated in Mr. Mansfield's office with him, but about a fortnight ago, a pile of letters before him, I had the pleasure of witnessing one test given. I may remark that these letters are all sealed, and sometimes enclosed in two and three envelopes, with private marks and seals. The left hand was slightly influenced. One letter selected by the power as the one to be answered.

