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Poetry.

THE "PROFESSORS" VS. "RAPPINGS."

Some certain Professors once tried to discover
The law and relation of rappings;
But found that at best, 'twas a futile endeavor,
To prove it by tricks and foot-tappings.
They claim that Galvani or Mesmer at best,
Elucidate plain to the mind;
In electrical forces, which mortals possess,
The cause of the trappings we find.
The Davenport youngsters were chosen in form,
From countless circles of Mediums;
The spirit of John, with a battered tin horn,
Played snatches of grand to-doums.
A few days' sitting, with scarcely a tipping,
Disgusted those Doctors of Knowledge;
For the promised report they seem unwilling
To give it the stamp of their College.
The Magi of Egypt, once counted impostors,
Are proved to be honest and true;
The rods of the priests this strange fluid fasters,
As serpents uncoil to their view.
So Saul and the witch 'twould seem but in keeping,
With a bottle of Galvanised thunder,
Burst open the tomb of old Samuel, sleeping,
Thus robbing the grave of its plunder.
The transfiguration, the water and wine,
The healing of sickness, and curing the blind;
The miracles all, they were never divine—
For a cure-all in fact was this fluid designed.
A few simple facts with a moral for each,
We wish that all wise-heads may learn,—
Don't try to pluck fruit that's out of your reach,
Or fossils unseen by the sun.
A new revelation will doubtless be made,
To benefit suffering possessors;
Until we receive it our prayers must be laid
At the doors of the College Professors.

Splendid Romance!

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS; OR, THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER I.

"She is an orphan, hard her lot,
With strangers hard her gown;
Her father, shield her well,
This hard to be alone!"
Nowhere in New England can the traveler find a busier place than the village of Mapleton on Rapid river. It is situated at the "head of navigation," as the geographers term it, or in more common terms, near the mouth of the river, just where the stream pours its somewhat shallow, but noisy waters, into the more tranquil Connecticut.
There is a fine water power here, for the river falls one hundred feet within the space of a quarter of a mile; Nature, therefore, has furnished its capital, but there are few rich men in the region to build large mills, so that there is no monopoly of the water, and hundreds of little shops with their buzzing wheels are scattered upon the banks, giving to the place a population of thriving mechanics, and well-to-do farmers, the latter finding ready sale for the products of the soil.
The village is like a beehive, and no drones are allowed, or if they intrude themselves, they are left so entirely alone in their solitary dignity, that, to all intents and purposes, they might as well be glued over and stuck to the hive, as try to enjoy life in this busy place.
Some twenty years ago a certain lawyer who had held office under General Jackson, but who had long since been denied the flesh-pots of Egypt, and even the leeks and onions of the Kitchen Cabinet, strayed into Mapleton.
To his astonishment he found but one professional man, besides the minister, a doctor, and even he was devoting most of his time to raising merino sheep to supply the woolen mill of the Mapleton Manufacturing Co., that had a capital of five thousand dollars.
Our ex-officio holder was somewhat surprised at the number of shoe shops, peg factories and places for making buckets, clothes-pins, wash-tubs, &c. Moreover, he ascertained that the wives of the most thriving men in the place, even Mrs. Spooner, the trader's wife, and Mrs. Mudge, the doctor's wife, did their own house-work; there were no servants in the place, only now and then when the census was increased, a neighbors' daughter condescended to be "hired help."
"Just the place for me," said the hungry office-seeker; "I'll bring my family, and we'll be 'top of the heap,' the only real gentility of the place. They will give me all the offices I want, and, if I only manage right, who knows but before five years are out I shall be 'Hon. Solomon Shuttleworth, M. C., from Mapleton!'"
With such gay visions in his brain, he returned to the city, and after consultation with Mrs. Shuttleworth, who, by the way, held the staff in her own hands, they concluded to take their departure for this land of promise. They had long struggled to maintain the appearance of gentility upon very slender finances. A poor little bound girl was the drudge of the family, which consisted of the father and mother, two sons and three daughters. Now it was considered beneath the dignity of any member of the family to engage in any business that

was not perfectly "genteel," so "Arthur Wellington" and "Alexander Hannibal" were placed as clerks on Washington street; but after a short trial, being found deficient in arithmetic, were dismissed, and were seeking other places at the time of their father's change of residence.
"Arabella Sophia," "Margaretta Francesca," and "Ada Grace," were model young ladies, being brought up under the special tuition of their mother. They wore the longest waists, the largest bustles, and the most sweeping dresses of any of the fair damsels of "Smith's Avenue." Hoops were not in vogue then, or I should have to tell you of the great circle around which the beaux, who called now and then upon the young ladies, revolved like the satellite round Jupiter. They had dark, stiff hair, which gave them some trouble, as long, drooping curls were fashionable; but after much torturing and confinement in curl papers and pinching with tongs and plastering with patent curling fluids, they succeeded in producing certain elongated spiral ornaments, reminding one of candles dressed in mourning.
The young ladies were somewhat compressed in the chest, as their mother had always been of the opinion that out of door exercise made young ladies coarse, and fresh air in sleeping rooms brought on colds, so the daughters kept their lungs, like their hands, small as possible. Unfortunately tight waists were the rage, and whenever new dresses were made, they followed the illustrious example of General Jackson at New Orleans, and "raised cotton breast-works."
A hired piano stood in the parlor, and occupied the morning hours of Arabella Sophia and Margaretta Francesca. Their evenings were devoted to the beaux, among whom, one clerk with very slick hair, and turned-down shirt collar, named "Edward Augustus Fitzwilliam," was the especial favorite of the family, and supposed to be desperately in love with "Arabella Sophia," because he wanted her so often to sing and play.
"Go, forget me—why should I sorrow," &c.
Mrs. Shuttleworth insisting upon it that young men in love always sung such pathetic songs that express just the opposite of what they mean.
True he had not much salary to depend upon, but then he was so "genteel," had such long, slim, white hands, and wore such a "love of a vest," blue and gold color with rosebuds scattered over it!
But we have quite forgotten "Ada Grace," the pet of the family. Unlike the rest of the children, she had light hair, blue eyes and fair complexion.
"My wax doll," her mother called her, and rightly, for she seemed to be endowed with the same quantity of brains, and the simpering expression peculiar to the doll sisterhood. Her dresses gave one the idea of subtraction as readily as those of her sister, long measure, while her stiff, full skirts made her look broader than she was long; and one feared that the base was not strong enough for the superstructure. She took music lessons of her eldest sister, and attended Monsieur Le Follet's Dancing Academy twice a week.
"As for Rithimetic and Gograpy," Mrs. Shuttleworth said, "for my part I don't see much use in Ada Grace bothering her head about it, for the more book learning girls have, the more difficult it is to get a husband, and I mean that my beauty shall learn only accomplishments. She can sing and play 'Sweet Afton,' and has embroidered two ottomans, one with a splendid white house with green blinds, and a little 'shepherdess with a crook tending lambs, and the other with Alexander Bonaparte sitting on a rock on St. Helliner."
The family were seated at the tea-table one evening, just before their father's return from Mapleton.
"I say, if the old gent would only shell out the cash, we'd go to the theatre to-night," said Arthur Wellington, "for old Job comes off with Cinderella as an after-piece."
"Oh, do take me," said Ada Grace, "Cinderella will be so delightful!"
"Ha! ha! Waxy, you need n't ever expect to be Cinderella; you are too much dressed and petted at home for that. It will take Sally to play that game."
"What in the world are you talking about, Alexander Hannibal?" said his mother, sternly, while Ada Grace gave her head a toss, and pouted out her pretty lips, as if her dignity was much offended.
"You need n't make a fuss for nothing," said the young man; "I only meant that all fairy stories begin with some poor little despised damsel. By the way, mother, what makes you call your little hand-maid down in the basement Sally—she says that is not her name, it is Alice."
"Well, if I chose to call her Sally, nobody has a right to prevent it. Sally is altogether a more proper name for a kitchen girl than Alice."
"This is a new way of robbing one of their good name," said her son, with some attempt at wit.
Just then the door opened, and Mr. Shuttleworth made his appearance.
"Good evening, Mrs. Shuttleworth! all well at home? Any news, boys?" These questions were asked almost in a breath.
"Eh! nothing but dry bread and cakes for supper!"
"We can't have that much longer, Mr. Shuttleworth, unless you get that clerkship in Washington, that you've talked about so long. The baker sent in his bill this morning, but I had to put him off, for Le Follet must be paid in advance."
"Well, mother, better days are coming! We shall soon see a change, and mark my words, the time approaches when my talents will be appreciated, and I shall hold up my head in Congress yet. If I can't make a speech equal to the best of 'em, then

my name is n't Solomon Shuttleworth. But send for some oysters, and I'll tell you my adventures."
"The old story," said his wife, "always something coming, never anything here. If my name was Solomon Shuttleworth, I guess we'd see —"
"What we should see," said Arthur Wellington, "but where are the oysters?"
"Send Sally," said Alexander Hannibal.
The bell rang, and in answer to the summons a pale, sickly-looking child, some twelve years of age, appeared, and received orders to go out and buy a quart of oysters.
"No, two quarts," said Arthur Wellington.
"Three! three! all of three," said his brother.
"Yes, mind you bring three," said Ada Grace.
"Oh, yes, let us have a good supper for once," said the father, depreciatingly.
Mrs. Shuttleworth, who was somewhat undecided before, now turned to the waiting child, and said, in a voice of authority:
"Bring one quart of oysters, and two dozen crackers."
The children looked vexed; their father said nothing; submitting with that stoical philosophy which obedient husbands so soon acquire.
Meanwhile, the little girl timidly wended her way along the city thoroughfare. It was evening; the street was not well lighted, the air was chilly, and she kept by the side of the houses, and walked as fast as her tired, aching feet would allow. She procured the oysters, and was walking homeward, when she saw a tall, awkward looking young man, leisurely walking the street, stopping at the windows, and making exclamations to himself.
"My gracious! if them 'aint coffee-pots! And what lots of shining kettles and saucepans! Crackers! Would n't mother's eyes sparkle to look at 'em! I'll go right in and buy that patent apple-parer."
He was turning back to enter the door, when poor little Sally, as Mrs. Shuttleworth named her, trembling like a leaf, stumbled over the iron grating of the cellar window, and fell, scattering her oysters and crackers upon the pavement. Her fear of the young man was lost in the greater dread of her mistress's sharp voice and strong arm, and she burst into tears.
"What's the matter?" said the young man, "spit your supper? Never mind, there's no use in crying for what can't be helped."
"Oh, but she'll whip me, I'm afraid!"
"Whip you? who'll whip a little girl for stumbling on those confounded hard sidewalks? Never mind; stop crying, and I'll fill your pail again, for I suppose if I had n't been in your way, you would n't have stumbled. I guess I'm an awkward fellow, but I never was in a city before. There," he added, when he saw her pail refilled, "run home, and say nothing to your mother about it."
"It is not my mother I'm afraid of, sir; my mother is dead. I'm a little bound girl," and she hurried away lest she should be reproved for her tardiness.
"A little bound girl! What under the sun is that?" said the young man, as he turned again to examine the curiosities of the kitchen furnishing establishment.
In the meanwhile, the Shuttleworths were discussing Mapleton and their future prospects.
"If it was n't for Ada Grace," said Mrs. Shuttleworth, "I would consent to go; but how in the world the child can finish her education in such an outlandish place, is more than I can imagine."
"Oh, they have a good school there, I was assured by the postmaster. The teacher is a college student, the son of a farmer, who has worked his own way through college, and is now earning money to study a profession. He is a fine scholar, and their school is very popular."
"There, now, said his wife, with a sneer, "that's just as much as you know about bringing up daughters. A farmer's son to accomplish off the beauty of the family! Where's the dancing academy, and the painting, and the fancy work?"
"Well, these will come when I get into Congress—no mistake this time; those country people will be pleased enough to have such a family settle among them. We'll have everything our own way. But here comes the oysters."
"I'm glad there are some educated people in the place," said Arabella Sophia, who had lately taken it into her head to set up for a literary character. So she read "James's last," and went to hear a course of lectures on the "Innate poetical idea of the Hot-tentot race."
There were two vacant houses in Mapleton, either of which Mr. Shuttleworth could rent. One was a huge shingle palace on the top of a hill, painted white, with a yellow door. There were no shade trees before it, but it was surrounded with a white fence, and moreover the house was furnished with a door bell, the only one in the village. This last appendage, with the imposing appearance of the house, decided Mrs. Shuttleworth in her choice. The other house she said was altogether too small, and moreover was not painted. It was a snug, little one story house, with ample room on the lower floor to accommodate the family, if they had chosen to think so. It was in a warm, sunny place, with a small orchard of choice fruit, a trim garden, and, as the roof was hidden by some old shade trees, it mattered little whether the house was painted or not. But though Arabella declared they might call it "a cottage," said for her part she should like it, especially as they could have a woodbine twined over the side of the house, yet the rest of the family laughed so much at her taste, and declared they should feel horribly lonely with so many trees and bushes about,

and it would n't be at all like the city, that she soon acquiesced, and after weeks of bustle and preparation, they finally arrived at Mapleton, imagining that their appearance would astonish the natives.
Mrs. Shuttleworth sold part of her furniture, and selected from the auction shops such as she thought would be most showy, having little regard to utility. A second-hand pier table, a half-worn tapestry carpet, a couple of glass mantel lamps with pendant ornaments, a half-dozen embroidered chairs, which, with the girls' ottomans, she thought would produce quite a sensation where home-made carpets and cherry tables were the no plus ultra of gentility.
Their nearest neighbor was Farmer Sowell. He lived in a snug brick house in the "hollow," surrounded by orchards, corn-fields and meadow lands. He worked hard, lived well, dressed in homespun, knew nothing of city fashions, but by the strength of his sturdy arm had won all the solid comforts of life for his family.
Mrs. Sowell was one day standing by her cooking-stove, lifting with a large fork a huge vegetable, full of noble Carter potatoes, when Hannah, the youngest daughter, exclaimed—
"Do look out, mother; the stage has just stopped on Davis's Hill, and the new folks from the city are getting out."
The window was soon filled with a pyramid of heads, "both great and small," to catch a peep at the new comers. Even Mrs. Sowell laid her potatoes on a clean plate, and joined the group, and her husband, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, came and made the apex to the pyramid, as he was wiping his hands.
"Wife, we must be neighborly," he said; "these people have traveled a great ways, and are commencing housekeeping anew; had n't we better send them in some dinner?"
"I would do it with pleasure, if I thought our country cooking would suit them."
"Hungry folks are not dainty; do as you would be done by, and don't be troubled with 'ifs.'"
"Well, I don't know as it's best to send 'biled pot.' I have a notion city folks do n't like it much; but I have a couple of nice, roasted chickens in the house, and wheat bread, and apple-sauce, and doughnuts."
"That's right—send a basket full."
"Who'll carry it?" asked the mother.
"Jim and Simon, of course," said the father, as two boys of twelve and fourteen years respectively stood watching the stage; and give them your mother's compliments, and say that we feared they would need some provisions, before getting ready to cook."
A capacious basket full of Mrs. Sowell's choicest cooking was accordingly despatched, much to the surprise of Mrs. Shuttleworth and delight of her hungry family.
"And what shall I pay you?" said Mrs. Shuttleworth, taking out a long red purse, heavy with steel beads. The boys shrugged their shoulders, and looked at each other, and then at the purse, as if they were entirely unprepared to make a bargain. At last Simon, gathering courage, said—
"I guess mother didn't want any pay; she thought you were among strangers, and she would be neighborly."
Mrs. Shuttleworth looked very smiling upon the boys, and said—
"You are nice boys, and very polite to strangers; we shall be happy to see your mother as soon as our parlors are ready for the reception of company."
The boys ran home, glad to be dismissed so graciously, and Jim, who had a remarkably good memory, (being able to repeat the whole catechism verbatim,) gave the errand just as it was delivered to him. Mrs. Sowell felt rather scandalized that pay should be offered for her neighborly kindness, and thought the message rather formal, so much so that she would not venture to offer her services in helping to arrange the house.
"Why, wife, perhaps they have help sufficient, and need none from others."
"I guess they have," said Simon, "for I saw two great tall girls, with long, curling hair and black eyes, dressed just like the pictures in that magazine Joe Sikes sent to Lizzie from New York; and then there was a little short girl with curls all over her head, that looked like our yellow painted churn, or as it would look if it stood on long legs."
"And there was another one," said Jim; she was standing all alone in that great, cold kitchen, and looked very sad and pale, and had great blue eyes."
"Oh, that is the hired help, servant, I suppose they call her," said Lizzie.
"Where is Jerry?" said Mrs. Sowell, as she glanced her eye round the well-filled table, and upon the group of cheerful, hearty eaters, who were devouring the well-prepared meat and vegetables with that zest which labor and fresh air give to persons in health.
"He is out in the shop, I venture to say," said his father, "and so engaged with his gimcracks that he did n't hear the bell. I wonder what in the world will become of the fellow. He is always either reading a newspaper, or at work on some notion or other with his tools. I have my doubts what will become of it all, and if he was n't always so faithful to work on the farm when I set him at it, I believe I should put a stop to so many experiments and so much reading. I suppose it would almost break his heart if I should stop one of the newspapers."
"Lawful sakes! husband, I'd rather go without a turkey Thanksgiving than give up the papers, the poor boy takes so much comfort with them. And just think about his grafting those trees, from read-

ing how to do it is the papers. Why, we sold twenty bushels of fruit last year, all from the poems he set, when he was n't older than Simon."
"Yes, yes, wife, we all know he is mother's pet, and a wonderful boy, of course; but here he comes!"
A tall, rather awkward looking young man, about eighteen years of age, entered, saying pleasantly—
"I hope I'm not growing deaf, mother, but I did n't hear the bell; I must have been pounding nails when you rung."
"Never mind, child; there's victuals enough, only they are getting rather cold."
"They've come! they've come!" said the two boys, almost in a breath, to Jerry.
"Who's come, pray?"
"The Shuttleworths—the whole family; two young gentlemen about your age, but dressed much finer, I can tell you. Their hats shine like grandma's satin bonnet, and their pants are strapped down to their feet like a saddle on a horse."
"Come, come boys," said Farmer Sowell, "enough of our new neighbors for once, now for work! Spring is upon us, and I want all hands busy. Jerry, can you help mend the stone fence round the pasture?"
A shade of disappointment passed over the young man's face, but he answered cheerfully—
"Yes, sir; I'll be there in half an hour."
Jerry and his mother were left at the table.
"Will you have a piece of the pudding, Jerry?"
"Yes, mother, I never refuse your baked Indian puddings. Do n't you think the new hen-house and the patent nests are quite an improvement?"
"Yes, indeed, Jerry; but I do n't know about your spending so much time in making new notions; sometimes I'm afraid your father thinks that you will be poor help upon the farm."
"He may be right, mother; but the disposition was born in me. I never saw a little brook when I was a child, but I wanted to build a tiny mill, or the steam issuing from the tea-kettle, but I wanted to set a machine in motion. I dream every night of something new which I wish to make, and I dream too, of success. Sometimes I hope to make profit enough by my 'gimcracks' to compensate father for the loss of so much of my time. This summer I will work hard for him; the next winter I will study, and then one year to the workshop, and if I do n't succeed, I'll turn farmer in earnest."
"Well, we're not so poor that we must keep all our children hard at it, all the time; but your father likes to see all labor turn to some account."
"And mine shall at some time," said Jerry, "if it be nothing but making button moulds; but now for the broken fences. I'll patch them to my father's content," and Jerry started for the pasture.
Merrily went the wheel of Lizzie in the spinning room; little Hannah had trudged to school, and Mrs. Sowell found employment enough for the afternoon in heating the oven, and replacing in her pantry the loss of the contents of the basket sent to her neighbors. Indeed the Sowell family were always busy, and always cheerful.
The family on Davis's Hill were equally busy about these times, for Mrs. Shuttleworth was a famous manager in her way, and great was the commotion she stirred up.
"Margaretta Francesca," she screamed out at the top of her lungs, early the next morning, "get up and go to work, and wake up Arabella Sophia; we must get the house in order to-day."
The young ladies roused themselves very reluctantly, and with many yawns, threw on some old, faded, "drabby" looking silks, stained and ragged, so tight that but two or three books remained to fasten them behind, and with their hair in curl papers, the girls descended to their morning meal, which, thanks to Mrs. Sowell, was that morning a decent one, for the remnants of the basket were more acceptable than Mrs. Shuttleworth's cooking.
"Now girls," said the mother, "we must look the doors, and tell Sally to say 'not at home' to anybody that may ring; the first thing is to put the parlor in order, it's not much matter about the kitchen; the carpet must be put down, and the piano set up as soon as possible, and by to-morrow Ada Grace can have on her polka dress, and hair curled, and sit at the piano practising, so that when people call she may be in readiness to see them."
The young gentlemen and their sisters were struck with horror at the idea that there was no upholsterer in the place who could be hired to put up the curtains, and fit the carpet, but their mother, who had certain rigid rules of economy, among which was "pinch at home to show abroad," was not sorry to get so much extra out of her children. Like some politicians, she would increase the salary of the foreign ambassadors at the expense of the home department.
However, Arthur Wellington, Margaretta Francesca, Arabella Sophia, and Alexander Hannibal agreed to arrange the parlor, if they might have matters all their own way. The young ladies drew on kid gloves and put handkerchiefs over their heads, and the young gentlemen in gloves and dressing-gowns proceeded to business. It must be acknowledged they performed their task much sooner than an upholsterer would have done, for the sun was still above the horizon when the last curtain was hung upon the cornices. These curtains were the special pride of Mrs. Shuttleworth, being composed of alternate pieces of red and yellow worsted damask. The corners of the room and the fitting of the carpet round the ample hearth did not give our young folks so much trouble as they would have done more experienced workmen, but Arabella Sophia said: "Never mind the corners, nobody will see them," and this rule helped them on marvellously.

Mrs. Shuttleworth, in the meanwhile, was unpacking her crockery, and loud and long were her lamentations over the broken articles.

"It all comes of my letting Shuttleworth pack so much of it; he never could do anything right, and wastes more by his ignorance than I can save by all my economy."

However, her platted cake-basket and German silver spoons were safe, much to her delight.

They were not troubled with callers, for Mrs. Shuttleworth's message to Mrs. Sewall had circulated through the village, and the neighbors delayed their calls. But they kindly sent a barrel of apples, some nice cheese and butter, and other country luxuries, much to the delight of Mrs. Shuttleworth.

"It's all because they are so pleased to have city folks settle among them," said Mrs. S., and she assumed a patronizing air, and determined to be very condescending to such good people. Her husband was equally delighted; he had visited the counting-room of the Mapleton Manufacturing Company, and talked so largely of "railroad stock" and "manufacturing interests," that the managers, supposing he had a large amount of money invested in stocks of various kinds, very readily, at his own modest suggestion, appointed him their agent at a salary of five hundred dollars a year, "a mere trifle," he said, but as he had the leisure, he would gladly accommodate them, and no doubt they would find his services more than a compensation. Now the truth was, that this very salary was to be the sole dependence for the support of his family, and he was only too happy to obtain it. He assumed an unusual air of authority when he entered his house that day and ordered dinner.

"Dinner! Mr. Shuttleworth, when there's not a place in the house to set a table," said his better half. "I've no time to cook for idle folks; you'll find something to eat in the kitchen." So the prospective "M. C." walked into that apartment to satisfy the demands of appetite as best he could.

Alice was at work over the wash tub, trying as well as her strength would permit, to wash the young ladies' clothes, they, having but a limited wardrobe of underclothes, and therefore demanding such services often at an inconvenient time. Mrs. Shuttleworth said, "it was all folly to make up such loads of linen and cotton to put into drawers, it was better to lay the money out where it would show."

The child left the tub and waited on Mr. Shuttleworth, looking rather wistfully at the food.

"Well, Alice," said the gentleman, "that's your real name, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, Alice Hoffman."

"A German name. Well, Alice, how do you like Mapleton?"

"I think I shall like it very much, sir, when I get rested, and the fine weather comes on. I was hungry in the country, sir."

"No wonder you're tired, and aint you hungry, too; here, take this biscuit and apple, and sit down and eat it."

Poor Alice was very grateful for a kind word, but she opened her blue eyes in astonishment, not understanding that a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. They were mutual sufferers under their household tyranny. Mrs. Shuttleworth's step was heard.

"What in the world are we to do for milk, Mr. Shuttleworth? Arthur Wellington says there's not a milk cart in town."

"Everybody owns a cow, I believe—perhaps I better buy one."

"Keep a cow! keep a cow! Mr. Shuttleworth, with what help I have. Pray, who will feed it or drive it to pasture? Sully perhaps could learn to milk, but I've other work for her to do."

"Mr. Sewall said that his wife could sell us milk till we bought a cow."

"Very well; Sally can go for it. Remember, child, to take the pail and run down to the brick house yonder, as soon as you have kindled a fire."

Alice said nothing; but all day long she thought of that morning errand. She shrank from encountering strangers, but that was not the worst; she must go ragged and dirty, for, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, such was her condition most of the time. But the next morning at sunrise, when Mrs. Shuttleworth's loud voice was heard, bidding her get up, a sudden resolution seized her, and taking a clean, gingham dress, a castaway of Ada Grace's, but neatly washed and mended by herself, she put it on and ran out of the house. It was early Spring; her path led across a pasture which sloped gradually from the hill in the direction of Mr. Sewall's.

A few old apple-trees, carefully trimmed and scraped by Jerry, were scattered here and there; and one fine elm, with a curiously gnarled and knotted trunk, stood, about half-way between the two houses. It had, by some accident, been bent when young, so that it formed a comfortable seat, and in summer afforded a fine shelter. The bare-footed child trod cheerily on; all her sadness vanished as if by magic. The sun was rising, and the birds sang a sweet morning song. The air was sweet and refreshing, and the fresh, young grass, was a soft carpet for the feet, so long used to the city pavements. Alice forgot her sorrows, and dim visions of early childhood floated in her memory, when she played beside a cottage door, and beneath green trees—and then came a child's prayer trembling on her lips, as the soft, sweet air, kissed her brow and cheek. She forgot even her bashfulness, till she arrived at Mr. Sewall's back door, then her heart went, pit-a-pat for a moment, but it was for a moment only. On opening the latch, a busy scene presented itself. It was baking day; the family had risen from breakfast, and Mrs. Sewall and the girls were "over head and ears," as the good woman expressed it, and arms, of course, for she was moulding huge loaves of brown bread. A long table, loaded with apple and pumpkin, made by Lizzie, while Hannah was washing dishes and sipping over her work. They were so busy that no one heeded the opening of the door, and it was not until Alice said in a low voice—

"I will take Mrs. Shuttleworth's milk, if you please," that the busy mother and daughters turned to see whence those sounds proceeded.

"Oh, it is Mrs. Shuttleworth's little girl; take a seat, my dear; it's rather chilly this morning. Hannah, put a chair near the fire, and then fill her pail. And would n't you like a cup of milk; may be you'd drink it, as you don't keep a cow; it's very wholesome for little girls that are growing, and you don't look very stout, either."

Before the child could gather courage to answer, the milk was brought, and Alice thought that there was nothing more to be said. The kind words of Mrs. Sewall, and the gentle manners of the daughters,

were so new and strange to her that she felt bewildered, and fancied she must be dreaming.

"You need n't take the trouble to come, for Simon can take it when he goes to pasture."

"Oh, I can come as well as not," said Alice; the very thought of losing the pleasure of the walk, and the sight of the happy faces before her, making her dread a change in the arrangement; "it's so pleasant, and the walk is not long."

"Well, just as you prefer; the morning air is good for you, and you must drink your cup of new milk every morning; we'll see if we can give you some rye cheese, now you have come to the country to live."

Alice bade her new friends "good morning," and tripped home with a light step and happy heart. Oh, the blessed influence of kind words! They fell upon the suffering heart, as dew and sunshine upon the soil, waking into life fragrant and beautiful flowers.

"You little, deceitful hussy!" was the greeting Alice received as she entered the kitchen door at home; "and so you were too proud to go for milk in your every-day clothes. Go—take off that clean dress, and don't let me see you putting it on again in the morning."

Alice felt sad at heart, but there was no time to spend in grief, for Mrs. Shuttleworth was bidding her make haste, and carry water to the girls' room, and call them to breakfast. The latter meal was always late at the Shuttleworths, not only because it was more convenient to the habits of the family, but because they all agreed with "Margaretta Francesca" that it was very "ungentle" to breakfast earlier than eight o'clock. Of course Alice must wait till this repast was over in the dining-room, before she was permitted to eat her own solitary meal in the kitchen, and the child often suffered from want of food, as she, at least, must rise early. This morning she wondered why she should feel so light and strong; but there was no mystery about it, it was Mrs. Sewall's elixir, a draught from "Bessie," the famous Ayrshire heifer that drew the prize at the Country Fair.

Alice was in a brown study all day, wondering how she should avoid the mortification of appearing before Mrs. Sewall in the unseemly garb she then wore. "Where there's a will, there's a way," and Alice's cogitations ended in her recalling to mind that she had in her slender wardrobe, a gingham sack apron; made for Ada Grace, but not suiting her fancy, was handed over to Alice, and Mrs. Shuttleworth was ignorant of the transaction.

Alice folded the apron carefully, and just at dusk, ran down to the elm-tree, where she bestowed it in a snug nook, ready for morning.

CHAPTER II.

Thus daily on the gentle flower
With insolence they trod.

The Shuttleworths are now fairly established in Mapleton, and cling to the large house on Davis Hill, though it does take a huge wood-pile to keep the parlor warm, and though the wind howls in a stormy night like an evil spirit, making doors and windows tremble at his angry touch. Arthur Wellington, finding that his neighbors had no time to admire his patent leather boots, fancy vests, hugging, and pink-embroidered shirt-bosoms, has found a place as bar-keeper in the "Horse Tavern," in the suburbs of New York. His mother often speaks of him as manager of a large hotel in New York. "Howard," she believes the name to be; "it begins with an H, anyway," she says. Alexander Hannibal is traveling agent with his father, and their united efforts have procured so many orders for the Mapleton Manufacturing Company that the managers, at the advice of the older Shuttleworth, have enlarged their operations. Many of the villagers also have taken stock, and gay visions of sudden wealth dance before them. Mr. Sewall, however, obstinately refused to invest any funds in the concern, and is called very selfish, because he does not turn in his wool, and receive a stockholder's share.

"No," he said decidedly, in reply to Shuttleworth, "I get a fair price and cash down from one of the agents of the Lowell Mills, and as I know nothing about manufacturing, and do understand farming, I shall stick to the latter."

"I am very glad," said Jerry, at the dinner table, "that you were proof against all Mr. Shuttleworth's arguments, father, for notwithstanding all he says about the price of the markets, and the price of cloths, he takes no newspaper, or next to none, and I don't see how he can be capable of advising the stockholders."

"No newspapers!" Takes no newspaper!" said Mrs. Sewall, "how in the world do they manage to live without one?"

"I said, next to none, mother. They take the 'Mirror of Fashion,' price one dollar a year. Mr. Shuttleworth says his wife and daughters insist upon having this, and care nothing about any other paper."

"And so he borrows yours, Jerry?" said his father.

"He did, till I found it difficult to get it back again, because the young ladies used them for newspapers; since then I have told him that as I wished to give them, I preferred not to lend them."

"Why, Jerry," said little Hannah, "ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Well, you'll not get an invitation to their great party," said Simon.

"A great party?" said his mother; "when is that to take place, and how did you know anything about it?"

"Why, don't you remember their little girl carried home three or four quarts of skim-milk this morning, or rather I did for her, and when we were going through the pasture, she told me it was to make 'blus sponge,' or something that sounded like that, for the party."

"It's a queer name, any way," said his mother; "but I guess it will be blue, if it is made of skim-milk."

The words had scarcely passed her mouth before Alice made her appearance with notes of invitation for Mr. and Mrs. Sewall, Jerry, and Lizzie, or rather the notes read as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. Shuttleworth at home on Wednesday evening at seven o'clock."

"What does that mean?" said Mr. Sewall; "I suppose they are generally at home at that hour, are they not? That's about the time we get through our chores, and are ready to sit down in the sitting-room."

"Why, father," said Lizzie, "that is the fashionable way of inviting us to a party."

"Well, I only asked for information. Wife, what is our way? Let me see! I used to go on high

errands for you before the children were old enough.

"Wife sends her love, and wants to have you bring your work and come as soon as dinner is over, and make a social visit and take tea with her."

The children all laughed, for they knew too well they were often sent on such errands. Mother dearly loved to have her friends make social visits, and took great pleasure in making cream biscuit and election cake for the tea-table.

Alice was sitting an amused listener to the conversation.

"Oh, Alice!" said Hannah, "don't you like apple dumplings?" and she sprang up, untied Alice's sun-bonnet, and gave her a chair at the table. "There's now, Jerry, help Alice to that great plump one; now, some sauce, if you please, mother; and, Alice, must sauce them with a compliment, if they please you, for mother is famous for making light crust, and Jerry thinks all Mapleton can't beat him in Early Harveys."

Alice paid the best compliment in her power to the treat, for she left none on the plate, though there was no greedy haste in her manner. The Sewalls had become much interested in this orphan child; there was that, in her looks which would interest even a casual observer. She had a fair complexion, full, liquid, blue eyes, and silky, brown hair, the smoothness of which attested the daily care which it received from her hands. Alas! poor child, it was the only part of her adorning for which she was allowed to care.

"Oh, how I wish I was old enough to go to a party!" said Hannah.

"Ada Grace will give a party Thursday evening," said Alice, "and you will be invited."

Hannah's eye sparkled with delight, and as they had now risen from the table her feet sympathized with her eyes, and began dancing round the room.

"Mother, mother, shall I wear my blue muslin, or my white?"

"We will see, my child, when the time comes; in the meantime, moderate your joy a little."

"But only think, mother, a party! A real party! I never attended one in my life. I suppose you have had so many at your house, that it is no new thing to you, Alice?"

Poor Alice! the very word was to her but another name for aching head, weary limbs, and short commons, for Mrs. Shuttleworth generally deprived her family of all luxuries for a week previous to the time of giving her parties.

But she merely said in reply: "Oh, we do not give them often," and thanking Hannah for her nice dumplings, hastened home.

"That is a very pretty child," said Mr. Sewall; "I wonder where they picked her up."

"Ada Grace says," Hannah answered, "that they found her in some hospital or orphan asylum in Boston, and her mother took her out of pity. She laughs at me for being so fond of Alice, because, as she says, she is nothing but a little bound girl."

"Little bound girl—little bound girl; pray, mother, what does that mean?" said Jerry; "it seems to me as if I had heard the phrase before."

Mrs. Sewall could hardly explain, but she came very near to a correct definition when she said—

"Why, it is next to being a slave, Jerry; the persons to whom a child is bound, have complete control over it until it is of age. Next to being a slave-wife, I have seen poor, bound children, in New England, who would gladly have changed places with the 'piganinnies' of the South. A slaveholder has generally some interest in the bodily health and strength of his slaves, for they are his property. But a severe mistress to an orphan child often seeks to get the most out of the young bone and muscle given to her for a limited time. Her power ceases when the child is free, and what cares she for its condition then? If there is under God's heaven, an object of pity, it is a poor, helpless child, bound to a stern mistress."

"I never heard Alice make any complaints," said Hannah.

"I should have very little compassion for the children who might be bound to my mother," said Jerry.

"No; but I should pity her, though," said his father, "for she forgets to eat and sleep when there's a destitute child to be cared for in the neighborhood. I wonder how Hannah would like to change places with this little girl at Shuttleworth's."

"Why, I would take her place willingly for a week or two, father, if I thought she was unhappy. I am strong and healthy, and could work harder than Alice."

"God grant, my child, that you may never become a little bound girl," said her father, with more emotion than was usual for him to show. "Come, boys, it is time we were in the field."

While Farmer Sewall and his boys are in the field, and his industrious wife and daughters in their tidy sitting-room with their sewing, all is bustle and confusion at Mr. Shuttleworth's wooden palace. His wife was determined to make a sensation—an easy thing to accomplish in a country village, if one has the means. But this managing lady wished to open her doors, and keep her purse-strings close; and no gold-beater could work harder to spread a little gilding over a broad surface, than she, to provide a large entertainment with small means.

The lumps were poked from the brown sugar, and pounded for the sponge-cake, to save loaf—a very trifle of cream just secured the name of ice-cream to her flavored frozen milk—lard eked out butter, and raisins were made to do double duty by being out without staining. When the "Telegraph," the name of the stage-coach which came daily to the village, arrived, it brought Alexander Hannibal, who to the great delight of his sisters, had a quantity of confectionery, much of it gaudily painted, and ornamented with mottoes in true heart-breaking style. As the family sat at their meagre meal, the day previous to the party, the question was asked by Ada Grace—

"Will you send tea round, mother?"

"I would if I could find some one to carry the tea-trays."

"Did n't you tell me that Jerry and his brother waited upon the company at Mrs. Sewall's quilting party?" said Mr. Shuttleworth.

"Yes, sir," said his daughter.

"And shall I infer from that, Mr. Shuttleworth," said his wife, "that our children must follow their example?"

"I do not think it would harm them; if no one else can be obtained, it is your only resort."

"I'll find another way," said his wife, with a toss of her head.

After dinner, as she stood filling the tart shells with jelly, she called her eldest daughter to her side, and, after some private conversation, the children

were notified that a large table was to be spread in the dining-room, before the arrival of the visitors, and kept locked till nine o'clock. At that time the guests were to be ushered in, and it was expected the display would be almost overwhelming to the natives.

The young gentleman and his sisters were to arrange the table, while their mother prepared the eatables.

Wednesday morning arrived, and to the delight of all Mapleton, the sun shone from a cloudless sky.

"Are you going to the party to-night?" was the general question in the little workshops in the busy factory, and across back door yards. And the common answer was, "Yes," for scarcely a family but contained some invited member. For once Mr. Shuttleworth had persuaded his wife to listen to him.

"A few weeks only," he said, "and the town are to nominate a representative; I have no doubt but I shall receive the nomination; but to increase my votes and popularity, we will show no exclusiveness." So the lawyer and the blacksmith, the shoemaker and the doctor, the trader and his clerk, the farmer and the schoolmaster, were all included in the invitation, and curiosity induced many to accept, that seldom indulged in such amusements. A little after seven the door-bell rung, and Alice ushered in the first party, consisting of Mr. Sewall's family, and their neighbors, the Mudgetts.

"Oh, dear me! how horrid vulgar!" exclaimed Margaretta Francesca, "to come just at the time mentioned in the note. Now I should never think of going to a party till nine o'clock. Here, Ada Grace, fasten my bracelet; I suppose we must be in the parlor to receive them, for mother has a job in the kitchen, yet. There are not eggs enough in her custard to thicken them, so she's got to add more, or something else, but she says she can fix them if she is left alone ten minutes."

"Come quick, girls," said Arabella Sophia, as she burst into the chamber, "there are a dozen in the parlor now, and see, the street is full, I hoped more than half of them would n't come. I wonder if mother has enough for them to eat? See there, only look," she added, "if there aint the old maids, Polly and Betty Wood, in the square-topped chaise, and dressed in their black satin, that report says came of age many years ago."

"Do hurry, girls," said Ada Grace, "there's no one in the parlor to entertain the company, but father, and he's taking snuff, and talking politics with Squire Howell."

At this hint the young ladies moved, the elder sisters, with their long, black curls in oily brightness, drooping upon the sides of their faces, while artificial flowers ornamented the Grecian twist behind; dresses of gay-colored barge, ear-rings, and huge breast-pins completed their outward adorning. Ada Grace followed in a figured silk, manufactured from one of her mother's; her long braids of hair, finished by huge bows and streamers of yellow ribbon.

The young ladies were disappointed in their hopes that not more than one-half would attend the party, for nearly every invitation was accepted, for aside from weddings, paring bees and quiltings, such parties were unknown in Mapleton.

"To tell the truth," said Mrs. Sewall to her eldest daughter, I do n't know whether to take my knitting-work or not."

"I guess they do n't work at such parties," said Lizzie.

"Any way, I'll put some in my pocket," said her mother, "it seems so odd to sit idle so long. There, child, see if my dress is in order. Mrs. Sewall wore a very nice rich black silk, and a cap of Lizzie's manufacture, trimmed with white ribbons, and thread lace. She had a pleasant, matronly face, and her quiet manners and sensible conversation would have commanded respect in any circle.

"Is your father reading, Lizzie?"

This gentleman had consented to go, because wife did n't want to go without him. Jerry was loth to leave a patent beehive which he was making, but his mother insisted that politeness required his attendance upon his sister. A word from his mother influenced him at all times, but he sighed as he laid down his tools, and thought of a room full of company.

"I shall be as much out of place as pig-weed in your posy-bed," said Jerry.

"My son, respect yourself in all places; a man may be a gentleman, though he is ignorant of the fashionable forms of society."

Before eight o'clock Mrs. Shuttleworth's parlor was full, and many persons would have been more comfortable, could another door have been opened. As it was, they suffered in silent endurance, the gentlemen all arranged upon one side of the room, and the ladies on the other, sufficiently demure to please the strictest quaker. A slight buzz, occasioned by conversation carried on in an under tone by a few, was the only noise which disturbed the "meeting."

"How is your baby, Mrs. Mudge?" and "How is your father's rheumatism, Miss Wood?" or "Have you seen Mr. Spicer's new goods?" were timidly asked on the ladies' side; and the crops of hay, condition of the wheat, price of flour, and rise in hops, were discussed among the gentlemen.

Mr. Barton, the young lawyer, did venture to ask Arabella Sophia if she did n't miss the pleasures of the city.

"Why, yes, she did think sometimes she should go crazy, it was so horrid lonely in Mapleton."

"I suppose you often attended the opera."

"La, yes, indeed, but only to think 'Pandora' is coming over, and I shall miss seeing her."

Parodie must be flattered, thought the schoolmaster, who read the papers, and understood Italian.

"You must console yourself by reading," continued the lawyer.

"I do, indeed, I sometimes read till midnight."

"Have you read Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine?"

"Not wholly, yet; it is up stairs among Pa's books, but it has got such horrible pictures of devils and giants in it, that I thought I should n't like it. I got as far as the story of a man with a bundle, going into a wicket gate, and I fell asleep with the book in my hand."

"Indeed, I have always thought Bulwer very entertaining. Do you have 'Blackwood,' Miss Shuttleworth?"

"No, indeed, the greenest wood I verily believe in town—see how our room smokes."

"Miss Shuttleworth, let me lead you to the piano, the company are languishing for music."

"Pray, what shall I sing?"

"Can you give us Dickens, 'Ivy Green'?"

"No, I never heard it. How would you like Shakespeare's 'Black-eyed Susan'?"

"That is unknown to me, but a ballad from Shakespeare would be a treat, indeed, if you will do us the favor."

Meanwhile, our friend Jerry sat in a corner near the piano, contemplating its construction, counting the keys, and wishing he could see the inside. He was roused from his reverie by the voice of Mr. Shepard, the overseer of the factory.

"Did you know, Mr. Sewall, that some gentlemen are engaged in surveying for a railroad from here to Cold River? They will be here to-morrow, and I can see no shorter cut than right through your big meadow."

"I should be sorry to lose my meadow, Mr. Shepard, but I would like a railroad here."

Jerry's eyes brightened. A railroad! Just what he had so long desired. How much he had puzzled his brain over the construction of the steam engine. When he went to Boston in his little yellow wagon, he had the first sight of a train of cars in motion. He had ascended a hill, when a sound, as of distant thunder, arrested his attention, and in the distance he saw what seemed a huge, living creature, breathing fire and smoke, as it moved swiftly along its iron pathway. Once it was hidden by intervening woods, but its wreath of smoke rolled high above the tree tops, and seemed like the waving flag of the conqueror on his triumphal march. Again it came in sight, tireless in its speed, unswerving in its course, mighty in its power.

"And this is the work of men's hands!" said Jerry, to himself, "or rather of their heads—thought made visible. Here is the result of study—the work of clear heads and patient hands." There was a curve in the road, and as the cars moved swiftly out of sight, and were again in the distant woods, Jerry thought he would rather be the inventor of the steam engine, than the greatest king on earth. Ah, Jerry! such inventors are kings in the realms of mind, but their inheritance is often poverty and scorn. The discussion of the railroad, and its probable course through the village, interested the gentlemen for a while, and little groups of ladies began to discuss cooking and babies.

Ada Grace gave them some music, which Jerry thought not half so fine as the sweet voice of Lizzie, singing her songs at home, but most of the company applauded, and some pronounced the player "a remarkable child." Margaretta Francesca also displayed her musical skill, and the effect was tremendous.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRENCE.

"The liberty to know, to utter, to argue freely, according to the dictates of conscience, I prize above all liberties." MILTON.

To know thyself, as only He can know,
Who calmly listens to the voice within,
Fearless of aught save that most piteous woe—
The fear to listen lest it were a sin,
Is perfect freedom, that no Tyrant's power
Can crush or fetter, even for an hour.

The joy to pour thy burning thoughts in words
That scourge the Tyrant or uplift the slave,
To send them forth like joyous summer birds—
To sing of hope for all beyond the grave,
Is bliss beyond all other earth may give;
For 'twixt an angel on the earth and Ivo.

With earnest words the Sophist to unmask—
And prove the captious reasoner false and vain—
Is power and freedom; and the blessed task
Is only his whose conscience wears no chain;
And he who prizes not this right divine—
Is like a dower in a darkened mine.

He, who doth quench another's feeble light,
And deems his own far such a safer guide,
Doth fold the spirit in a darker night;
Than cursed Egypt when her first-born died;
But whose'er, by act or word expressed,
Bids man be free, is therefore truly blessed.

To oft, alas, is reason—God's best gift—
So curbed and fettered that the passive brain
Is like a helpless vessel, cast adrift,
A mournful wreck upon life's troubled main.
All joy and honor unto those who break
All servile fetters for sweet Freedom's sake.

VALLEY CITY, O. W., MAY 17, 1858.

TIM CRAWLEY,
THE MAN WHO "WAS" ALWAYS
TOO LATE.

"I THINK we shall reach her!"

The men rested for a moment on their oars and glanced over their shoulders at the rapidly disappearing ship; then each gave an ominous shake of a head, but, upon the entreaty of Crawley, recommenced rowing.

"She's getting her steam up," said one of the boatmen.

"Then it's no go," grumbled the other, and again his oar-blade rested idly in the air. "You might just as soon try to catch that sea-gull by swimming after him, as to overtake the Water Witch when her steam's up."

Poor Crawley stood up in the boat and waved his handkerchief. Had he been a shipwrecked mariner alone on a raft, or sitting across a drifting mast, he could not have thrown more energy into the performance.

"It ain't no good, sir," said the man at the tiller; "they would n't slacken speed if they seed you ever so much."

"To think"—and the despairing Crawley sunk down in the boat—"to think I only missed her by ten minutes!"

"You might just as well 'ave made it ten hours!" said one boatman.

"A miss is as good as

ed the steps and began to retrace his steps towards the hotel he had left but a short time before.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I think I've the honor of addressing Mr. Crawley?"

The speaker, one of two men who were standing directly in Crawley's way, was a fleshy-faced, broad-shouldered man, with a small cunning eye and heavy animal jaw, that gave him an unpleasant bull-dog aspect. Crawley looked at him and turned pale; the stranger touched his hat and repeated the question.

"It's in vain to deny," began Crawley, when he of the bull-dog visage interrupted him—

"Of course it is! You're Mr. Timothy Crawley, about to embark for America. In consequence of a slight dispute with your creditors, and an impossibility to arrange satisfactorily with the Court of Bankruptcy. Very sorry, but you must go back with us!"

"There's no help for it!" sighed Crawley.

"None! Sorry to urge a gentleman to do anything against his inclination, but must's the word here, and no mistake!"

"All right!" said Crawley, meaning, of course, that it was all wrong. "You'll take some refreshment first, and then I'll return to London with you."

At the word refreshment, the bull-dog visage mollified, and its owner hastened to reply.

"Since you are so pressing; besides, we've had a smartish journey down, and that always freshens the appetite."

So between his two captors Timothy Crawley, the runaway bankrupt, re-entered the Crown and Sceptre Inn.

"You'd regularly got the start of us; if you had n't missed that boat we must have gone back empty-handed; as it was," and here both officers indulged in a self-satisfied chuckle, "as it was, we were just in time."

"And I was," said Crawley in a voice thick with emotion, "just too late."

Poor Timothy Crawley! It was his fate through life to be always too late; others might grasp the "skirts of happy chance," but he was fated never to behold them but at the moment they were vanishing round the corner. That "taken in the affairs of men," which, as we are told, if tide in its flood leads on to fortune, must have entirely escaped Timothy; with him it was always low water—go when he would, stand where he would, the wave of chance never brought any offerings on shore, never rolled even a pebble to his feet. We have all heard of the man, who, complaining of his general ill-luck, asserted that "had he been brought up a hatter, he believed men would have been born without heads." This man, hitherto without a name, we draw from his obscurity. He was the father of Timothy Crawley.

"Tim! my boy," said rich old uncle Bob, addressing that unfortunate paterfamilias. "You've got five children, and they're all girls! what on earth do you mean by it?"

Paterfamilias answered his wealthy relative humbly enough. He said, "he meant no harm."

"No harm! nonsense, do n't tell me; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. The world's overstocked with girls—why, where do you think you'll find husbands for them all?"

Mr. Crawley gazed at his five olive-branches, who, it is to be hoped, were useful—for in the ornamental department nature had shown herself singularly neglectful. Mr. Crawley, as we have said, looked from one to the other and ejaculated, "Where indeed!"

"I like boys," continued uncle Bob, "and what little money I have to leave," he emphasized the word "little," as it is the habit of wealthy men to do, "will be left to a boy. Your brother Jack has a boy—I don't like Jack, but I've made a vow, and I'll keep it—so you know what to expect."

Crawley did know what to expect. Had uncle Bob been less rich he would have been "an obstinate old brute;" as it was, he was termed "an eccentric old gentleman." It is, after all, to be doubted whether a rich relative is a great advantage—if he be long lived, certainly not. Never did poor Crawley set about anything—business or pleasure—but "a fear of offending uncle Bob" hung constantly over him, like that terrible and much to do often quoted, "sword of Damocles."

"On November the 12th," so run the announcement in the *Times*, "the lady of Mr. Timothy Crawley of a son." The long-looked for had come at last, and there was but one drawback to the general joy. It was this—that just six months before master Timothy entered the world uncle Bob had quitted it—leaving the whole of his property, without reservation, to the male offspring of "brother Jack." Little Tommy had come, it was true; but, unfortunately, he began life six months too late.

"Who's that?" called out the sharp-eyed school-master, as he detects a delinquent who has crept with anything but "a shining morning face" into the school. "Who's that?" for the little atom had hastened to lose himself in the mass.

"Crawley! sir," cried a dozen eager and sycophantic voices.

Boys are little men—and very bad little men too—what would they not do to win the master's smile? what have they not done to avoid his frown?

"Where is he?"

"Here he is, sir!" The crowd of boys divided into two bands, leaving a vista between, at the end of which stood little Crawley, pale and trembling.

"Pass him up."

A dozen hands were outstretched—a dozen boys, the scariots of the class, fastened upon the culprit—in a minute he was "passed up" to the desk of the master.

"Late again, Crawley—this won't do!" And gazing down into the small face quivering from excess of fear, the tyrant tightened the well-waxed string on the end of his cane. "Why are you late?"

"I—I could n't help it!" The poor boy spoke the truth—he could not help it; to be always late was Crawley's fate, and he bowed to it with a more than Moslem resignation.

"You are always late—always the last in school!"—and this whistle of the cane was heard in the air—a whistle which resembled that of the railway, inasmuch as a scream was sure to follow. It was in vain for Timothy to plead the old excuse, that somebody must be late; or to urge Charles Lamb's extenuation, that if he came later than the others he was ready to leave earlier, and so keep up the balance. The pedagogue was relentless, and again and again the cruel cane whistled through the air, each time followed by a scream from the tortured child.

It appears to be the fashion now-a-days with most of our popular book-makers to uphold corporal punishment in schools—to enlorge the flogging system—and to urge upon teachers of the young the inutility of those manly feelings which, when arrived at their full maturity, and their fitting arena in the

cock-pit or the prize-ring. For ourselves we differ from these wise gentlemen, who seem to think that if you would elevate the mind you must debase the body; and should be sorry to find any child of ours acting as some ruffianly boy's shoe-black, or, for some trivial fault, originating at his master's feet a scourging and trembling slave. "Whip the young blackguards, sir—whip them! I was well thrashed at school, and it did me good!" so roars Major Oldbuck, who appears to consider the temple of knowledge as some besieged city, to enter which you must make your attacks through the "breach; but wiser men than even this "man of muscle" have protested against the whipping process—thinking, with the great preacher, that there are many ways of bringing sheep back to the fold—besides worrying them to death.

Timothy Crawley's path to knowledge lay through a cane-brake—above him—around him—backwards or forwards—whatever step he took, canes, canes, and nothing but canes—a seemingly endless plantation of canes, from which all taste of sugar had been most carefully extracted. "So he trod the 'beaten' track, picking up very little on the road; and when his school-days had passed away, he had not seen more than the outside of the gates that guard the shrine of knowledge.

"TIMOTHY CRAWLEY, TAILOR AND OUTFITTER." Such was the lettering that adorned the front of a very handsome shop in Bond street; and Timothy seemed never tired of reading it, always for that purpose approaching his home from the other side of the way—never crossing the road till in front of his own door.

"Good business, Timothy?"

"Why, yes—that is, it would have been a good business, only I delayed a little too long before I could make up my mind to settle upon it, and so that cursed fellow got beforehand with me, and opened a shop twice as large next door."

"Why do n't you get married, Tim?" said another good-natured friend, who, being married himself, made a point of urging that ceremony upon others, upon the same principle as the fox who had lost his tail in a trap, recommended his companions to immediately amputate theirs.

"Ah! why do n't you marry, Timothy?" echoed another friend, a bachelor, who had evidently laid to heart the maxim of Rochefoucauld, and found in the misfortunes of others a something pleasing to himself.

"Well, I don't know! I've no objection," replied the accommodating Timothy; "but really, I do n't think that I have met anybody who'd have me."

"Nonsense!" and Benedict thrust him playfully in the ribs. "Nonsense! I know dozens of girls who'd jump at you."

"Would they, really?" The color had mounted into Crawley's cheeks—he was evidently surprised at this testimony to his attractions.

"There's Hetty Briggs; my wife says you were made for each other."

"Just the girl for you, Tim," echoed the bachelor friend.

"A splendid girl!"

"First rate, and—money!"

"Upon my word, I—I—never thought of it before; but I always did like Hetty, and if I only thought—"

"Try, man—try!"

"Certainly I will, as you both recommend it; that is, I mean I'll think about it."

He did think about it, and we have to chronicle the result.

Hetty Briggs was a fine honest-hearted thoroughly English girl; just the kind of fireside ornament that a man would wish to place in his house. Gentle and loving, yet with a spice of humor in her composition, and a free, joyous laugh, that came as pleasantly from her red lips as the ringing of marriage bells. She had always felt a liking for Timothy, but his continued indifference had not only prevented any outward demonstration on her part, but had annoyed her more than she would confess. "What does he mean, coming here day after day, sitting opposite me for hours and never saying a word; looking at me with his eyes and mouth wide open, as if I were a Punch-and-Judy show? What's the good of a man constantly opening his mouth, if not a word comes out of it?"

"I wonder whether she really likes me?" mused Crawley. "I don't think she does much, or she would n't be so confoundedly merry. She's always laughing. I don't see what she can have to laugh at. I'm sure I never say a word. I'd propose to-morrow, if I thought she would n't laugh. I could n't bear to be laughed at!"

And thus matters went on for some months—Crawley, a daily visitor to the Briggs's, sitting as usual with open mouth, practising silent system; and Hetty Briggs, half amused, half vexed, sitting laughing opposite to him—when a new actor appeared on the scene in the person of a Mr. Henry Sinclair, a cousin and professed admirer of the young lady.

"What does that puppy mean by coming after Hetty? He never leaves her side, and never stops gabbling like the goose that he is! I'd like to punch his head; and will, one of these days, if he do n't leave off annoying her." Such was the valorous resolve of Mr. Timothy Crawley; but the annoyance felt by the lady was quite so apparent as he would have it supposed. She had begun to get tired of the continued silence of her bashful lover, and gave, possibly from very vexation of spirit, an increased attention to his rival.

"I'll give him one week more!" thought Hetty, "and then, if he still continues silent, I'll accept Harry Sinclair. I know he loves me, and I can't be expected to grow gray-headed awaiting the good pleasure of Mr. Timothy Crawley to ask the momentous question, Yes or No?"

The seventh day from the date of Hetty's resolve had arrived, and saw Timothy standing in a state of ludicrous indecision before his looking-glass. A pile of cravats, of various hues, were lying, much rumpled, upon the table.

"I know she do n't like brown, and as for blue, she detests it." Here another cravat was added to the pile. "A man can't be too careful about his personal appearance at such a time. Many a girl has refused a man, merely because his cravat was badly tied! Nothing makes a man look worse than a badly-tied cravat." Here cravat number nine was also cast aside. "Let me see—to-day's Friday. I never thought of that. Friday's a very unlucky day—Napoleon never would begin anything on a Friday—nothing serious, that is. Well, what can be more serious than a proposal of marriage? Why not put it off till to-morrow? One day won't make much difference! and then I'll consult Wilkins about these cravats—he knows Hetty's taste. To-morrow it shall be!" and so he swept hastily—for fear his mind might again change—all the cravats into a

drawer—finished his toilette, and departed in search of the critical Wilkins.

Saturday saw Timothy at the Briggs's door. As he was about to ascend the steps, it opened, and the detested Sinclair, with a smiling face, tripped merrily down, greeting Timothy with a good-humored salutation as that gentleman pushed past.

"When Hetty Briggs becomes Mrs. Crawley, I'll take care to shut the door upon that fellow!" soliloquized our hero, as he ascended the stairs and entered Mrs. Briggs's drawing-room, where, to his joy, he found the charming Hetty alone.

We will not dwell upon the scene that followed. Suffice it, that, with much circumlocution, Mr. Crawley got the proposal out. Hetty had begun to laugh, when an appealing look stopped her. She rose from her chair, and said—

"Mr. Timothy Crawley—you have been a visitor at this house for nearly twelve months, and during that time no hint upon this subject has escaped your lips. Had it been otherwise, I might have come to a different determination; but as it is, I cannot become your wife."

"Why not?" burst from poor Crawley's lips.

"Because my hand is already promised to another. Mr. Sinclair declared himself, this morning—with the consent of my parents I have accepted him." Here a wicked laugh escaped her lips. "It is but fair that first come should be first served!"

"But I was coming yesterday—I assure you I was. Ask Wilkins."

Hetty shook her head, and moved towards the door.

"We must talk no further upon this subject. I am sorry for you, Mr. Crawley, but—" and her hand rested upon the lock—"you are just one day too late!"

The door closed behind her, and Crawley was left alone in the drawing-room.

"Crawley's business is going to ruin!"

"So I understand. He never went on well since his refusal by Hetty Briggs."

"Sad business that about old Brads's Bank!"

"Had Crawley any money in that?"

"Lots! I advised him to draw it out long ago; but he delayed, as usual; and when he had made up his mind, old Brads had closed the doors—suspended payment only an hour before!"

"Bad thing for Crawley!"

"Very bad! Besides, he's lately got mixed up with young Martingale's lot; and when a tradesman takes to the turf, he's done for."

The above conversation was between two of Mr. Crawley's friends. We will now visit that gentleman himself.

Clad in a coat of fashionable cut, and crowned with a smoking-cap of a velvet gorgeous to face it, Timothy is standing in his counting-house, when a tall young man enters and inquires politely for Mr. Crawley.

"I am Mr. Crawley."

The young man, from the recesses of his right-hand pocket, produces a large leathern case, to which he is himself chained as closely as a galley-slave to his oar, or convict to his log, or old Marley to his cash-box. The young man draws out a slip of paper, and presents it politely.

"Bill for payment."

"Bill! Bless me!—what bill?"

"Drawn on you by Fleecy and Corduroy, for £300."

"Stay!"—and the alarmed Crawley referred to his almanac, and a racing calendar against which his ledger was leaning—"that can't be due for these eight days!"

The banker's clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"See—I've marked it to come due two weeks before the Derby."

"Very sorry, sir! but we don't keep accounts by the racing calendar. I'll leave you the notice"—and he placed it on the table. "We shut at four, and after that it will go to the notary's. Good morning."

And the bill did go to the notary's, and from the notary's to Messrs. Fleecy and Corduroy's solicitors.

Messrs. F. and C. were Mr. Crawley's woolen merchants. The news spread in the "trade" like wild-fire—other debts came tumbling in—a meeting of creditors was called—Crawley feared to face it—and, more from alarm than dishonesty, decamped. His passage was taken in the Water Witch. He arrived at Liverpool in time to see her steaming out of the harbor, and returned to London in the not very enviable company of a couple of lynx-eyed officers.

As we have said, it was an excess of nervous fear, and not dishonesty, that had dictated Crawley's flight. "Reckless trading" was the gravest charge that could be brought against him. All his speculations had failed, from the fact that they were never pushed at the right time. If a demand arose for his goods in any of the colonial markets, his cargo was sure to arrive when the market had again taken a turn—when the glut had come from the over-supply, and "too late" was the answer of his agent.

Crawley was made a bankrupt—reprimanded by the learned commissioner, and permitted once more to enter the trading world; but he, poor fellow! felt the disgrace acutely, and never held up his head afterwards. He became a clerk in the counting-house of his old creditors, Messrs. Fleecy and Corduroy, who, having got something like eighteen shillings in the pound, kindly held out the helping hand to him. In their service he dragged on an uneventful life, leaving nothing for us to record but the manner of his death, which we shall take the liberty of borrowing from the *Times* newspaper, where—under the head of "Frightful Railway Accident"—it appeared.

We extract only as much as concerns poor Timothy—

"Among the sufferers by this sad accident, was Mr. Timothy Crawley, who was travelling for the well-known firm of Fleecy and Corduroy. It appears that Mr. Crawley had only missed the preceding train by five minutes, and, owing to that unfortunate circumstance, became a traveler by that to which the accident occurred. Thus, we regret to say, paying with his life for a miscalculation of some five minutes!"

While fair girlhood or womanhood may be and no doubt is far superior to the male sex, in all the tender and delicate and kindly feelings of our nature, she is not necessarily beyond the reach of influences which may detract from the loveliness of the female character. The light of diamonds may glitter upon her rich tresses or briefly rest, but her jeweled lustre cannot rival the captivating light of a generous heart. The kindness of such a character, her efforts to dispense blessings around her, seem to be followed by the smiles of Heaven.

BIBLIOLATRES.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Bowing thyself in dust before a Book.
And thinking the great God is thine alone;
Oh, rash conceit, thou wilt not brook
What gods the heathen carve in wood or stone.
As if the Shaphard who from outward cold,
Leads all his shivering lambs to one sure fold,
Were careful for the fashion of his crook!

There is no broken reed so poor and base,
No rush, the bending tilt of swampy blue,
But he therewith the rayening wolf can chase,
And guide his flocks to springs and pastures new;
Through ways unlooked for, and through many lands,
Far from the rich folds built with human hands,
The gracious foot-prints of his love I trace.

And what art thou, own brother of the eld,
That from his hand the crook could'st snatch away,
And shake instead thy dry and sapless rod,
To scare the sheep out of the wholesome day?
Yea! what art thou, blind, unconverted Jew,
That with thy idol-volumes covers two
Wouldst make a jail to coop the living God?

Thou hear'st not well the mountain organ-tones
By prophet ears by Har and Sinal caught,
Thinking the clarns of those Hebrew brains
Drow dry the springs of the All-knower's thought,
Nor shall thy lips be touched with living fire,
Who blowest old altar-dust with sole desire
To weld anew the spirit's broken chains.

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinal, 'tis thy soul is poor;
Thou lower the mountain of the Voice no less,
Which, whose decks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mist the mountains shroud,
While thunder's sorges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit.

Life Eternal.

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

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

PART SECOND.

Come, Immortality, let us chant a life-melody.
Come and join us, all ye myriad choirs, that sing
Unto God; come, all ye that people this vast globe;
Come, life in every form; come, starry angels, with
your crowns; come, let us gather at the shrine of
immortality, and hold a jubilee with Eternal Life!
Sing on with all your varied notes. Let the wall and
the anthem go up alike. Let the perfume of flowers
join with us. Let immortal matter sing our melody,
also. Here we stand, a blessed, immortal choir;
singing in holy unison at times; then striking off,
each into his separate melody. God alone hears the
harmony that is borne to Him from His great life-
animated choir, a choir that will obtain through eter-
nity. We hear a disconnected note; we hear, per-
haps, a sad heart-wailing, because the form of death
has taken a loved one. But to His great ear, that
wall is softened in the harmony of nature, and fills
up the life chords of His music. There are notes
enough of joy, that go quivering along to make these
walls and groans soft, even as dulcet tones. Sing
on, immortal choir. Eternity's bright songsters
warble forth the melody of life. It is a song that
never ends; one that is interspersed with the varied
cadences of beauty. The humble form that toils in
daily labor, that feels the sweat on the brow, shall
feel in like proportion the softened dews of heaven
gathering on his spirit brow. When he asks for
daily food, he is singing his song of life.

Sister! hearest thou not these immortal strains,
as his soul breathes forth a wish for a joyous release,
for the hour when he shall be freed from these accu-
mulating and oppressive cares that make his song
sound so inharmonious?
Oh, ye who thus toil, and toiling, thus hope for
the brighter day, join us, and over the sad and
clouded past chant thy solemn requiem, for the tomb
of error is building, and will soon stand ready to
embrace the forms of Folly and Oppression. Then,
will the iron chains that hold thee in bondage, give
place to a golden cord let down from a sphere of life.
It shall fasten itself around thy sorrowing forms,
and bear thee homeward, in the path of eternity.
Yes! your notes shall be changed; and they, per-
chance, who dance now, lightly to joy, must come
and take up your sighs, and sing your dirges; for
they must ever rise in the great scale of human ex-
istence, while time exists.

Gather ye here, at life's fountain, ye that bow to
graven images, that worship a god of stone, and not
the God that made you. Come and join the swelling
chorus, that sings, "Life has no end;" yet sing—if
you will—apart, from us—chant your solos of life—
and worship the gods ye have made. For, after all,
ye only worship things from his hands. And as soon
as you have learned to look your brows with bright
spring garlands, He will walk in your midst; He
will bring you blessed tokens of remembrance from
the shadow-land; and He will tell you life is yours;
that your song of praise, that is now begun, shall
never know an end; that no dying cadence will fall
upon your ears; for it is written in eternity, and
well it is, that no boundary line stands for thee,
poor, darkened nations.

Come, ye that live and engage in the strife of
earth! that make the pestilence and the famine walk
abroad—that strike down a brother man, in God's
image—that call back the particles of his body to
the ground, and send his spirit on, where thou shalt
go. What clashing notes come up in thy song! Will
the sword of the conflict be ever thy implement, as
thou dost journey through eternity? Will the wound-
ed and the dying be the pavements in thy life-path-
way? Reflect. Thou hast begun an immortal song!
Change, speedily, the time and the tune of this great
oratorio, for thou art treading on the threshold of
eternity; thou art tinging the future with shadows.
For what are the present, past and future, but one.
The dark or joyous rays of the past shine through
the present on the future. Every act of childhood is
before thee, as well as behind thee. To-day is but
to-morrow; and yesterday, to-day.

The good thy hand can find to do this hour, will
be a sunny spot of yesterday, and a golden flower to-
morrow—and a bud of peace to-day. Indelibly does
time record all actions. They are written on the
great page of immortal existence, to be read with
tears or smiles, according as the record draws forth
the memory.

Never fading, ever present, all animated, glowing,
joyous eternity! Budding, blooming life! Sorrow-
ing, joyous life! Fearful, willing life! Life made
up of day and night! Days of smiles and joys!
Nights of tears and sighs! But as the day has its

luminary for light, so has the night its stars. Go
forth, blast angel of Hope; walk by the side of Time.
Follow closely in her track, and leave the impress of
thy glorious form, that every heart may have thy
image painted on his soul.

A blest harbinger of heaven—a blest attendant of
the soul is Hope! Were there no eternity, thy pres-
ence would not be needed. Thou art necessary to
gather the buds of Time and carry them to mortals.
Immortal as eternity itself it thy power. There is
not a spot on earth where thy fairy footsteps have
not wandered. Thou art the spring-tide of the heart,
that chases away stern winter. Blessed Hope! bear
this message from me to all the forms thou dost
meet. Tell them you live with Time, and with Time
will wander.

How all creation exhibits itself as one living thing
of life and joy—one great masterpiece of God! And
the varied forms—the little fibres and veins that
make up that Being and form the life-current, seem
but the flow of blood from and to His heart. What
atoms of existence are we—treading on the many
globes and planets—feeding on the life that grows
from them—soaring with bright thoughts to higher
life aspirations that we call "our own!" But, after
all, we are only the emanations of God—only his dis-
posit of love.

Where does the greater stream of love abide? Tell
us what consecrated part of His universe is there
the most of His infusing love? Look around, dear
friend, and see, if thou canst. Is thy own heart a
greater reservoir of God's beaming smiles of love
and wisdom than thy brother's or thy sister's? If
so, bar it not up—let a little streamlet go out to
them, that they may drink eternity's waters.

Ah, how insignificant—how atom-like, are the
mildest powers of man, compared to that great
Sun of Wisdom! From what source, my soul, does
that Great Centre gather its life, filling all eternity
with immortality—filling every little soul, as fast as
it can gather in the grains of knowledge, and yet
keepeth in reserve ten thousand times—yea, myriads
more of worlds on worlds on which to shower its
blessings.

And who, speedily, shall stand in His divine pres-
ence? Shall we ever see him face to face? How
can the soul that is ever beneath Him go on to meet
Him? We must gather Him up in the particles of
knowledge that He has made for us. Add they
must be the God of the soul, till the soul has learned
new powers of accumulation. And then it may get
a little higher glimpse of His radiance.

He that would learn wisdom, let him be humble—
let him come daily, treading in eternity's path,
plucking the life-blossoms that grow there, and thus
grasp His heaven.

"Heaven" must be a thing within, and yet a
thing to come—remembering that the human soul
has all the faculties with which to feed on eternal
joys; and if these are formed for never-ending im-
mortality, are they not bright enough now for thy
primary existence to begin to feed on Heaven's food?
If a soul has the divine attribute of eternal love, can
it not now begin to send out its genial breath, and
let earth have a foretaste of the bright angel-love?
Heaven must be gathered by atoms. We must work
the kingdom of happiness into the soul. All the
desires of the heart must flow to one object in view,
or we cannot enjoy that place.

The poet has his heaven—but where? It is not
in the busier haunts of men, where his hours go on
in sweet employ. His heaven is where his heart
does flow—and music, from the softer spheres, comes
flowing into his soul. He floats on the breeze of
time; he makes the wild waves dance with joy; he
talks with little flowers, and makes them living
forms; he looks on stars, and calls them eyes of
love—and the silver moon, bright queen of the host
—and the twilight hours a silken robe that folds
him in soft slumbers. Such is the poet's heaven.
Thought builds his palaces and golden streets, and
his heart, finds bliss within them.

Mechanism has her charm for her own devotees,
and the stoic's bliss is, in fact, profound, and deep
research, in cause and effect—in investigation—in
science—in the laws that govern all things—in the
great mechanism of God, that moves the planets and
the worlds. He finds no bliss outside this range.
Take him to the poet's charms, and he finds no
heaven there. Then, is not the kingdom of heaven
to be found dwelling for each within each?

The change that men call death, will never carry
us to any point of enjoyment where the heart is not.
So in all the varied phases of life-eternity, the soul
will find its own legitimate bliss, and gather around
itself the materials of happiness which it yearns for.
How beautifully has divinity deposited the ele-
ments of happiness where every soul can be filled
with that which his heart craves! What an omni-
potent distribution of mercies! The same eye goes
over all His immortal works! The lily of the field
is clothed, and should a mortal grow faithless?
Floating on the stream of time, should he doubt the
Father's hand that made these waters?

Nest, my soul, in the bright anchorage of fondest
trust! Let me nestle in the bosom of my Father!
For I am His immortal offspring; and His arm
can sustain me, though my brain be feeble, and ap-
parently inadequate to the task of life! Though I
fail to sing forth all His melody now, He has given
me a pathway to eternity! He has given me an
animated life! He has never whispered—death! It
is only error that dies. It is only truth that lives.

Well, we have sung a song! a brief, immortal
song! a little prelude of the tones to come. And
life is ever a prelude. There is ever following on a
nobler strain—a richer flow—a still warmer, mellow
cadence. But in this wonderful song of eternity,
we have no finale. It is only beautiful echoing,
from angel choir, saying, AMEN—which is

Banner of Light.

Miss Amedy is engaged to speak every Sabbath until the second Sabbath in October. She is quite popular in the towns in the vicinity of Boston, and has given good satisfaction wherever she has been engaged.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

New York, May 22, 1888.

MESSENGER EDITORS.—The influence of Christianity on civilization; or, in other words, the necessity of a deep and pure religious sentiment, to form a basis for the intellect and give it a proper direction, has been incidentally a subject of discussion at several of our recent Conferences; was ably treated by Mrs. Hatch in her last two Sabbath discourses in this city, on Mental, Moral and Religious growth; and by T. L. Harris in a recent sermon. I sent you a sketch of Mr. Harris's and Mrs. Hatch's discourses on this theme. In our Conferences, Dr. J. F. Gray has made several forcible presentations of the indebtedness of the world to Christianity and its founder; declaring them the hinge on which our improved modern civilization has turned; and the fire which has kindled the heart of man, and developed his inner life. It has done this by making Love the foundation and corner stone of thought, notion and belief.

It is a little remarkable that simultaneously with this, men of science, technically so called, are earnestly turning their attention to the same field of thought. Edward M. Phelps, Esq., of Gettysburg, Pa., has recently delivered a lecture on this subject; and in a complimentary letter to him on his discourse, from the well-known Dr. Lieber, which has just fallen under my eye, I find some passages which are worth being put on record. "Intellectuality alone," says Dr. Lieber, "promotes so little substantial progress, that frequently the most refined periods are the deadliest, and coexisting with wide-spread barbarism in society." Again: "The scientific spirit consists in shrewd inquiry, untiring collection, and philosophic grouping. But where is action; where character? To know, to do, to act—truthfully, morally and perseveringly, are the three great conditions of human life. It was no fancy—it was a noble inspiration, when Vanvarnagie said, 'Great thoughts come from the heart'; and what cultivates the heart?"

Such sentiments as these, outside of Spiritual circles, or in, are most cheering. But to us they are not new. What else have we been listening to for the past ten years, in our thousand little despised circles in all the four quarters of the globe, but the iterated and reiterated injunction of our spiritual friends, to love one another; to cultivate the heart; to learn goodness; and to ultimate our lives in benevolent actions toward mankind? For every spirit who has advised us to cultivate our intellects, a cloud of witnesses too great to be numbered, have besought, implored us, to look to our hearts. Not that our heads are to be neglected or despised, but this being pre-eminently an intellectual age, its great lack is soul. Men toil at their various callings, plan and devise, arrange their business and social relations, speak, preach, pray and give alms, intellectually, and with an eye to the main chance—which simply means self—instead of governing their actions by a living love within them—the silent voice of right, which is the voice of the soul.

I honor all the apostles of love; all preachers of universal brotherhood and good-will; all laborers who strive to make man better, as well as to improve the gloss of his surface, whether I can subscribe to their particular views or not. If they are honest and hearty that is enough. They have their mission, which it is not mine to judge; and I bid them God-speed. Of such, and among the noblest of this or any age, are your Theodore Parker and our Henry Ward Beecher. Both of them are immense battering-rams, striking gigantic blows against the mammoth wall of Error; terrifying its defenders, and toppling it over about their ears in smoking masses of brick and mortar, stone and splinters; and both of them are full of love and sympathy for the human race. Mr. Parker's recent onslaughts have not passed unnoticed here. There is an urgent call for copies of his pamphlet sermons, as well as for his larger works; and our friend Munson is supplying the demand. Of the pamphlets, he tells me, he recently sold at the counter, a thousand copies in a single day.

Mr. Beecher has of late signalled his liberality, by freely immersing—in the large additions which have been made to his church—who preferred that mode of baptism. Scores have united in that way. At the Communion, he has long been in the habit of inviting all to participate, "who love the Lord," without requiring that they should be members in "good standing," or any standing, in other churches. Mr. Beecher's sermon last Sunday evening, was, as usual, delivered to an audience of thousands. The packing, which is performed by a select corps of most expert, and at the same time, courteous sorters and packers—for the custom is to sort out the ladies and accommodate them first—occupied from twenty minutes to half an hour; and still, after all the seats and all the aisles were bestowed with an ocean of wonderful to contemplate, there remained about the different entrances, a dense sea of human bodies for which there was no room, within. Many were obliged to depart, finding it vain to achieve either a seeing or hearing position. Probably four thousand persons managed to get within sound of the speaker's voice.

Mr. Beecher's subject was the same, in substance, with that of the other speakers to whom I have referred, viz.: the necessity of elevating the inner man, the sense of right, above intellectuality and self. The merchant, the lawyer, the mechanic—men and women of all grades and conditions of life—ought and must, take with them into all the days of the week, and all the actions and business of life, this sense of justice of duty, and of kindness to others. In all business of traffic and bargain, in all our intercourse and relations with each other; the question should be, not will this benefit me, am I making a good trade? but is it right? That is the rule. Everything must come to be settled by the Law of Right.

Man lives on different planes, continued the speaker. "There is the plane of his affectional, moral and religious nature, and the plane of his animal, hoarding and selfish nature. Most men live on the lower plane. In order to do this, they need not have been made men. To live on the animal plane, they need only to have been made animals. It is the higher plane, the sense of right and justice, charity and good will, and the acknowledgment of the Supreme, which lifts man above the animal, and makes him MAN.

Our lecture season, proper, is over, and for the present, there is a lull. A. J. Davis still occupies the desk at Dodworth's, and will continue to do so for the present. Mr. Harris speaks, regularly, morning and evening, at the chapel of the University, Washington Square; and there will be no hiatus, I presume, in his labors, until the hot weather drives

him into the country. Mrs. Davis speaks to-morrow, at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn; and Rev. Mr. Denning at Clinton Hall, New York. Although we have no stars, or comets, from abroad among us, our regular meetings will doubtless be continued through the season; and friends from the country, or other cities, may always anticipate finding our halls open, and supplied with able speakers.

The last book of pretensions, claiming the attention of Spiritualists, is "The Gospel of Jesus," edited by Rev. Gibson Smith, and published by Gibson, Smith, South Shafesbury, Vt.; S. T. Munson, New York; and Bela Marsh, Boston. The book professes to contain the Gospel of Jesus, compiled by Matthew, from his own notes, and those of Peter, Luke, Mark and John; and to have been received by Peter; also, the Acts of the Eleven Disciples; the last Epistle of Peter to the Chaplains; the Acts of Paul and the Jewish Sanhedrim; and a table of contents of a History of Jesus, by Peter. The work professes to have been translated from ancient Latin MSS., recently found in the catacombs of Rome.

The book is well written and printed, and no doubt will attract a good deal of notice. But the first point one would desire to establish is, not its authenticity, but its antiquity. What is the proof that such MSS. were ever found at Rome? and what are the evidences of their age? On these questions the volume is silent. When an equal antiquity is proved, it will then be time enough to place it by the side of the common version of the New Testament, with the view to determine which is the Simon pure. For the present, I shall take the liberty of guessing, on my own account, that those old manuscripts are indebted to the clairvoyant eye of some modern medium for their discovery and existence. The modern forms of thought and expression, identical with those current among Spiritualists at the present time, in the absence of farther light, inevitably point to this conclusion.

YORK.

Meetings in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER'S LECTURE LAST SUNDAY MORNING AT MUSIC HALL.

Mr. Parker spoke to a very large audience of about three thousand intelligent and attentive hearers.

He first offered a heartfelt, impressive prayer of thanksgiving for all the various blessings which we daily and hourly enjoy—and a petition for strength to conquer evil and temptation; for love, to love others as we love ourselves; for forgiveness, to forgive as we are forgiven; and for more of the unspeakable light of immortality.

Mr. Parker said that he should speak next Sunday to the society of Progressive Friends in Pennsylvania.

Mr. P. spoke from the 17th verse 5th chapter of St. John: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I also work."

We have not space to admit of but a condensed report of this interesting discourse which was over one hour long. Mr. P. said: How mighty are the forces in the world of matter; heat, electricity, vegetable and animal life! Put a little atom of the butterfly's wing under the microscope, and what wonders do you behold!

Go to Lowell, where carpets of varied complicated colors and textures are woven. The power of the Merrimac rolls the wheel, the machinery moves, the shuttle flies, and the mechanism in its varied forms is produced, and the carpets are piled away for future use. Man wonders at the power that can do this, yet the power that made the atom of the butterfly's wing is more wonderful. The power of the Merrimac makes the carpet, yet what is the Merrimac compared with that great river of God, the operations of His nature? What is the carpet made there, compared with the green carpet that floors the earth, on which animals live and tread: the buffalo, the bear, the ox, the horse—all animals, wild and tame—and it is ever green. You see not the power that makes it—you see no weaver, no pattern, and yet the web is there on land and sea.

How handsomely are the fishes made and clothed; the insects are all well clad; the beasts are clothed in coats that never pinch under the arm, and are never out of shape. The shoes of the buffalo are always fit for use, and need no change. The garments of the birds are adapted to their flight—are made in beauty. All these garments are made by this Great Clothier, yet all, fish, reptile, insect, beast and bird, are more beautifully and fittingly clad than the Queen of Sheba, or King Solomon in his glory. And all nature is as fresh and beautiful now, as ever. The stars have shone a million years, and still their brightness is not dimmed. The moon and the sun shine as brightly now as in ages past.

The powers that move the heavenly spheres in harmony, the centripetal and the centrifugal forces which are but the breaths of God, are the same as when these worlds were made. However old the world of nature may be, it is ever new and fresh.

Nobody ever preached hell and damnation to alive and abate, and yet they drop into the bosom of the Almighty, and God never loses sight of them; their spaw is never lost to His eye of infinite perception.

The air is full of insects, yet not one is afraid to die. Fear not, little flock of the ephemeral world, I am with you always. Does God take more care of fish and flies than of man?

Nature is wonderful in her operations. The apple-tree puts on her wedding garment of flowers; the maple, the elm, and all the trees, varied garments of beauty; we see a revival in all nature; the sun is the preacher; all nature hears and accepts his words of life; the tuneful birds rehearse the tidings in their sweet songs. What a pentecost is this! all the ground seems holy with new life.

It is not from the tall warehouse of prosperity that man shall get glimpses of the far-off world of never-ending life, but in the green valley of nature; here he shall read lessons of humility, and learn teachings of immortality.

In the cold winter we have longings for the green beauties of summer, we look upon and admire the evergreen, pine and fir, for they bear messages of promise to satisfy these longings. In the winter of the soul, we have the overgreen of hope. The world of matter is suited to the inhabitants upon it. In nature we find the mineral, the plant, the animal; from the animal we slope up to man; this is the course of nature; it is ever tending forward and upward. Then man also tends upward, from the savage to greater degrees of refinement and civilization, and still upward to the flower of a Socrates, and still on to the dear God who maketh and loveth all. There is a perfect harmony between all things on earth. Vegetation is the marriage ring by which man is wedded to nature. The whole world of nature is

grateful to our flesh; it warms and feeds us, gives us clothes and houses for protection. The world delights us with its beauty. It has beauty for the savage and for the civilized; for the child and for the old man there is food for every love and every desire, adapted to every taste and every capacity.

Man is one world and has another to attend him. So long as all nature, in her perfect work, in her thousand tongues of beauty speaks Theology, I can never doubt. Every violet, dandelion, daffodil and Jonquil, teaches me of God.

When men reject the volume of nature in which to read Theology and learn of God, and take the volumes wherein are written doctrines and dogmas of men, I do not wonder that they have a devil, and attribute a malignant quality to God. Our ancient fathers looked on nature as a Deity. Nature is the primer where man first learns of God.

Let the earth's annual crop stop one year, and the world is in the house of death. How wonderful are nature's works? The miracles of the New Testament are far less so. God in nature changes the water into wine on the hills of Italy and Switzerland; he feeds not five thousand from a few loaves and fishes, but from nothing, save air and earth, he daily feeds ten hundred million, and all the animated life unnumbered that moves, and this is not a miracle, but the work of God in nature.

How old is the material world! and yet how young and fresh it is? Thirty thousand years, and perhaps sixty, and yet mankind has still the bloom of immortal youth about its brow; not a faculty is decayed or lost—every one is fresh and beautiful.

Tell me of the bright intelligences of the past—Socrates, Zoroaster, Zalenous, Numa, Confucius, Christ and others; we learn of them; but our learning ends not here; humanity still goes on—the tree of humanity—and as it grows, it blooms higher.

LECTURES LAST SUNDAY AT THE MELODEON.

Joel Tiffany, of Ohio, occupied the Melodeon-deck last Sunday. In the afternoon, he called attention to the advantages gained to us by an established communication with the world of spirits, as well as the disadvantages, and the principles and truths this communication evolves.

The great trouble with man has been, and is, that he has never acted up to his highest convictions, nor always received truth when it came to him, even when he knew it to be such. He is, however, anxious that his neighbor should keep the whole law, even while he asks respite for himself.

Spiritualism has already established the fact of the communion of mortals with the spirit-world, and the truth also that our communion is not always with spirits of the same class. There are pure ones, who are sent to us with messages of love from God's kingdom of immortality; then there are classes of spiritual beings far below, who take delight only in the gratification of lust, even as some do on earth. There is as great variety of grades in the spirit-world as in our mundane sphere.

We have learned that we are subject to the control of spirits—good spirits and bad—and to the influences of purity or of sensuality which they shed. If we seek to converse with any particular class of spirits, we seek to adapt ourselves to their character—to draw towards them we must become pure and holy, or blackguards and mountebanks.

We have also learned that any amount of faith is not necessary, to bring us under the influence of the spirits. The man who believes neither in God nor spirits, is as liable to their impressions as he who believes everything in God's universe is a spirit. Because a man believes not in the first spiritual truth, he is no less susceptible to spirit-influence—his condition and sphere being right for the manifestations. The man who ridicules and scoffs at these manifestations, is just as likely to become a medium as any one. You may turn your back upon the spirits, and wish nothing to do with them, but it is all the same. They have something to do with you, and you can't help yourself—provided your condition is to their liking. If you wish nothing to do with evil spirits, your only protection is to buckle on the breastplate of righteousness, and clothe yourself with truth and purity.

Another truth Spiritualism teaches is that the spirit in the body and the spirit out of the body, are the same. The influence of the one is like the influence of the other. Individuals are known to be influenced by the society they keep, by a mental attraction and repulsion, and spirits disembodied are governed, by this same law. There is the same bar in this world between the good and the bad as in the world of spirits. The character of the inspiration you received is shaped to your own mind. You need as much inspiration to listen, as they do to speak, else the spiritual inspiration cannot be communicated.

In our circles for obtaining spiritual communications, we have never properly attempted to harmonize the ideas and principles of those present—we have only arranged the external things to produce harmony; and so, sometimes we have been blessed with communications beautiful and pure, and again we have received most infernal ones. "Curiosity" is one great drawback we have had to endure. We have been actuated by curiosity, rather than a desire for truth, which will make men better; and often combativeness has been pretty well excited, by resolves to oppose so or that man's creed, and all who adopt it—so you attract those spirits no better than yourself.

I ask spiritual mathematicians what an influence must come over impressive persons in those circles, by this incongruity of ideas in the minds of the others? In forming a circle, it is your first duty to receive no bad influence, and in the second place, to impart no bad influence to others. See whether your feelings are pure, or sensual; see whether you are seeking for truth for truth's sake, or for your own selfish gratification. From neglect of these guards, many have been injured. I know of many such, and so do you.

Now, if Spiritualism is to go forth to purify the world, it must be sanctified and made holy—There is no use in hunting up patent by-ways to salvation. There is no way under heaven nor among men, by which you can be saved, but by purging the heart of all that is impure and unholy.

[Owing to the crowded condition of our columns, we are compelled to defer, till next week, the report of the evening lecture.—Ed.]

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roam, do you know some quiet spot, where hoopes are worn no more? Some lone and silent dell, some cave, where women can walk three abreast, along the village pave? The loud winds hissed around my face, and answered, "Many places."

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

THE READER'S ATTENTION is called to the beautiful story we have commenced on the first page of this number of the Banner, written by the popular authoress, Mrs. ANN E. PORTER. The other pages are filled with so much choice reading, that we are at loss to particularize.

Owing to the crowded state of our columns this week, we are obliged to omit our usual variety upon the eighth page of the Banner. Correspondents will be attended to next week.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for June, has been placed upon our table. It is filled with articles of sterling merit. Phillips & Sampson are the publishers.

Mrs. Aloina P. Enright, of Fairfax county, Virginia, recently left the form in the triumph of faith. She has since manifested herself to her brother, Mr. James T. Close, of Alexandria, Virginia, and we are promised some test facts from him.—Vanguard.

Mrs. E. Burgis, the clairvoyant medium, of Racine, Wisconsin, and Mr. Burgis, are about making a trip to England, their native land.

Lord Bacon says, "Ethowold, Bishop of Winchester, in a famine, sold all the rich vessels and ornaments of the church, to relieve the poor, and said: 'There was no reason that the dead temples of God should be sumptuously furnished, and the living temples suffer penury.'"

SALE OF WARDROBE.—The sale of Charles J. Foster's theatrical wardrobe took place at Leonard's, Tremont street. Although largely attended, there were but few bidders present. Mr. Curtis, formerly of the Boston Theatre, being the principal buyer, under the assumed name of Allen. The whole wardrobe, properties, &c., which must originally have cost over \$8000, brought, at this auction sacrifice, the total amount of \$174.33—less discount, 10 per cent. G. H. R.

It is goodness and lowliness of heart which raises man to the highest pinnacle of moral greatness, and clothes him with the attribute of wisdom.

DEPTHS AND ROACHES.—Experiments have established the fact, that the plant known to botanists as *Polygonum punctatum*, usually known as waterpepper or smartweed, which may be found in abundance along the ditches, roads, lanes, and barnyards, is an effectual and certain destroyer of the bedbug.

If man never relieves distress, or feels for "others' woes," how can he look for the smiles of Providence to rest upon himself? How can he ask for blessings, when he has never bestowed any?

HALL'S BRASS BAND.—This excellent Band, we are pleased to know, is fully appreciated by the public generally, and, consequently, what we might say in its praise would be entirely superfluous. Orders for Military and Firemen's Parades promptly responded to, by addressing D. C. HALL, the leader, No. 4 Winter Place, or No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

Electricity is about to be applied to music. A performer seated before a piano, constructed for the purpose, in London, Moscow, or St. Petersburg, will play a morceau, every note of which, by means of the electric wire, will be repeated by another instrument in one of the concert rooms in Paris.

The man who courted an investigation, says it is not half as good as an affectionate girl.

AMUSEMENTS.—It is announced that the National Theatre has been leased to Mr. James Pilgrim for a term of five years, who will shortly open it.—The Museum is crowded nightly with delighted audiences. Kimball knows how to please his patrons.—Ordway Hall, likewise, has a full share of public patronage.—The Howard Athenaeum managers are getting to be snobbish since the close of the Boston Theatre. We predict for them "a miserably account of empty boxes," ere long.

A PAIR OF TIEES.—Trafalgar Square now contains the statues of two Generals—Sir Charles Napier, and Dr. Jenner. The former was a General Officer; the latter a General Benefactor.—Punch.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe, of Wisconsin, is a newly announced trance speaking medium.

Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, is reported by a Philadelphia paper as saying there are a number of Congressmen who are Spiritualists, and that not many years will elapse before Spiritualism must wield a marked influence in Washington.

"Bob, did you go to the mines?" "Yes." "What did you dig?" "I dug home as soon as possible."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

THE MILK TRADE OF BOSTON.—The New England Farmer says it has been making investigations in regard to the milk trade of Boston, with more or less care and earnestness, for the space of two years, and results have been obtained which will startle the community. We do not suppose that the purchasers of milk, as a general thing, expect that their milk is all pure, there being a well-founded impression that it is adulterated with water to a considerable extent. The Farmer finds, "by the investigations instituted, that the value of the milk annually brought to the city, as it comes from the country, is about one million of dollars, and that, as it is sold out to the consumers, it has swollen to the sum of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars! the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars being the charge for carrying the Cochituate water through the streets, and peddling it out at six cents per quart."

"Mother, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now, what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

GEORGIA LOTTERIES STOPPED.—The lotteries of Swan & Co., at Augusta, Ga., have been indicted in that city as bogus concerns; and some of the parties interested in them have been arrested and held in \$10,000 bail each. Two of the firm of Swan & Co., Benjamin B. Wood and George P. Eddy, reside in New York. The receipts of this bogus concern are said to have averaged about \$160,000 per week. Among the persons arrested at Augusta, are Frederick P. Barber and Leon Dugas, who professed to be the State Commissioners authorized to superintend the drawings.

Since the above was put in type, we learn that these lottery offices are not closed up; but the formal presentment against the said company was merely to test the legality of their lottery charter.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.—Arrangements are being made for a grand regatta for all the American Colleges, to be rowed some time during the month of

July next. Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Trinity, and other New England Colleges will doubtless be represented. Boats are also expected from the New York and Pennsylvania Colleges. Springfield, Lake Winnebago and the North River have been mentioned as suitable places for the regatta to be held.

Political Items.

The President has asked Congress for a loan of \$16,000,000, and the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives have the matter under advisement.

The Secretary of the Navy has sent in to the Senate a letter from Lieut. Craven, in which he expressed the opinion that an inter-oceanic canal across the Isthmus of Darien is entirely out of the question. It would involve, he says, a reckless waste of human lives and money for which no possible amount of business would ever compensate.

The overhauling and searching of American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico by the British vessels of war, has created much excitement and indignation. Our Government will refuse to permit any such conduct on the part of any power on earth. The President has already demanded explanation and reparation from the English Government, and it is almost a certainty that they will disavow the action of their naval servants.

It is reported that Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, has abdicated his authority, and the belief is that the war in Utah has thus come suddenly to an end. Some of the government journals, however, are inclined to question the truth of the story, thinking that it is only a "blind" got up by the Mormons to lend us off the right track.

It is supposed that the Utah Expedition will cost at least ten millions of dollars, and very likely amount to nothing, after all.

The House of Representatives have very unceremoniously turned out their doorkeeper, and elected another in his stead. He was charged with abusing his office.

The London Times India correspondent gives a most graphic description of the sacking of the royal palaces at Lucknow. It was hardly above the barbarism which the English army are sent out to overthrow.

The Paris *Univers* has a very bitter article on England, from which this is an extract:—"Let us renounce this alliance with perfidious, insolent England—this alliance which has never been cordial, and which never can be relied on. An isolated position would be even more satisfactory—rupture would be preferable. No war with England, however disastrous, could ever destroy dynasties in France. The alliance of English conditions is more menacing to them. The tomb of St. Helena is empty, and from it issued not only the Emperor, but the Empire. The cordial alliance did not prevent Louis Philippe from expiring at Claremont, and that tomb will remain closed."

Mohammed Pasha, the Turkish Naval officer, has been in town with his companions, inspecting all our public institutions, with which he expressed himself much delighted.

The United States Senate have finally voted to abolish the Fishing Bounties, and thus destroy our only school for seamen.

Gen. Persifer F. Smith, commander of the Army of Utah, has died at Fort Leavenworth.

The Tariff Investigating Committee are just ready to send in their report to Congress. In it they relieve all members of Congress of any imputations, and show where the entire \$87,000 went.

Postmaster-General Brown has had the suggestion made to him that it would add greatly to the convenience of the public, if a system of post-office money orders could be established in this country, similar to what is now in operation in England. It is certain that such a system would be self-paying, and would insure all the safety in the transmission of money—which is at present so much desired.

The Territorial Committee of Congress have reported adversely upon the petition of Utah to be made a State.

From some reports that reach us from Kansas—it is made to appear that the people of that Territory will reject the English Compromise by a heavy majority. There has been some pretty hard words used between Dr. Robinson and Gen. Lane, an account of which is given at length in the papers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. R. D. NORTH LEES, Me.—We duly received your letter and remittance, and owe an apology for not noticing it ere this. It was mislaid. We are obliged to the interest you take in the welfare of the Banner.

S. C. S. LACONIA.—Go on in your work, only use moderation, and, above all, do not give up your judgment to any spirit. If they bid you do anything opposite to your own reason, wait until you can believe it proper for you to do the thing required.

C. B. T. CANADA WEST.—Will send a paper to the lady, if agreeable, for her contributions. We soon taking to disagree with in your letter. Ours did not take so wide a range. We know that intelligence does come through mediums superior to their powers of mind.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

MELODEON.—Miss Harding, of New York, will speak next Sabbath, afternoon and evening, at 3 and quarter to 8 o'clock.

THE LADIES' HARMONIAL BAND will hold their semi-weekly meeting at the house of Mrs. Alfred Nash, No. 7 Phipps Place, on Thursday, June 3d. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

DR. JOHN H. CURRIER, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Lawrence, Sunday, 23d inst.; Concord, N. H., Sunday, 30th; Orange, Mass., June 6th and 15th.

LOUISE MOODY will lecture in Milford, N. H., Sunday, May 20th; Manchester, N. H., Sunday, May 20th; Lawrence, Mass., Sunday, June 6th; Haverhill, Sunday, June 13th; Groveland, Monday and Tuesday, June 14th and 15th; Georgetown, Wednesday and Thursday, June 16th and 17th; Exeter, N. H., Sunday, June 20th. Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture fails for want of needful arrangements. Mr. Moody will act as Agent for the "Banner of Light."

MISS ROSA T. ARNEY, the trance-speaking medium, will lecture in East Foxboro', Tuesday, May 25th; Milford, on Thursday, 27th; Sherburne, on Sunday, 30th.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spirituality Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goddard. Admission free.

MEETINGS IN GEORGETOWN, on Sundays, morning and evening, at QUINN HALL, WASHINGTON street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'clock.

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

SALEM.—Meetings are held in Salem every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Sewall street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free.

J. N. KNAPP, Supt.

Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

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

NEWBURGH.—Spiritual meetings at Concert Hall—Sunday, No. 14 State street. Trance-speaking every Sunday afternoon and evening; public circles for development in the morning. All are invited. Admission, 5 cents.

History of Mediums.

NUMBER 1.

MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

Mrs. Adams is the wife of John S. Adams, who is well known to Spiritualists as a firm advocate and a powerful defender of its precious revelations. He is the author of many published works on the subject of Spiritualism. As a writer, he is clear, comprehensive, forcible, and intuitional. How much the association of Mrs. Adams' spirit with a congenial partner, for many years of so spiritual a nature, has done for her medium development, cannot be easily estimated.

Mrs. Adams was born in the State of Maine, in 1830, and from her earliest days has manifested proclivities of character that have since developed themselves in a marked fondness for the works of Nature. In all things she sees beauties to love and admire, even in deformity, and in the lowest conditions of life. She recognizes the God-life, in all life, and the sleeping germ of this life even in the grains of sand we tread upon. Her conceptions of God, His love, His power and wisdom, are unmeasured, and the relations we bear to Him are the tenderest and the holiest of all relations. He is the Father of all alike—loves all alike—the high and the low, the favored and the degraded; His sunlight of love shines on all the same—the just and the unjust.

When a mere child, Mrs. A.'s parents were taken from her to the spirit land. When she came to maturer years, she was urged and persuaded to join herself to the Orthodox church, of which she was a member for many years; not, however, without feelings within her inmost soul that the character which that church attributed to God was contrary to the voice of Nature, which whispered in her heart more truth and love.

Her attention was first called to Spiritualism in the Spring of 1862. The hand of a medium was seized by spirit influence at her first sitting, and wrote for her as follows: "You are a medium, and your mediumship will be like writing on rice paper—the more light you expose it to, the easier can you read and understand it." This prophecy has proved true of communications given through Mrs. A. for the more we read, examine and criticize them in the sunlight of truth, the more significant, truthful and beautiful they appear. Mrs. A. continued investigations and sittings, mostly in her own house, for some months, feeling a strong and constantly increasing interest, when she began to be conscious of a gradual development of medium powers within herself. Among the first manifestations through her own mediumship, were, the opening and closing of doors, the displacement of moveable objects, playing upon the pianoforte, etc.; all without visible agency. The name of her spirit mother, on one occasion, was written in a closed drawer, in which paper and pencil had been placed by spirit direction.

Mrs. A. was next developed a writing medium, which was soon followed by trance, personating, speaking, psychometrical, and seeing and conversing with spirits in a normal state. Her visions, which convey ideas in the language of symbols, have been, and are now, exceedingly fine. The character and disposition of the various persons for whom these visions have been given, having passed the strictest and most impartial analysis, have appeared faultless and correct delineations of each.

The life of Mrs. A., as it is believed to be the case with all excellent mediums, has been characterized with much bodily and mental suffering. It may not be an error to suppose that every pain we suffer helps unfold our medium powers; that all suffering is friction to the material covering of the soul, that makes the gem within shine brighter.

In February, 1864, the "Lily Wreath," a volume of 138 12mo. pages, was commenced, and concluded in about eight months; the principal part of which was spoken through Mrs. Adams in deep trances, five or six pages at a sitting, one week between each.

This volume, in the purport of its language, is addressed to one, but it is adapted to all; it is for all who read and admire the gems of spirit love therein recorded. "It is whispered in love; it is breathed from the happy home of angels, where earth's children shall all abide; where brighter, softer garlands shall crown their brows, undying, forever."

The following selections will convey some idea of the beautiful language, and the instructive truths, this book contains. The following Prayer and Resolutions are in words and sentiment adapted to every soul of progress:—

PRAYER.

Great Fountain of Wisdom! Let Thy tributary streams fill me with drops of celestial wisdom. This throbbing heart pulsates with new life when fed by angel-hands breaking into it the bread of life to nourish the soul for eternity. Not in high pillared domes doth my soul bear incense to its Maker, but in Nature's higher temple, where the spirit of pure affection reaches unto its spirit home. There this heart loves to worship. At the shrine of love let humility bear its incense of gratitude; angels catch the echo, and the dews of forgiveness fall on the thirsty spirit. Life of all beings! Soul of all wisdoms! flow in, flow in to this weary spirit. Thou alone didst guide me through the darkened night of error; and now, the luminary of truth dawns over me; I pray for lasting light till the twilight of death approaches, and this spirit rises triumphant over sin and grossness; then, at this exultant fountain I will drink purer waters, and springs of lasting happiness shall be mine throughout eternity.

—AMEN.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, To keep the spirit pure and bright, that I may drink at angelic fountains of knowledge.

Resolved, To plant flowers of beauty in my pathway, to cheer the barren path of the traveler.

Resolved, To keep hope bright, with a garland of immortal flowers on her forehead.

Resolved, To scatter blessings in life's pathway like the fragrant rose at morning, that shall waft its sweetness until the evening of eternal repose.

Resolved, To leave no known duty unattended, that my spirit be stayed in its flight to its heavenly home.

Resolved, To pave my pathway with eternal truths, gathered in Nature's volume: truths that shall abide long after these mortal steps have trod the heavenly pathway.

Resolved, To bring my heaven near me.

Resolved, To find my God pervading all Nature.

Resolved, To water with dews of affection the less favored plants in the garden of Nature; to give them, as I have freely received, heavenly culture.

Many gems like the following are interspersed through the book:—

The cares of life, borne calmly, brings angels to thy pathway.

Spirit truths are stars to light your passage home. On the barren trees in thy pathway, engrave the fruit of heaven.

Fill with the future years of life before thee. Let them be a beautiful vale of flowing flowers, for memory to wander in.

Take not even from spirit sources the errors of opinion.

Let reason hold the sway; place it not aside for phantom.

Take beauty and adopt it, though in plain garb. Strengthen thy own intelligence by frequent comparison.

Quote from authors of wisdom and intellect, and arrange a beautiful volume of thy own gathering.

Stud the soul with gems of truth.

Ripen for the change that awaits thee.

Follow no foot-prints but those made by guides of truth.

Keep the flame of pure affection bright, that it may reflect the finest faculties of the soul.

Nature is the unfailing revelation, the purest from the hand of God.

Reason is the guide to nature; truth is the passport.

The season of quiet thought prepares the soul for action.

Solitude is like a mirror; one reflects the form, the other the follies of life.

Live for humanity, live not alone. Waft to the barren hills, the darkened valleys, the shady groves, waft the undying truth, the light of spirit progression.

Penetrate the thick hedges of error.

Wipe the tear from sorrow's eye, hush the sigh of misery. Would'st thou then add to the convoy of angels that shall welcome thee to those heavenly shores, when the spirit passes there, fill well the little sphere allotted thee, with deeds of love and duty.

Go to the earth's barren spots. Go to the lowly cot, and whisper comfort; go to the mighty palace, and whisper immortality. Go and make soft the hardened heart; go and join the hands of humanity in common brotherhood.

What can be more grateful and soul-satisfying to the true Spiritualist, than the two following paragraphs:—

We will not float on the tide of opinion; we will launch boldly into the stream of principle, which flows from and to God. 'Tis a deep-flowing tide, that few can stem. On this deep, clear stream, the barks sail nobly, yes, proudly; they are turned not by passing gales; they heed not the gathering clouds, they stop not at every port where banners are raised, proudly lettered, saying, "here is the land where opinion resides, where popular breezes are blowing." No! true principle heeds them not. It knows no wavering. Its destined port is in the far, far land of beauty, where the breezes of love come laden with the fragrance of beautiful thoughts; where the pure lily-blossoms are growing; where harmony embraces all, and seals us with a kiss of affection. This is where one interest grows. This is the haven to which justice sails, where the voyagers on barks are met in happy recognition by those forms in the land of love.

We are soaring high when we are gazing low. We are building eternal mansions, when gathering the tiny materials of truth that lie along our pathway. We are planting garden of Eden beauty, when we are gathering earth's blossoms to sweeten life's hours. We are building for ourselves a towering dome of wisdom, when we are cultivating the inner man. Self-culture rears a mighty dome, from which we can gaze around and behold brighter scenes than the eye could catch in the valley of ignorance. Oh, let us traverse mountains of thought. Stay not thy foot-steps until the summit is thine to gaze from. Let the soul be ever a willing recipient of light. Truth ever comes shrouded. That which brings light and wisdom we see not at the first. The darkened cloud precedes the tiny drops of rain that make the flowers come forth. Wisdom may often be veiled; she walks oftentimes in dark disguise, beneath the heavy robes she folds around. There's thrown around her beautiful form, a graceful, easy robe, pure and refreshing for the eyes to gaze upon. Oh, deem the external sight, but secondary to the clear, internal gaze that's given thee. The darkened mantle which wisdom wears at times, is but thrown on to shield the inner robe, that when she comes thy joyous guest, her garments may be pure and shining.

During the months in which the "Lily Wreath" was given, a manuscript volume of about four hundred pages was also given through Mrs. Adams, addressed to a lady in this city. The title prefixed to this volume is "LIFE ETERNAL." It possesses great merit, full of instruction and deep thought, beautifully expressed. A series of chapters selected from this volume are now being published in this paper.

In the month of March, the same year, was also received through Mrs. A., the "RIVULET FROM THE OCEAN OF TRUTH," published by Bela Marsh, with introduction and incidental notes by John S. Adams. It is a thrilling account of an unprogressed spirit; and the light received by that spirit through Mrs. A.'s mediumship. From this pamphlet is quoted the following words, which revert to the past life of this spirit; her innocent childhood; her fall and degradation in material life; her agony; her death, and the hell in which she was an inhabitant thirty years after death:

Oh, memory! oh, memory rolling me back! Oh, where? Oh, where? Yes, back to earth—back to the home of my childhood; in the cradle of innocent love; in the arms of a fond parent, nestling in confidence on that bosom. And years flow on. That kind hand leads me. Years added to years, but not goodness to innocence. Maturity comes—maturity of time, but not of spirit—I no longer rest on that parent's breast; no longer in the bosom of love I nestle. That hand, that once protected me I curse. Her spirit passes away; sorrow and disappointment was her shadow. On her grave no tears are shed; none to moisten the green sod, and it grew dry and barren like her early hopes. Yes, memory rolls me back, and it brings an agony of soul; that was my mother! Her form was mouldering back to dust—and I was mouldering back to misery. Years fled, and icy age came trembling on me. In darkness I wandered; to eternal misery; as I was taught to believe my soul was fast hastening. As I went down that holy form went up.

Another dying couch. Memory played well her part; like arrows of conviction she pierced me. Dark as my own, were beings about me—kindred to mine. And their words came pouring into my soul—God will condemn to eternal misery! Demons filled the room; darkness brooded over me; the spirit fled down, leaving hope in the grave. No stone marks the spot—the well; sunken is the mound—'tis better; oblation of my destiny. Then I passed where all were dark as my own spirit, each with guilt that stained the soul with deepest dye; and we were truly companions in woe, for no brilliancy emanated from either soul.

And years fled, on carrying that loved one still upward, till one dark, dreary night, I saw a star; none other saw it. I called; I implored; it answered me; it grew brighter and larger; it came to me in the human form; no longer he came, he took me by the hand; he bade me rise; joyously I listened. He told me of other stars that shone far above him, for him, that carried him from darkness to a bright land; that God loved me, and would let me come too. He led me to this bright land. Me, in sin, and unworthy. And oh, the debt of gratitude that rests in this heart.

In the fall of 1864 the "Bouquet of SPIRIT FLOWERS" was commenced, and completed in the spring of 1865. This volume is a continuation of the "LILY WREATH," of the same size and character, given chiefly through Mrs. Adams, and published by Bela Marsh, of Boston, the same year. The following is given as a specimen of the style and character of this book:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The inquiring heart goes out and speaks: "Where shall I find my God?" The pure in heart will meet him in the gentle stream and within the tiny flower. Duty wears no mystic veil to the

soul, to the heart of purity; for on creation's face they read the lineaments of his parental love. The pure in heart flow into him, each stream of thought is a crystal brook that sparkles its spirit home to Delty. The pure in heart find no shadows floating between them and God. Through love and faith they look, and with eyes of peace behold the universe, a circling glory of enchanted life, twining to the great central Spirit, God. Through flowery paths, the pure in spirit walk, not by the wayside hedge; they bound along the wide and beautiful avenues of love, linking their life and thoughts with myriad souls. The pure in heart see bright divinities of beaming love shining through humanity; they gaze on brightness through the love of the spirit within the mortal. They do not sit on the bank of despair, where the deep and angry waters of sin and error are flowing on, but they sit them down by the cooling, flowing stream of happiness, and on its wavelets send their sparkling trust to the bosom of their Father, God. Blessed are the pure, for they shall see Him. Each moment of their life bears unto them the impress of their Father's face; and on the mighty works his hand hath made, they see the image of their God. How blest are they that ride on those plume-like, bounding, crystal thoughts, that send their spirits out in dewy crystals to be attracted to some sapphire sea of bliss, where bright and sparkling jewels dash 'round the shores, and diamonds point the way to bliss, and emerald islands dance in ether light, and jeweled wings spread out from soft angelic forms, and myrtle music floats along the breeze. This is the port; this is the port to which the hearts of purity sail to see their God. Then launch thy spirit nobly forth, and on the quivering aspirations of thy immortal soul, send its beauty dancing on flowers of bliss immortal. Warbling melody shall greet the soul. The sweet enchantment shall entrance the vision, and the soul of pure desire shall gaze through countless vistas of eternal space, on the image of its God.

Each pure desire is a wing on which the spirit mounts. Every holy aspiration is a chariot inviting the soul to fly onward. Each loving thought is a wave of progression, and every longing, throbbing emotion a golden arrow darting the spirit on and on through space infinite, eternal, and sublime. So blessed are the pure for they shall see God; no atom of creation shall be a thing too small for them to gaze upon and behold Him. In each shall be seen a kingdom of His glory; a bright enchanting power that leads home through wisdom's ways to their Father, God. Each day of life, and each one shall bear the shadow of His spirit.

While o'er the silvery sea of purity we sail, the lilies of life shall adorn our way. As we pass along, the waiving branches above shall duplicate their dewy leaves by being mirrored on the waters below, as the future, the golden future, paints its form upon the stream of the past. So to purity let us wed our souls, that we may through eternity gaze upon our God.

About the time the communications of the Bouquet were received, a series of communications were commenced and given through Mrs. A., addressed to Mr. George W. Keene, of Lynn, Mass., and continued weekly for more than two years. This volume is large, containing about one thousand pages. The beauty, love and power contained in these communications, I have no language to convey a just idea of. They are like the waves of the ocean in power; like the sunlight in clearness; like the soft atmosphere of summer in love, and like the fragrance of flowers in their emanations of beauty. It seems strange why this volume, so full of the rich treasures of thought, has not been given to the public.

We quote the following paragraphs:—
Away back in the dim recesses of the spirit lies a God-power, unknown, unrecognized and unworshiped. Wouldst thou be born into this power? Then pass through shadows willingly; pass back into the recesses of philosophy, where reason holds the scepter; fathom the spirit, learn the depth, the height, the breadth of the soul, and the new birth shall follow—all things shall become new, old things shall pass away, principles shall be clear as the noonday sun. There is a gigantic power that lies in the human mind, and the period is nigh at hand when it shall become triumphant over matter, so that man shall literally walk on the waves. Let man be a learner, not a teacher, and this shall be. 'The Lord is in His holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him.' His temple is the universe, and the universe obeys His will in silent beauty. The spirit lies its fleshy form, its earthly temple, and let it be silent and obedient to the influx of spirit power.

He who suffered in the garden of Gethsemane, whose life was thickly draped in sorrow, comes to earth again; he comes triumphant now.

The spirit of man is strengthened by shadows, the more darkness and shades of night, the more soft dew: that fall on the grassy plains, the greener, fresher do they grow.

The gray blade that loves to rise
In such deep trust unto the skies,
Is like the heart;
The more the heart doth ache and sigh,
The thicker will the blossoms be;
The more some shadows round the heart,
The more the angels come to part
The deepening gloom away.

All the wishes of the heart come from God, and are a part of Himself, and every longing of the soul shall be a sphere of bliss unto all, rounded into love.

The sigh, the tear—the smile, the flower—are respirations of God's life drawing us, drawing us. If the rose does not enchant us, its thorn has not pierced us. If the green valley does not invite us, the rugged mountain has not been climbed.

Thou canst take hold of heavenly things; why were they made, if not for man? His nature is suited to their investigation; their beauty are invited for his hand to break the seal.

When reading from out the varied things of life that tell of God, learning in deep research of His power, know that whatever beauty is there should find a kindred joy within thy soul—it was made for thee. He made the great creation vast, and all that therein is; He formed the eye and ear of man to gaze and listen to those works; they are all adapted to his capacity. As you go on in gradations of knowledge, you will find how admirably suited to each unfolding are all His mighty works. No suddenness of truth comes o'er thee, but all goes gradually in symmetry and love, till lost in Divinity. See how the earth rings with harmony to fill the ear, the organ that conveys sweet music; to the soul, there is a beautiful harmony that comes up from earth; to the well cultivated soul there is ever melody; no note seems out of tune; some have a finer sound, others pool forth louder strains—but strike them all with a skillful hand, and you have the well-filled harmony; but learn you first to gather notes, and then set them to God's harmony. We are all, as it were, notes in the great music-scale of life; note well the varied positions they occupy upon the staff of life; the music dwells within the soul of the composer—the deep-toned note is requisite to the softening of the higher, while intermediate notes come blending in.

How sacred to man is his own bright soul; how beautiful the thought that identity lives; that we shall rove hereafter through space and time, with all these, our own legitimate faculties. How glorious the thought that we merge not into one flowing wave of life, but keep our ripples individualized. Keep this little atom of existence singularized from the multitude. Eternal destiny is ours, and ages far hence shall find us still the same, (though brighter by wisdom and progression), with all these warm desires. We shall taste of eternity with the same pleasure as now we drink it. Oh, these immortal faculties! Take the faculty of love—the soul might look for ages on the theme, and still grow wiser; we can love through rolling eternity; we can sympathize

thize when the spirits have traversed unnumbered worlds; we can hope while time endures. Where shall the spirit take its rest? As we walk over the boundary of creation, the eternity of thought, the immortality of conception fills the soul with wonder.

We pass to heaven and home on thoughts; the deed of yesterday is gone—gone into revolving eternity; perchance we shall meet it again—past records we may read again.

We move on like waves of the ocean; one billow bounds with another—ripple follows ripple, and we dash to eternity's shore. And thus the great universe of life looks only like the waves of the ocean. We cannot stray from the locality where God has planted us—and the little ripples make up the great life-current, and the tide of angel existence now flowing in on these waters, will rise up on the sands of existence, will make a swiftest sea, and they shall never ebb.

Let mortals ask how high is the angel-tide? are the waters rolling on our lands? Tell them the fountains are dashing on; bright jewels are in the sea, and every wave shall bring them a pearl from the depths of celestial love, and the tide of angel-life is rising higher and higher; soon the waters will flow over the land, so that every soul may go forth sailing in calmness.

'Tis not imagination that paints on the canvas bright angel forms, with wings; 'tis drawn from sweet reality, and the Christian knows not the power that lies within his wings; he knows not how far they reach into the world of life and beauty; he knows not what angels gaze and sit watching their quivering. This is not a fancy picture; there's not a soul within the universe but hath these pinions. Man cannot conceive 'tis God originates. Man imitates; the image of angels with wings is a bright ideal, and a golden real. Then, Christian, wilt thou fold these wings, or wilt thou wait upon their longings and thy supplications, and send them forth in faith?

Many unprogressed spirits, at different times, have communicated through Mrs. A., and in consequence of this coming to mortals have been made better and happier in their spirit life.

The "Progressive Life of Spirits after Death," a pamphlet of thirty pages, published by Bela Marsh, in 1865, given by unprogressed spirits, was chiefly communicated through Mrs. Adams.

The following dialogue is a specimen. The spirit of Lightfoot spoke through George A. Redman, entranced; and the spirit of Lightfoot's mother through Mrs. Adams, entranced.

Lightfoot.—Where, where is my mother? I want to talk with her.

Mother.—Your mother is here; she has a star that will pierce you.

Lightfoot.—Mother, mother, speak to me.

Mother.—Take away the cloud; I will grow calm; you shall come to me.

Lightfoot.—Oh, how I love to meet thee here; let me hold thee by the hand; there is a sweet perfume, my mother, that rises from thy spirit breath. Oh, give me one word from thy progressive life. Mother do, dear mother.

Mother.—Sweet and calm as the evening breezes are the joys I would bring. Live nearer me, child of my heart; lay thy aching head upon my breast; closer, closer come. I am waiting for thee. Look above thee, and see myriad spirits waiting to convey thee home; long lost, long absent one. A mother's heart still clings with fondest emotion, and over shall my wings of affection fly around my flower, broken from its parent stem. Blossom, hasten to thy tower of happiness. Blighted by sin, come, fly, I call, I beseech—come, come, hopeful, erring one; hasten to these arms. Oh, my God! who can make the parent heart forget!

Lightfoot.—I advance towards thee, mother; reach down thy hand, and let me kiss the rising virtue that emanates from thy form. Methinks I see thee handing to my thirsty soul the nectar of life eternal. Oh, come, come, come to me, and let my head rest upon thy bosom, and my hand from thee gather the fruit of progression. Thou hast yet the feelings of a mother; and though low, has fallen a leaf from thy stock, yet will there ever remain a silent pulsation of gratitude to thee. I am rising, I am rising.

Mother.—(Addressing the circle.) Turn away the gaze of the curious; let pity come and shed her tears, for the lost one is once more folded to the heart of a fond mother.

Hope, hope has drawn away the dark curtain, and my child is unveiled to my view. We have met as thousands more shall meet. Oh, give me angel-flow of words to breathe out gratitude. Think you that I was happy when sorrow wanted her cold breeze around my child in darkness, unfolded in error, and blossomed in sin? Did an angel mother not weep for him? Oh, let his come and anchor on the ocean of hope. By your united efforts you have brought him to me. Oh, turn him not away. My lost lamb is called home. He hears these glorious accents. Oh, the gushing, bursting, swelling joy that keeps within my soul! Oh, give his spirit wings of faith to bear it on the brighter fountains.

See! thou the path o'erspread with flowers by angel-hands; and from angel-tread a fragrance shall ascend to fill your souls. We are grasping heaven's joys; we are nearing our heavenly home; we are blended in sympathy, shrouded in one mantle of hope.

I love you all; a mother's joy is full. Oh, let it ring; oh, let angels echo the glad tidings; oh, let it ring on, on to eternity.

Lightfoot.—It was dark; a gloomy sorrow hung over my spirit when I went to a spirit-land. No ray of sunshine lit the darkened portals of my heart. My mother was lost to me. Alone did I wander over the dark prairies of the spirit-world till I came to earth; and here I have met friends; and here I would express my gratitude. Here, while wandering still in darkness, I saw a star; 'twas dim at first; in it I saw a mother's love. I saw the sweet smile of recognition, and now the arms of my mother twine close around me.

Mother.—Earth shall yet hear all my gratitude. It shall hear a mother's joy; page after page shall be inscribed. His life, oh, what a blank! These eager arms have caught him; these heart-throbs pillow his head again; and a mother's arms of love now cradle him to repose. Long did he rove, an undiscovered star. Distance, not love, divided us. In shadowy dreams, in phantoms wild, I used to stand beside him. Now no longer hope comes in the dream, but reality has fired my soul and clothed it, and has brought me back my wayward child. Our threads of life are thickly twining now; he grows within my soul; eyes of affection now bathe his soul with the dews of a mother's tenderness, twining around him. Was he once dark? Oh, tell me not that! The fountain-source of love has the shadow and the light. The parent stem will claim the blighted leaf, will own the decaying bud. He is mine, restored to me. If I think will recompense, my soul would speak in volumes.

Many believe that unprogressed spirits cannot communicate through the truest and best mediums. This belief seems erroneous. It is the work of angels to lead souls from darkness to light, and with the assistance of their own spirits, through mediums more congenial to themselves, dark spirits under their immediate influence are brought to mortals for the light that they should have found while in the material form. It is angel work to lead souls to God, to lessen the pains of human woe, and such effort in sympathy and compassion is the true language of *Christian love*.

Many communications have been received through Mrs. A., by a large number of persons; and all, without exception, have evinced truthfulness, clearness and beauty. Communications through her have been sought for by all who knew her, with feelings of interest and eagerness; but from her physical in-

ability, many, many who have sought them, have gone away disappointed. Her heart has ever been willing, without the consideration of material reward, to communicate to all; for her soul loves spiritual more than earthly treasures; loves to give more than to receive.

During the two last years very few communications have been given through Mrs. A., owing to a general weakness of her whole physical being; but her spirit vision and intuition in a normal condition, has often been clear and active. Her bodily sufferings have been, at times, very great; she has been at death's door. During the last twenty weeks previous to May 1, she has been confined to her bed, most of which time she has been helpless; has suffered constant pain, at periods, almost beyond endurance. In this sickness she has been closely watched, and lovingly cared for by great numbers of spirit friends, and in her severest sufferings, when it seemed to those around that her spirit must be loosed from its tenement, she has been entranced, and sung, and laughed, and spoke of the beauties amid which her spirit guides had led her. Her experience in spiritual things during these months of agony, has taught her deep lessons of beauty, in unfolding to her a knowledge of the nearness of the spirit world to this, and the intimate relations that exist between the inhabitants of that world and this. These truths, with the instruction from numerous visions that have been given her, would make a volume of deep interest for all.

During her hours of greatest agony, in her conscious moments, she has prayed one constant, fervent prayer, that God would give her power to heal diseases, and make her an humble instrument in His hand to lessen pain and agony, that others may not suffer as she has suffered.

The following words of Madame Guyon may be well applied to Mrs. A.: "I have sometimes thought that the Lord deals with his friends who are dearest to him, as the ocean does with its waves. Sometimes it pushes them against the rocks, when they break in pieces; sometimes it rolls them on the sand, or dashes them on the mire. And then, in a moment, it retakes them into the depth of its own bosom, where they are absorbed with the same rapidity with which they were first rejected. The more violently they are dashed upon the rocks, the more quickly and impetuously do they return to the great centre."

Mrs. A.'s character is humble, simple, child-like, forgiving, passive, and affectionate. She has a large soul which makes her humility; clear conceptions of truth which make her simplicity; the kingdom of heaven within which makes her child-like; Christian love which makes her forgiving; a powerful will which makes her passiveness; and the expanding germ of love which makes her affection.

She has given her by nature that condition of soul which invites the influx of truth from the fountain of eternal wisdom. In her demeanor she is modest and retiring, shrinking from any reputation of earthly greatness—from all the false ceremonies of life—from fashion and all its vanities. Her soul rises without pretence above the love of earthly things, and breathes and grows in the more congenial world of spirit-life.

A. B. CHILDS.

ANOTHER TEST FROM MR. MANSFIELD.

The following correspondence, besides being interesting for the truth it contains, is of much importance because of the standing of Mr. Burke, who figures therein as the initiator. Mr. Burke is regarded in New Orleans with the same respect as Abbott Lawrence was in Boston, and the reputation of the spirit addressed, who has left many friends on earth, is well remembered by those in his profession. A correspondent, writing to a friend from New Orleans, where the parties reside, says:—

"The communication received by Mr. Burke is satisfactory and conclusive to all reasonable persons in the city who know the parties. Mr. Grymes was one of the most distinguished lawyers in the land, and, as he says, his opinion was law."

Mr. Burke was formerly one of our largest and most influential merchants. Although retired from business, his name is a household word in New Orleans. He is a gentleman that does not 'jump at conclusions,' but investigates thoroughly all subjects in which he becomes interested. I say this much in regard to his position, in justice to him, and for your own satisfaction. The publication of the article referred to, will do much good. Some say, 'he must be crazy—a man of his sense—to be humbugged.' &c. Others are induced to investigate for themselves—and upon inquiry, they find that there are hundreds among us who are 'humbugged'—their most intimate friends, whose advice and judgment they will rely upon on any other subject."

[From the New Orleans Sunday Delta.]

SPIRITUALISM.

BY OLENIY BURKE.

I am fully aware of the position which an individual assumes who comes before the public in the character of a teacher. It is not, however, in such capacity that I appear, but in that of an inquirer after truth, in the examination of decidedly the most important subject that can be presented for human investigation. I have been led to examine the subject of modern Spiritualism, purely in its intellectual manifestations, from having listened with profound attention to the lectures of Mr. Forster, at Armory Hall, which were remarkable alike for their erudition and eloquence. My progress has been of intense interest to me, and the developments throughout have been of the most satisfactory character. I have realized to my mind positive evidence—which is far beyond faith—of the immortality of the soul and the immediate communication of departed spirits with us here on earth. Whatever may be the teachings of the Bible, or however widely views may differ among various denominations of the Christian church, there can be no doubt that Spiritualism fully satisfies the minds on those points of all who will calmly and truthfully examine it.

To become perfectly satisfied, in addition to manifestations submitted to me here in New Orleans, I sought to secure a test to remove doubts most likely to arise from the supposed influence of personal continuity, or what is ascribed by some to thought-reading. I therefore addressed a communication to the spirit of an old and intimate personal friend—now some time departed—I mean the late Col. John R. Grymes, of New Orleans. I determined to keep all knowledge of its particulars to myself, and mentioned to only two or three confidential friends the fact of having thus written—but to no person whatever was the communication in question ever submitted. I transmitted that letter, under cover of an external means, to Mr. Mansfield, at Boston, on the 31st of March, requesting him, in a separate letter, as a medium, to procure for me a spirit-response thereto. The envelop which covered my letter to Col. Grymes was without any superscription whatever! It was securely sealed with wax, and impressed with my private seal, to prevent its being opened without detection.

