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Poetry.

From the Sacred Circle.

A Leaf of Life.

Son of man, go take thy book,  
Let the page be fair and clean.  
Life is but a narrow road,  
Pictured on a fleeting scene.

Write thee down its joys and cares,  
Write thee down its weal and woe,  
Write thee down its wheat and tares,  
Which while together grow.

Write thee down its shame and sorrow,  
Fill thy page with grief and fear;  
Tell of days that hath no morrow,  
Sadness such as naught can cheer.

Tell of prisons dank and cruel,  
Where the fetter'd slave of power  
Burns with madness (human fuel)  
To the passions of an hour.

Tell of hate, revenge, and lust,  
Till thy page be blotted o'er,  
And its life with "All is dust"  
Leave no margin there for more.

Turn thy leaf. Mark the sunshine  
Gilding vistas spreading far,  
Where the wreaths of glory twine,  
Radiant as the morning star.

Write the heroes who shall wear them,  
Few were on the earth renown'd;  
But a line thou now mayst spare them,  
Now with endless honors crown'd.

Gather up the kind and gentle,  
From the city's lane and street;  
Write the lowly, the poor and true,  
Thou shalt not let the complete.

Take the widow, orphan, beggar,  
Leave the miser with his gold,  
Even the poor, despised negro,  
Write him now no "scattered" word.

Side and side with Wilberforce,  
Mid that lofty noble band,  
Who have stemm'd the damning course  
Long pursued in every land.

Leave no line for martial heroes,  
Blot the name of Waterloo;  
Popes, and kings, and modern Neros—  
Strike them worthless from thy view.

She who, worn with bitter anguish,  
Earn'd her scanty meal in tears,  
Honor'd now, no more to languish,  
Place her name where Christ's appears.

Go among the lost, forsaken,  
Poor, and scorned by human pride,  
Let thy list of Life be taken—  
Give them what the world denied.

When complete, then write "Forever!"  
On the record thou hast made,  
Place it with the wreath that never  
From the victor's brow shall fade.

Miscellany.

Grandmother Asleep.

"Sleeps the sleep, that knows no waking."

—Scott.

The sympathy that exists between old age and childhood is one of the most beautiful and touching traits of humanity. Here "extremes meet" and mingle in blessed harmony. The old man, who has exhausted life in all its stages, seeks at last, with hoary head and bent back, the society of children, and joins in their prattle and gambols! The child, again, who is but beginning the mysterious road of life, turns, with corresponding sympathy, to "the world's gray fathers," and seeks support and protection rather from the palsied hand of old than the strong arm of manhood! Tottering infancy clings to tottering age—and age finds in infancy a boon companion!

There can be no earthly affection more pure than that of a grandmother to her grandchildren. A mother's affection may often be nothing more than animal instinct, and like all instincts have its source in selfishness; but a grandmother's love must be the perfection of disinterested attachment. It is the noblest of all passions. There is no grandmotherism among beasts. It is the furthest removed from self and the senses that we can conceive. It can count on no equivalent return, for long before the child has reached manhood, the grandmother must be beyond his assistance. It cannot even promise itself the hope of living to witness the result of all its tender assiduousness. It can never see the little twig, which it nurses so carefully, become a full grown tree, far less can it ever reap the fruit of its labours. It plants and waters for other ages than its own.

We knew or have heard of an old woman who was left, at an advanced age, to protect and support the orphan boy and girl of her only son. The story is a mere anecdote, but it may be worth telling, as it contains a good moral. This old woman, though born to considerable affluence, was by the mysterious hand of Providence, fated to spend her life and her treasures in the service of others—and never did human being perform the will of her Master with more divine sweetness! Her husband turned out a profligate; and, after having exhausted her fortune and his own constitution, died of a lingering disease in her arms. Her son—an only child—was reared with the fondest care; but he followed the footsteps of his father—married young—broke

his wife's heart—and finally died, leaving his two little children, a boy and girl, in the hands of his aged and impoverished mother. A life annuity of fifteen pounds was all that the old woman had to support herself and rear the children; but there was surely a blessing with it, for it went farther than many people's fifties, and upon it alone she contrived to maintain a decent appearance and proud independence. She rented a small cottage in the vicinity of Govan, on the banks of the Clyde; and there, with her little orphans, and scanty means, and meek deportment, presented a picture of true greatness, nobler far than what is to be found in castle or palace.

Though her life had been one of adversity, and her best feelings had been outraged by those who were dearest to her, the original benevolence of her nature was neither soured nor diminished. She was full of divine charity—not the charity of distributing from a store of worldly superfluities—for she had not even the widow's mite to spare—but the charity which thinketh no evil and speaketh no guile, and which looks with loving-kindness on every fellow-creature. The sweetness of her disposition, connected with a knowledge of her misfortunes and difficulties, made her venerated by all the villagers; and for her sake, her grandchildren were often fondled on the knee, or treated to little delicacies which their desolate lot in life could never otherwise have procured them. The children themselves were models of beauty and innocence—graceful, modest, and affectionate in all that they said or did, for to an originally kind and tractable disposition were superadded the valuable example and instruction of their grandmother.

Neither of the little ones had reached their fifth year, when they were destined to experience a great change in their condition. It was one night in the fall of the year, when autumn was giving way to winter, that they had gone to bed early as usual, after saying their evening prayer with their head in grandmother's lap, and receiving her blessing. Age is wakeful—and the old woman was in the habit of sitting up for hours after they were asleep, reading her bible or plying her distaff. Sometimes the children would wake from their sleep, and receive from her tender hand a bit of bread or cup of water. Or sometimes they would start from a terrifying dream, and then her kind voice was ever near them, to assure them of safety, and soothe them into renewed repose. In one of those frightful dreams, to which even the most innocent-minded, carefully nurtured, and healthy children are liable, Catherine, the eldest child had awakened, and cried with a scream for her grandmother. But her cry was not, as it ever before had been, responded to on this occasion by her assiduous and watchful guardian. She repeated her cry; but grandmother came not—spoke not. Her little brother was awakened by her agitation, and then she had confidence to open her eyes and look about the apartment. There she saw grandmother sitting apparently sound asleep in her chair. Her distaff lay at her feet, and her cruse was nearly extinguished, but the fire still burned brightly, and a full moon shed its hallowed light through the lattice.

"O wake, grandmother! and come to me, for I have had a fearsome dream," cried the poor girl.

"Grandma is asleep, and will not wake," said her little brother.

The stern silence of the old woman was so unusual, that, after repeated cries, the children in alarm jumped from bed, and ran to their grandmother's knee.

"Waken, grandmother, waken! Speak to me! Kiss me!" cried Catherine, getting more terrified.

"Kiss sister, grandma," said the little boy, "and we will say our prayers."

"Listen, grandmother! I saw a ghost in a winding-sheet in the minister's pulpit, and all the kirk-yard was crowded with ghosts—and it was always your face that I saw—that face—O grandmother, will you not speak?"

"Speak sister, to grandma, for she is frightening me," said the boy.

"Speak! speak!" repeated the girl. "And kiss me! And here is little Willy to kiss too! Only speak, and we will be good children."

But, alas! that ear was now deaf which had ever been open to their cry, and that voice now dumb, which had ever spoke in tenderness to them. She who had all her life ministered to the wants of others, and had hung in undecaying love over the death-bed of an undeserving husband and son, and died without a kind eye to watch her, but the eye of him who neither slumbers nor sleeps!

It was long before the forlorn orphans could comprehend their situation, but when the dreadful truth came across their minds they clasped their little hands, and screamed in terror and dismay. There was no house beside them; the frightful churchyard stood between them and their nearest neighbor; yet they could not stay within, but rushed to the roadside, and wailed beneath the silent face

of heaven. At that moment the hand of mercy was upon them, and their deliverance was wrought even from the depth of their desolation. A gentleman passing on horseback was attracted by their cries, and inquired into the cause. He proved to be one of the princely merchants of Glasgow, with a heart as liberal as his means were unbounded. The case was fitted to his generous spirit. He not only gave immediate help, and saw the grandmother decently interred, but took the little ones under his own roof, and reared them without distinguishing them from his own family. Thus was good brought out of apparent evil, and when the hand of Providence seemed to fall heaviest on the orphans, it was but "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb," for had the grandmother been carried away under ordinary circumstances, the fate of the grandchildren might have been very different. The result of the matter is not the least pleasing point of the anecdote, for Catherine is at this hour the happy wife of her benefactor's eldest son, and her brother conducts an important branch of his business in a foreign land.

The Storm.

WILLIAM MELBOURNE had for many years acted as personal attendant on Everard Whittam, Esquire of Whittam-hall, a secluded mansion in the County of Bucks, and being a great favourite with his master, had grown into proportionate disfavour with that gentleman's graceless nephew and heir, who after succeeding to the estate, turned him about his business. Something in the shape of legacy was talked of, and expected for William by his acquaintances; but nothing appeared. He had luckily, however, saved some money from the earnings of former times, and with as little delay as possible, he took a moderately rented bit of ground, and a very economical wife. The world went well with them for months and years. Many a traveller may still remember how he lingered on his journey to admire the vine-clad cottage of Whittam border, for so was William's dwelling denominated, from its juxtaposition to the property of his old master. Two amiable daughters completed the happiness of the worthy couple. William Melbourne's generous disposition increased with his increasing power of gratifying it. The mean, the designing, and the needy crowded around him. He had frequent slight warnings in the way of loss, which were calculated to scare him into greater precaution. These warnings he neglected—while he delighted himself with the reflection that he had benefited so many of his fellow-creatures.

One evening while he was sitting in half slumber by the fireside, his wife and daughters at their accustomed task, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the post-boy's voice was recognized, as he presented a letter for Mr. Melbourne. William hastily broke open the seal, and glanced over the contents. A slight quiver, and a growing paleness, gave signal of alarm to his anxiously watching family. "Has anything unpleasant happened, William?" inquired his wife. He attempted to reply, but the words came chokingly and in broken syllables. "I—I—I am a—ruined man," he at last exclaimed, and held out the letter to his wife. It related to a case in which he had been surety for a person who had become insolvent—and contained a demand of instant payment. From this period it seemed that William Melbourne's energies forsook him. He grew feeble in gait, and meaningless in countenance; and poverty visited the cottage of Whittam border. Rent time came round, and with it the inability of payment. Added to all, was the evil influence which the new squire of Whittam-hall exerted upon William's landlord. Only a fortnight was allowed to make up the payment, in default of which, the Melbournes were to be cast forth upon the cold charity of mankind.

Before that period expired, however, an accident occurred, which renewed the connection between the cottages and Whittam-hall, and which, from the relief that it brought the former in the extremity of their destitution, might almost be considered as a providential inter-curer. Melbourne's two daughters had, since their father's misfortune, been in the habit of traversing the country together with eggs and chickens, the proceeds of which now went far to support the family, for he who should have made a last and strong effort, had abandoned himself to inactive despair. Mary, the elder of the two, was about sixteen years of age, tall, and elegantly formed. Her face was beautifully regular, with a complexion which told of "sun-burnt mirth," or, at all events, of exposure to the open air, among the green fields, from whose fairest flowers it seemed to have borrowed its glowing tints. Auburn ringlets waved upon her brow, and the *tout ensemble*, which baffles description, was such as delicate taste would figure in a dream. Her sister, Catherine, was a dark-haired playful urchin of eight years old. It happened, that in their peregrinations, the

sisters had ventured frequently to visit Whittam-hall with their commodities, and though sometimes frowned away by the insolent servants, they had once or twice been very kindly treated by Miss Whittam, the new squire's daughter, who appeared to take an interest in their father, whose name she had often, she said, long ago, heard her late respected uncle mention with esteem.

It was on a summer forenoon that they set out on their last visit to the hall. Fortunately, they found their kind friend at home, and her father absent. She detained them for an hour or two, and took leave of them with strong injunctions that they should come soon back again. We must not forget to mention that their eggs and chickens were purchased by this excellent young lady, and the double basket which contained them, filled with eatables to take home with them to their father and mother. They had cleared the straight old avenue, when they perceived a sudden blackness along the southern sky, which came gradually onward till the declining sun was altogether obscured. Anticipating, from long practice, what this appearance indicated, an approaching thunder-storm, they hurried on towards the bright sky in the direction of their own home. Just, however, before rounding an eminence which would hide the venerable pinnacles of the hall from view, the tender-hearted Mary bethought her of their benefactress, who was there without any companion to comfort her in so fearful a darkness, and she turned to look back, when a flash of lightning leaped out from the sable mass of distant cloud, and the mansion of the Whittams became, nearly all, a prostrate ruin. Forgetful of home, of parents, and self, the terrified girl threw down her load, and taking her sister's hand, hurried back in the direction which they had left. The scene which the fallen burning pile, exhibited was terribly grand. Here yawned a wide-arched window, high in air, with its pictured glass, and there a pillar towered aloft, hung round with gilded shields, while the red flame went on augmenting, and unopposable. As the trembling girls approached nearer, they heard the shrieking of a female voice, and following the direction it indicated, they beheld her who had so lately smiled upon them in the midst of comfort and splendour, exposed to flames below, and flames above, on the unvalued and isolated floor of a chamber, which, without aid, and which could never leave alive. "Oh run," she cried, "and see if there is a ladder among the offices," and she pointed to the detached buildings which had escaped the conflagration. They ran as directed, and soon returned, bearing with difficulty between them, a ladder which had been left providentially in an unlocked place. After great exertion, they succeeded in bringing it to bear in the desired position, and the heiress of Whittam-hall escaped unhurt from a catastrophe which had caused the death of every other being then under its roof. She was persuaded to accompany the Melbournes to their home, whither she was a short time after followed by her father, who, on his return, had traced her from the information of some peasants. The squire was deeply grateful for the deliverance of his daughter. He offered William Melbourne a farm at a merely nominal rental, which being accepted of, the lightsomeness of former days returned to the cottagers. The squire became an altered man, so that both families found themselves the better for "The Storm."

A Touching Custom.

A common practice, in Paris, which impresses a stranger favorably, is that of lifting or taking off the hat when a funeral passes. A writer on this subject relates the following:

"Some years, since we were one of that rushing crowd ever pouring up and down Broadway. When in front old St. Paul's, all eyes were attracted by the appearance of the crew of the French war vessel, La Belle Poile, which then visited the United States under the command of the Prince de Joinville. The crew were in their naval dress uniform,



STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, JUNE 16, 1885.

## "Deny everything and call for the proof."

This is the position assumed by those who suppose they are doing spiritualists a signal favor by suffering themselves to be dragged into the faith of spiritual intercourse, if it can be done against all their powers of resistance. "It is fair," say they, "to deny the truth of all your assertions, and put you to the proof." We will receive nothing as true which is not made too palpable to admit of denial, nor will we seek for evidence, save that which militates against your positions. This principle of defence against conviction, derived from the practice of litigation, as adopted by those who are arraigned for infractions of the civil code, and those who seek to evade the fulfilment of contracts. It remains to be determined whether this position is fair and wise, or unfair and unwise.

In conducting the defence, in a law suit, or the trial of a criminal, the mere man of law denies that he has anything to do with any truth, any justice, any honor or any conscience, outside of the letter of the law; and, by admitting nothing which cannot be proved, he can, probably, save his client from justice or injustice, as the case may be. But, admitting this procedure to be justifiable in law, in cases in which penalties are pending, it is therefore rational to adopt the same principle in the investigation of facts relative to the economy and government of Almighty God, and to the future existence of the human soul? What is gained or saved to a man, by denying the attempt of his friend to prove that there is a God who rules the Universe, and a future existence for man, which shall be eternal? What is there, to justify the skeptic in doing all in his power to prevent his friend from convincing him of the truth of spiritual intercourse with mortals? If the existence or non-existence of the fact itself depended on the result of the controversy, those who desire it not to be true would have a justifiable incentive to resistance, and might feel warranted in making every practicable defence. Such, however, is not the case. The spiritual philosophy is either true or untrue in itself, and invalidation of testimony and resistance of conviction cannot alter it. A knowledge of the truth would seem to be as much of a desideratum with one individual as with another, and why should not all unite their endeavors to ascertain the truth, whatever it may be?

The skeptic says: Take me and carry me to the place where evidences may be found. Then pull my eyelids open and make me see, and take my fingers out of my ears and compel me to hear. Then, if I cannot avoid conviction by cavelling, I will condescend to believe that the devil has come forth from his lair of burning sulphur and done things on earth which cannot be accomplished without supernatural power. Such is the position taken by the orthodox clergy and their adherents. They are like the man who determines to commit suicide by starvation. I will not eat, says he, unless you prepare the food, bring it to me, hold my hands, pull open my jaws, and thrust it so far down my throat that I cannot avoid swallowing it.

The important question is: Who is to be the gainer by their conviction of truth, or who is to be the loser by their continuance in skepticism? We desire to convince all conceivable minds of that which we know to be true; but it is for their sakes that we wish to convince them—not for our own. We are true, that we have an incentive and a reward. The love which we feel for our brother man and sister woman, impels us to the duty of endeavoring to convince them of truth; and, to that end, we labor assiduously and cheerfully, with no hope of reward, whilst we remain here, but to see them enjoying the felicity of faith in the truth, and to receive the well-earned plaudit of our own consciences. We earnestly wish to have them united with us in the harmony of a true faith; but very much dislike to be doubted, suspected of fraud, charged with villainous practices, derided, contemned and called liars, cheats, idiots and lunatics by those whom we are endeavoring to feed with the spoon of disinterested friendship, for the promotion of their own most vital interests.

## F. C. Ewer and his "Eventful Night."

Sombody has sent us the California magazine, entitled "The Pioneer" for May. More than half its pages are occupied with the republication of Mr. Ewer's "Eventful night," his communication to the N. Y. Herald on the subject, his correspondence with Judge Edmonds, and his "Explanatory Sequel." In perusing this matter, we discover a few evident truths. We discover that Mr. Ewer possesses considerable literary talent. We discover that he has little or no moral substantiality, which would render his talent more mischievous than beneficial to himself and the community. We discover that he is highly elated with the partial success he met with, in his labored attempt to impose a fiction for a fact upon the minds of his readers. We discover that, when he thought he was fabricating a very ingenious fiction, in the laboratory of his own mind, he was really a mere instrument in the hands of a spirit. We discover that, when he adopted the name of JOHN F. LANE, as the hero of his fiction, he was not aware that there ever had been a man of that name in the country or in the world. And we discover that, unknown to, and unsuspected by, him, the

spirit of JOHN F. LANE, the insane suicide gave him his own name as the hero of his fiction, and wrote it for him while he was unconsciously in the abnormal state.

The fact that Mr. Ewer's mind is without a sound moral basis, is evident from the circumstances, that in corresponding with Judge Edmonds, he did not discover to him what he deemed to be the true character of the article, on the subject of which the Judge addressed him, but led him to believe that the story was founded on fact. And it is further evident from the fact that, when he thought he had the Judge and his friends fairly committed in favor of the truthfulness of his ingenious story, instead of deceiving them, like an honorable man, he came down upon them with what he conceived to be an overwhelming avalanche of ridicule, in the most scurrilous print in the State or country—the New York Herald.

It is evident, from the great parade he makes in the republication of his fiction, that he is highly elated, and that his position may be aptly compared with that of the hero, who, by ingeniously affecting chastity and modesty, lured an honest man into matrimony with her, and then, glorying in her own shame, threw off her disguise, and laughed him to scorn for uniting himself to a mass of moral leprosy.

That Mr. Ewer is really a writing medium, as was alleged by Mr. ASTIN, in his letter to Judge Edmonds, is evident from his own admission in the following extract, which we take from his "Explanatory sequel."

"With regard to my being a writing medium, I had never had any hesitancy in saying that my hand was at times moved in a very singular manner, without any direct volition on my part, to my knowledge."

The next thing necessary to be shown, to make it evident that this article was the production of the yet partially insane spirit of JOHN F. LANE is that Mr. EWER is, at times, in the abnormal state; and this we also have in his own acknowledgment, which we extract from the article above named:

"I would state that in order to write as effectively a description of the dying of Lane, as was possible for me, I lay down upon my bed one evening at eight o'clock, put out the light, and fancied myself going through the process of dying. My imagination became so excited, that in less than five minutes I sprang up alarmed, and had to light the lamp, feel my pulse and look round a little to convince myself that I had not actually died. The next day I wrote the dying scene as it appeared in print."

In the communication of Judge Edmonds to the Herald, which we published two weeks ago, it is shown that there was such a man as JOHN F. LANE; that he was an officer in the American army; that he was a man of extraordinary scholastic acquirements, and that he became insane and committed suicide. And it is further shown in the same communication, that the spirit of LANE communicated with Judge Edmonds, explicitly acknowledging himself the author of Ewer's fiction; he having influenced him in its whole production. This is undoubtedly true. These being the facts of the case, we cannot see any thing but self condemnation and shame which is likely to result to Mr. Ewer from this effort to bring reproach upon spiritualism.

New York, May, 1885.

At a recent meeting of the trustees of the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, New York, our opinion is that much good will grow out of this enterprise, if it be judiciously and liberally conducted.

The enterprise has begun, and its continuance must of course depend upon the encouragement it may receive from believers.

The tract will be sold by the agents at the rate of eight pages for one cent, and four for one cent.

Circles who receive communications which they wish thus to perpetuate or circulate, by sending to either of the committee or either of the agents, the sum of \$3.00, can have in return, 500 copies of a tract of four pages or at the rate of 75 cts. a page for one of more than four.

Agent for publishing is Mr. "AZON HOVEY" of Williamsburgh.

Communications may be addressed to him at the rooms of the Society, No. 63 Broadway, or to Mr. W. W. Edmonds, 111 Broadway.

OWEN G. WARREN, 251 Broadway, and GEORGE H. JONES, 82 John street, Tract Committee.

## "Gaston and Johnson's New Map of Our Country."

This is the title of a newly executed map of the United States and dependencies, present and prospective, published by those gentlemen and sold only by traveling agents. The map is, about six feet square, printed on durable material, and backed with strong muslin. It contains all the States and Territories of the Union, with all the Indian lands, from ocean to ocean; the Canadas, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; Mexico; Central America; the Sandwich Islands; Cuba; and the West India Islands. In all the States and territories, the Counties are designated by distinct and beautiful colorings. We can recommend this map as the most comprehensive and beautiful one we have ever seen, containing more desirable information than all others hitherto published. We cannot vouch for its scientific accuracy; but this is done by JAMES P. McLEAN, U. S. Civil Engineer, who is abundantly competent to judge.

Continuation of the series of spiritual communications, on the burnished plate, through Rev. C. Edmonds.

## IMMORTALITY.

LESSON VIII.

ROOMSTER, Dec. 7th, 1883.

From the dull career of earth below.

In the progress of revolving years, God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." The finger of his omnipotence moved instantly into form, and that form was spherical. Light emanated from the great Central Sun of the solar system upon the face of the earth. Breaking through the vapory atmosphere, it fell gently upon the solid ground; so faithful the wisdom of the spheres upon the pure heart of humanity. Nevertheless the vapory atmosphere intercepts the rays of wisdom and darkness succeeds the light. Pause, and reflect upon the vastness of the skill and wisdom displayed in the formation of the earth, suspended in the heavens and resting upon its balance in the great circle of attractive spheres, and its rapid motion around its center, its poles being alternately exposed to rays of light and heat, causing successively summer and winter. In summer, man complains because it is too hot, and in winter, because it is too cold. Strange as it may appear, spirits are insensible to the effects of either cold or heat. They are never in need of warm or cold weather. They have no blood, no corporeal organizations, to become frigid, no material form to be exposed to the action of heat or cold. As fire cannot destroy us, or make us unhappy, so cold cannot destroy the life we possess, which is immortal.

And why? We will tell you why. For the same reason that neither heat nor cold can destroy the air you breathe, the light you see, the water you drink, or the earth on which you live. All the elements, as you call them, are indestructible in their nature; yet, in their combinations, different appearances are presented. Our forms are, also, indestructible, because the element of which they are composed is immortal—immutable as light. And yet, you entertain a gross, an idea of our being, and the condition in which we live, permit me, to inform you, that the bodies which we inhabit are as much more refined than light, as light is more refined than air, and air still more refined than water.

God is too often idolized as a material thing, possessing a certain form, like unto man; yet such notions are the legitimate issues of pagan superstition. To all human conception, God is a being, having no likeness in heaven, above, or earth beneath, comparable with the infinite nature and perfection of his wisdom, love and power. Much nearer the truth would it be to affirm, that an atom is a globe, than to say of God, that he is like unto man. And yet man is like unto God in this sense only, as an atom compares with infinity. The atom is a part, it is true; but how many parts does it require, how many atoms will it take to make even one solid foot of earth? And how many more atoms to make a globe? And how many more to make a system of globes? And yet, how many systems of globes to make a world—all of which are suspended upon the balance of their equilibrium in the fulcrum of cosmic infinity.

Push in pieces the idol gods; cast into the furnace the heathenish superstitions of past ages; and let the fire try the ore so that the dross and crude materials of other ages may be tested. Go in yourselves, like one of old; and when you shall return, you will come out bright and unspotted, and strong; because pure. This furnace is the trial of your works; is the test which shall reveal the value of your divinity. This furnace is the truth—the fire which melts and dissolves and separates the crude material from the more refined and valuable.

Pause and reflect, survey and investigate the great field of wisdom displayed in your being, in the position you occupy, the relation you hold, the advantages you possess, the promises you have received, and the unpropitiated unfoldings of truth you have realized. What an impassable blessing has fallen to your lot, opening the gates of the living God, through which streams of light radiate the pathway of hope, through which comes to you the welcome news of immortality, through which is unfolded the immortal identity of those whose earthly forms you have consigned to the cheerful grave—a blessing without parallel—an inheritance without an equal—a boon congenial to the soul's loftiest aspirations, destroying the fear of death, and refining the affections of the human heart. Oh, could I have enjoyed, while in the form of pleasures and privileges, which are now so lavishly poured upon you, would I not have been elated, and delivered from the cold and barren skepticism, from the misanthropic delusion of a nescience, and availed myself of those advantages which you enjoy for the attainment of wisdom, and the development of my nature; so that, upon my entrance into this sphere of life, I should not have found the inconveniences of a life be-fogged with the darkness of unbelief, and the elements of contentious warfare. But I am not here to repeat my own delinquencies, or excuse myself to you for my short comings; but to put you in remembrance of the great lesson taught in nature's philosophy, that he who neglects to sow in seedtime shall beg in harvest, and have nothing. Idlers receive their recompense; laborers their reward. The folly of fools is to scorn knowledge; the wisdom of the just is to gain understanding; therefore have I given you this great moral of human life, that you may act and do as you wish, you had done, when you shall enter this sphere.

Many appreciate the teachings of spirits. Many more repudiate all sympathy with our instructions. They cling to their idols, but their gods will not answer their prayers, how

ever fervently they may be made, to make them happy in the rejection of the truth.

Pause and reflect! The seraph comes, and the song of jubilee is heard. How sweetly this harp echoes the song of redemption. Oh what a strain:

It hath no end—no tongue can tell

The joys that in my bosom swell

The harmonies that round me roll

In joys replete to fill my soul.

All this, you mean, I feel, I see,

That you mean, I feel, I see;

That you mean, I feel, I see;

That you mean, I feel, I see;

That you mean, I feel, I see;

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That you mean, I feel, I see;

dom is a symbol of justice, and is the source of intellectual and physical science. Moral science leads to mental analysis, and by this, or from this, does mind derive a sublime philosophy of the natural qualities and powers of man's eternal spirit. Science leads to exalted knowledge, and leads man to a sympathy for his fellow man. It unfolds, hour by hour, when every soul breathes a just appreciation of its own god-like attributes, and has a true perception of the interior beauty and power of intellect, that lies hidden in the unrefined empire of the soul. The boundaries of mortality cannot arrest nor limit the flight of the mind; for the immortal heavens are not too exalted for its grasp. Mind every where displays its transcendent power. We say that America is free; but pause and reflect—is America truly free? As far as national glory is thought, of America is free and independent. As a nation its laws are not rigid nor cruel. But is the moral growth of the nation pure and free? Is the mind free from mental and religious slavery? What dark spots are those that appear in the zenith of your nation's freedom, and blot out the brightest stars shining there? What lambent flame burns brightly from the rock of liberty? Those spots are moral depravity and mental slavery. That lurid flame is intemperance. Ah! no, America is not free. It is not free from the dark influences of intemperance. It is not free from sensuality. It is not free in religious opinion. It is not free in intellectual pursuits. It is not free from iniquity as it was when I was one of its patriots of liberty. America free? Oh! man, delude not yourself. Let reason, the highest and noblest endowment of the human mind, arouse the beautiful germs of moral and religious truth which were deposited in the bosom of your nation centuries ago. Reason constitutes the only true, reliable standard of judgment, upon all subjects, whether spiritual or religious, moral or social; each may come within the scope of the investigations of the human mind. The national character in some of its most important elements, has been elevated by the efforts of men well known in history. You need not refer to Marathon or the history of Greece; for examples of patriotic virtue; for upon every page of your country's native eloquence of your mother tongue are hourly breathing forth the strains of proudest sentiment that ever fell upon the souls of men.

American glory exhibits to you the models of the character of ancient Greece. We feel a sentiment of admiration when we contemplate the heroism displayed at Marathon, by the patriots of invaded Greece. But these champions were slaves of men whom they unchained to fight for their masters freedom. There has been, in all the foreign wars, a slavish principle manifested; and though the battle field bore the footsteps of many thousand champions, yet they were tyrants to their soldiers, and the soldiers were slaves to the tyrants. No, indeed, we need not refer to Greece or France, Italy or England, for true patriotism. My humblest efforts were to perpetuate the liberty and animate the patriotism of the people; to purify their morals and excite their true genius that man might forever be free in the increasing population and the cultivation of American liberty. Now that I have once declared America free, as a nation, what now shall be my appeal and declarations? I am proud to see American civilization advance. I love her national liberty. But now that I have finished my earthly course and am moving onward in my spiritual progress, I shall appeal to you for moral, religious and social freedom. Who shall be the individual to declare these elements of terrestrial society free and independent? The humblest mind bears within itself that tablet, on the lines of which the profoundest philosopher may have intensely studied. The heart of the most unlettered man, the understanding, the will, and every other function of the soul, are in constant operation. Each individual has within his own bosom a deep chamber of thought and feeling, and the affections are as warm and tender in one soul as another. The meditative countenance speaks a play of hopes and fears and interests within, in all its changing forms. Without moral goodness, visible existence would be an idle waste; for what is beauty in any form, if not surrounded by true moral purity? O man, as you reverence the name of one who suffered for your country's freedom; let your memories yet cluster around my spirit, and bear with me while I say, strive to become free in all your moral acts. I shall not treat this subject, which is of such immense magnitude, merely as a theme of conversation, but as a stupendous truth, applying with equal force to all immortal men. Morality, philosophy and true religion rest upon the everlasting foundation of the universe and constitute man's nature. You must be purely moral and strictly spiritual, before you can enter upon a happy life in heaven. Man is the coronation of nature, and exists surrounded by many embodiments, or specific principles, tending towards his mentality. One mighty wave of omnipotence rolls over another, through eternity, upon the same unchanging principles and imparts to man the influences of God. Then live so that morality may bloom like the rose and the lamb and lion of the soul may reside in peace eternally.

Pause and reflect! When thou standest at the grave, and hearest the unwelcome music of the sod upon the coffin remains, contemplate the prospect! Understand that such is the destiny of all human forms! Make eloquent thy speech! Pictorial to thyself the wasting, decaying wreck of matter resting there! Say to thyself, a cherished one hath departed, no more to see the beautiful and loved in life's associations! Break to thy family and thy neighbors this dread and their tears flow thicker and faster. As for the wisdom of man, He seeth the reality of the grave; but the reality of the immortal he seeth not, until the inspiration of heaven unveils the Eden above, and reviveth his languishing spirit with the beauties of immortal peace and rest.

Be wise, therefore, my friends, and lay up for yourselves treasures of heavenly things, that you may inherit the blessedness they yield, when the night-time of affliction and sorrow overtake you, or the crisis comes that shall call you to the spirit-world.

Suffer me, my friends, to express my thanks for your patient hearing this evening; for it is gratifying to me to do what I may be able, to effect the permanent welfare of humanity.

"It was said by the medium, that he could distinctly hear the music of the angels."

Lecture by George Washington.

THE LIBERTY OF AMERICA.

The Goddess of Liberty takes up her lute and gently touches its silvery cords, when its music steals softly over the nation. The banner of independence tells that once savage America is free. America is based upon a broader and more liberal foundation than any nation in the wide world. Its elder sons were intellectual and patriotic, and their moral freedom of spirit yearned for the freedom of the nation. American freedom is not the same of independence, but it ranks supreme above any other national government. Your bold and resolute champions declared themselves free; and what was the expression of the conservation of that age? It was that man was born to enjoy liberty, but that the concentration of power of despotism should control the human race. But two generations of American experience and liberty has proved all such prophecies to be chimerical for the nation now is as firm in freedom of government as the adamant rock. It is not the startling voice of monarchical government that arouses the statesman to elaborate plans of safety, and schemes of reconciliation with foreign nations; there is too much intellectual and moral liberty in human nature; but it is the physical, intellectual and moral slavery that is influencing the heart of your nation. Man cannot paint the features of anguish, nor the spirit of misery, upon the burnished plate, for moral slavery is too strongly delineated upon the human form and soul, to admit of this. But the proper investigation of the sublime development of mind which characterizes this age of the world's history, will enlighten American minds and logically produce, in the reason principles, a desire to have a freedom of morality and spirituality, as well as freedom of national government. When the patriots who fought for the freedom of your nation, found evidence in their internal convictions, that America could be free, they boldly proceeded with a determination and magnanimity of spirit, to struggle for freedom, and your nation now possesses that liberty which no other



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Professor S. B. BRYAN, of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, will be here and lecture in our hall to-morrow, forenoon and afternoon.

Lecture No. 14.—By Edgar C. Dayton.  
THROUGH MISS BROOKS MEDIUM.

## WHY ARE MEDIUMS IN THEIR PRIMARY DEVELOPMENTS, SUBJECTED TO THE INFLUENCE OF UNDEVELOPED SPIRITS?

When man becomes highly cultivated in his affections and intellect, all the elements of his being will be invested with a divine meaning in the recognition of the power of God, and of actual spiritual intercourse. Man's outer form is the cradle of the spirit, and its elements are the protectors of the inner self, and perfectly adapts the temperament and mind to the convolving circumstances of the external world. His invisible faculties, and endowments are preparing to unfold, to rise above the sensuous condition of mortal depravity, to purer spheres, where wisdom and passion have attained the summit of divine concord. We generally find the minds of men inharmonious in the mental structure. The soul depends for its organic harmony upon the infinite operations of the expansive and positive forces. The constitution of the mind, confines within itself the causes of the spiritual conditions. There are branches which lead from the mind and extend far out into the sciences of the outer universe, making it complete in its various divisions and developments. The principles of immortality are enfolded in the surroundings of the soul, and must, when free from the material body, submit in unswerving obedience to the laws of nature. It is a high reality that man holds perpetual commerce with the high and sanctified; and it brings the human soul in close proximity with the interior life. When you hold converse with the immortal mind, it is a subjugation of the material to the spiritual. It is true that mediums, through whom angels converse, are subjected to the influence of an invisible false power. This is the case of nearly every medium; but it often occurs in the primary developments of the medium, than in advanced or mature conditions.

When spirits approach a human individual, they find the spiritual constitution of the mind confined within its outer form, which occasions the imbibing of teachings that are purely material. There seems to be a material covering to the soul, so that the spiritual faculties cannot have free exercise over the beliefs imbibed by the mind. There is a supremely spiritual condition of every mind; but if external nature confines the principles of this condition within the prison cells of error and erroneous beliefs, then the mind is not capable of understanding the elements of its being. In consequence of this, the spiritual sensation and thought, being the source of the energy of the mental manifestations, are rendered mysterious, because they are wrapped within the slumbers of visible creation.

There is an external nature of the spirit which hides the true light of the soul, and which must be removed before the celestial mind can control the faculties. The qualities of the human mind, must be properly developed before the qualities of the spirit can be adapted to the mind of the human individual. That external surface, which conceals the true beauty and virtues of the spirit, must be first removed before the light of the spiritual world can penetrate into its holy sanctuaries. The human heart must be laid bare to the understanding of infinite minds, before its merits and failings can be made known. And when a spirit approaches a human mind, it must tear away that mass of external rubbish before it can control the individual. And when this is being effected, the warping of the elements of external and interior nature, may be perceptible, even to the human vision. It is absolutely necessary that the mind should pass through this process of development, before the true sense of justice and honor can be appreciated. Spiritual commerce is subjugating the material to the spiritual, and it is hard to loosen the chains of long imbibed and early conceived opinions, and let the spirit go free, and in liberty explore the fields of religious and scientific nature, independently. When this is removed, then the spirituality of the mental constitution is found in the framework of individual harmony, in its highest and broadest sense. The mind is loaded with accretions and selfish desires; but when spirits operate upon that mind, then they must strive to expand the benevolence of the soul; and, mean time, the selfishness of the mind will gradually die away. Interrogate the human mind. Read its faculties and you will not wonder that false statements often occur. The elements of being are warring with one another. The spiritual elements are striving to harmonize the material self, or the positive and negative principles of the human constitution. This gives the mind a true insight into its condition, while it opens the perception to the true appreciation of justice and freedom. The physical, organic and moral laws of man's being, must all harmonize, that the soul may secure the happiness which it seeks, and that heavenly inspiration which the refined intellect, devoutly yearns to receive.

The primary development of mediums, or the influence of what they call false spirits, opens the channels of wisdom. It softens the affections; expands and vivifies the reason and enlarges the understanding. A kindly sympathizing influence must be created in the medium's mind, to induce the aspirations and inspirations of the mind to extend beyond the limits of the external world. The mystic understandings surrounding the soul, must be rolled away before man can look in upon the divine attributes of the intellectual mind. The conflicting influences from the upper world induce the mind to go within and contemplate the many thoughts and feelings clustering round the human heart. These influences are interludes between material rest and spiritual action. The material rest is the repose of external teachings in the mind, which conceals the principle of the divinity of the spirit. Spiritual action is the unfolding of the faculties of the mind to a true conception of freedom, justice and goodness. When the soul is awakened to a reverential meditation, then is the hour when spirits can disengage your thoughts from the outer world of objects, and you can glowingly conceive your purest thoughts and arrange them with true spiritual facility. These reverential moods tranquilize the feelings, and they become as bright and pure as the vesper star of twilight, and cannot make the soul exalted and secure in its contemplations of God and the mighty heavens. Spirits labor, yea, faithfully and earnestly, to purify the soul; and they come to you in your profoundest slumbers and gently awaken your highest attributes to the finest feelings and serene thoughts.

The mind is like a harp, on which, when tuned to spiritual music, spirits can call forth its sweetest melodies. They come from a fairer and serener home than yours, not to make you more miserable, but to inspire your souls with kindred thoughts and joys, and make you lovelier and happier. Why resist the flowing of high sentiments and the influx of divine principles? For no scheme of man can ever stay the mighty flow of knowledge perpetually emanating from the Central Point. The vital energies and involuntary actions of the mind, will, eventually, if they have not already, open the soul to spiritual influx, and men will be compelled to say that there is a power beyond the intelligence of their minds, from which originated all things. There is a perpetual vibration of the inner and outer chords of the soul, which harmonizes its faculties, and causes the higher influences from the spirit world to rush with infinite rapidity into its various departments.

The moral laws of man come into action upon the loftiest plane of creation. They fix the true sentiments of justice in the soul. They give the mind a perfect consciousness of right and wrong, and it is paramount in beauty and importance to all laws of man. All rewards or punishments flow not from any special interpositions of God, but they originate in obedience or disobedience to moral, organic and physical laws. If man violates either of these laws, he must expect to receive the legitimate consequences. And if individuals violate the laws of the mental constitution, particularly when influenced by minds from the upper world, they must expect to receive the legitimate consequences. In accordance with the laws of God, the universe is maintained in a condition of perfect and eternal equilibrium. And in accordance with the laws of Deity, the mind should maintain its equilibrium; but it does not, for the external world influences the mind more extensively than the spiritual world; hence it cannot be properly balanced. This is why conflicting influences are often realized by mediums. As I said before, it is a subjugation of the material to the spiritual. It is a warping of the elements of the exterior and interior being. Its design is to bring the mind to its proper state of spiritual development, and make it understand that there are no mysteries of God; but that his word is simple, yet grand and sublime. The designs of these conflicting influences, are to diffuse into the human spirit, the just sense of freedom and honor. The voice of the Almighty is within the sanctuary of every human heart, and the deepest moral faculties and the finest spiritual sensibilities insure the highest happiness of the inward spirit, only in obedience to that Great Immortal Voice.

Yours,  
E. C. DAYTON.

The subject of the following lecture was suggested to the spirit by us, at the interview in which we were promised the six lectures, spoken of in our last number. It will be seen that the lecturer has handled the subject with consummate ability.

Lecture No. 15.—By Stephen B. Smith.  
THROUGH MISS BROOKS MEDIUM.

## THE MEDIUMSHIP OF SPIRITS, BETWEEN GOD AND HUMANITY.

Man was not created to live and suffer alone; for humanity, in its deepest and broadest sense, is one complete and entire organization; and when its heart beats, the blood flows to the furthest extremities. So is the providence of God universal. His love embraces the high and low, from the undeveloped animal to the ascending angel. His laws are operating the same to-day as to-morrow, and they arrange the discordant elements of our being and bring them into a harmonious, musical order with the outer world of being. The influence of God is realized by human beings. The manifestations of His wondrous power are seen within the boundaries of every universe, and may be easily perceived by the outward senses. The principles of God appeal to the unlettered energies, the higher faculties and the imperishable loveliness of the spiritual nature of man.

The human mind is clothed in a physical vestment, and the visible organs of sense and understanding are endowed with, and adapted to, corresponding interior senses, which connect the spirit, and form, and the inner self with the objective universe. The spirit of man holds immediate converse with external nature, while the visible organization is a kind of path in which the soul is cradled, and in which it travels from external objects into the sensorium of supreme thought. The vital principles of the external organization are diffused through the interior departments of the soul, and impress upon the mind the finest, and most delicate spiritual sentiments. These sentiments are sometimes beautiful and distinct, because the spiritual sensibilities are not diluted or confused by the impressions received from the objects of visible creation.

Spirituality is the basis of mental science; and, by the superior intelligence emanating from this faculty, it unfolds the principles of progress. There is not, it is true, a full, energetic play of all the elements of the human mind; yet the intellectual, social and spiritual departments of the mind, must have a concordant representation upon the character and temperament of the individual. Many minds have more intellectual than religious or social faculties; and, like the flower, when buried beneath the frozen snows, the affectional part of such a nature is concealed by the developments of the intellect. The superior divisions of the social and intellectual qualities should be naturally well balanced; then they will center in the moral attributes, and you will have a fine mentality.

The positive and negative powers of the external and internal form flow into the mind, and its elements become physically elevated. The divinity of the mind is its superior understanding; and, when in its full development, it renders the capabilities of penetration larger, and mind can probe deeply into the constitution of nature. Mind receives direct influx from the spiritual world, and is capable of investigating a wide field of thought, and can harmoniously meditate upon the spiritual habitations. The living laws of intuition and understanding are supremely heavenly, and have the same effect upon the human mind as they do upon the immortal spirit.

Nature is a medium between God and humanity; for, in nature, laws are instituted. Mind is a medium between God and humanity; for, in mind, are instituted His laws. Nature embraces the entire constitution of His laws and principles in all their varied forms and divisions. Mind embraces the entire constitution of superior intelligence, and is the medium between God and man, combined with the elements of outward nature. There are sensational emanations coming from the central divinity, by which I mean that there are conditions of the human mind, when thought is brought in nearer proximity with God, though no direct communication is ever held with God and mortal. The direct influx from God, must first flow through minds nearer to Him, constitutionally and spiritually, than the undeveloped minds of the spiritual world, or the minds of mortals. There is a perpetual flowing out of the character of God, into less perfect organizations; and it continues to flow on until it finally reaches physical being. And the entire embodiment of mind, and the entire organization of spirits, receive the benefit of these supreme influxes, and they are conveyed from them to man, by the laws of God. They are also infused into the outer organization of your universe, and each flower, tree, stone, mountain and valley, receives equal benefits. Spirits are mediums, if you choose so to call them, between God and humanity. They give to you what they know of the spiritual world, and you can be benefited from that source of influx or knowledge, if your minds are properly balanced.

All minds inhabiting the interior world, are not well balanced; but they have to become so in order to receive more direct knowledge from God. Mediums between the spirits and humanity, seem to have particular vocations. Some receive marvellous and fanciful sketches; the reason being that they have the organ of marvellousness large. They love to roam away into the universe of romance; and such minds must have this organ blended with other faculties of mind, to produce a harmonious mental constitution. Then spirits would lead the mind, to explore the fields seen in their fanciful dreams of a future life, while, to the mind, the spirit-land seems marvellous beautiful and full of romantic glories. Shortly such minds would begin to perceive that their marvellous future world extended beyond their comprehensions. By operating upon the largest organ of the mind, you will soon awaken relative organs, and they will develop also, under the same influence. In doing this, though the mind may be deceived, you bring the mind to realities and facts, and it soon tires of the world of mystery and marvellousness.

Take a mind in which ideality and sublimity are full in development, and the flow of language is beautiful and full of high expressions. Such a mind has a spiritual world of complete beauty and magnanimity. No darkened thoughts exist in their heaven. You may take a mind in which the social, affectional, and intellectual faculties balance, and such a mind will make a more reliable medium, than the marvellous or ideal mind. Mind, in acting as a source of communication between heaven and earth, must be arranged in its faculties, so as to adapt it to any class of developed or undeveloped spirits. If, then, undeveloped spirits use your mind, it will develop the faculties of the spirits, up to an equality of refinement with the refined faculties of the mind. If developed spirits operate on the mind, it will unfold those faculties of mind which correspond with the qualities of the undeveloped spirits. Hence

you can see why it requires such a length of time to develop reliable mediums. It is because the faculties and the organs of understanding, perception of aspiration, and inspiration, must be equally balanced with the social, affectional and religious faculties. It is not an absolute requirement that mediums should exclude themselves from the social and intellectual relations of physical being, and temporal society. Yet a true medium has no desire to mingle with the lower societies of human life, but, by spiritual influence, seeks still higher relations. There are conditions when the corporeal or animal sensibilities undergo a necessary change, while the very soul seems to use its unfettered energies, and faculties, independent of the material organs. This change awakes the soul from the deadly effects of infidelity, to the birth of a true spiritual religion. This change is visible, in the developments of every medium.

The spirits acting as mediums between God and man, are of all developments. Some are too far advanced to hold direct correspondence with you. Some have not yet progressed far enough in truth and wisdom to throw away their earthly beliefs. Some are just emerging from material religious intolerances, to the beauties of their spiritual existence. Some are free from all their earthly imbibed teachings, and desire to move on more rapidly in truth and goodness. Such ones communicate with man. From them you receive the truth as they receive it. Man cannot be too careful to keep his mind free from untruths; for his being is full of passions, springs and energies, and full of impulse and impulsiveness. Every thing bathes in the spirit of God. There is no obstruction between the man and the hending heavens. Man's interior organization is closely blended with the spirit world. He enjoys a communion with the principles of God; and the relations that subsist between him and the Creator of worlds, is intimate in principle and universal in spirit.

Yours fraternally,  
STEPHEN B. SMITH.

Lecture by Daniel Webster.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS MEDIUM.

## THE EDUCATION OF MAN.

The nation has access to the same foundations of intelligence, and draws information from all sources of accumulating knowledge, which belong naturally and intuitively to the civilized world. In knowledge and matters pertaining to government and social institutions, your country presents more interesting subjects for contemplation and elucidate understanding, than all the nations of the old world. The principles of your country are established upon freedom of government, and its foundation is too adamantine to be convulsed or shaken by feudal monarchies. Its condition now is tending towards mutual peace and prosperity. Its social institutions and the expansive world of scientific knowledge, will resist all religious intolerance; for whatever foreign nations may do for the improvement and refinement of your country, and whatever foreign genius has invented for its interest, America still rises sublimely above every other country in education, social reformation and moral growth. If we look back two centuries, we find Europe and its states at war. War to sustain particular crowns and to enforce the forms of religious intolerance upon surrounding countries. I yet look forward with noble hope that, by moral and religious liberty, you may stanch the gushing fountains of blood and the struggles of war. By civil liberty you can develop disinterested and successful patriotism, distinct from the achievements of arms. It is true that voices whose first and last accents were for their nation's liberty, are gone from the world of mortality. They will never again arouse the nation to a true sense of justice, nor more, with mortal voice, excite their patriotism to assert their liberties. They will go more important treasures of philosophical knowledge, breathe forth their sentiments of parental inspiration, nor give force and beauty to the religion of the civilized world, in the human form. Their intellectual brows quietly repose upon the parent earth. The winds of nature sweep wildly over their tombs, where lie the forms of many noble heroes. The stranger can no more seek their hospitality and friend, those mighty intellects there whose classical and historical tastes, whose faculties of conversation made each feeling hour thrice dear. Those expansive minds that ranged through the halls of congress, and those heroes of the revolutionary period, whose political sagacity sought the interest of fellow creatures, did subdue each painting breath of tyranny, have gone like stars of glory to their native homes. In perfect possession of their divine faculties, and with a cheerful serenity of spirit, they breathe out the breath of earthly life, in the highest honors of their country's freedom. The infant's slumber could not be softer nor sweeter than was their transition to the amaranthine fields of heaven. Their spirits passed on to the bosom of eternity, without a sigh, and where have those advocates of independence gone? Where are the truly great minds that once inhabited the human tenement gone? Are they still united in affection and memory beyond this glorious Union? Education will tell you this.

Not political or social education, but the education of nature. The divine education of the spirit will inspire you with grateful and kindly feeling, and you will find a new world filled with fresh and interesting knowledge, well calculated to shake off the tyranny of the mind, whereby you may establish a commerce—a social intercourse, with the intelligence and religious liberty of the spirit world.

Independence, the genius of liberty, has tried her infant voices in the sanctuary of the soul, and has awakened the inactive thoughts on the plain of understanding. And when the mind, thus nearly disenthralled or emancipated from error, assumes the tone of independence, what form of commendation, what language of gratitude can express the value of such independent education?

This era is characterized by a free representative government, and man owes his liberty to these institutions. But what is such a government without religious liberty and social and moral culture? In ages past and gone, there was a period when the mighty masters of freedom uttered the voice of liberty and independence, and not a footstep was imprinted upon your content by civilized men, but what slavishly acknowledged the tyrannical power of the Albigion. To-day there is not a heart in America, that would not beat with more heroism to hear that free, independent governments were to be established in foreign countries.

As posterity comes from the bosom of the future, let it not be blasted in its infancy. Let commanding intellects still maintain their dignity of purpose; and as America is free to day, let it be more so to-morrow. As it is free in its laws, so let it be free in its social and moral reforms. The same fields where rolled the smoke of battle, where men struggled in mortal combat, and where the heroes of the age stood, still exist. What was it that taught your founders of liberty the principles they have established. Was it political or scholastic education? No, for these institutions of learning were made in their day. It was the inherent education of the soul that inspired them with such moral greatness. Your forefathers did not sit upon the school bench from day to day to acquire the knowledge they received. They did not play upon the school house lawn in the infancy of American wisdom. No, nature surrounded them and glowed with ten thousand glories, which called forth the patriotism of its young heroes. They stole to quiet forests where the insect or innocent warbler seemed to speak a world of philosophy and wisdom. When they rendered their oblations to the Almighty Father, they feared not to bow their forms beneath the waving branches of the forest woods, nor did they blush to kneel upon the plain of the battle field, to pray to God. Contrast that period with to-day. What a difference in the improvement of your native country. To-day you need not pray in the unsophisticated temples of nature, whose roofs are the heavens and whose walls are the elements and principles of God. Ah, no, you need not seek nature to sing your songs of praise where the songster of the skies may join you, but you may make your seat of velvet in the sublime architectural church. You need not kneel upon the ground of nature, but upon the carpeted floor of your artificial temple. You voice of prayer may not fill creation with its solemnities, but it can be confined within the walls of your church. You need not assist the poor and needy, but you may roll in luxury, and be careful that you do not suffer. You need not take your seat upon some object in nature, to study its principles and glories, but you may sit upon the easy seat in the institutions of artificial learning, and know nothing of the real value of your own soul.

It is well to see so much skill and power displayed, as we do, in the wealth of nations, for it demonstrates the civilization and refinement of the mind; but man, in his wealth or poverty, should not forget to bend his spirit with instinctive homage to the Divine Ruler, for it is He who has given you the faculties manifested in your nation. It is well for an earthly existence, to have acquired knowledge of the world; but, mean time, you should not forget that higher education which the interior being demands. Human knowledge is but a shadow in the world of eternity. It may shine like a sunbeam on earth, and be empty in itself in heaven. You should search out the forms of unheeded and unperceived misery, and bring out the wretched soul to the light of morality. The intellectual brow bears the stamp of distress, and the face is furrowed with care. The proud deportment of the man of nature, and the dignified step which was bold and intrepid, may, by the convolving circumstances of life, become tremulous and agitated, and it is there that the strong arm of justice and goodness should protect him from the rough winds of mortality.

Let the inherent virtues of the soul be cherished, for every hour brings you nearer to the immediate world, where the mighty power of God is forcibly and sensibly realized. The moldered fields of inquiry pour in upon unblemished virtue, while the elements of sensuality form a surface over the interior feelings of the heart. Let your education be of nature, and herald the approaching morning of truth as its mild and lovely beams shed a spirit of tranquility, unmixed with grief, over your soul. Nature beautifies and enlightens the mind. Have seen its influence in the chamber of death, in the qualities of the simple flower laid upon the fading bosom, on the soothing influence of some favorite waterfall of youth, where childhood loved to sport. I have seen its influence upon the proud and lofty spirit of man, where he had, with conscious mind, violated the laws of nature. I have seen such a spirit will beneath the influence of nature, as the flower will beneath the burning heat of the sun.

Progression is a fundamental law of our being, and when the nobler works of the mental power, are freed from the influence of earth, its education must be derived from nature alone. There is a diversity of talent in the world above, as in the external world. Every mind looks upon the natural education of his being as an expansive power which shapes his future destiny. The spirits are distinguished by their laborious application of the excellence and power of God, with the elements constituting

the life of the outer and mental organization of the spiritual form. What can the earthly man, with no friend to greet, no name to love, have to inspire him? Nought save the visions of heaven. Human life, to him, is a joyless journey.

It is true that many noble faculties of man, are buried in the grave of infamy and degradation, and they bow at the withered shrine where pollution hollies its own power. When once man has morally erred, he cannot escape its fascinations nor the venom of its fang, for his soul is blighted by the sullied influence of immorality; but when the banquet of earthly hope is refused him, and he bends the eden of his soul lost upon earth, it can only be regained by the education of his nature, imbibed by, and received from, the central Fountain of his own being.

Fervently yours,  
DANIEL WEBSTER.

Miss Hagar I. Judah, a New Public Medium.

This young lady made her first public appearance, as an entranced speaking and singing medium, in Buffalo, last Sunday evening, with Rev. U. Clark. Endowed with high virtues and accomplishments, under spirit influences of an extraordinary character, she created a thrilling interest in a large audience assembled, and gave evidence of being the most brilliant and remarkable medium yet called out. Her personal appearance on the platform, her attitude, her voice, her style and every thing are strangely commanding and impressive.

Miss Judah has been for the last three months or more, and is now under the spiritual treatment of Mr. Clark. Through spirit aid alone under the most astounding conditions, she has been raised from the borders of death and despair. She is still quite feeble in her normal state, but when influenced, seems to have superhuman strength. Her eyes, while she is entranced, instead of being closed, are opened and lighted as it were with a peculiar radiance. We may predict for her one of the brightest and grandest missions of the age, and are quite sure she will incite universal enthusiasm.

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Cheese		9@12.50
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Flax seed		1.00@1.25
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"They shall lay their hands on the sick and they shall be healed."—MATTHEW 9:18.

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## Legend of the Engrailed Convent.

At the dark and melancholy period, when Don Roderick the Goth and his chivalry were overthrown on the banks of Guadalete, and all Spain was overrun by the Moors, great was the devastation of churches and convents throughout that pious kingdom. The marvellous fate of one of those holy piles is thus recorded in an authentic legend of those days.

On the summit of a hill, not very distant from the capital city of Toledo, stood an ancient convent and chapel, dedicated to the invocation of Saint Benedict, and inhabited by a sisterhood of Benedictine nuns. This holy asylum was confined to females of noble lineage. The younger sisters of the highest families were given in religious marriage to their Saviors, in order that the portions of their elder sisters might be increased, and they enabled to make suitable matches on earth; for that the family wealth might go undivided to elder brothers, and the dignity of their ancient houses be protected from decay. The convent was renowned, therefore, for enshrining within its walls a sisterhood of the purest blood, the most immaculate virtue, and most resplendent beauty, of all Gothic Spain.

When the Moors overran the kingdom, there was nothing that more excited their hostility, than these virgin asylums. The very sight of a convent-spire was sufficient to set their Moslem blood in a ferment, and they sacked it with as fierce a zeal as though the sacking of a nursery were a sure passport to Elysium.

Tidings of such outrages, committed in various parts of the kingdom, reached this noble sanctuary, and filled it with dismay. The danger came nearer and nearer; the infidel hosts were spreading all over the country; Toledo itself was captured; there was no flying from the convent, and no security within its walls.

In the midst of this agitation, the alarm was given one day, that a great band of Saracens were spurring across the plain. In an instant the whole convent was a scene of confusion. Some of the nuns wrung their fair hands at the windows; others waved their veils, and uttered shrieks, from the tops of the towers, vainly hoping to draw relief from a country overrun by the foe. The sight of these innocent doves thus fluttering about their dove-cot, but increased the zeal of the Moslem warriors. They thundered at the portal, and at every blow the ponderous gates trembled on their hinges.

The nuns now crowded round the abbess. They had been accustomed to look up to her as all-powerful, and they now implored her protection. The mother abbess looked with a rueful eye upon the treasures of beauty and vestal virtue exposed to such imminent peril. Alas! how was she to protect them from the spoiler! She had, it is true, experienced many signal interpositions of Providence in her individual favor. Her early days had been passed amid the temptations of a court, where her virtue had been purified by repeated trials, from none of which she escaped but by miracle. But were miracles never to cease? Could she hope that the marvellous protection shown to herself, would be extended to a whole sisterhood? There was no other resource. The Moors were at the threshold; a few moments more, and the convent would be at their mercy.—Summoning her nuns to follow her, she hurried into the chapel, and throwing herself on her knees before the image of the blessed Mary, "Oh, holy Lady!" exclaimed she, "oh, most pure and immaculate virgin! thou seest our extremity. The ravager is at the gate, and there is none on earth to help us! Look down with pity, and grant that the earth may gape and swallow us, rather than that our cloister vows should suffer violation!"

The Moors redoubled their assault upon the portal; the gates gave way, with a tremendous crash; a savage yell of exultation arose; when of a sudden the earth yawned; down sunk the convent, with its cloisters, its dormitories, and all its nuns. The chapel tower was the last that sank, the bell ringing forth a peal of triumph in the very teeth of the infidels.

Forty years had passed and gone, since the period of this miracle. The subjugation of Spain was complete. The Moors forced it over city and country; and such of the Christian population as remained, and were permitted to exercise their religion, did it in humble resignation to the Moslem yoke.

At this time, a Christian cavalier, of Cordova, bearing that a patriotic band of his countrymen had raised the standard of the cross in the mountains of the Asturias, resolved to join them, and unite in breaking the yoke of bondage. Secretly arming himself, and equipping his steed, he set forth from Cordova, and pursued his course by unfrequented mule-paths and along the dry channels made by winter torrents. His spirit burned with indignation, whenever, on commanding a view over a long sweeping plain, he beheld the mosques swelling in the distance, and the Arab horsemen careering about, as if the rightful lords of the soil. Many a deep-drawn sigh, and heavy groan, also, did the good cavalier utter on passing the ruins of churches and convents desolated by the conquerors.

It was on a sultry midsummer evening, that this wandering cavalier, in skirting a hill thickly covered with forest, heard the faint tones of a vesper bell sounding melodiously in the air, and seeming to come from the summit of the hill. The cavalier crossed himself with wonder, at this unwonted and Christian sound. He supposed it to proceed from one of those humble chapels and hermitages permitted to exist through the indulgence of the Moslem conquerors. Turning his steed up a narrow path of the forest, he sought this sanctuary, in hopes of finding a hospitable shelter for the night.—As he advanced, the trees threw a deep gloom

around him, and a bat flittered across his path. The bell ceased to toll, and all was silence. Presently a choir of female voices came stealing sweetly through the forest, chanting the evening service, to the solemn accompaniment of an organ. The heart of the good cavalier melted at the sound, for it recalled the happier days of his country. Urging forward his weary steed, he at length arrived at a broad grassy area, on the summit of a hill, surrounded by the forest. Here the melodious voices rose in full chorus, like the swelling of the breeze; but whence they came, he could not tell. Sometimes they were before, sometimes behind him; sometimes in the air, sometimes as if from within the bosom of the earth. At length they died away, and a holy stillness settled on the place.

The cavalier gazed around with bewildered eye. There was neither chapel nor convent, nor humble hermitage, to be seen; nothing but a moss-grown stone pinnacle, rising out of the area, surmounted by a cross. The green sward appeared to have been sacred from the tread of man or beast, and the surrounding trees bent toward the cross, as if in adoration.

The cavalier felt a sensation of holy awe. He alighted, and tethered his steed on the skirts of the forest, where he might crop the tender herbage; then approaching the cross, he knelt and poured forth his evening prayers for the relief of the Christian days of Spain. His orisons being concluded, he laid himself down at the foot of the pinnacle, and reclining his head against one of its stones, fell into a deep sleep.

About midnight he was awakened by the tolling of a bell, and found himself lying before the gate of an ancient convent. A train of nuns passed by, each bearing a taper. He rose and followed them into the chapel; in the centre was a bier, on which lay the corpse of an aged nun. The organ performed a solemn requiem: the nuns joining in chorus. When the funeral service was finished, a melodious voice chanted, "Requiescat in pace!"—"May she rest in peace!" The lights immediately vanished; the whole passed away as a dream; and the cavalier found himself at the foot of the cross, and beheld, by the faint rays of the rising moon, his steed quietly grazing near him.

When the day dawned, he descended the hill, and following the course of a small brook, came to a cave, at the entrance was seated an ancient man, in hermit's garb, with rosy and cross, and a beard that descended to his girdle. He was one of those holy anchorites permitted by the Moors to live unmolested in the dens and caves, and humble hermitages, and even to practise the rites of their religion. The cavalier, dismounting, knelt and craved a benediction. He then related all that had befallen him in the night, and besought the hermit to explain the mystery.

"What thou hast heard and seen, my son," replied the other, "is but a type and shadow of the yews of Spain." He then related the foregoing story of the marvellous deliverance of the convent.

"Forty years" added the holy man, "have elapsed since this convent, yet the bells of that sacred edifice are still heard, from time to time, sounding from underground, together with the pealing of the organ, and the chanting of the choir. The Moors avoid this neighborhood, as haunted ground, and the whole place, as thou mayest perceive, has become covered with a thick and lonely forest."

The cavalier listened with wonder to the story. For three days and nights did he keep vigils with the holy man beside the cross; but nothing more was to be seen of nun or convent. It is supposed that, forty years having elapsed, the natural lives of all the nuns were finished, and the cavalier had beheld the obsequies of the last. Certain it is, that from that time, bell, and organ, and choral chant, have never more been heard.

The mouldering pinnacle, surmounted by the cross, remains an object of pious pilgrimage. Some say that it anciently stood in front of the convent, but others that it was the spire which remained above ground, when the main body of the building sank, like the topmast of some tall ship that was foundered. These pious believers maintain, that the convent is marvellously preserved intire in the centre of the mountain, where, if proper excavations were made, it would be found, with all its treasures, and monuments, and shrines, and relics, and the tombs of its virgin nuns.

Should any one doubt the truth of this marvellous interposition of the virgin, to protect the vestal purity of her votaries, let him read the excellent work entitled "Espana Triunfante," written by Fray Antonio de Sancta Maria, a barefoot friar of the Carmelite order, and he will doubt no longer.

Trout. BY HENRY WARD BEECHER. Where shall we go? Here is the More brook, the upper part running through busy and wet meadows, but the lower part flowing tranquilly over the gravel, through the grass and pasture grounds near the edge of the village, where it curves and ties itself into bow knots. It is a charming brook in which to catch trout, when you catch them, but they are mostly caught.

Well, there is the Caney brook. We will look at that. A man might walk through the meadows and not suspect its existence. The grass meets over the top of its upper section and quite hides it; and below, through that from tinctured marsh land, it expands only a little, growing open hearted by degrees, across a narrow field; and then it runs for the thickets—and he who takes fish among those alders will certainly catch them. Yet, for its length, it is not a bad brook. The trout are not numerous, nor large, nor especially fine; but every one you can catch renews your surprise that you should catch any in such a ribbon of a brook. Still farther north is another stream, something larger, and much better or worse, according to your luck. It is easy of access, and quite unpretending. There is a bit of a pond some twenty feet in diameter, from which it flows, and in that there are five or six half-pound trout, who seem to have retired from active life, and giving themselves to meditation in its liquid convent. They were very tempting, but quite untamable. Standing afar off, we selected an irresistible fly and with a long line we sent it pat into the very place. It fell like a snow-flake. No trout should have hesitated a moment. The morsel was delicious. The nimblest of them should have flashed through the water, broken the surface, and with a graceful but decisive curve plunged downward, carrying the insect with him. Then we should in our turn, very cheerfully have lent him a hand, relieved him of his prey, and admiring his beauty, but pitying his untimely fate, buried him in the basket. But he wished no translation. We cast our fly again; and again, we drew it thither and thither; we made it skip and wriggle; we let it fall splash, like a surprised miller; and our audience calmly beheld our feats.

Next we tried ground bait, and sent our vermicular hook down to their very sides. With judicious gravity they parted, and slowly sailed toward the root of an old tree on the side of the pool. Again changing place, we will make an ambassador of a grasshopper. Lying down our rod, we prepare to catch the grasshopper; that is in itself no slight feat. The first step you take at least forty bolt out, and tumble headlong into the grass; some cling to the stems, some are creeping under the leaves, and not one seems to be in reach. You step again; another flight takes place, and you eye them with a fierce penetration, as if you could catch some one with your eye. You cannot, though. You brush the ground with your foot again—another hundred snap out, and tumble about in every direction. At length you see a very nice young fellow climbing a steep stem. You take a good aim and jump him. You catch the spire, but he has jumped a safe rod. Younder is another, creeping among some delicate ferns. With broad palm you clutch him, and all the neighboring herbage too. Steadily opening your little finger, you see his leg, the next finger reveals more of him; and opening the next you are just beginning to take him out with the other hand, when out he bounds and leaves you to renew your entomological pursuits. Twice you snatch handfuls of grass, and cautiously open your hand to find that you have only grass. It is very vexatious. There are thousands of them here and there, climbing and wriggling on that blade, leaping off from that stalk, twisting and kicking on that vertical spider's web, jumping and bounding about under your very nose, hitting you in the face, creeping on your shoes, and yet not one do you get. If any tender-hearted person ever wondered how a humane man could bring himself to such cruelty as to impale an insect, let him hunt for a grasshopper in a hot day among tall grass, and when at length he secures one, the afflicting him upon the book will be done without a scruple, as a mere matter of penal justice, and with judicial solemnity. Now then, the trout yonder. We swing our line to the air, and give it a gentle cast toward the desired spot, and a puff of south wind dexterously lodges it in the branch of the tree. You plainly see it strike, and whirl over and over, so that no gentle pull loosens it; you draw it a jerk up and a pull down; you give a series of nimble twitches; you coax it in this way and solicit it in that way in vain. Then you stop and look a moment, first at the trout and then at your line. Was there ever anything so vexatious? Would it be wrong to get angry? In fact, we feel very much like it. The very things you want to catch, the grasshopper and the trout, you could not; but a tree, that you did not want, you have caught fast at the first throw. You fear that the trout will be scared. You cautiously draw nigh and peep down. Yes, they are looking at you, and laughing as sure as trout ever laughed. They understand the whole thing. With a very decisive jerk you snap your line, regain the remnant of it, and sit down to repair it, to put on another hook, catch another grasshopper, and move on down stream to catch a trout.

Meanwhile the sun is wheeling behind the mountain, for you are just at the eastern ridge of Mount Washington (not of the White Mountains, but in Massachusetts and Connecticut). Already its broad shade begins to fall down upon the plain. The side of the mountain is solemn and sad. Its ridge stands sharp against a firebright horizon. Here and there a tree has escaped the axe of the charcoalers, and shaggily marks the sky. Here and there through

the heavens are slowly sailing continents of magnificent fleece mountains—Alps and Andes of valor. They, too, have their broad shadows. One you see cast upon yonder hill, far to the east, while the base is radiant with the sun. Another cloud shadow is moving with stately grandeur along the valley of the Housatonic, and if you rise to a little eminence you may see the brilliant landscape growing dull in its sudden obscuration on its forward line, and growing suddenly bright upon its rear trace. How majestically does that shadow travel up those steep and preceptious mountain sides! how it sweeps down the gorge and valley! how it moves along the plain!

But now the mountain shadow is creeping down into the meadow. It has crossed the road where your horse stands hitched to the palling of a deserted little house. You forget your errand. You select a dry, tufty knoll and lying down you gaze up into the sky. O those depths! Something within you reaches out all yearns; you have a vague sense of infinity—of vastness—of the littleness of human life, and the sweetness and grandeur of divine life and of eternity. You people the vast ether. You stretch away through it and find that Celestial City beyond, and therein dwell. O, how many that are yours! Tears come unbidden. You begin to long for release. You pray. Was there ever a better closet? Under the shadow of the mountain, the heavens, full of cloudy cohorts, of armies of horsemen and chariots, your soul loosened from the narrow judgments of human life, and touched with a full sense of immortality of a spiritual state. An hour goes past. How full has it been of feelings struggling to be thoughts, and of thoughts deliquescing into feelings. Twilight is coming, you have miles to ride home. Not a trout in your basket! Never mind, you have fished in the heavens, and taken a great store of prey. Let them laugh at your empty basket. Take their rallying good naturedly; you have certainly had good luck.

But we have not yet gone to the brook for the which we started. That must be for another tramp. Perhaps one's experience of fancy tackle and of fly-fishing might not be without some profit in moral analogies; perhaps a mountain stream and good luck in real trout may afford some easy side thoughts not altogether unprofitable for a summer vacation. At any rate, it will make it plain that often the best part of trout fishing is not the fishing.

The Grass and Flowers. A lovely flower stood blooming on a bunch alone. It was the admiration of all, but most of itself. It unveiled its platted leaves in the sun, it glittered with the dew of the morning, and breathed its fragrance upon the air. Throned amid the fresh green leaves, which sheltered as well as ornamented it, nothing could be more charming and graceful. Every passer-by said: "Look what a beautiful flower!"

Beneath this pretty and delicate creature of Providence there spreads a green meadow, here swelling into gentle undulations, and there sloping till it fringed the bank of a running stream. The flower looked down on the lowly grass, and with a sneering air, and in a haughty tone, gave utterance to her thoughts: "Behold this insolent grass, what does it so close to me? How mean—how homely! How different in appearance and destiny from me! Never does it hear the admiring murmur which I excite. No rainbow hue spreads its plain surface. It emits no fragrant odor, but remains to be trodden under foot by all who walk, unvalued and unnoticed. I should like to know for what it was created."

"Ignorant and conceited flower!" replied the grass, "that question might be better asked of yourself; for thou art as useless, idle and feeble as thou art pretty. True, the scent which rises from thy silken leaves is grateful, but where wilt it be to-morrow?—The gleaming of thy soft colors, too amid the verdant leaves is agreeable, but how soon will they fade on the ground?"

"Evanescence child of vanity? I have witnessed the existence of a thousand such as thou living unvalued and perishing unremembered; and dost thou sneer at me because my stem is so slender and brittle, my blade not so far as thine? Know that the wise regard me, even for my beauty, and more than they do thee. I spread over the earth a carpet of velvet. I clothe the uplifted hills in a mantle of verdure. I furnish food to thousands of animals, who derive from me the power to gratify man with the most delicious luxuries. The wind blows over me and burts me not. The sunshine falls on me, and I am yet unwithered. The snows of winter cover me, and I am ready to beautify the earliest spring. Even the steps of the many who tread upon me do not prevent my growing ever bright and cheerful; and Heaven has blessed me with a color, of all others, the most grateful to human eyes."

The snuffy flower was about to reply, when a passer by plucked it, admired its pretty hues, and threw it away.

The Horn Sort or Wipe.—During the late dreadful tornado which passed over the Mississippi, tearing up trees, blowing down houses and killing cattle, an incident occurred near Paulding, in that State which is worthy of record. It will be kept open in the evening for the accommodation of those whose business prevents their attending the Bank at the usual banking hours.

"A young married couple were alone in the forest, occupants of a new home, and distant two miles from the nearest neighborhood. They had retired to rest, and were absorbed in slumber when the roar of the hurricane came, like a sonorous walling through the primeval trees, and the fierce wind struck their house tumbling the logs around and about them. The lady after much effort succeeded in extricating herself, but found, to her momentary dismay, her husband entombed in the wreck of their dwelling, and that it would be impossible for her to

relieve him unaided. She reflected, but a moment, when turning to her husband, she uttered some cheering words, and announced her determination to go in quest of assistance. Forth she went in the midst of a howling storm, the winds singing a requiem over the ruin it caused, and the stately trees still crashing in their fall before the omnipotence of the tempest.—But she heeded not the danger; buoyed by a strong affection she moved onward, an incarnation of heroism and self-sacrificing love, through the hurricane's track, and reached unhurt the residence of her neighbor. Assistance was procured, and her husband restored to as true a wife as ever halloved with felicitous the life of man.

The man who does most, has the least time to talk about what he does.

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