

Literary Department.

GUINNESS LYRICS.

Sweet spring hath eggs and smiles upon the valleys— The north wind breathes along each slope— The husbandman sows his strength and rallies— And plunges and sows his fields in hope—

Haste away! haste away! In the merry month of May! The sun is brightly shining and balmy in the air— The birds are sweetly singing—

FATHER'S MISTAKE.

BY MISS SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER IV. The weeks, like ghostly phantoms, glided down the declivity of the Past, and Mark and his sister again resumed their studies, while Reuben, with a heavy weight resting upon his young heart, endeavored to perform his dutiful duties in a manner that should prove acceptable to his father; but the latter seemed insensible to all his efforts, and no word of praise for his youngest son ever dropped from his lips.

One afternoon Mark came from school highly elated. He had been the successful competitor for the highest prize in mathematics, although how much he was indebted to his brother for assistance he would not care to explain.

"There," exclaimed his gratified father, "did not I tell you you could do something if you were only a mind to think so? I declare, such smartness ought to be encouraged, and I guess I'll get you that watch that you've been teasing for so long."

"Will you, truly?" was the delighted reply. "I am so glad, for I've wanted one so long. Can't you buy it next time you go to the city?"

"Well, I suppose so. If nothing happens, I shall go next week, and you and Bessie may go with me, if you would like. Then you shall make your own selection, and she shall have a work-box."

"Oh, I thank you! won't that be nice?" cried the latter, much pleased at the idea; "and can't Reuben go to?"

"I don't care if it would," was the treating response; "he can't go, so there's an end of it. When he deserves anything of the kind, I'll look out for him; but I'm tired of his sulks and laziness. He forgets everything I tell him, and most of his work is done in such a loose, bungling way that I have to go over it after him. He do n't earn his salt."

"That's a fact," echoed Aunt Deborah. "Seems to me I never see such a boy. How nice it would be, if he was only smart, like Mark; but it's no use wishing. I'm afraid he'll only be a disgrace to the family. He'll be the first one, though, that ever shamed the name of Hale. Well, they say that there's a black sheep in every flock, and I'm sure it's easy enough to see that there's one here. I declare, Joseph, it's enough to make old grand'father stir in his grave, ain't it?"

The boy's cheek flushed, and he hastily left the room. Oh, how their words seared his soul. The beautiful fowers of Hope and Trust lay withered and dying with the dust of despair drifting over them. The tall, towering gates of Aspiration was uprooted, and great was the fall thereof. The evil night-birds of Hate and Anger shrieked exultingly in the darkness, and then fled, hooting, to their nests, for he thought of a mother's and sister's love, and said unto the tempest, "Peace, be still! God pity the poor unfortunates who, at such a time, have no magic wand to calm the troubled billows."

After tea, Mark brought forth his books and commenced to study, much to the delight of the farmer, while it called forth fresh encomiums from his aunt.

He didn't come into the store; did he, Joseph?" "No, I think not. I should have noticed him if he had. There were only a few there, and they got pretty much excited talking politics, and, fearing that there might be a collision, I came out home."

"Perhaps he's gone to spend an evening with some of his old schoolmates," remarked Mrs. Hale. "He needs recreation sometimes; he's worked hard lately."

"Mary, you make a perfect baby of that boy," replied her husband, sternly, "entirely oblivious of the injudicious meddling which he was always bestowing upon his favorite Mark. I'm afraid that he will be ruined, for no sooner do I think that I am beginning to get him trained a little, than you interfere and spoil the whole by your absurd indulgence."

"But don't you think that you are rather harsh with him?" was the gentle response. "You make him fear you, and he is naturally of a sad disposition, and needs to be encouraged."

"Hark!" echoed Aunt Deborah. "Well, I never! Joseph would n't hurt a fly, much less a child. I only wish that I had the management of that air boy, and I reckon I'd make him know what a what. I can't endure such laziness; and as to his being sad, it's nothing under the sun but just the sulks, 'cause he can't have everything to suit him, and it's a shame that he should be humored so."

At that moment footsteps were heard; the outside door opened and shut, and the next instant the subject of their conversation stood before them.

"Well, young man," said his father, in an angry tone, "I should like to know where you've been. Just give an account of yourself."

"I've spent the evening with Mr. Granville, sir." "You have, hey?" Well, I should like to know what business you had to go there without leave."

"I did not see to be obliged to ask permission to go, and I did not know that it was required now." "Hush! Do n't presume to answer me back in that way. I do n't approve of your visiting the teacher now, because you can be sulky and insolent enough of yourself, without going to him to be encouraged in rebellion. I suppose you have been studying all the evening, only stopping now and then for him to condescend with you over your hard lot. As a consequence, you'll be the more difficult to manage for the next few weeks; but I'll warn you that my words will be precious few," and the excited father caught his clenched fists down upon the table with a crash.

The boy's eyes flashed, but meeting his mother's warning glance, he curbed his passion, and replied: "Father, you mistake. I am no whiner, to go out begging for sympathy, and Mr. Granville is a gentleman. He knows that your decision is irrevocable, and whatever remarks he desired to make he made to you, not to me."

"All that may be," was the sharp rejoinder; "but I do n't choose that you shall go there again, so you need n't stand there bandying words with me any longer. But what's this you've been studying, if you have n't been doing anything else?" for at that instant he caught sight of a book peeping from his pocket, and before his son could anticipate his movement, he had dug it upon the blazing embers.

ber, although I shall not leave her dependent upon you, as far as money is concerned." As he finished speaking, he turned to look at his daughter. What meant that sharp pang that smote his heart? A curious smile played about her beautiful lips, and her eyes wore the dreamy, far-off look that had veiled them before, as she replied: "Man proposes, but God disposes."

CHAPTER V. Spring came, exulting, throbbing with her bounteous life. At her electric touch young shoots sprang forth from tree and shrub, and the earth spread her green carpet over hill and dale, and welcomed joyously her dancing feet.

Farmer Hale had had the fondest wish of his heart gratified. Mark had entered college. Reuben was apparently resigned to his lot, yet the midnight often found him bending over his books. Of the forward workings of his heart his father knew nothing, but judging from the external, he secretly congratulated himself upon the wonderful foresight with which he was endowed, when he determined that his oldest son should become a lawyer, and his youngest a farmer.

The rigor of the previous winter had prevented Bessie's constant attendance at the academy; but now she again occupied her accustomed seat, although it was evident to all but the doting parents that she was very feeble.

Aunt Deborah, worried and anxious about her darling, kept up a continual dosing of herb-tea, and her submissive niece went through the whole catalogue that had ever been recommended to the apothecary, as beneficial for invalids.

Day after day tripped by, painting new beauties on the earth, and adding warmer tints to the sky. One morning the child started for school, but feeling weak and faint, she sat down to rest.

The most delicious music seemed floating around her, lulling her senses to sleep. Lower and lower dropped her head, and then the little form lay quite still. Twenty minutes after the farmer entering the house, his wife said to him: "Joseph, I wish you'd come here and tell me, if you can, what that is under the great oak tree. I can't seem to make it out."

"Oh, some tired traveler, or a dog, perhaps," he replied, carelessly, as he stepped to the window. After gazing a moment, he continued: "It really looks like a girl, though. I guess I'll go out and see."

There with the birds singing over her, and golden and purple butterflies fluttering about, he found his beautiful Bessie, to all appearances lifeless. It was but the work of an instant to convey her to the house and summon a physician. The remedies that were applied brought her at length from her deathlike swoon, but the medical man shook his head, and said that his skill could avail nothing. Good nursing, and fresh, invigorating air could alone restore her, and with a compassionate glance at the stricken parents, he respectfully withdrew.

"There, Mary," exclaimed the father, "do n't look so sorrowful. We'll go with the child to the seashore, just as quick as possible, and take my word for it, by the Fall she'll be as smart as a cricket."

His daughter smiled sadly. "Do not deceive yourselves," she said; "I am willing to try everything that your affection may dictate, but I feel the certain conviction that I shall go home soon. My strength is slipping slowly but surely away. The angels are calling me, and you will let me go, will you not? Only a thin veil will separate us, and I shall watch over you until you join me."

him depart from the peaceful influences of his home, for she rightly judged that mighty temptations would overpower his yielding will, yet her strong love still pleaded for him.

One afternoon, as she sat by the window sewing, her husband entered the room with a flushed face, and an open letter in his hand.

"There, Mary," he exclaimed, while his voice shook with passion; "that boy has had the impudence to send me for money again to pay his debts. No honest ones, I'll be bound; and then to crown the whole, I've just received a short note from the president of the college, saying that he is very wild, and that if he does n't reform they shall be obliged to expel him. To think of his disappointing all my hopes so, if he is turned out he need n't ever show his face to me again, for I won't own him."

"Oh, don't be harsh, Joseph," expostulated his wife; "remember he's our child, and was always good and obedient until now. You know he's very yielding, and probably he's got into bad company. He always wanted to please everybody, and so could never be firm enough to say, 'No.' Then his life is very different from what it was here. I will write to him this afternoon, and perhaps it may have some effect. If we are harsh with him we shall only drive him to ruin, while, by gentle means, maybe we can save him."

"I do n't know but you are right," rejoined her companion, his anger somewhat abated. "Here," taking a roll of banknotes from his wallet—"enclose these and tell him to discharge all his debts, and that I shant positively pay any more bills for him this term."

The next mail bore a touching, powerful appeal from a loving mother to an erring son. For a time he was moved, and withdrew himself from his profligate companions, and returned resolutely to his studies, determined to show by his exemplary conduct in the future, that he was worthy the thoughts and prayers of the dear ones at home. Then hope again fluttered her wings in the father's heart, and once more he carried his head proudly erect; for was not the veil of shame, woven by his son's hands, rent from his face?

But old habits were strong, and the yielding, pliant nature was bound with iron fetters, and although for a while their clanking was not heard, yet they were there.

A month passed, and one night a glaring outrage was committed upon the Faculty. A strict examination ensued, the perpetrators were discovered, and the ringleaders expelled, and foremost among these was Mark Hale.

The rage of the farmer was terrible to behold. "Was it for this I educated him," he said, "when the crushing news was first revealed to him. Oh! I wish he had died long ago, than ever live to bring such disgrace upon us. I was so fond of him, too, and then he was so bright and handsome, and gave promise of so much; I never was so deceived in my life."

"Ah, Joseph, I allus told you that you was making an idol on him. I knowed you enenmost worshipped him, and I spected that the Lord would speak to you in tones of thunder, sometimes. I do n't believe you've read the ten commandments lately. I declare though to goodness, that I'm all strock up in a deep. I allus thought that Reuben was the one to cut up such dicos."

"Oh aunt Debby!" cried Bessie, reproachfully, "please don't talk so, and do n't for all the world say a word to brother about the past when he comes home." "Comes home!" echoed her father, "he never will darken these doors again while I live. I'm surprised that you should think of such a thing!"

CHAPTER VI.

Winter glided behind the scenes with all its glittering panoramas of ice and snow, and Spring succeeded forth upon the stage. Bessie still tarried, drooping and fading day by day. The artificial strength that had buoyed her up for a time, fleeing before the breath of the "pale angel," she did think that the bells that rang the knell of the Old Year would toll for her; but still she laughed and heard the joyous welcomes given to the New.

One afternoon he came in bringing a bunch of violets that he had culled by the stream. She thanked him with a smile, and then said: "Please move my bed so that I can see the sun set, and then go and call father."

Presently they entered together, and found her mother and aunt sitting by her side.

"I have called you all," she said, "for when you are bright orb sinks to rest I shall have left this poor body, and I have much to say, if my strength will allow."

Grief-stricken and motionless, they bent over her, but their hearts were too full for speech. They realized that that death did indeed stand upon the threshold, and that money, nor prayers, nor tears, nor love, could bid him stay his shaft.

"Dear father, place your arm around me and raise me a little, and now will you make me happy by granting me two requests, the last my lips will ever implore."

"Anything! anything, my darling! Oh, that I could die for you!"

"Nay, that is unnecessary. I would not change places with you for all the riches of earth. Already I behold the dazzling throng that are waiting for me at the shining gate; but ere I join them, give me the blissful assurance that you will forgive Mark, seek him out, and bring him home. Will you do this?"

"I will," he responded in an almost inarticulate voice. His anger had subsided long before, and conscience sometimes sternly whispered that he was not altogether blameless in thus forcing his boy to enter an arena where he was so likely to be overcome in the strife of life. His heart yearned to behold him, but his proud will had struggled long for victory. His daughter's words now turned the balance, and love was conqueror.

"Thank you," she fervently replied, "and now will you let Reuben turn to his beloved books, nor strive longer to attune the immortal longings of his soul? Mark will gladly assist you on the farm."

He did not speak immediately. No answering chord vibrated at this request. What should he say in his own words, and acknowledge to the world that he was wrong?

At this instant the dying girl gasped for breath and turned her eyes appealingly upon him. He could not endure that look, so he hastily rejoined:

"You have the advantage of me, child; although I think it is a foolish wish, yet so it shall be if he desires it," but his tone was hard and cold. He had no faith in the lofty brow and throbbing brain of his youngest boy.

"God in heaven bless you!" she exclaimed, a smile breaking like sunshine over her face. "Good night, dear mother. Oh, it will be a glorious morning when I greet you again. Then there will be no more partings, no last words, no scolding tears, but light and joy forever. Kiss me, Aunt Debby, and I will carry it to that little sister of yours that passed on such a long, long time ago. Reuben, lay your cheek close to mine, and treasure my last words in your faithful heart. Be good and pure, and remember that the benediction of the sorrowing and oppressed is a more enduring crown than the laurel wreath of Fame. Now I am weary, and the shadow of the Death Angel is brooding over me. Oh God! if it be possible, let my eyes behold Mark once more."

Then, as if in answer to that earnest supplication, there were heavy steps in the next room, and the prodigal stood among them.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie!" he cried, pressing passionate kisses upon her lips. "Thank Heaven, I'm not too late. I dreamed that you were dying, and I've traveled night and day to reach you. Oh, it would have killed me if I had found you dead and cold, with the light faded from your eyes, and your voice forever silent."

His caresses seemed endowed with power to call her back as she was losing her hold upon life.

"The Lord is very merciful," she said. "My last wish is gratified. I rejoice to see your dear face once again. We all welcome you back with glad hearts. Remember the past only as a warning. Avoid its shoals and quicksands in the future. See," and she ran her slender fingers through her father's hair threaded with silver, "sorrow has sprinkled these here, let old age whiten the rest. Now I am ready to go. Raise me a little higher, please. Bury me by the peaceful stream, and let the birds carol my requiem, and summer scatter her offerings over my grave. It grows dark. I cannot see you now. Tell all my friends farewell. Good night—a sweet good night."

At that instant the sun flung its last golden ray over her face, as if to light her through the "valley." A slight shudder passed through the fragile frame, a smile played around the lips and lingered there, then a star was blotted from the earth-illumination to shine resplendent in the spirit sky.

The watchers, in that room hallowed by the presence of angels, saw not the purple and crimson hues of sunset. To them it was only twilight, dreary, dreary twilight.

To the church in the village, the casket shrouding its jewel, so rare was taken. Old and young came to pay the last token of respect to the general favorite. The aged pastor, with streaming eyes, spoke of the gentle patience with which she had borne her cross in life, winning all hearts by her goodness and purity. Content to live until the Father called, but answering, oh so joyfully, when the summons came.

Then, silently, slowly, with faltering steps, they bore her near the stream, lowered the box into the grave, and heaped the sods above her. But the mother looked not there for her darling, she sorrowed not as those without hope, for in the calm, tranquility of the midnight it seemed as if she caught a glimpse of her shining robe and the gleam of her golden hair, and heard the musical accents of her voice, saying:

"Behold the Comforter cometh."

Aunt Deborah's grief was violent for a time, but soon subsided as her mind again reverted to her dear household gods. The iron entered the soul of Farmer Hale, and he murmured that he was thus afflicted, and in his secret thought he wondered why Reuben was not taken instead of Bessie; that he could have borne; and gradually his manner grew harder and sterner toward the boy, as though he were to blame.

Mark had at last found his appropriate place, and the kindness with which he was received by all friends the good resolutions in his heart, and he bid fair to become a worthy and respected citizen.

Again the star of Hope rose in Reuben's sky. No longer eye guarded his treasure with more tender care than did he the memory of his sister; but as the months passed away, without his father making the most distant allusion to his promise, his heart sank, like a leaden weight within him.

Autumn came, but the bright hectic flush on his cheek, and the sighing winds, proclaimed that decay and death were near.

One chilly afternoon, as Mrs. Hale sat at work, her youngest boy entered, and throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed:

"There! it's no use, I can't stand this any longer. To-morrow is my eighteenth birthday, and I am going away. I have just been talking with father, and he is like adamant. He says Mark's little finger is thicker than he does my whole body. He says that he promised sister that I might leave him if I wished, but he didn't agree to give me any assistance. Here I've worked on the farm for three years, and tried to do my duty, though my heart did throbb for my books, and my hands were sore with my pen, and my feet were sore for your father. His heart is sore and bleeding

from his recent bereavement, and his promise humbled me. He says that I have no signal talent. Then he never had the right in you that I have, and he thinks that your strivings after knowledge are but a restless discontent. I presume that he hopes that by withholding his support you will be discouraged in the outset. I have quite a sum of money, however, that I have preserved for such an emergency as this, and although I do not approve of such measures, still I think I am justified in appropriating it to your use if you will accept it."

"Never!" was the emphatic response. "If he chooses to let me go forth penniless, I go, and never will I return until he is proud to call me his son. It may be weary years, and I shall, perhaps, grow faint and disheartened by the way; but so help me God, that day shall come, and mother dear, you'll live to see it."

She was weeping now, for her thoughts had wandered to the little mound by the stream, and then reverted to this living grave in her household, down which her noble son, her darling, was to be interred. Could she bear to have long years intervene without gazing upon his features once again? He vainly tried to combat his resolution. All the pride of the boy's nature was roused, and blended with it the stern will of the father.

"But you will write to me, will you not?" she pleaded.

"No, mother, I do not think it will be best; for sometimes I shall grow weak, and your fond words would unman me, until I should pause and falter. I shall undergo many hardships, but I must keep my eye ever on the goal."

"But will not the sacrifice be too dear, if you offer everything upon the altar of Fame? Remember that an education is not all there is in life."

"Oh, I know it; but it is the stepping-stone to something greater. Either I am self-deceived, or you have misjudged me, if you think that all I desire is the applause of the world. I have not forgotten Bessie's last words, and whenever my voice is heard, it shall be in defence of the sorrowing and the oppressed."

"Always keep that resolution, my boy, and I shall have no fears of your becoming proud and vain-glorious. Perhaps it is best that you are obliged to go forth in this way, for you will be nurtured in the hard school of Experience, eating of the bread of bitterness; then you will be fitted to become the champion of Truth and Right, and may God be with you."

The tears were flashing in his eyes now, but he brushed them hastily aside and said:

"Keep your spirit strong in that faith, and believe in me as you always have in the past. Look ever forward to that glad day when I shall return to receive your blessing on my efforts. My soul will often traverse space and hold sweet communion with you, and I know our darling Bessie will look down and smile upon us both."

A sudden pang shot through her heart, and she drew him to her, kissing his cheek as though she were giving him her last farewell.

"Oh, my boy, if you should die far away among strangers, with no mother's hand to smooth your pillow!"

"I shall not. I feel it. I know it. My time will not arrive until I behold you again."

Thus with strong, hopeful words he sought to reassure her, until she caught some of his buoyant spirit, and promised not to mourn.

The next morning Reuben Hale went forth from the roof that had so long sheltered him. His mother and brother, confident of his success, bade him "God speed." His father, stern and unrelenting as ever, said, with a sneer:

"I'll warrant you'll get sick of your foolish scheme in a week and want to come back, and although such an ungrateful child don't deserve any favors from me, yet for your mother's sake, if you'll conclude to be steady, you shall work on the farm again."

Aunt Deborah was astonished and amazed, and quoted many wise sayings for his edification.

"It does beat all that queer notions boys have," she exclaimed with a sigh. "It was n't so in my day. I declare, I never see such a head-strong critter as Reuben is. No, never. Here he's got a nice home, and everything under the sun to make him happy. Well, some folks never know when they are well off. If he gets stuck in the mud, and comes straggling back, a poor miserable stick, it'll serve him right. I shan't pity him one bit. Mark, it's a mystery to me who he takes after, if it ain't some of your family."

Her sister-in-law did not reply. She was gazing after her son's retreating form, and when he turned and kissed his hand to her, and then disappeared down the village street, her tears flowed unreservedly.

"Good morning, Mrs. Hale," said a voice, and looking up, she beheld the magnate of Ashton, Equire Gordon. She could not trust herself to speak just then, so merely bowed in response, and he continued:

"So Reuben has gone. Well, I must say that I'm glad of it. He was out of place here. I only wish he was my child; I should be proud of him. Depend upon it, the world will hear from him yet. I've had my eye on him ever since he was ten years old, and I never saw a youth of greater promise. Prosperity is a deadly poison to some minds, but it will never be to him. He'd make a splendid lawyer, and I hope that he'll adopt that profession. But I see your husband is out in the field, and I have a little business to transact with him, so I must not linger," and, raising his hat, he walked away.

Oh, how her heart thanked him for his cheering words, and although the house seemed very, very desolate now, she bravely took up the burden that is ever laid on woman—to watch and wait.

CHAPTER VII.

Ten times has the earth been robbed in its winding-sheet since the events recorded in our last chapter. It is evening now, and Nature wears a cold exterior as she greets us once again in Ashton. The wind whistles with a sighing moan, as if relating the sad changes that have taken place; and as its story grows more wild and painful, it utters piercing shrieks that chill the blood and make our hearts stand still with horror. The stream is bound with silver letters, that laugh and mock at its attempts for freedom. The trees and shrubs are loaded with glistening diamonds, as though they could compensate for the departed freshness and beauty of youth.

There stands the old, brown farm-house, apparently the same as when we last gazed upon it. The broad gleam of light flashing from the window, seems to beckon us to enter, and what way-farer could withstand so cordial and hearty an invitation?

Our old friends are gathered around the large fire place, and the blazing logs throw a cheerful radiance about the room. In the corner sits Farmer Hale, hearty and rugged still, although more than sixty winters have drifted their snows over his head.

By his side is his gentle wife, not much changed, her pale face grown a shade sadder perhaps, but Time has touched lightly that smooth cheek. When the storm of life have swept by, she has bowed like a reed before the blast, and then raised her head to find the sturdy oak and the stately elm laid low.

Next comes Mark, a noble, handsome man, with the roguish twinkle still gleaming in his eyes, while his arm encircles a black-eyed, rosy-cheeked little creature, who three years before entered the farm-house as a bride, bringing joy and happiness with her obedient presence, and making the old rooms echo and re-echo with her merry laugh.

Let her not be deceived, she is not a laughing girl, but a woman of sense and spirit, and her presence is a blessing to all who are around her. Her husband's fingers have allowed

the broom and dust pan to rest awhile, and are now plying the knitting needles with astonishing celerity.

"It is a dreadful cold night," said the farmer, placing another log upon the burning embers. "Just hear how the wind whistles. I should like to travel far in this weather, I know. I wish everybody was as snugly housed as we are, but I fear that some poor mortal will perish before morning. You are not going out, are you?" addressing his son, who had risen from his chair, and was putting on an overcoat.

"Yes, your words remind me that I have not looked in upon Widow Bolton as I intended. I have been so busy all the afternoon that it quite slipped my mind, and I fear that she may be suffering, for I don't believe any one has thought to take her any wood, and she and her children will freeze in that old shanty to-night, without a fire."

"Poor wretches!" exclaimed his aunt. "I declare it's a sin and shame that anybody should be so poor in this village, where almost everybody has enough and to spare. I'm sure I don't know what the world's coming to, things grow worse and worse."

"The world is well enough, Debby," replied her brother, "but perhaps the people in it might be better, although I for one think that times now are as good as they used to be."

"Well, I never. Why, Joseph Hale!" and then the good woman relapsed into silence, as if utterly confounded at his rank heresy.

"Don't be gone long, will you Mark?" pleaded his little wife. "I shall be anxious about you until your return. Here, let me put that tipper over your ears. You ain't half cold enough. I do n't believe you realize how cold it is. Tell Mrs. Bolton that I'll bring Allen some of that cough syrup to-morrow. Now go, and hurry back."

"Why, Betty, you've transformed me into a mummy, and it will be a difficult matter for me to return very soon I'm thinking. However, I'll do the best I can, so make yourself as easy as possible," and he snatched a kiss from her scarlet lips, which she repaid by a box on the ear and a ringing laugh.

They sat in thought for a time, after the door closed. Perhaps the old man was dreaming of his youth, and the companions who once thronged his path, making the hours fleet and bright, and then in imagination he beheld again the rosy dawning of that day when he brought his Mary, a blushing bride, to the old farmhouse; and she—her mind reverted; to the graves of the past, and she pictured that mound, so cold and white, by the stream, and oh, what an unutterable longing filled her soul, as the magic wand of Memory summoned the face of her dear Reuben. For ten long, weary years no word or sign had reached her from the absent one, and each day, each hour, the burden rested more heavily upon her; but she had smiled, and smiled—woman-like—to conceal the anguish that was crushing her life. What was he now on this bleak, January night? Had the struggle been so long, and bitter, that Hope had died for want of nourishment, and then had despair laid him in the haunts of vice?

No, she laughed, that fear to scorn. Others might think so, but his mother knew better. Was he dead? Her whole soul shrank from that. No, it could not be. Some day, he said he would come back, and she believed in her bright, brave boy.

Hetty's thoughts had wandered to her lonely, desolate childhood. Again she toiled at menial tasks, and ministered to the pampered wants of proud, despotical aunt and cousin, while her uncle, oh God! her dead mother's brother looked on with calm indifference, or listened with a smooth brow and a gracious smile to the economies of the just world upon his kindness in giving a home to his orphan niece. Then, when almost broken-hearted, the kind, strong love came, that cradled her "wife," and brought her here, and these affectionate hearts had welcomed her first for his sake, and now cherished her fondly for her own.

Aunt Deborah was endeavoring to decide whether she had better dedicate a pumpkin or a squash to her Saturday pie, and wondering if the barrel of greenings in the corner had not better be looked over, and then she fell to discussing the relative merits of the old brindle cow that her father had, and this one that her brother was so proud of.

The old clock in the corner ticked off the seconds and the minutes, until an hour passed away, and Mark returned.

He reported a case of extreme destitution relieved for the time being, and then at his father's request, he brought a pitcher of cider and a dish of apples from the cellar, and the evening glided pleasantly away.

As they were about dispersing for the night, the farmer remarked:

"Now I think of it, Equire Gordon told me that a famous lecturer was to speak in the church to-morrow night. I did n't think to ask what his name was. Professor something or other. The Equire said he'd traveled all over Europe, and been lecturing in all the big cities since his return, and he was afraid he'd think he could n't come out here, but he agreed right off and got rid of another engagement on purpose to come. The Equire said he wanted us to be sure and be on hand to hear him."

"Well, you and Mary, and the children can go," said Aunt Deborah, "but I shan't stir a single step. For my part, I'd great deal rather hear one of Parson Gray's sermons, than all the lectures in creation."

The next evening Mrs. Hale and her daughter-in-law were snugly seated in the sleigh, while Mark and his father taking the front seat, they were soon gliding over the snow into the village.

The church was crowded when they entered, for the fame of the lecturer had preceded him; but with the assistance of Equire Gordon, they obtained a good seat in the centre of the house.

In about twenty minutes the bell ceased ringing, and then the chairman walked up the aisle to the desk, followed by a tall, slender young man. He was introduced to the people as Professor Hale.

"Oh! what!" muttered the farmer, leaning forward.

The speaker surveyed his audience leisurely, and then announced his subject as the "Youth of America." At first, his tones were low and indistinct, as if some emotion almost choked his utterance, but as he proceeded, he seemed to gain the mastery, and his deep, rich voice rang through the house. As inspiration fanned his soul to a glowing heat, there came bursts of eloquence that thrilled his hearers with enthusiasm.

It was wonderful to watch the effect of those magnetic words and graceful gestures. Admiration mingled with awe sat upon every countenance. When those clear, bell-like tones first vibrated on her ear, Mrs. Hale started, and gazed inquiringly at the orator. Every motion, every look struck conviction to her heart.

"It is my boy come back. Oh God, I thank thee!" Then she drew her veil over her face, while the happy tears chased each other down her cheeks. The weary burden that she had carried for so many years was lifted.

When about half an hour had passed, Mark whispered to his father, saying:

"As I live, it's Reuben."

His companion look off his spectacles with trembling hands, polished and readjusted them in their places, and peered anxiously at the lecturer. Slowly but surely the great tall, slender young man, then pride and mortification strove alike for mastery.

It was hard for him, with that stern, self-willed nature, to admit, even to his own soul, that he was in the wrong. Then, however, he recollected that this man who seemed to speak with his eyes, and whose power for good or evil was so mighty, was his

son, Joseph Hale. He saw the lustre of his name gleaming on the green velvet of the seats, and shining down the dim vista of future generations, and with the speaker's name, and the grandeur of the occasion, the past was forgotten in the glory of the present.

When the noise had somewhat subsided, Equire Gordon stood, saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I know your hearts will thrill with pride and admiration, when you recognize, as perhaps you have already, in the talented friend who has addressed you this evening, our fellow townsman, Reuben Hale, the son of our respected and worthy citizen, Joseph Hale."

Then the very welkin rang with shout upon shout, and as the young man descended the stairs, the crowd pressed up to grasp his hand.

At last he reached the pew that contained his dear ones; and the next instant his mother was clasped in his arms. Smiling with heavenly joy she implored a kiss upon his forehead, mute baptism of her love in this his conquering hour.

His father caught his proffered hand, exclaiming:

"I glory that I've lived to see this day. I'm proud of you, Reuben."

That acknowledgment was sweeter to the hero than the applause of thousands.

Nor was Mark backward in his cordial greeting, for selfishness formed but a small part of his open, generous nature, and the fangs of jealousy were powerless to dart their poison into his soul. Therefore it was with delight that he presented his wife and brother to each other, hoping that they would be mutually pleased.

Half an hour after, Deborah Hale held up her hands in unbounded astonishment, saying:

"Well, I never! Land sakes alive! You don't mean to say that that real live Professor that you went to hear, was our Reuben? Well, if I ain't beat, then no matter. Why, it's just like a story in a book, ain't it, Hetty? Arter all, Joseph, there was something in Reuben."

"Yes, I've found out my mistake," he sadly replied. "But my ways were not God's ways."

"Come, relate your adventures," said Mark, "we are all anxious to hear."

"I will sum them up in a very few words now, and enter into particulars at some other time. After leaving home, I applied immediately to Mr. Granville, who obtained me a situation in an Academy, where I taught two years. I then entered college in advantage. It was a hard struggle, but by procuring the most rigid economy, and toiling, incessantly during vacation, I was enabled to go through and graduate. I was then undecided what profession to adopt, and at last accepted a situation to travel in Europe, as tutor to a gentleman's son. This was a rare opportunity, and I improved it to the utmost. I now fully recovered my health, which had begun to fail in consequence of my overtaxing myself. Four years passed away before I again returned to the United States. A criminal case was then before the public, in which I became much interested. A young man, the only son of a poor widow, was indicted for murder. The circumstantial evidence was very strong against him, and his life hung by a thread. Before the day of trial arrived, by the merest accident I discovered a clue which, followed up, unraveled the whole mystery. I then went to the prisoner, and finding, as I expected, that he had no lawyer, I proffered my services, and was accepted. To make a long story short, he was triumphantly acquitted, and the real murderer brought to justice. From that hour dates my popularity. So by lecturing, and an occasional plea, Fame has perched herself upon my banner. The thought of this meeting alone sustained me when the black waves of despair were rising and surging about me. Ten years have drifted down the stream of Time since last I stood among you. Now let joy rule the hour."

Such a merry, happy party as was assembled under that roof that night, the old homestead never beheld. "The Father's Mistake" rectified, brought a glad fruition. The household links were all united, the brightest resting in the hand of an angel, who looked down rejoicing in their joy, and saw her image shrouded in every heart.

WRITTEN for the Banner of Light

SPIRIT, COME!

BY NATHAN OSGOOD.

Spirit, come!
 Thou art welcome to our home!
 Eye, and ear, and pulsing heart,
 Watch to tell us where thou art.
 Rustling pinions round us whirled,
 Footfalls from the other world;
 Now we know
 Thou hast met us here below.

Spirit, stay!
 Whither wouldst thou soar away?
 Weave us now the mystic spell;
 Haste of other lands to tell;
 Heaven's bright land-capes to us illumine;
 Dwellers in the twilight dim,
 Hover near:
 We will listen to thee here!

Spirit, where?
 Dwellst thou—in earth or air?
 Chirring pinions dost thou know?
 Heaven above or bell below?
 (Closest thou a distant home
 Far beyond the starry dome?
 Shine for thee
 Banners whose light we never see?)

Mortal, list!
 Round thine eyes are clouds and mist;
 Vainly wouldst thou seek to know
 Spirit-life while here below.
 Heaven is not far away,
 Night is kindred to the day;
 Ask no more—
 Thou shalt not seek the other shore.

Spirit, stay!
 Let me now with thee away;
 Earth is dark and life is cold;
 I would know what thou hast told,
 Let me clasp thee by the hand;
 Breathe to the other land;
 Breathe to Spirit; stay!
 Let me soar with thee away.

Mortal, hear!
 Friends and kindred all are dear,
 They would miss them from thy side,
 Count them those across the swelling sea,
 Walk and wait thy mission's pace,
 Then shalt thou reach the other shore.

Friend, then
 Thou shalt be, than thou hast been.

Now we part!
 Spirit! wilt thy longing heart?
 Earthward turn thy roving eyes;
 I would roam that now the skies,
 Mortal, of thy sovereign will,
 Bid thyself thy heart be still,
 Soon thine eyes
 Free shall be, to earth and skies.

What do you seek for that article? Inquired One of a young man. "I have been thinking of you a little," said the other. "Why, the article is all the young men tell me so."

Editor—In reading some remarks in your BANNER of April 15th on "Spirit Photography the Work of the Devil," I was pleased to see the gentlemanly manner in which you gave your friend, the editor of "The World's Crisis," a few thoughts for his prayerful consideration. I think it is high time the "wise" of the Church should quit charging spirit communications as from the naughty world alone, for they are doing a great deal in this way to make us sinners think it is not such a bad place after all to go to, when we see our dear Jordan; and I, for one, would not grumble very much to be in fellowship with some of "Old Nick's" followers, who certainly are having rather a happy time of it, in coming back to the familiar scenes of earthly life, to stir us up in the way of good works and deeds of benevolence.

In my investigations of this subject for more than twelve years, I have had quite a remarkable experience within my own person and home, and to me it is ever delightful, and always full of that which will, if properly applied, go to make a bad man better, and a good man better still. In my observations I feel I can say that I know *undoubtedly* spirits do return to us sometimes; and I have learned in this that either they can do me good, or that I can do them good, and I think it should be a thing we all ought to be thankful for, for in either case some one gets the benefit of such communication, and it seems to be a law that he who needs it most is, in nine times out of ten, the most likely to receive it. That good and loving spirits also have the same power and privilege, my experience has most amply taught me to be so.

I will relate, as nearly as I can, now call to mind, two little incidents which happened with me some time ago, and I shall be glad if your editorial friend would point out anything strikingly "demon-like" in them; for the benefit of myself and those who are willing to forego a pleasure that in its tendencies is only evil. In my experience—which has been of about twelve years—there have occurred many striking incidents that have caused me a great deal of happiness, and though I am not as good a man as I would like to be, yet I am certain I am not any worse than I was before I commenced my investigations.

But I will relate the incidents, and leave them to speak for themselves as to the evil there was in the coming back of the two spirits that caused them. One evening while my family and myself were at the table, a voice whispered these words in my ear—

"I wish—*you—were—deader!*" I thought, how singular it is that a spirit should make such a request of me, as it was my usual habit to go after tea to my room; but while thinking, thus, which was only for a few moments, it was said in the same manner, with a little more emphasis, "Go!—go—now!" I jumped, at once, left the table and started for my room, which was in the third story, and as I reached the landing on the second floor my hand involuntarily took hold of the knob of the door that opened into another room which was used as a sleeping apartment, and there I beheld a little girl who had been left at play all alone. She had lost some of her playthings on the floor, and had taken a small fluid lamp to light her in search for them, and in doing so had set on fire the fringe of a table cover which she was then endeavoring to put out with her apron. I saw at once the danger, and soon extinguished the flames without further injury being done. Of course my thoughtfulness was great at such a remarkable providence. Some two or three hours after, I was alone in my room, and not thinking of the circumstance, it was again, whispered in my ear, by the same voice, "Spirits—love—little—children."

Some time after this occurrence I had another incident which did me more good than any sermon I had ever heard preached. I had a friend, who was the chief support of his widowed mother and two sisters. He was a good and thoughtful young man, although not what is called by the church people pious, who, after the death of his father, took the care of the family upon himself. He, too, died, and left his mother and sisters to struggle along as best they could.

One night in a busy season of the year, I had been writing letters of business until about twelve o'clock. After I had done, and was about to go to bed, while seated in my chair I closed my eyes to think if I had written all the letters I intended to write, when of a sudden I saw before me a small table, on which lay a piece of bread, that reminded me of a similar one I had eaten in the evening, at tea-time. As I looked at it, there came beside it another piece, which was smaller and much darker in color. I thought with beholding it, that it was a lesson the spirits wished to teach me, that I should eat bran instead of white bread. While thus thinking, a voice which I at once recognized as that of my departed friend, said distinctly in my ear—"*My mother wants bread!*" and immediately the scene vanished from before me.

I said mentally I would see to it in the morning. In the morning, however, I was much engaged in business and could not well spare the time to attend to what I had promised the spirit I would do. After I had gotten through with what had occupied my time, all the fore part of the day, I was at my desk making an entry in my order book when I heard the same voice, saying—"*Don't forget—my mother!*" As I was yet too busy to go and see her, I thought of a grocer who owed me a bill, for which I was to take his goods in exchange. I made out a memorandum of what I thought would be useful to her, said adieu to him, with the request that he should send her articles named therein at once, which he did in less than an hour.

In the evening, before going home, I called on my friend's mother, who received me with tears of gratitude in her eyes. In a few minutes she began to talk to her son, who had been such a comfort and support to her. And she related to me that on the night before, she had gone to bed with a heavy heart, having spent all her money in the purchase of flour that day, and dreamed she was in the market, and saw her son, who asked how she was getting along since he was gone. She replied to him that she had just spent her last money in the purchase of flour; and that the Lord only knew where the next was to come from. I questioned her as to the time she had set down, and she said she did not exactly know, but supposed, as soon as she had gone to sleep, which was somewhere about ten o'clock. Now I have no doubt but that her son is that dream of his mother's, learned the condition of her temporal affairs, and that she made use of me, because he could make an impression on my mind sufficiently distinct to be remembered.

I have no doubt, that your readers, spiritual friends were to have such a manifestation from somebody, who would be able to say that he would not hesitate, (if in his power) to give such a request, even, he thought it all right, from some unconcerned stranger, who had stolen out of the naughty place, and do it with cheerfulness, or that he would have a most stupendous case, and go to the top of the tree to rescue a thoughtless child from the dangers of such an injury as was threatening the little girl.

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Doctor J. B. Newton in Baltimore.

On Sunday morning the 22nd of March, Dr. J. B. Newton came among us. Unberthed and almost unknown, he still met a cordial greeting and an earnest welcome among the band of Spiritualists who were assembled at Metropolitan Hall.

A boy who had come on crutches with his father to listen to the lecture, was the first recipient of that benign influence which flows with such mighty power through his organism. After a few manipulations at the hands of the doctor, this child, who had been crippled for years was enabled to walk with freedom, and went home carrying his crutches on his shoulder.

During the few days following this event, his large parlor at Harmon's Hotel became so thronged that it was found impossible for him to treat all who sought him. We then tendered him the free use of our lecture-room.

METROPOLITAN HALL.

For the reception of such patients as were unable to pay for his services. This hall is situated on Baltimore street, the main business avenue of our city, and here scenes were enacted which elicited the wonder and admiration of all who witnessed them. Crowds, numbering many hundreds, gathered in and about the place, seeking health and restoration of sight or limb. This "good Samaritan" left the wealthy patients, who filled his handsome apartments at the hotel each morning at about 11 o'clock, and devoted himself until 5 o'clock to the service of the poor and needy afflicted ones. In this good work he was assisted daily by those devoted friends of humanity, Messrs. Isaac Corbett, John Friet, Jacob and John Weaver.

These gentlemen left their business pursuits and joined in this noble effort to alleviate suffering, because they appreciated the nature of the man and witnessed the Christlike manifestations of power which were exhibited through his organism.

Here he gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, vigor to the paralyzed, and from the cripple he took his crutches, and made him to walk erect.

The crowds at length became so great that business in the immediate neighborhood of the Hall was obstructed and almost suspended. Then it became necessary to remove, and the great Hall of the

MARYLAND INSTITUTE

was rented at a charge of five dollars per hour, which was cheerfully paid for three hours each day, by this true-hearted gentleman, that he might enjoy the privilege of serving others without money and without price.

Many wonderful cures were performed while the doctor retained the Institute Hall, which is the largest room of its kind in the country, and here were daily assembled from five to fifteen hundred people, seeking his ministrations, or desiring to witness the mode of his operations. After a few days it was deemed proper to select a more secluded situation, and

RECHABITE HALL

was chosen. Here he continued ministering to the poor until he left us on Thursday last. It would be impossible to enumerate the many wonderful cures performed through his ministrations during his short stay of about three weeks among us in an article for your columns; but I will mention a few that came under my immediate observation.

First, the sight of a boy who had been blind three years, resto ed almost instantly. Then a woman, who had been crippled seventeen years, was made to walk as vigorously as if in full health, in about seven minutes. Another most remarkable case was that of a woman who had lost all e of the muscular system, and had been confined to her bed, helpless and without speech, during the lengthened period of eleven years. This was the most utterly hopeless looking case among all that I witnessed. Had a corpse been laid upon his sofa, with the request that he should re-animate it, I would have thought it scarcely less rational. In about fifteen minutes that almost lifeless woman walked into the parlor, with assistance, and spoke, though feebly, to her friends.

I refer to these to show the character of some of his cases among the poor. They were paralleled by many among the wealthy and more fortunate of our citizens. In one case an extensive ovarian tumor melted under his touch like ice under that of heated iron. A most interesting and accomplished young lady, who has been confined to her rooms some three years by a spinal injury, walked down to her breakfast next morning after a visit from Doctor Newton.

I will not trespass further upon your space by referring to particular cases, but will only say that they may be counted by hundreds, and that many earnest hearts are appealing to heaven to pour its blessings upon this noble benefactor to his race.

"May God preserve and prosper him," is the prayer of nearly all who have felt the vivifying power of his touch.

He has also exhibited a most large-hearted benevolence in distribution of pecuniary aid among his needy patients. His charities have been almost as unprecedented as his cures.

Our kind spirit-friends who are never forgetful of those who work in love and sympathy with them in the Great Cause of Human Progress, sent us during the doctor's stay, that most eloquent of all the inspirational speakers of the Spiritualistic school—Miss Emma Harrison—who gave a course of lectures upon the "Philosophy and Science of Miracles."

Profound, logical, and brilliant as they were, they have quickened the interest which had been awakened by the "miraculous" manifestations of the doctor, and the Spiritualists of Baltimore will long remember, with feelings of pleasure and gratitude, the presence of these "gifted ones" among them.

Yours, &c., WASH. A. DANKIN.

Baltimore, April, 19, 1868.

Sojourner Truth, the Libian Sybil.

An article with the above title, and descriptive of a singular and extraordinary genius of the African race, appears in the Atlantic Monthly for April, and copied into the Tribune and other papers, speaks of the person departing from among us. She has departed from New England and gone toward the sunset, having sold her little home in Northampton, Mass., some years ago, and bought one a few rods from my own little cottage near Battle Creek, Michigan, where she now lives in quiet and health, at an evident age (for she does not know her age) of about eighty years, and where the neighbors occasionally give her a surprise party, and often receive from her, in our language, learned only from sounds, the anti-slavery and religious songs, to the delight of all who hear them. She also amuses us with the stories related by her much better than by the political writer in the magazine, which are told there, and many others still more interesting; the most touching one of all to me being the death of her father, who, after wearing out his life as a slave in the State of New York, (not Alabama) was allowed to die alone, in old age, in an old cabin in the woods—killed by cold and hunger, of which he had a share in his murder, for he was too feeble to keep a fire and had no food, or none suitable to give him strength, and she could not be allowed to relieve him, but could be allowed to know how he died.

Such tales brought out the native element and genius of her soul, and she is the most remarkable and talented person without education, of any color, that I ever met with. She still travels and lectures some, but many friends in our State, and has long since discovered that much which she once attributed to God is the work of guardian spirits, one of which is no doubt her father, whose terrible death has ever been a thrilling tale from the horrible annals of slavery. Her daughter and some granddaughters, with her, have the gift of her, some in recorded in the name of "Sojourner Truth," and in others "Sojourner Truth's." She is also one of the "libian Sybils" of the

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 5, U. S. STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

"Wade through slaughter to a throne And shut the gates of mercy on mankind; but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific, and I see one people and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

War Literature.

Many persons entertain a notion that literature can as readily be separated from the living and current facts of life as if it were no more than a mechanical manufacture of the pen, directed very much at random by the hand that held it. This is superficial, to say no more; if literature is worth anything, if, in truth, it is anything, it is because it is the expression of human life, human conduct and motives. Without this expression, it has no meaning at all, and would utterly fail to arrest the attention of the world.

It is therefore idle for persons, in whose minds this matter does not lie in a clear shape, to call with an air and tone of impatience for a style of literary performance, in times like these, unsuited to the teeming thoughts and aroused sentiments of the mass of the people. In the riot and lurid light of a civil war we do not sing pastoral songs, though it was wrongly charged upon Goethe that he kept himself aloof from the sympathies of his fellow-citizens when all Germany was walking through the fire and blood of her revolutionary awakening. We do not sit down composedly to sing love strains, with cannon thundering in our ears, or expatiate on the dear delights of domestic enjoyments while we are yet in doubt if any home are to be left worth possessing. As the national life is for the time, so will be the national literature. Inasmuch as this stands out in history for the most gigantic rebellion—for the numbers engaged and the resources impressed—ever known, we may look in aftertimes to see as the legitimate product of it a mass of essays, discourses, appeals, arguments, sermons, debates, and stirring songs, such as the world has never beheld collected in the same limit of time before.

He who would have, at a period of such commotion, the same smooth and tranquil utterances that signalized times of peace and outward prosperity, forgets entirely that it is life which creates literature, and not the more pen and inkstand of the working dreamer. He is not conscious of what he asks, when he would have pretty odes with Jeff Davis threatening the national capital, and sentimental novels with our brave brothers shot down in ranks by hostile bullets. In the whole history of literature it has not been so, and cannot be. The object of the literary calling is, to present life, just as it is around us, colored with the hues of a feeling experience, and dagger-repeating the features of the men on our right and left hand. The original works of our distinguished poets and prose writers have been only this, and that was the chief reason, next to the genius manifested in the treatment, why they were distinguished. In the Cromwellian dispensation, Milton's pen wrought with Titanic power on the side of the Commonwealth, and liberty of speech and the press. Dryden, in the time of the Restoration, made himself both a power and an object of renown. In such lasting productions, though on transitory topics, as "Absalom and Achitophel," "Annus Mirabilis," "The Cook and the Fox," "The Hind and the Panther," His "Annus Mirabilis" simply commemorates the great fire and the great plague which raged unchecked in London—Defoe furnishing a minute history of the latter at a subsequent day—and his "Absalom and Achitophel" being a keen satire in verse on the conspiracy of Lord Shaftesbury, and the Duke of Monmouth to get possession of the throne and kingdom. Dean Swift directed his splendid talents to the politics of his day, never so raging and roaring before in a time of peace, and threw off squibs in verse, lampoons, essays, tracts, and articles of various length and character, that took the town by storm, and shook the Administration of the Government to its centre. One well wonders, reviewing Swift's life and writings, how exultingly he devoted his great and overworking talents to the petty affairs of party, instead of the larger and more liberal interests of the State.

So it was, too, with Addison and Steele, the "Spectators" and "Tatlers" having been set on foot merely to scourge, in a pleasant way, the vices and wrong practices of the English nation, and to teach, as Dr. Johnson expressed it, "the mutiner deccencies and inferior duties—to regulate the practice of daily conversation—to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal—and remove those grievances which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation." The Walpoles were politicians rather than literary men, and still they were industrious and curious authors; they made no strong and deep mark, however, in any literary sense, on the age they helped to illustrate. Coming down later, we find the wonderful mind and pen of Edmund Burke employed without cessation upon the problems which were rapidly presenting themselves in his time, his swift and far-reaching thoughts stirring powerfully over such topics—transitory and ephemeral in the nearest sense—as the "State of the Nation," the "French Revolution," "American Affairs," and the "Nabob of Arcot's Debts" and it was by bestowing his genius on just these, presented as they were by the changing and changeable circumstances of his time, pouring into their treatment the flood tide of his grand and lofty inspiration, and philosophizing with all the minute practicality of Malibus and the poetic generality of Plato, that he has succeeded so magically in transmitting the proxy occurrences of political and national life into golden rounds for the ladder by which he mounted so high. Goldsmith was too purely literary, in the confined and restricted sense, when he penned that well-known line in reference to Burke: "No gave up to Party what was meant for Mankind."

It is hardly necessary to illustrate so plain a matter any further; to state the case is to argue it as far as argument may be made to apply. As we, in our time, are acting history, so will every written and spoken word of the present story day rightfully belong to the life of the period, and be, therefore, incorporated into its literature. We may hunt through our Homers, with scholarly fondness, for recreation in reading over again the battles of the gods and men before old Troy, or even the battles of the frogs and mice; but after all, we are no imaginary scene, in his sublime pages that impress us like the sight of the nine mile front of the iron-clad fleet in Charleston harbor, and the booming of bolts and rivets in their armor.

deities, and of an uprising, as our wounded soldiers under every flag. Many a helmeted foot soldier over the water he received in the ancient fight, than do the rebel leaders; every time they catch a whipping at our hands. The whole aim and intent of literature, at best, is to awaken us, to the potent and complete inspiration of the Passover Hour. If it fails here, we may as well shut up our books.

Thoughts for the Season.

Soon the first sweet harbingers of Spring, the tiny, modest flowers, will appear amid the "shadowy grass and opening leaves." Balmly South winds herald the coming season of bloom and fragrance. There is a deeper significance in the blue of the heavens at noon; the waters leap merrily, the waves of ocean sing the welcoming hymn of Spring. It is earth's annual awakening. The sweet home birds respond to Nature's call of joy, and human hearts drink deeply of renovated life and gladness at the eternal fountains of youth and love; ay, even amid the war-storms of the present.

But there is a higher and holier significance, typified to sight and hearing by the waving of musical grasses, the murmur of rejoicing leaves, the opening beauty of flowers, the melody of sun-kissed waters. Life eternal is revealed to us by the gracious ministrations of the spirit-worlds, and this earth's signs and symbols are but the renderings of a higher plane, the lesser glories vouchsafed to us in promise of the future that is to be so unutterably grand and glorious. As a foretaste of immortal blessedness, our Father sends his Spring-time angel to bless the world, to unclose the beautiful gates of a fairy land of bloom and fragrance, of harmony and peace. The violet and the wild flowers will upraise their grateful heads, and swing abroad their censers of perfume; the rose will gladden the mother soil with her transcendent loveliness; and the stately lily will hold her pure and stately place beside the calm lake, just as in happy times gone by, ere the cannon's thunder reverberated over the land.

Nature goes on in her motherly and placid way, sowing the earth with blessings, adorning forest, glade and hillside with her graceful touch, flinging broadcast her flower-gemmed mantle, her robes of emerald verdure, her treasures of the beautiful. The faith of Spiritualism tells us of the Summer-lands of the Hereafter, where the joy and bloom are perennial; where the clashing discord no more invades the sanctuaries of home and peace; where the love of freedom leads to great and noble achievements of soul—not to bloodshed and devastation. Those worlds of light and knowledge are the future dwelling-places of earth's children.

By diligent and truthful study of ourselves and the wonders that surround us, we can obtain foreglimpses of that better life; we can hear the Spring music of its living waters, and abide in its peaceful vales, and view serenely the strife of the present from its mountain heights. With faith and knowledge, charity and endurance, love and hope, for our abiding guides, we can be participants of the life of souls, even while enveloped by the tumult of war, the cares and requirements of every day. For the earnest seeker the morning gates are opened wide. There is a perpetual Spring-time for the hopeful, loving spirit that seeketh forever the good of all.

Important Arrests.

James L. Addison, Clerk in the Adjutant General's office, Washington, and Anthony Addison, Chief Clerk of the Pension Bureau, have been caught in the act of carrying rebel mails. The former has been in the War Department thirty years, and has had access to all important orders and movements. Both own farms in Maryland, and keep up daily communication by means of carriages. Rev. John Martin, who, with his family, were also arrested, lives near them, and were mediums of communication with the rebels. Mr. Martin and family will be sent beyond our lines. Capt. Henry Williams of the rebel service was arrested at their house and imprisoned. The investigation of certain charges of disloyalty, which have been made at various times against individuals, is a part of their business.

Our spirit friends gave us the information months ago that there were traitors in the War Department, and by close watching they could be detected in giving information to the enemy. Several prominent men in Washington were informed of the fact; but no notice was taken of the warning then given, and the consequence is that the struggle has been prolonged, millions of treasure thrown away, and valuable lives sacrificed. Now, it is late day, and the guilty parties have been arrested.

How they Tax Them.

We at the North who are disposed to grumble more or less over our income taxes, and taxes on manufacturers, on silver plate, on telegraphic, and on all sorts and sizes of doings, in fact, may prick up and take courage in our dumps from reading what the poor-riding fellows at the South have to endure—and some of them expect to live and endure, too. For instance—the Virginia Legislature has a bill before it for consideration—and it will become a law, too—levying a tax of five to fifteen per cent. on all incomes of five hundred dollars and upwards—assessing joint-stock companies from ten to sixteen per cent. of their regular dividends and reserved funds—and compelling agriculturists, large and small, to pay over to the Confederate Government one tenth of the grain, forage, sugar, cotton, tobacco, and wool produced by them. One cent, is also laid upon the value of their neat cattle, horses, mules, and asses. How do they suppose that a decent farmer can stand such things, especially in such an army-ridden province as "Old Virginia" has come to be? We fear the song of southern dwellers will hereafter be, not "carry me back," but get me out of "Old Virginia"—and as quick as possible.

The Result before Charleston.

It is claimed that the recent attack of the iron-clad fleet on the forts in Charleston harbor were no more than a naval reconnaissance, to try the concentrated power of the rebel fire and ascertain the nature and extent of the internal, and not so infernal, obstructions which were said to be sunk beneath the waters. The result is in no sense an unfortunate one—so the authorities assert—but satisfies the government at Washington that Charleston can certainly be captured, whenever the Navy Department makes adequate preparation, and that they will soon do.

In the late attack, the iron-clads made no attempt to engage the rebel batteries; hotly, nor did they at any time during the conflict put forth their full strength. The greatest and only appreciable damage done them, except the destruction of the by no means impregnable Keokuk, was the perforation of their smoke stacks and the loosening of bolts and rivets in their armor.

Lycœum Hall Meetings.

Mr. Cora L. V. Hatch will occupy the platform of the Society of Spiritualists, in Lycœum Hall, in this city on Sunday next, and the two following Sabbaths. There is much anxiety felt in this community to again listen to the eloquence of this far-famed lecturer.

Important Essays.

On our sixth page will be found a brief review of the causes and the probable duration of the present American Revolution, from a spiritual standpoint. Also, an essay on the Human Soul.

A Good Letter from England.

We get some out of our merchants, and some from when so you, a race as the politicians and planners fall us. The following is an extract from a letter written by a Liverpool merchant to his business correspondent in Boston, on the matter of the Alabama private ship. He goes over the ground fairly, and what we should like, dispassionately. There is force in calmness, always; furious people produce no effect at all until they cool off—

"I coincide with every word you say about the Alabama. She is a pirate in deed, whatever she is in law, and no words can be so strong to me against her builders. But the action of our government, although open to blame, is not so easily to be grieved with: it is always dangerous to give a government too much power in cases of this kind, and the best remedy would be to abolish altogether the seizure of private property at sea, which, however, we have not been able as yet to carry out. Now you ought not to be too hard on us in England, because we cannot put our government right at once. Your government for years upheld slavery, and you New Englanders were unable to influence it. Your Constitution gave power, at too much power, to the slaveholders; ours, unfortunately, gives too much power to the landholders, who hate republicanism, and glory in the break up, as they consider it, of your system of government. But to show you that we are not silent, I beg to enclose some slips of papers and petitions issued by our Liverpool Emancipation Society, of which I am a member. I also sent you the Star newspaper, with Bright's grand speech in it, and you will see that the builders of the Alabama do not get on much better than we do. But we shall yet be able to make our government more friendly to you, and let us hope the irritation, the just irritation of your people may be somewhat soothed by the knowledge that the people of both countries are friends and fellow sufferers by the deprivations of this vessel. Although your merchants suffer more, ours have not escaped, and our people are, as you know, suffering from the wickedness of a portion of the United States. As usual, it might be the object of lovers of freedom, on both sides, to attract the attention of the angry passions which are rising, and which may cause a war between the two countries."

Buckley's Paper Folder.

When we were first informed that a machine had been invented to fold newspapers, we smiled incredulously, as we did not place much reliance on the feasibility of the plan. However, at the suggestion of the inventor and others, we were induced, about one year since, to try the experiment of having the BANNER folded by it, and it has folded it ever since to our entire satisfaction. And as we are fully satisfied of its great utility, and that it is a perfectly practical affair, we do not hesitate to recommend it to our cotemporaries everywhere.

To satisfy publishers that we are not alone in the expression of an opinion favorable to this machine, we give the following descriptive account of it from the Boston Cultivator: "Our papers as they come from the press are re-folded and folded in Buckley's Folder in the twinkling of an eye, and with a uniform evenness, neatness and speed perfectly unobtainable by hand. Our readers, especially they who preserve their file for binding, are competent to testify to this remark in all but the celebrity of which we speak; and this can be exactly comprehended by the faculty which appreciates the marvelous by actual observation; but the Yankee mind is so accustomed to figures that a sufficiently accurate apprehension of the speed with which the four folds are made in each Cultivator, will be had by knowing that two thousand and five hundred of these papers are folded in an hour by one man, and that in folding the machine is as strong as iron, and is therefore durable and closely to be depended upon. It does not fall and require tinkering or excesses to help itself to a favorable judgment, but is trustworthy and perfected beyond experiment; it is a practical success! It works! That it will become the universal folder for all newspaper reading, and perhaps book-reading Christendom, there is no doubt, and to it the age will be indebted, as our readers already are, for the neat, and presentable appearance of their mental partners."

The Commonwealth newspaper also says: "Ever since the fast-working power press has superseded the old hand press in printing newspapers, publishers having a large circulation have been subject to serious hindrance in the prompt mailing and delivery of their papers, by the necessary delay in folding them by hand. The folding of twelve or fifteen sheets a minute was considered rapid work. But after years of experimenting and failure, mechanical ingenuity has at length produced a machine which will create a revolution in this department of newspaper labor. The Commonwealth is folded by one of Buckley's machines, and has accordingly folded that we take pleasure in commending it to the attention of publishers. All the folding machines previously made have failed to produce the desired results in practical operation, and therefore have not come into general use. But Mr. Buckley's ingenuity and perseverance, together with his practical knowledge as a newspaper folder, have overcome all difficulties. This machine is free from complicated arrangements of tapes and belts, it folds papers of different sizes, and can be run at any desired speed of from one thousand to three thousand an hour, working so easily that it can scarcely be heard. It is built of iron throughout, and will last as long as a power press, and is constructed in a neat and ornamental style, unlike other folding machines."

Newspaper publishers who may desire to see this machine, can do so by calling at the pressroom, No. 18 School street, where it is in operation daily, Sundays excepted.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier.

This inspirational lecturer spoke twice in Lycœum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, April 19th, to crowded audiences. She is what may safely be termed a brilliant speaker. Her voice is clear and pleasant, and her tones are remarkably well modulated—devoid of all unpleasant straining for effect, yet at times intensely earnest and electrical.

In the afternoon her theme was "Inspiration," and in the evening, "The Revival of Faith." Both discourses were given with wonderful fluency and eloquence, and all her points and arguments were made in such a clear manner that the truths uttered came directly home to the hearts of the auditors.

Mrs. Currier goes hence to Troy, N. Y., where she is engaged to speak for five weeks. We are pleased to hear that there is an earnest and increasing desire among the free thinkers in that city to learn more of the philosophy of Spiritualism and its beautiful teachings.

The French in Mexico.

Monsieur Crœpeau still blazes away in cactus-land. At last accounts he was settling down with a whole rabble of gay uniforms in front of the city of Puebla, and had been bombarding it for ten whole days in the hope of driving out the Mexicans by the back door. Why Frenchmen should come across the Atlantic, bringing their luncheon and their cannon along with them, to drive citizens of Puebla out of their houses—people who have never harmed a fizzle or a kink of their Gallic locks—is one of the problems of politics, rather than a question in Natural History. But we hope they won't succeed in what they're about; it's an infernal piece of business, and ought to be stopped.

Personal.

Alfred Horton, Esq., of Newburyport, a firm Spiritualist, who has been a correspondent of the BANNER for several years, has been appointed to a clerkship in the War Department, we understand. He is a competent as well as loyal man, and is deserving the confidence of the Government. He was a volunteer at the commencement of the war.

Mirthfulness.

In the faded and winking sunlight is to be seen the sparkling of triumphant waves; and the ripples on its brightness and in multo; it is the charm of a cheerful spirit. The household faces are glorified by the merry songs and mirthful sallies of the "hopeful presiding genius," who, with mickle waud and paint, dissolving such bewilders the ruggedness of his; and flames with the headdress of trust and faith all the dark and solitary places. There is a great benevolence in cheerfulness; it springs from the clear depths of a serene and love-blest soul; that would cast over all things its own sweet spell of harmony and joy! Happy is the man who can thus attract the ever-present sunshine; who can surround the home-realm with an atmosphere of peace and good will. Thrice blessed is the woman whose soul responds in melody and laughter unto the harmonies of Nature. It is amid such influences that the heart is strengthened for the trials of life, and the spirit is imbued with the foregleams of celestial harmony. It is good to laugh and be merry, to utter prayer in song, and give evidence of a thankful return for all our Father's bounties, by the glad refrain of cheerfulness and mirth.

Culture.

Whoever chooses to give his whole attention to this matter alone, will be surprised to find how rapidly he can make progress. The object of life and living is to enjoy, to be happy; and all intellectual and spiritual testimony establishes that there is no real, solid and enduring happiness like that which comes of development and expansion. Whether it comes of culture or activity, or both, it is the philosopher's stone itself. Heaven is not sitting out a gaudy cloud, and hanging one's feet off—it is occupation as well as rest, an interchange of action and reflection, as here with ourselves on earth. Accumulation of wealth is a very bald and uninteresting pursuit compared with the culture of the spirit. The delights of this latter occupation are not to be estimated as men estimate the pleasures of hoarding. They are transcendently higher and nobler, and better worthy the attention of the human soul.

Aid for Ireland.

More aid for the destitute poor of Ireland is soon to be sent out. New York has done nobly. Boston must follow suit. There is to be a public meeting here on the subject of aid to our distressed brethren across the water the present week. How grand is the spectacle presented to the world! A country in the midst of a terrible intestine war feeding a nation beyond the seas at the same time! Such a people cannot be quite as bad as the London Times, through its mercenary writers, would have its readers believe. However, there is a Bright spot yet left in old Albion, and it will sooner or later make its mark. England will yet do us justice.

A Nice Place.

Several of the dramatically inclined youth of Brighton, Mass., took it into their heads recently to get up theatrical representations for the amusement of the good citizens of that ancient town—and we learn that they have succeeded admirably. We do not know as "the minister" and his family have paid this rational place of amusement a visit or not; but he is liberal enough, we hope, not to condemn it. We dropped in on the opening night, April 23d, and were well entertained. The house was crowded, and the youthful leasest; Master E. B. Rice, seemed well pleased that his efforts were crowned with success.

Correspondence in Brief.

J. H. BROWN, writing from Bucksport, Me., under date of April 18th, says: "Please find enclosed two dollars and fifty cents, for which send the BANNER to John Douglas one year. The BANNER is becoming a favorite with our people as a stimulant to the mind to quicken it to a higher perception of truth; consequently to a nobler life, thus proving one of the saviours of mankind. May God and the angels strengthen you in your endeavors. The Truth of our Philosophy is fast impressing itself upon the people. Open abuse of our opponents is now superseded by secret endeavor. We have just arranged for having free meetings every other Sabbath, which, together with a very healthy state in other regards, makes our prospects cheering."

Aaron B. Pilat writes a long letter from Hancock, N. E., which we have not room to publish. After narrating various matters in regard to the spread of the glorious truths of our faith, he says, "I was told about seven years ago that I would be ashamed to own myself a Spiritualist before five years; but that time has passed, and I still glory in the name and in the cause." He also speaks of the benefit his invalid wife received from treatment at the Institute of Dr. Charles Main, in this city, and recommends all his invalid friends to go there and be healed.

Mary E. Branson, of Knightstown, Ind., in relating for subscriptions for the BANNER, says: "I have delayed sending the amount for nearly two weeks; hoping to be able to send more with it, but found nearly or quite all the open Spiritualists were, taking it already; and others who would like to take it I suppose are too fearful that their popularity will be slightly dimmed with the odium of Spiritualism should they do so. So I guess we will have to let them hold on to it a while longer, until Spiritualism becomes a little more popular; then they will flock over to us by the score, saying, 'We always thought there was something in it, but never had an opportunity to investigate it.' But we can tell them it was only because they would not embrace the opportunity when presented."

Spirit Photograph in 1861.

The "Barns Sprites" published in Paris, announced the following in 1861:—"A well-known photographer on the Boulevard des Capucines, was sent for by a widower, the master of a chateau at Fontenay-lez-Paris, in order to take a likeness of the front of a chateau, with its master on the terrace, and his children grouped on the flight of steps below. When the photograph was taken, the artist was astounded at finding in his picture a female figure, standing beside the widower, the latter being still more astounded, on examining this extra figure, to recognize in it the perfect portrait of his deceased wife."

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for May is published. Its contents are as follows:—The Great Prairie State, by Mrs. C. M. Kirkland; A Winter in Camp, by E. O. Hammond; In Memoriam, by Richard Watson; Merobant's Story, by Edmund Kirke; Shylock vs. Antonio, by Carlton Edwards; A Heroine of the National Ode; The Surrender of Fort Jackson, and St. Philip on the Mississippi, by H. F. Gerdies; Assistant U. S. Oapt Murray; Reason, Rhyme, and Rhythm, by Mrs. Maria Cook; The Value of the Union, by Wm. H. Miller; War Song—Earth's Last Battle, by Mrs. Martha Cook; Midam's Testimony, by M. A. Edwards; The Death of the African Slave in the United States, by Rev. J. M. Sturtevant; D. D.; Was he Successful? by Richard B. Kimball; The Union, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; The Cause and Result of the War, by Lieut. Egbert Phelps, U. S. A.; Great Heretic Literary Notices.

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Pearls.

And quoted edon and jewels are words long.
There's no one to love me.
I'm left now alone.
The friends of my childhood
Like wild birds, have flown.

traced numerous dark and thoughtful minds.
Sunday meetings are likewise held in Bromfield Street Hall.
The Tuesday evening conferences in this hall are still maintained with lively interest.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
BY HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN A. ANDREW, GOVERNOR.
A PROCLAMATION.
WHEREAS, The President of the United States of America did by his Proclamation, dated at Washington on the 20th day of March last...

element that freed them, but the poor mother is a man, and the latter nearly so.
NOTICES OF MEETINGS.
SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYCEUM HALL, TOWN HALL ST.
SUNDAY SCHOOL, LYCEUM HALL, TOWN HALL ST.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal in the World.
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THIS JOURNAL PUBLISHES Editorials on subjects of general interest.
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