

Human Trials. A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

One evening Dr. Carter entered Mrs. Barton's house very quietly, for he heard the melody of the guitar, accompanied by a sweet, low voice. The twilight fell in deep shadows in the parlor, which was undecorated, and the music came from an adjoining apartment. It was Mrs. Barton's voice, so deep, so thrilling, with emotion, that the heart of the listener responded to its tones, as did the instrument to the touch of her finger, as she sang the following ballad:

The twilight dews are falling, love,  
The earth is veiled in shade,  
And weary tasks are over now,  
And 'wondering cares are laid.  
Calmy I wait in this deep rest,  
To feel thy presence near,  
Brought by thine own deep tenderness,  
To bless the waiting here.

That smile which wakened love's young dream  
Is beaming on me still,  
But varied with the added power  
Of pity's trembling thrill.  
And those sweet eyes still seek mine own,  
As in the olden days;  
But unshed tears are in their depths,  
For the gloom of earthly ways.

I almost feel thy breath's warm flow  
On cheek and brow once more;  
I almost hear those music tones  
Which thrilled my heart of yore.  
The veil which veils earth from sphere,  
Grows thinner day by day,  
And rays of inner glory stream  
Across my earthly way.

Yet all this love which makes my life,  
Is poor compared to thine,  
For nobler, truer is thy soul  
In every aim than mine.  
More earthly woe hath been my meed,  
And darker still may be,  
E'er I shall wear my angel robes  
In God's white light with thee.

The sounds died away, but their spell was upon the heart of the listener, so sweet, so solemn—a revelation of that love for which his own spirit was longing, yet holier, intenser; for he had never before dreamed of a tie which death could not sever; of a presence, which, though invisible, had still power to soothe and bless. With his hand upon his heart, he passed silently out into the darkness, away from the gleaming lights of the town, to the companionship of the stars and waters.

There were several excursions got up during Rachel's visit, one of which was a drive of some ten miles into the country, to visit our old friend, Katie, who is now the wife of a thriving farmer.

A few days after, a ride upon the water was planned, to a beautiful pine grove on the shore, several miles above the town. The boys engaged a small sail boat, which they were quite competent to manage, and at ten in the morning, supplied with dinner baskets, a few books, and the guitar, they set sail. The breeze was light, but the tide in their favor, and they glided along with but an occasional resort to the oars. The freshness of the air, the beauty of the shores, and the novelty of their position so exhilarated them, that music and books were not thought of until they arrived at their destination. When they landed, the young boatmen pulled their craft into a little cove, and secured her to a tree. The party then wended their way over the rocks, and through the woods, enjoying their stillness, and wild beauty. At length they settled upon what they considered the finest spot for their location for the day.

Now the boys made themselves generally useful. Willie collected dead branches for a fire, and Bobby hastened back to the boat for her cargo of baskets. Soon the flames rose crackling in the air, forming a brilliant roller to the background of sombre foliage, and the smoke ascended, winding and rolling away amid the white clouds, giving a sweet, home aspect to this wild spot.

"Hurray, Bob! What's the use of an empty kettle?" shouted Willie, as he seized the aforesaid article from Bobby, who was lumbering along with his heavy load.

He hastened back to the water, and brought the kettle well filled, and placed it with infinite satisfaction upon the fire. But the old saying, that "a watched pot never boils," held true for a long time of this kettle for the flames wound away from its black sides, and rose in every other direction. Willie changed its position at the cost of a scorched hand, heaped the brush higher, and blew with the greatest vigor. Perseverance will surmount the greatest difficulties, and he at length conquered. The kettle succumbed; the coffee was prepared, and sent out its delicious aroma, so welcome to our hungry party. Napkins were spread upon the grass, and the various edibles, in most inviting disorder, heaped upon them. How delicious they were! They positively seemed to have assumed new qualities under the influence of this fragrant air and unaccustomed exercise.

When the repast was over, thoroughly refreshed, the party began to make plans for the business of enjoyment. The boys were washed, and provisions unpacked for the next meal. Then the boys plunged into the water, for explanations upon their own accounts, and Mrs. Barton and Rachel, in that sweet solitude, retired for hours, and the sweet rhythm of Tennyson's "The Lotus Eaters" came into their ears.

At length the boys came back, laden with their woodland spoils: fragrant leaves, delicate flowers, last year's birds' nests, and reports of the most beautiful places, to which their mother and Rachel must certainly go. After, reaching home, until sufficiently refreshed to make any excursion, they returned, and presenting the guitar from its confinement, shed its silvery tones upon the evening air. Song after song was sung, and meals were so, in keeping with the sweet, wild freedom of the scene, that twilight was fully upon them ere they thought of their homeward voyage. Realizing that they had been somewhat imprudent, they hastened to their beds. When fully rested, they found that the tide was adverse, and that there was scarcely a breath of wind.

The boys took the gear with good courage, but it was hard work, and their progress slow, and they had not gone far before they were compelled to rest. Mrs. Barton requested them to permit Rachel and herself to take the oars; but Willie objected that they could not keep stroke. Alternately playing and resting, night was fully upon them before they had made half the distance. Its dews had already penetrated their thin garments, and the prospect was dismal indeed. Mrs. Barton proposed that they should take to the shore and make their way home on foot; but this was not expedient, as Willie said the boat was a yawl which he had promised to return that night, as the vessel to which she belonged would sail in the morning. The night was falling every moment, darker and chillier, and the spirits of the little party had sunk to a low ebb, when a clear voice from the shore called:

"Boat, ahoy! Boat, ahoy!"

"Oh, Dr. Carter! Dr. Carter!" shouted Bobby, springing from his seat, and almost dropping his oar with excitement. Then putting his hand to his mouth, he called back in true skipper style:

"Friend, ahoy! ahoy!"

"Pull in, boys, if you want a new hand!" and captain Will and mate Bob, obeyed with alacrity. As the boat touched the shore, the Doctor sprang in. He shook hands with the ladies, and feeling their damp garments, exclaimed:

"Ugh! I thought it would be so! Then he directed the boys to go up the bank to a certain point in the road, where they would find his buggy. It contained sundry cloaks and shawls, which his man would give them, and with which they must make all speed back."

"How could we do without you," said Mrs. Barton.

"You make me exceedingly happy," replied he in a low, quiet tone. Nothing more was said for some moments, when suddenly he recollected that the boys were not spirits, and that it would take many mortal minutes for their mortal feet to clamber over the rocks and down the bank to the shore from the buggy. He suggested, therefore, that they should leave the boat, and walk about upon the shore so that there would be less danger of chilliness, until the boys should arrive.

They came, at length, and the Doctor invested each of the ladies in a heavy shawl. To Willie, he apportioned the buggy blanket; and to Bobby a heavy coat of his own, which hung down to that young gentleman's heels, but which extravagant length he rather enjoyed for its novelty, and only wished that the moon was out that he might see the effect of it.

When the little party re-embarked, their great accession of physical comfort, and the sense of protection which their friend's presence imparted, opened their eyes to the mystic beauty which night had spread around them—the floating clouds, the stars reflected in the placid water, and the dense, impenetrable shadows which lined the shores.

The Doctor retained the oars for some time, when the boys insisted upon relieving him.

"Not so," said he; "I've another plan. The moon will rise in half an hour, and then perhaps we shall have a breeze, when we can make our sail available. Until then, shall we not waken the echoes with songs, old or new? Music," he added, in an undertone, "is always a revelator, and no two may touch the chords or sound the strains alike."

This proposal was acceded to, and while Mrs. Barton played the accompaniments, many a sweet song rang out upon the darkness.

Meantime the moon arose, not cold and blue, but with a soft, mellow light, as if attracted by the harmony to which she now added that of her own presence.

Dr. Carter drew his flute from his pocket, and, after a short prelude, commenced on the medium notes a cold, measured cadence, which would now and then break into a burst of impatient sounds. Then came a murmur of sweet, liquid tones, gushing, trembling, flowing into each other, thrilling with an intense joy; but suddenly, with a harsh discord, this was broken up, and followed by a turbulent and uneven measure, now full of aspiration, now sinking in darkness. This gradually settled into a strong, calm, march-like movement, with now and then an interlude of low, prolonged sounds, full of pathos, of longing and unrest, which spirits might have wept over. In one of these he stopped. His eyes sought those of Mrs. Barton, and he saw that he had been interpreted.

She did not speak for some moments. At length, turning to Rachel, she said:

"Please sing for Charles that little song which you sang for me last evening?"

Rachel hesitated.

"Do, I entreat," said Mrs. Barton; and she complied.

"Spirits than we are far more brightly gifted, and many an one, unnamed, waits above, who sees his image in a heart that is lifted. And breathes his presence on an earthly love."

And in deep stillness, 'mid the midnight watches, or when the twilight shades its soft repose—  
The love heart rises from its loneliness,  
To the high sweetness which around it flows.

Every longing is a hard and prophetic yearning,  
Till as promise of the morning star,  
And to the spirit fall of human beings,  
The main is calling from the bright above.

The sentiment which this little song awakened was interrupted by Bobby, who exclaimed:

"Now, cousin Rachel, that's a transcendental sort of loving which I don't at all approve of. It glimmers below you like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, and will leave you an old maid at last."

"But I am that already," Bobby, and do not find it so at all."

"Ho! said he, with all the fire of a champion, 'doubt' but yourself should say that. I'll marry you myself, rather than you shall be one."

"Not so fast, Bob," said Willie. "Cousin Rachel is very sensible. Her lover may be a hero of immortal beauty—An Apollon with the golden lyre; driving his fiery horses across the summer sky; and while a mortal might talk of doll jollies and cares, he would sing of Elysian joys and the wonders of Paradise."

"Well defended," Willie, said the doctor. "Apollon must himself approve, if he be listening; but, Rachel, your little song was so unique, would you do me the favor to repeat it?"

She complied. A few moments of deep stillness succeeded, when Mrs. Barton, turning upon her guitar's light accompaniment, sang the following:

I have a jewel which comes unbid,  
Like the tempest of the sea;  
And he to whose hand fate has given,  
In his dark speech to me.

With soul in my heart he lays  
Each secret evil-bane;  
No fold within its shuffling coil  
His bold touch may not dare.

Oh, I would shout, I said might be  
To guard me from his might;  
But none but me his form may see,  
Though in the broad moonlight.

Not deeper is the tempest's path  
The raging waters' ebb—  
Not deeper is the flow's rage,  
When earth reels to his roar.

He comes—he goes—and I am blest,  
And call him not my foe;  
For as the morn from night is born,  
So cometh joy from woe.

As flowers put forth their sweetest breath  
When the storm wind hath swept o'er,  
So love and gladness in my heart,  
Give fragrance more and more."

The song was over, and the voice, which had been tremulous at the commencement, fell sweet and clear at its close. She glanced at Dr. Carter, whose gaze was upon her, but with an expression of doubt and unrest; then turned, with a placid smile to Rachel.

"My song was but a dull one," said she; "but as the night is waning, we ought, perhaps, to be thinking of home."

So the sail was trimmed, and as the breeze which had sprung up was in their favor, they sped rapidly over the water, and their little voyage was soon terminated.

CHAPTER VI.

The time came for Rachel's departure, for the breaking up of that visit from which all had given and received so much; but its results were not unimportant, as nothing earnestly done ever is. New thoughts had been awakened, affections strengthened, faith in each other made stronger, and, when she left, it was with a promise of returning soon.

Time wore on, with its varying lights and shadows, until Willie arrived at the age of fifteen, when his artist tastes were so confirmed as to raise in his mother's mind serious thoughts of his future vocation. But this was determined, as is usually the case, by other influences than her own.

He had studied drawing for some time, under the instruction of Mr. Keller, the resident artist of Jonesville, a gentleman to whose influence Mrs. Barton was most happy to intrust him; but he had never enjoyed an opportunity of studying sculpture, which was his great desire. Mr. Keller was now going to Italy, the paradise of artists and the home of Michael Angelo. How Willie's heart throbbed at the thought! If he could but go with him! To gather inspiration in that land of beauty—to work to achieve—to return to his mother and gladden her with new revelations of the beautiful—to stand by her side a successful artist!

Oh, if he could!

All these wild dreams were poured into his mother's ear and into her heart, for she had great faith in his boyish enthusiasm; but as she saw no possibility of their being realized, they did not enter into her own plans for the future.

But a few evenings before Mr. Keller was to sail, Dr. Carter called, with a request to see Mrs. Barton alone. He told her that Willie had made him a confidant of his wishes, and that he entirely approved of them; that it was evident the boy must be an artist, and therefore it was quite time that his artistic education should commence; that a three years' residence in Europe, under the kind and faithful supervision of a man of Mr. Keller's well known character, would be of immense advantage to him. Mrs. Barton had listened attentively, but now attempted to speak. Dr. Carter laid his hand upon her.

"Perhaps," said he, "I know what your objection would be; but I beg, as a favor, to be allowed to bear his expenses while abroad."

"Dear Charles," said Mrs. Barton, her eyes filling with tears.

He lifted the hand that rested beneath his own to his lips.

"You are so kind so noble! But could I part with my boy?"

"Surely, Jane, for his sake."

It shall be as you decide, after you know all; but I have much to tell you."

There was a thrilling earnestness in her voice, and her glance, which met his own, was full of a meaning he could not fathom. Their conference was long, and when he left, Dr. Carter walked like one in a dream, and there were traces of tears in his eyes.

Willie was to go. After all was decided, he himself, disregarding his artist longings, would almost have relinquished the plan, to remain with his dear sister at home; but Dr. Carter was firm with him, and so

home; but Dr. Carter was firm with him, and so in arranging, and untiring in assisting, that in the very short time allotted everything was done to promote his interest and comfort.

When he was fairly gone, his mother's highly wrought feelings recoiled, and she was positively ill. Dr. Carter attended her, and as she became convalescent, frequently took her out in his carriage. He evidently regarded her with so much interest, and guarded her so carefully from the changes of the weather, that people said, "An engagement, certainly." One bustling lady, quite impatient with such dilatory proceedings, expressed her desire that "their transcendental sympathies would at length become sufficiently adjusted to permit them to marry."

Mrs. Dalton's opinion was also very much to that effect.

"Jane is certainly fading," said she to her husband, "and I wonder that she has not policy enough to hasten her marriage on that account."

Dr. Carter's experiment of working for others was so thoroughly carried out, that self often really suffered, and at length made claims which could not be resisted. He was attacked with a slow, nervous fever, which, though not dangerous, was likely to become so without the most careful treatment. He had an experienced nurse, and Mrs. Barton and Miss Williams visited him often, bestowing upon him every attention in their power; but Bobby, with all the ardor of his temperament, installed himself as chief attendant, and so devoted was he, that the doctor was positively obliged to drive him out, to take necessary air and exercise.

Dr. Carter's recovery was somewhat retarded by anxiety with regard to his patients, although Dr. Kalm endeavored to supply his place to them. Constant inquiries were made for him, and the warmest wishes expressed for his recovery. This touched him deeply, and he could but contrast his present position with what it had been three years before, when his living or dying was of no importance but to those who should succeed to his property. His fine constitution, aided by his excellent attendants, at length triumphed, and he was able to drive out. Bobby assumed the guardianship on these occasions, and it was quite amusing to observe his protective air.

When sufficiently recovered for a long drive, he and Bobby went to Jonesville, and brought back Rachel, to pass a few days with Mrs. Barton. Her society, after the few painful excitements of the few past weeks, was a delightful relaxation. The evening after her arrival a few friends were invited to meet her, among whom was Prof. Winn, a celebrated Geologist, but recently returned from Europe, and whose conversation, spiced with many adventures of his travels, was most interesting.

He was an enthusiast in his profession, and had penetrated Nature's most secret haunts, and braved her wildest terrors in its pursuit. He was giving a description of his descent into the crater of Vesuvius, to which a group around him was listening with intense interest, and among whom was Rachel, when Bobby came up with an entreaty for her to assist him in a game which he was getting up.

"They are all waiting, Cousin Rachel, and we need you so much."

With a look that blended regret with what she was leaving, with ready sympathy for Bobby, she followed him. Mrs. Barton had observed her, and turning quietly to Dr. Carter, directed his attention to her also.

"I should be positively angry with her," said she, "if she did not look so sweet while perpetrating such an egregious folly; but it is impossible to look in her face and feel such an emotion for a moment. What sunshine she would make in a husband's home! But Bobby must be taught better."

"Shall I send him to you?"

"Thank you."

Bobby was both repentant and disappointed, but catching some words of Prof. Winn's conversation, he became himself an interested listener, and hastening back to his friends, he brought them up also, with a promise of something better than the game. All the small circle were now gathered round, listening and questioning the animated narrator, when suddenly and silently Mrs. Barton arose and advanced to the door. As she passed the mantle, the light struck full upon her face. It was deathly pale. The lips quivered, and there was a look of anxiety, almost of terror, in her eyes. Her movement was so quick, and the attention of the company so much absorbed, that she escaped the observation which she evidently dreaded. Yet one glance was upon her, and Dr. Carter instantly attempted to follow. She waved him back with a forced smile, whispered huskily, "My Guest," and vanished through the doorway. He clenched his hands with fierce impotence, but the door was an entrance to her private apartment, and he refrained.

Soon Miss Williams arose and glided out also. In the course of half an hour she returned, and when the time came for the company to disperse, made excuses for Mrs. Barton's non-appearance.

The next morning Mrs. B. did not enter the store, but passed the day in her own room with Rachel, who was to leave on the morrow. The hours were rapidly away. Their friends were discussed. Mrs. Barton spoke of Dr. Carter with deep feeling—with enthusiasm, even. There was a tenderness in Rachel's eye, and a blush upon her cheek, which was not unobserved by her friend, who added:

"Dear Rachel, Charles is so noble, that one grows nobler through loving him."

The next day as Rachel's term of absence had expired, the Doctor took her home.

Willie's letters were frequent and characteristic, affectionate and cheerful. He said much of Mr. Keller's kindness and excellence, much of the glories of Italian skies, of the picturesque scenery, of the graceful forms of the peasants, and the beauty of the children; but most of his own birth into the glorious world of art. He was overwhelmed by it. He could only wonder and love, almost worship! How should he dare to compete! Of what use to attempt to study! His mother replied to him thus:

"Your capacity to appreciate, my boy, proves your capacity to achieve; for what you love is a part of yourself. The external which delights you, is but the reflection of that which lives within. Study the forms

around you, and you will be convinced of it. Beauty of feature is but the manifestation of beautiful affections. Lips represented by curving lines, express sweet emotions. Those delineated by angles, the opposite. Let me imagine—for I have never seen the statue of a hero of antiquity—a physical hero: The lips are compressed with determination; the nostrils distended with passion; the eyes protruded with excitement, and every muscle swollen and intense with vigorous action. But there is a different heroism to which I would have you aspire. Let the figure be that of early manhood, with the heel of the right foot pressed firmly down upon the head of a writhing serpent. The lips, with their full, curving lines, express intense love and joy; the wide, open eyes the clearest intelligence; the head thrown back so that the gaze is upward, as if directed to the glorious source of his power, and not downward, in contemplation of his loathsome foe.

There is a double labor before you, my son—a work within and without. The first is for Eternity, and God and the angels are watching its progress. About the other I have but little anxiety. Be faithful to the first, and Heaven will watch over the last. Did you ever hear the story of Robin Grey? I will give it you as nearly as I can recollect:

The Angel Gabriel came to him one night in a dream. He was so enchanted with his beauty, that he desired to represent it in marble. In order to gratify him, he came every succeeding night for many weeks. Each day was spent by the young artist in chiseling at his marble, and each night in gazing upon the beauty of the Angel Gabriel; and so absorbed was he in his work, that his physical existence was well nigh forgotten.

One morning he failed to appear, as usual, and men forced the door of his studio. There they beheld the unfinished statue; and lying cold and still beside it, the lifeless form of the young artist.

They looked upon the marble and exclaimed: 'It is a failure!' but when they turned to the form beside it, in low and solemn voices, they said: 'It is a triumph!' For Robin Grey hath wrought into his own being the beauty of the Angel Gabriel!

In one sense, dear Willie, we are all artists; and may we be so faithful to our work, as to reflect gladness and beauty upon each other when we shall meet in the intense light of Eternity. That may be soon, even before you return to us here. If so, it is but a birth into a higher life—one of more artistic glory than the realm of art which now surrounds you; of sweeter affections than we have ever known below."

CHAPTER VII.

The Indian summer lingered late, but the peculiar beauty of the season which had been heretofore to Mrs. Barton, the "saddest of the year," had produced in her that exquisite melancholy which music awakens in some temperaments—which it seems to me is a passing glimpse of heaven, that the longing soul is fearing every moment to lose. This beauty seemed to her no longer like a boon which might be snatched away or the morrow, but a perpetual gift. The golden sunshine was all her own. The soft breezes were whispering eternal secrets in her ear. The splendid foliage would never be exchanged for leafless boughs; the blue waters would ever flow dreamily as now, giving back the glories of shore and sky. Even the voices—always dear to her—had become attuned to the mellowed sounds of the season, and were more liquid, more loving than ever.

On one of these delicious days, Dr. Carter drove up to her door.

"It is too lovely to stay in, Jane."

"It is, indeed!" said she, and soon appeared equipped for a drive.

She was dressed in a blue silk, one of those glorious blues, which reflect a purity upon the complexion with which they harmonize; and a white hat, no shorter than its trim was rather a soft gray, trimmed with feathers, like bits of a fleecy cloud, which only seemed resting there because the still, soft air would not lift and waft them away. She had never looked prettier. She seemed to have absorbed the beauty of the season in her face and form. There was a flush upon her cheek—a dreamy light in her eyes, and upon her lips not a smile, but a breathing blissfulness, an intense resting in the now—a perfect harmony with the deep heart of the day.

"How thoroughly blue becomes you," said her companion. "I think its correspondence must be the strongest element in your nature."

"Perhaps so," was the reply; "but I would aspire to something higher. Red signifies affection, while blue is but truth. Yet my thought is foolish, for I should only desire to attain to God's ideal of me. There alone can I be glad and useful."

"Where would you place me?"

"I cannot tell, but my sight will be clearer soon. It is wonderful! but this day seems to link me with immortality. I cannot grow old. Youth, love and beauty can never again vanish—they are mine forever."

"Hush! you almost frighten me! Be content with our common mortality, for many years, and accept its portion of change and decay."

She smiled.

"Ah, yes, you promised me three years, but I cannot now look beyond the day."

They met Mrs. Dalton, who nodded expressively, as if to say, "A bridal soon!"

Was it a prophecy?

The next morning there was an impatient ring at Mrs. Dalton's door, and Miss Williams was announced. She was evidently agitated.

"Well, Miss Williams," said Mrs. Dalton, "I presume I know the object of your visit. I have been expecting to be sent for," for she had a certain pride in showing that she was not taken by surprise, that she had observed the progress of affairs all along.

"I am so relieved," said Miss Williams. "Then I need say nothing more. But Jane wishes to see you immediately. She regrets now that she did not tell you before. She fears that this sudden—"

"Oh, it's not at all sudden to me. I have known it all along. She needn't think that she has kept so secret."

Miss Williams started, the voice was so cold:

"How could it be?" she exclaimed. "I am sincerely glad, however, and as I am no longer necessary to you, I will hasten back."

When she had gone, Mrs. Dalton, exclaimed:



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Nurses and nurse-maids scribbled over the white an  
of a baby's brain with betanobes and dangers.















he may know that I am either the one I am, or somebody that knew about the affair I speak of. I'd been North about six years ago. I come this way and was taken sick, and sent for him, and he didn't come as soon as I expected, and I started for home without him. We passed each other a second time. Old Death, you know, perhaps he's got him. He was in a tight place when I left, and I don't know but that he's just crossing the bridge. I don't see him in the spirit-world, anyhow.

Well, I didn't suffer much in going out. I always had an idea I should go out pretty quick when I went, and I did go out pretty quick. I got a shot through the chest and one through the head, I guess, about the same time. [That was rather severe treatment.] I take it it's some. [What battle were you killed in?] Well, we were at Pittsburgh Landing. I suppose you call it the battle of Pittsburgh Landing. I don't know much about things that are going on in the spirit-world, for I've been reading. These long marches make a fellow so tired, that I believe I should have rested if they'd sent me to hell. I believe I could have rested there, I was so tired. [This is April 14th.] Yes, so expected.

Now won't you please say this much to my wife Sophy: if there's any possible chance of your getting a body for me to speak through, I want you to do it. You can leave the rest to me afterwards, if you get me a good one; if you don't, why then I shall not answer for the consequences. And about that money, it's a good one, because I owed it, and I where I owed it, and of course I can't get it, and she can't get it. She will know. You don't know anything about it.

Age you want, is thirty-nine. Well, I suppose I was thirty-nine, to be honest about it, although I always said I was thirty-seven. They say you must tell the truth here, if you do it anywhere else. If I tell a lie, it's because I don't mean to.

**Mark Hardy.**  
The person who has just left, wishes me to say he didn't leave this abruptly, because he was not telling the truth, but because he was anxious to come, came too near him, and threw my magnetic power upon him too strong. He felt the influence of the power; that is to say, my magnetic influence was stronger than his. I didn't intend to do it, and after I found I had done it, of course I was willing to make the acknowledgment he requires.

I parted from my own body, as near as I can tell, about four months ago. I am not certain. Mr. President, you understand. [Yes.] I have a very earnest desire to open communication with my family and friends. I lived in San Jose, Santa Clara county, California, on Second street. If my wife Josephine will seek out some medium through which I can communicate, I will make plain to her those tangled portions of my business that she never enjoyed her. I don't care to make myself prominent with material affairs, any further than is necessary for the good of those I've left behind. Whatever I can do for those I have left, I think I ought to do.

Perhaps while I speak of material things, I will also take occasion to speak of spiritual things. I am aware that I return unexpectedly, but I feared I might say, that I should carry too long. I understand that there are believers in your Spiritual Philosophy. In the place where I lived, [Yes, there are.] Will you be kind enough to ask any one of them to know them, and I do not to visit the residence of Mark Hardy, and do what they can for him and his family. [We will do so through our paper.] I will thank you for them, and you will thank them for me. I can do no more.

[Will you give your age?] That is not necessary. I propose to give all that is requisite when I meet my family face to face. The Spiritualists there, I think, will have no difficulty in finding out my former location. Tell them to go to my former residence, San Jose, Santa Clara county, on Second street, and inquire for the widow of Mark Hardy. And if they have got mediumistic bodies, I will try and help them.

**Jennie Lewis.**  
I'm Jennie Lewis. I used to live in Albany, but last lived in New Orleans, Louisiana. I was nine years old. My father is there, and my mother is just a little ways out.

I died of fever just thirty-seven days ago. My father wished I'd come, but he didn't send me here, but I couldn't come anywhere else; didn't know where to go. What shall I say? [What you think.] Think! I am all right. I'd rather go home than be here. I don't know what to say. [Does your father understand this matter?] I don't know. He wished I'd come, not here, but back to him. [Did he say so before you passed away?] No, since. [Is your father doing business in New Orleans?] He's a lawyer. I should rather go home to my mother, if I could. [We'll ask her to provide you with a medium to speak through at home.] I wish you would.

I was very sick. I suffered about four or five days before I was free. I never was sick before. I didn't think I was going to die. I have no other brother or any sisters. [Were you an only child?] Yes. [Do you remember when you went to New Orleans?] We had only been there a few weeks. We had lived there before. We went from there to Albany. Then my father's business called him to New Orleans, and he went, and after he was there, he sent for mother and me, and we went, and I took the fever and died. I don't know why I took sick; there was no reason why I should, but I did.

[Have you friends in Albany, New York?] Yes, yes, plenty of them. [Perhaps some one of them may be able to send your letter, when you will give them names.] Miss Bellows, maybe she will. She's a teacher. [Was she your teacher?] No, she was my teacher, but she was a teacher that my father and mother were acquainted with. She was going to write to my mother. She promised to write to my mother after she got to New Orleans. I don't know whether she did or not, but maybe she'll send it. Oh dear, I don't know what to say. I wish it was home, so I could talk. I wish my father and mother were here, then I should know what to say. [What you think?] How did you spell my name? [Jennie.] That's right.

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As shown in the figure, the results of the experiment are as follows: