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Literary Department.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

[An Inspirational Poem, given by Miss Elsie Ditten, at the close of her lecture in Mercantile Hall, in this city, March 10th, 1867. Reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT by H. T. Gardner.]

Deeply musing
On the many mysteries of life;
Half exulting
All man's seeming failures in the strife;
Through the city
Did I take my lonely way at night;
Filled with pity
For the miseries that met my sight,
In the faces, sickly, sad and sunken,
In the faces, meager, mean and shrunken,
Wanton, leering, passionate and drunken,
Which I saw that night,
Passing through the city—
Saw them by the street lamps' changing light.
Burning brightly,
Looked the watching stars from heaven above;
As if lightly
They beheld these wrecks of human love.
"Oh how distant!"
Said I, "are they from this earth apart,
How resistant
To the woes that rend the human heart!
Countless worlds! your radiant courses rounding,
With your light the depth of distance sounding,
Is there not some fount of love abounding?
Oh that starlight night
Brooding o'er the city!
Would that truth might as thy stars shine bright."
Very lightly
Was a woman's hand laid on my arm.
Pressing slightly—
And a voice said—striving to be calm—
"I am dying,
Slowly dying for the want of love;
Vainly trying
To believe there is a God above.
For I feel that I am sinking slowly,
Losing daily faith and patience lowly,
Doomed to ways of sin and deeds unholy.
All the weary night,
Through this cruel city
Do I wander till the morning light.
"Hear me kindly,
For I am not what I would have been,
If most blindly
I had not been tempted unto sin.
I am lonely,
And I long to shriek in anguish wild,
Oh if only
I could be once more a little child!
See! my eyes are weary with weeping;
Sorrow's tide across my soul is sweeping;
God no longer holds me in his keeping—
I have prayed to-night
Wandering through the city,
That I might not see the morning light."
Breathless, gazing
On her pallid and impassioned face,
How amazing
Was the likeness that I there could trace!
"Sister!" "Brother!"
From our lips as by impulse broke.
Not another
Word, for a brief space of time we spoke.
But the sweet and tender recollection
Of our childhood, with its fond affection,
And at last, the broken, lost connection,
Came afresh that night,
Standing in the city
Underneath the street-lamps' changing light.
Pale and slender,
Like a lily did she bow her head.
Low and tender
Was the earnest tone in which she said—
"Oh my brother!
Tell me of our father—" "He is dead."
"And our mother?"
"And she, also, rests in peace," I said.
Only to my grievous words replying,
By a long-drawn, deep and painful sighing,
Sinking down again, as if crushed and dying,
"Did she seem that night,
Standing in the city
Underneath the street lamps' changing light."
Wherefore should I
Thrust her from my guilty heart away?
Ah, how could I!
Whatsoever the righteous world might say—
She, my sister,
One who shared in mine own life a part—
Nay, I kissed her,
And upraised her to a brother's heart.
And I said, "Henceforth we will not sever,
But with faith and patience falling never,
We will work for truth and right forever.
Ministers of light,
Watching o'er the city!
Girdle on your erring feet aright!"
Gently o'er us
Came a breath of warm and balmy air,
And before us
Stood a man with silvery, flowing hair.
How appearing
From the murky gloom that round us fell,
Mild and cheering
In his presence, I could never tell.
But I say with solemn assertion,
That it was no fanciful creation,
Beating to this life no true relation,
Which we saw that night,
Standing in the city,
Underneath the street lamps' changing light.
"Children!" said he,
"One of life's great lessons you are taught;
Be then ready
To apply the teaching as you ought.
All are brothers—
All are sisters in this lower life."

Many others
Make sad failures in the weary strife;
But each failure is a grand expression
Of the law which underlies progression,
Which will raise the soul above transgression.
Yes, this very night—
All throughout this city,
Every soul is striving toward the light."

"Bruised and broken,
Many hearts in patient sorrow wait,
To hear spoken
Words of love, which often come too late.
Lift their crosses,
And their steps—the heaviest load of all—
Bear their losses,
And be patient with them when they fall."
Then he vanished, as the shadows parted,
Leaving us alone, but hopeful hearted—
Gazing into space where he departed
From our wondering sight,
In that mazy city—
Vanished in the shadows of the night.
Sacred presence!
Dwelling just beyond our mortal sense,
Through thine essence,
Fill our beings with a life intense.
By creation
Man fulfills a destiny sublime,
And salvation
Comes to each in its appointed time.
In that region of celestial splendor,
Where the angel-faces look so tender,
Human weakness needeth no defender.
In the perfect light
Of the heavenly city,
Souls can read the law of life aright.

PICTURES OF REAL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. A. E. Porter.

CHAPTER IV.

Aunt Betsey in the City Churches.
Mrs. Horner was so desirous to get settled in her new lodgings, that she had her own and James' trunk packed by daylight, and before noon started to take possession. The little doctor was standing by his trunks, ready for departure, with the key of the rooms in his hand, which he delivered, and with a very sweet smile, that displayed his teeth in all their brilliant whiteness, and a low bow, he bade Aunt Betsey "good-morning," saying that he was going to Philadelphia in the next train.
The old lady, finding herself alone, locked her doors and went to work. She first threw off the white bed-spread, when, to her surprise, instead of nice blankets, such as covered all her beds at home, she found, first, an old cloth coat cape, next, a soiled, worn hearth rug, and then came two pieces of muslin just torn from the web for sheets. A cotton mattress was below this, resting on slats, one half of which were broken. The good housekeeper stood aghast: "What will poor Jim do?"
The dust of many months lay thick upon the bedstead. This roused her a little, and she went to work vigorously wiping it away, and while doing so, she recollected that she saw a carpenter's shop near the corner of the street. She would call him in to repair her bedstead. A good shaking of every article out of the open window raised a cloud of dust in the little back yard, and not a little remained on the shaker. "Never mind," she said to herself, with head tied up in an ample handkerchief, and dress protected by a huge apron, "plenty of warm water and soap here." Then she examined the old cape and hearth-rug critically, and shaking her head ruefully, exclaimed:
"They'll never do—never. Pah! How strong they smell of tobacco!"
She then took off her head-gear and apron, shook the dust from them, and went into the bathing room. It was very cold. She turned one of the faucets—the little stream was icy cold; the other, of the same temperature. She stood beside them as they both ran; no change of temperature, or if any, colder. Aunt Betsey was a patient woman, and she waited; but patient waiting this time was a failure; no warm water came. With sad forebodings the good woman made her way to the basement, and knocked on the kitchen door. A pale, delicate, weary-looking little woman came to the door.
"May I ask, ma'am, if the warm water runs into the bathing room and the room overhead?"
Before the lady could reply, a man rose from beside a table which stood close to the small grated window of the kitchen, and was covered with little bits of iron and wood and small tools, and still holding a piece of steel in one hand, and a hammer in the other, came to the door and opening it wide, said:
"Walk in, ma'am; walk in, ma'am, and take a seat. You are the lady that has taken the rooms above?"
Now the man had a long beard and a ragged coat, and he was in a low, dingy basement kitchen, but Aunt Betsey felt at once that he was a gentleman, and his voice and his face pleased her.
"Thank you; I can't stop, sir; but when I hired the rooms yesterday, the young doctor up stairs told me that there was warm water in the room above and in the bathing room."
"Are you sure that you understood him, ma'am?"
"Perfectly sure. Isn't it so?"
"I'm sorry to say, ma'am, there is none, and not likely to be, as the range is not in use."
Aunt Betsey made no reply with her lips, but her heart said: "Poor Jim! No warm bath!"
She rose to go. "Good-morning, I'll not trouble you longer; but I am very much disappointed."

"Can I help you any?" said the pale looking woman. "Here is hot water on my stove, if you would like."

"Thank you; I will take a little," and almost before the words were out of her mouth, the man had laid down his hammer and steel, filled a pail for her, and insisted upon carrying it up.

Aunt Betsey cleaned herself from the dust, made an examination of her pocket-book, and then prepared for a walk. She first went to the carpenter, who promised to come directly; then to a dry-goods store, where she paid fifteen dollars for a nice blanket, inwardly groaning as she thought of the pile of blankets in the linen-press at home.

"What will St. say to my spending money so fast? But Jim must be made comfortable; he has no mother but me, and I shall fulfill my promise to be a mother to him."

It was late in the day when Aunt Betsey had finished her cleaning, and was ready for Jim; but she had made sundry discoveries: the marble table was broken, and only stood by being propped against the wall; the little dining table was lame in the joints, and one leg inclined at an angle of two or three degrees from its companion; the lace curtain on examination proved to be a coarse netting; the spout of the water-sink was clogged, and needed a plumber; and Aunt Betsey longed for the warm water when she examined through her spectacles the paint and the windows. But the worst trial of all that day was her unavailing effort to make a coal fire, and she was about giving up in despair when help came in her extremity. She had incautiously let her fire run very low, and without being aware of the obstinacy of anthracite, had piled on the coal, to have a famous fire when Jim should come. Alas! whoever expects this relic of ancient life, whose birth antedates that of the first man, to yield willingly to the present generation, will be woefully mistaken. Aunt Betsey, who could engineer her immense "Stewart's Wood Burning Cook" at home, making it the obedient slave of her will, giving out its heat in due proportion for the boiling of a custard or the roasting of a huge turkey, was brought to her wits end over her little grate in her city lodgings. Weary, hungry, cold, troubled at her long delay from her sick boy, with visions of her bright, warm country home and apple kitchen, she stood over the black mass in despair, almost hopeless of ever seeing it otherwise. Just then the man who had so kindly given her the warm water, came to the door for the pail. He saw her position, and divined her perplexity. He stepped forward, took out the coal, emptied the grate, brought paper and kindlings, and by the gentleness of one material won over the other; the paper coaxed the wood, the wood coaxed the coal, and soon the bright, glowing mass diffused its heat over the room. Aunt Betsey then hastened to poor Jim, who had become very impatient for her, and weak and nervous from long confinement. The tears came when she sat down by his bedside. Not one word of all her troubles did Aunt Betsey speak; but she gave her sick boy his medicine, smoothed his pillow, made him a cup of tea, and not till then did she eat the oysters which he had ordered for her.

Next found them in their new rooms, which the sick boy enjoyed exceedingly, and Aunt Betsey, wrapped in her blanket, shawl and cloak, slept sweetly upon the couch.

She was up early the next morning, and wrote the following note to Nellie:

MY DEAR CHILD—You may pack a few sheets and a couple of my thickest milled blankets, and direct them to No. — Sixth Avenue, New York; and ask pa if he will send them by express to me. Jim is not quite as well to-day, but the doctor says I need not be alarmed; it is only the excitement of moving, and that one day of rest will make all right. I have no time to write. You must do the best you can while I am gone. Give the white cow some bran and meal, and have it nicely mixed in warm water; don't forget to leave the handle of the rain water pump up every night. Take good care of your father, and when the weather is very cold get out the warming-pan and warm his bed for him. Do everything you can for his comfort—there are not many girls who have so good a father.

Your affectionate mother,
BETSEY HORNER.

The doctor was right. One day of rest in a quiet room was of great benefit to Jim; but he was far from well, and as this day, Saturday, was, from the nature of his disease, expected to be a bad one, Aunt Betsey watched him closely, and remained by his side.

She felt very hard toward the smiling little doctor as he became more acquainted with her rooms, and learned how he had deceived her, and was quite angry with herself that she had been induced to pay so much money in advance. But of this she could say nothing.

The next day was Sunday—a bright, sunny day, so soft and mild the air that seemed as if spring had come weeks in advance. Jim laid quietly in his bed, watching the sunlight that lay in broad patches upon the carpet and lighted up the engraving of "Washington crossing the Delaware," which hung upon the wall.

Aunt Betsey, always an early riser, had taken breakfast, put her rooms in order, and now sat with a clean cap on and black silk apron over her new merino, reading the Bible. The unhemmed cloth which served as an apron for sheets had no disturbed her mind, that he had turned away from the bed, and now sat with her back to it. She was glad that Jim had not noticed them. She was sure in her own mind that she could never get up from fever in bed where the sheets were not homed.

"Aunt Betsey, will you read a chapter aloud?"
"Yes, indeed, Jim, if you like, but you know I ain't much of a scholar, and noways smart on hard words. If it was Nello, now, you might take some pleasure in hearing her; but she hasn't

got no such voice as her Aunt Lottie used to have. Why, Jim, when I heard her read in John, it seemed just as if she had caught the words as Jesus dropped them, before they had lost their sweetness and their power. I'm reading a psalm now that she used to read, because she said it seemed just like poetry. I'll read it to you."

And Aunt Betsey read, in rather a monotonous school-tone, to be sure, but still with an understanding heart, the psalm commencing, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

Before she had finished, one of Jim's young friends from the store came in—the one who had been so kind through his sickness—and asked the privilege of staying awhile. Jim willingly assented, and said that he thought Aunt Betsey might like to go to church.

"Why, yes, I think I will. Somehow I always feel happier during the week when I go to meeting on Sunday. I carry all my troubles and leave them there."

So she put on her cloak and her dark straw bonnet with the brown ribbon, and her new kid gloves, and Jim thought, as he looked at her comely face, with the smooth hair on her brow, unadorned save by a simple lace ruche, that she was a very nice looking old lady. She knew just where she wanted to go; the minister up in "Cutney" had told her where she could find a preacher of her own persuasion, and she wished to hear him and see his immense church. The young gentleman halted the horse car, helped Aunt Betsey in, and told the driver where to stop—at a church near Sixth Avenue and Broadway. But we will let Aunt Betsey relate her own experience in church-going, premising that the following letter was not written until the evening of the following Sunday:

MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have been so busy with our sick boy that I could not write to you for the last week.

Jim's fever has passed its crisis, and he is now very weak, but the doctor thinks he will get along nicely. He sleeps a great deal, and as he lies asleep now, he looks so pale and thin that I can hardly keep the tears back. Did you ever think St. what a handsome boy he is? How proud a mother would be of him! And yet he has never known any mother or father but ourselves. Sometimes I am glad of it, because I love him as well as if he were my own flesh and blood. How he laughed to-day when I told him about the sermon! Don't be surprised, but I laughed telling it, and I laughed in meeting, too, and all the folks laughed. I guess it is the fashion to laugh in that meeting-house. But I'll go back and tell you all about going to meeting in this city. You see, last Sunday I felt as if I wanted to take all my cares and troubles, and leave them with God. I had been humming over to myself—

"How pleasant, how divinely fair,
Oh Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints."

I wanted to go to the place which our minister at home recommended. I went early, so as to have time to see the building. It is very large, and will hold all the population of "Cutney."

Why, the organ is half as big as our meeting-house, and it stands right behind the pulpit.

There were not half a dozen people in the house, so I took a little walk round, and then I thought, as I'm a little hard of hearing, I would go up on the side aisle and seat myself near the pulpit; but the sexton, who was a nice-looking gentleman, and walked very straight and held his head very high, said to me:

"You may sit in the gallery, ma'am; there are free seats there."

Now I never felt so curious in my life, because you know we would not do that in "Cutney." But I rose and walked slowly along, and it seemed as if he watched me, because he came again and said, "If you prefer, ma'am, you may sit down here," pointing to a pew close to the wall, behind a pillar. Now, St., I felt just as I suppose colored people do. You know we always put them in the back seat, or up gallery. But I tried to put away all wicked thoughts, and said over to myself—

"Blessed I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy courts, Oh God of grace."

I noticed the sexton was very busy seating the folks as the church filled, and by-and-by there came in two handsome young ladies, with long white waving plumes in their hats, and great black bags on the back of their heads, covered with gold netting, and dresses looped up over scarlet petticoats. They looked as bright as golden robins. The sexton motioned to them, and they followed him up the aisle, where he found a seat for them near the pulpit. Soon afterwards there came in a spruce young officer, with a captain's bars on his shoulder, and stopped a moment at the door; but the sexton spied him, and gave him a seat near the young ladies, which seemed to please them very much, for one nudged the other, and then they both looked at the captain and put on their sweetest smiles. Then I saw a soldier come in with a blue overcoat on, and he stood a moment at the door, but not long, for the sexton spied everybody that came, and he gave him the seat close to the wall, behind the pillar, where he was going to put me. In a few minutes the soldier rose and laid aside his heavy overcoat—no wonder, for the house was very warm, and his seat was close to the stove—and then I saw that he had on his shoulder two stars, indicating his rank to be that of a Major-General. The sexton, who must have had eyes all over his head, saw it too, and he went and spoke with him. I couldn't of course tell what he said, but the general shook his head, and settled himself down behind his pillar as if he came to hear and not to be seen. Pretty soon the sermon commenced, and it was upon the duty of Christians to be benevolent; and I felt St., that I never had done half enough for those who had not the gospel.

The minister wanted his people to give ten thousand dollars on the next Sunday for the spread of the gospel in the destitute parts of our country. That is a great deal for one church at one time, is it not?

The prayers were good, and were like angels' wings to me, hearing me up to heaven. I can't say so much for the music. One lady sung alone, and I could not find the place in the book, nor understand a word she said.

In the evening I went to a church that is very near here for an hour with our friend, Miss Hooper. Why, St., you would have opened your eyes wide, and your ears, too, for that matter. The bells made sweet music when we went, and continued to do so for some time after we entered. Then the church was full of all manner of carved work and gilding. I should think the kings of the earth had brought their honor and their glory into it; I thought I was too plain an old lady to go there, but the sexton gave me a pleasant seat, and remarked that the pews were all free, and not long afterwards I saw a poor, weary, laboring man, with his wife and a little boy, enter and kneel beside a gentleman and lady who got out of their carriage as I came in. The lady wore rich velvet and furs, but she didn't move away from the poor woman in her clean calico. It was very pleasant to me, and I wondered if it would please our Saviour. The prayers were read from a book, but though I wore my gold bowled spectacles, I could not find the places, and gave up trying. There were boys in white, who sang so sweetly that I wanted to go and kiss the little darlings. I wish Nellie could have been there, for she could have answered from the book, she reads so nicely, and could have sung with the rest. Jim was very much pleased that I had been to church, and he said that the next Sunday I must hear one of the popular preachers. He wanted my opinion of him, because he says we know what good preaching is in "Cutney." I tell him we go in for sound doctrine and the catechism, and I don't want to go where the gospel truth is not preached.

"By no means," he said; but he was sure I would like the truth this man preached.

So this morning, as the weather was pleasant, and Jim's feeling on hand to stay with him, I ventured to go alone across Fulton Ferry, where I followed the crowd to a plain meeting-house, that looked like Uncle John's great brick barn. I thought I must be mistaken, and inquired of a gentleman if this was Mr. B's church. He said I was right, but it was not always easy to find a seat, and as the crowd was great I was afraid I might have to come away. But I was pleasantly disappointed, for after stopping a moment in the entry, the sexton came to me, and asked me if I would like a seat, and gave me one where I could see and hear very nicely. And now you will want a description of this minister, that you have often wished to hear. Now don't you tell the minister and deacons at home, and I'll tell you just what I think of him. You know some of our good folks at home think he's not quite sound in the faith, and a little radical; but you know somebody says the devil ain't half as black as he's painted. Now it wouldn't do Deacon Stiles a bit of harm to hear him, for he did come down upon stingy Christians like a sledge hammer. Perhaps if the deacon would read that sermon, he'd raise his subscription for the minister. But he did tell one rather tough story. I believe it, because a minister said it in the pulpit. It was about a rich man and a poor man, who went together to the oil regions. The poor man invited all he had in the world, a few thousands, and waited till he was weary and hopeless for profit, which came not. The rich man was more successful, and after realizing handsomely from his investments, concluded to be satisfied and go home. The poor man then came and urged him to buy out his claim. "I am discouraged," he said, "and afraid to wait any longer. Will you give me what my claim cost?" The rich man did not want it, but after much urging consented. The next day they discovered oil, and one hundred thousand dollars was offered for the claim which the young man had relinquished for a few thousands. The poor fellow felt badly, of course, and remarked that it was always so with him: he was either too soon or too late, but never in luck. Now what do you think this rich man of New York did? Why, returned his claim to the young man, and thus made him worth a hundred thousand! Did it because he thought it was right and honorable. Now, when I told this to Jim, he laughed, and said if he could only see that rich man he would ask him to buy a little oil stock which he owns.

But what made Jim laugh more heartily was when I told him that the minister said he was very much grieved that the "Saints of the Herald" were not with some of the proceedings of his church. I did not see anything to laugh at at all, but Jim kept repeating "Saints of the Herald." That's good, auntie. Then I told him I wished he could have been there and joined in the laughing, for everybody laughed, and all the congregation seemed to have a good time generally. There were beautiful flowers on the table. There was not any pulpit—and then all the congregation sung together that beautiful old hymn, "When I can read my title clear." Why, St., I have not sung with so much spirit since I was a girl and sat in the singing seats in "Cutney," as I sang to-day in that church. Now I suppose Deacon Stiles would say that the exercises were not solemnizing enough, and that young Mr. Nightingale, who preaches for us sometimes, and uses such beautiful words, and reads his sermon so sweetly, and looks so grave, is a superior preacher. But I like this plain, outspoken way which the preacher had to-day. He made me feel just as if I would not be a bit afraid to talk to him if he'd come to "Cutney." I think he'd enjoy one of our turkey dinners, and a cup of good coffee; and the way he talked about hills and trees made me think he would like to sit in the

shade of our great elms, and fish in the little trout brook that runs through the meadow, and looks like a silver ribbon as it sweeps round the "Ox Bow."

But I must not spend all my time in telling you about the ministers. You want to know if I have money enough, and I must say you are very kind when you add, "Do not let Jim suffer for anything which money can buy," and you add, "I think, Betsey, you were somewhat taken in when you paid the 'nice little doctor' in advance for your rooms. I would not repeat such a transaction."

No, Sir, I will not; and besides, I think, after all, that you understand business out of doors better than myself; but then what a poor hand you would be at making butter and cheese! We have our different gifts, as St. Paul would say, and we will not dispute, as many do nowadays, about which is superior. I only know that I long to see you and the old home again. I would not give the dear old farm for all Madison Avenue, if I must live in that place and see all the time only stone buildings and nice furniture.

I must not close without telling you that I have discovered another inmate in this house. The gentleman in the basement sits all day long by his table, and I hear the tap of his little hammer, and now and then a click, click, like the motion of a clock. His wife looks pale every day, and she has a weary but patient look, as if she were waiting for something. The house was so very still, saving the slight noise below, that I supposed there were no other people in it. But the other evening I went to the drug store for some medicine, and as I hurried home I saw before me an old gentleman with a long cloth cloak—such a cloak as Judge Phillips used to wear, when he presided in the court, twenty years ago. I have not seen such a long time. The man before me wore it very gracefully, one side thrown over the right arm. Ah! Sir, do you remember who used to wear a cloak just in that way? This attracted my attention, and I walked slower and did not pass him. His hair was very white, for once he took off his hat, as one might do on a warm day, but not common on a winter's night. He had a great deal of hair, and he ran his hand through it as if it burdened him. He was tall and erect, and walked as if he were younger than his white hair would indicate. There was something about the man which interested me, though he was but one among many others on the street at the time. What was my surprise to see him step at our door, take out a pass key, and let himself in, as if he belonged to the house. I waited a moment before I followed, and then I distinctly heard a step in the hall above, and on the stairs which lead to the third story.

I found Jim asleep, and I sat down and wondered who the old man could be, and thought it was strange that we had seen and heard nothing of him before. Then I fell to musing about another person who used to wear a cloak in that way, and then Lottie came into my mind, and I seemed to hear her saying, as she threw her arms round me and nestled close to me in bed, "Oh, Betsey, you must forgive me, but I love him better than father or mother, brothers or sisters!" But good-night, Jim says, "Please, Aunt Betsey, read a chapter in John."

Your loving wife,
BETSEY HORNER.

CHAPTER V.

The Mysterious Lodger on the Fourth Floor.

Mrs. Horner had always lived in the country, and of course knew all her neighbors and their affairs. It is not to be supposed that she would long remain without making an effort to know more of the old gentleman on the upper floor; and her various surmises, and her attitude of listening whenever a door opened or a step was on the stair, amused Jim, who had long since become accustomed to the isolated and independent life of the city.

"Now, Jim, do you suppose he lives there all alone?"

"Indeed, I don't know, auntie; but he could do so easily, by hiring some one to clean his rooms, and taking his meals at a restaurant."

"But what a dreary, lonesome life that would be, Jim, for an old man! It makes my heart ache to think of it."

"There are many such lonely lives in great cities, aunt."

"There, now! Just listen, Jim. I hear a footstep. He's coming down, surely! It is just a week to-day since I met him on the street. Yes, it is him. Hush!"

And Aunt Betsey opened the door "just a crack," as she said, and saw the same cloak and hat pass through the hall into the street.

"Now, Jim, you look at your watch, and see what time he returns. I should not be surprised if he was a very orderly person, and regulated his walks by the clock."

The old lady was delighted to find her surmise correct, for he returned in just one hour, and the time of returning corresponded to a minute with that of the week previous.

"There, Jim, I've found out one fact; and now I venture to say he goes to the same place every Saturday evening at this time."

"You jump at conclusions rapidly, aunt."

"Well, now, we'll see."

"Rather a difficult process in this crowded city," said Jim.

"It is so curious," said Aunt Betsey in a low tone, as if talking to herself—"It is so curious: an old man living all alone, and going out only at dusk! I hope there's nothing wrong about him."

Having said this, Aunt Betsey went on with her knitting; but her thoughts were as rapid as her fingers. The coal was burning brightly in the grate; Jim was lying in that quiet, passive state generally attendant upon convalescence. The linen sheets, with their broad hems, and the snow-white pillow-cases, were evidently washed and ironed on the farm at "Cutney," and the old lady wore a very complacent look when she turned that way. The clock, went a little hammer in the kitchen beneath. It had become so common now that it was noticed only in these quiet hours when Aunt Betsey was reading or knitting. A thought seemed to enter her head, for she started up suddenly, knitting-work in hand, and left the room. Jim thought he heard a slight knock on the kitchen door, and then a stopping of the hammer. Yes, Aunt Betsey had gone to make a call on her neighbors. She was kindly received by the gentleman, but there was a timidity in the manners of the lady which prevented the visitor from being quite at ease. The husband evidently observed it, for he said:

"You must excuse us, Mrs. Horner. We are living in a very plain way at present, and my wife feels a little ashamed of our quarters; but as we keep no servant, we are of necessity in our kitchen a great deal. We have a parlor, and I shall be happy to receive you there, but to-day there is no fire there, and I am equally happy to see you here, if you can excuse the dark, dull room."

"My husband's little differences with my husband," said she, "so that he has his tools beside him."

"And the plants," said her husband, glancing at a long row of little pots on a shelf upon one side of the kitchen, near which was a stand, with a large tub on it, and what Aunt Betsey called "a curious sort of pine tree stuck into it." "Yes, the plants," he repeated, sadly. "I hope this cold weather will continue for a week longer, at least; for you know that the first pleasant day I must carry my pet to Mrs. Stewart. This, madam," turning to Aunt Betsey, "is a rare specimen of the class Scosandria, order Monogynia; Mrs. Stewart has offered me twenty dollars for it, and I must part with it, because I need money; but it goes against my heart sadly. I have some fine specimens of Cryptogamia in the parlor, which I would like to show you some day, Mrs. Horner."

"Thank you, Sir; I like to see all that's new and curious. I believe God gave us eyes and ears to see and hear what is going on around us; and for my part, I like to know my neighbors, especially if I live in the same house with them."

"That's right, that's right, Mrs. Horner," said the gentleman. "Now I was very much afraid that my work here might disturb you sometimes, and I was intending this very day to call in and see you, and ask the question."

"Well, if you had called we would have been glad to have seen you, for I must say it has been lonesome like, some days; but as for the noise, we are not disturbed in the least; but I would like to know what you are making."

"I have a number of inventions on hand, but just now I am making a machine to illustrate my improvement in the mechanism for obtaining intermittent rotary motion. It will astonish mechanics, and I am sure will bring me a fortune. I have not the least doubt of it, and I tell my wife that by next winter she will have a pleasant home, and a servant to wait upon her. You see that curious thing hanging upon the wall? Well, that is a model for a machine to extract the stumps of old trees; and here is another for sowing seed. When I was a boy I lived on a farm, and I have a great desire to invent something which will be useful to farmers. When I make money, as I am sure I will, by my inventions, I shall buy a little home far away from the city, where I can raise my own vegetables, and have plenty of room and fresh air."

The wife smiled, but shook her head.

"Ah, Mary, you must have more faith. Inventive genius is rewarded in this country. We'll see brighter days yet. We were not always situated as we are now, Mrs. Horner. I am a doctor by profession, and had earned a few thousands, which I had laid aside for a rainy day. But when I read about the wonderful silver mines of Nevada, I said to Mary at once, 'There, now, the road to wealth is open to us; and I invested all I had in a mining company. Then I invented machinery for crushing the ore, and discovered, as I thought, a new method for separating the silver; but one day I was so inconsiderate as to explain my invention, and tell my discovery to a gentleman who called, when to my astonishment I saw his name a few weeks afterwards in the papers as having patented both; and thus I was left unable to reap any benefit from months of study and experiment. Then the assessments upon my silver stock came fast and heavy, till I could not pay them, and lost all that I invested. We had leased this house, which you see is a very pleasant one, but as we could not afford to keep it all, we rented our rooms to the 'little doctor,' as you call him."

"And don't you rent any other part of the house?" said Aunt Betsey.

"No; but we lease ours from the old gentleman on the fourth floor."

Aunt Betsey dropped her knitting-work and listened attentively. "Now," she said to herself, "I shall certainly learn all about the mysterious man." But the gentleman said no more on that subject, but called Mrs. Horner's attention to his hysanitis, which were growing finely, and only needed more sun and air than the dingy, low kitchen supplied. Now the old lady was not particularly fond of house-plants, and only tolerated some at home to please Nellie; she had much more interest in her neighbors than in botany; but she called the hysanitis very pretty, though she had plenty at home, and preferred, she said, apple and pear trees in bloom to all the hothouse flowers in the city. [I am not sure that her taste was very defective here.]

The doctor, however, was mounted on one of his hobbies, and the good woman must needs wait till he had had his ride. He thought, sometimes, he said, of having a hothouse in the city. The profits would be very great, and then his life full of enjoyment. But, alas! all his spare money had gone so deep into a Nevada mine that it would never be drawn up again. He had no business now in his profession, but he hoped, yes, believed, that he should make a fortune yet by his ingenuity; that would be the quickest way. "You see my pet there. As I told you, I must part with that, for the rent and the coal bill and the baker's bill must be paid. Life is a struggle here in the city, Mrs. Horner, a race where the victors are few and the vanquished lie stricken and helpless, for no one has time to lift the fallen."

"I hope there are some good Samaritans even in this wicked city; but how can you know who are sufferers, if people shut themselves up in their houses and tell no one of their troubles?"

"Ay, Mrs. Horner, there are enough that proclaim their poverty, and beg your charity; but there are others who suffer alone and in silence. Hundreds, no doubt, die, who are too sensitive to tell the world of their poverty."

"When men shut themselves up all day, and only go out at night, I think it is time to inquire who they are and what they are about," said Mrs. Horner. "Now that old gentleman on the fourth floor is a real puzzle to me. He's as still as a mouse all day, but as soon as night comes he seems as wide awake as the owl. I don't know but he might be some poor creature who had not decent clothes to wear in the streets, and so went only at night; but if he leases this large house that cannot be the case."

"Hal hal hal!" laughed the happy doctor with the old coat and the bushy whiskers. "So you will puzzle your head over the lodger on the fourth floor, as my poor Mary did for months after we came here to live. But it is all in vain; you will never read that riddle. I would as soon undertake to tell 'who was the man in the iron mask,' decide 'if we have a Bourbon among us,' if salt-petre will explode, or who killed Tecumseh, as to try to answer your question: 'Who is the man on the fourth floor?'"

"Why, has not he any name?"

"We call him Mons. Naret—a French name you will perceive, pronounced without the t. That was the name under which we transacted our business, and by which we now address him; but I have some reasons for thinking that it is not his real name. Wife, do tell Mrs. Horner about your visit to the lodger on the fourth floor."

The lady smiled as she said:

"I wish, Mrs. Horner, that if another opportunity presents to visit him, you may be the one, as I am sure you would be amused. My husband was absent one day at the meeting of the Scientific

Club. I was alone in the house, when, as I sat sewing, the door was suddenly opened, and Mr. Naret stood before me, looking like a ghost for paleness, and trembling so much that he could scarcely speak. He wore a shawl over a long silk damask dressing-gown, and, if you have seen him, you know that he is a tall man, but he seemed then to loom up to the wall.

"Mrs. John! Mrs. John!" said he, "I believe I am dying! I think I am very sick. Can you come to me?"

Without waiting for an answer he turned and went up the stairs as silently and swiftly almost as if he were the ghost I at first feared. I followed, but before I was at his door he had thrown himself upon the bed, and there was upon his face for one instant a look of extreme suffering; then he fainted and lay like one dead. There was camphor and cold water near, and I used them freely and with some success. In a few minutes he recovered and said:

"Thank you, madame; you are very kind. I am sorry to trouble you. I have feared this might happen. I am subject to such attacks, and will, no doubt, die in one of them."

He seemed much agitated, and his heart beat against his breast like a poor, fluttering bird against the bars of its cage. He told me that I would find some medicine in the pantry. I opened the door, and as I did so he said, "Third shelf, second shelf." It was there, and near it the tiniest, most beautiful little crystal glass I ever saw. He bade me pour five drops into the glass, half filled with water. He took it and it soothed him.

"I think I shall recover from this," he said; "but not many more such; no, not many more such!" And he looked very sad. "I am not ready to die yet; not that I fear death—no, 't were easy, were my work done, to lay aside mortality; but I must live a little longer. Mrs. John, I can trust you. I have studied faces a great deal in my life, and I know that your face is the index of a heart that will not prove false. If I should die in these rooms, you will find a key in my pocket-book which will open that little Indian cabinet. There are letters to friends who may care for me, and who will see that my remains are sent to England. Will you be the one to open the cabinet?"

I promised him, for I could not do otherwise, feeble as he was, and I then told him I would make him a cup of tea. He assented, and was passive as a child. I was going to my own kitchen to do it, but he told me I would find tea and all that was necessary in the pantry. A fanciful little Japanese tea-caddy, an antique china cup and a bright copper tea-kettle, small and polished enough for a fairy, were on the shelf, and a gas stove on a bracket in the corner of the room. I saw but one tea-spoon, and that was very small and heavy, and had a crest upon the handle. It was a dainty cup of tea, and he was pleased with it, and, soon after drinking it, fell asleep. I wish you could see his pantry. There were few articles there, but those few were all very antiquated and very nice: one plate only, but that of real Sevres china; one silver fork, with the initial letters, "J. N. S.," and a crest; one tea-cup and saucer, same as plate, (Sevres), but different in design; one goblet—real old glass, and the tiny glass of which I have before spoken. These articles comprised his table furniture. On the little table near which I sat was a very fine linen shirt, evidently quite old, but neatly mended. As I sat looking, but not handling it, I saw a needle and thread attached to the sleeve and to a yet unfinished darn so beautifully worked that few women of my acquaintance could have done it. I was puzzled, I assure you, for I had never seen any woman or girl ascend the stairs since we came to the house, and my surprise was not lessened by seeing on the shelf in the cupboard a neat little workbox, which (excuse a woman's curiosity) I found, on opening, was furnished with everything necessary for sewing, a small gold thimble, scissors, &c., &c. I heard my husband enter the house, and I came down stairs thinking it would be best for him to go up. But he said, "Wait awhile; let him sleep." Then in about an hour he knocked at Mr. Naret's door. The gentleman himself opened it, and, in answer to my husband's offers of assistance, said he was better, and needed no aid.

"Yes, very polite and very cool," said Dr. John.

"But very grateful, I think," said his wife, "for he brought me, a few days afterward, a small but rare bouquet. That was the only way that he recognized my attention."

Her husband laughed. "My wife has been weaving quite a little romance about him; but New York is too full of adventurers and satinslipped rogues for me to trust any man that seduces himself on the fourth floor, and is afraid of sunlight. I tell wifey that the next time such a ghost appears to her, to call in Dr. Jarvis from the next door, and never again administer strange medicines in antique, tiny crystal glasses."

"Well, doctor, I think Mr. Naret has some trouble, and is in perplexity about something. I think he is a good man."

"Perhaps so; I know nothing to the contrary."

"It is said," said Mrs. Horner, "for an old man to live alone; and it would seem that he cooks and mends. Oh, dear! the demon would think that times were hard if he had to make a cup of tea. I wonder if he'd know whether to put in a tea-spoonful or a pint. But there, I must go to Jim. He'll miss me."

And Aunt Betsey went up to her room quite as much in the mist about the lodger on the fourth floor as when she went down.

[Conclusion in our next.]

Note from Mrs. Horton—Newton Matter—Missionary Work.

I have just been looking over the BANNER, (which, by the way, ever since says is increasing in real merit), in which I saw a note in the Western Editor's column, entitled, "Weary, weary, worn!" to which my soul has often responded, and wondered if such great noble souls as our Western editor did ever feel such words sounding in his whole being, like some deep pent-up fountain just ready to break forth in a wall from the weak heart of woman. Well, it is a little comforting to know that somebody knows something of life's experience in this direction, and can sympathize with us in our common trials. I know, though often driven almost to despair from mere fatigue, that there is always rest for the weary just at hand. Our angel-guides never place great burdens upon us that they can help us to bear. Never was I better apprised of this fact than when I went to Newton Corner, last month, to speak for the society of Spiritualists, who, last October were "moved upon" to hold meetings for six Sundays. On worthy and eloquent lecturers, Mrs. A. A. Carrier, first addressed them. Six meetings created efficient interest to warrant their continuance for six months. Thus far it has been an unexpected success, both in funds to sustain speakers and in desire to extend the investigation of the Spiritual Philosophy. The friends in Newton, Brighton, Watertown, and Waltham were just ready to break forth in a wall from the weak heart of woman. Well, it is a little comforting to know that somebody knows something of life's experience in this direction, and can sympathize with us in our common trials. I know, though often driven almost to despair from mere fatigue, that there is always rest for the weary just at hand. Our angel-guides never place great burdens upon us that they can help us to bear. 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Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39,
Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lion Hunt.)

(Original.)

AUNT ZERA'S STORIES.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

Confucius.

"Auntie, dear, I want a little of your advice," said Will in a low tone to Aunt Zera, as if he did not care to be heard. "You know I don't like to be humbugged, and yet I believe I want to do right. I want to hear that missionary preach to-day, and I had about made up my mind to go this evening and give him every cent I had. He's going to China, you know, to try to convert the Chinese into first-rate Christians."

"And why do you want my advice? You know I should say, do as seems best; if you think the poor Chinaman needs your money—"

"Oh, but, auntie, it isn't the Chinaman at all; it's Mr. Blount that wants the money."

"Well, you know I would say do as you feel for money is of far less value than the feeling that one has done right."

"Well, auntie, I happened to hear Stephen say at lunch time, that every country had a religion that grew naturally from the condition of the people, or something of the kind, and just as like as not the Chinaman isn't fitted for Mr. Blount's sort of religion at all. But what I want is that you should tell me if they have had any sort of religious teachers, or anybody to tell them what is right?"

"A very important question," said Aunt Zera; "for if they have anybody to tell them their duty and to teach them to live good lives, perhaps they can do without Mr. Blount a while longer. Call Eunie, and Grace and Kate, and we will have a little history to help you understand the Chinese and their religion a little better."

You know the Chinese have not changed much in their habits and customs in the course of ages. They think that what their grandfathers did is just right, and they intend to do just the same. They don't ask for any new ideas, but take all the old ones as exactly true."

"They would not make very good Yankees, would they?" said Will. "Catch a Yankee thinking like his grandfather! Why, Aunt Zera, if you'll believe me, I've been real troubled lately, because Kate says I am an old fogey. Suppose I'd make a good Chinaman, eh?"

"You like the good opinion of others, no doubt," said Aunt Zera, "and you are sometimes afraid—"

"Don't call me a coward," said Will, blushing. "I must call things by their true names. He who is afraid to believe in any truth for fear of being laughed at, is the worst kind of a coward."

"But Will will knock down any boy that says he's a coward," said Kate.

"I dare say Will is brave in all dangers. I am sure he was quite a hero when he dragged the boy out of the pond the other day, at risk of his own life."

"The ice was cracking all around him," said Kate.

"But he was ashamed to own that his Aunt Zera believed in spirits, and that they could communicate with her, when David Blodgett asked him," said Aunt Zera with a smile.

"Well, auntie, I do hate to have people think you are a fool, when I know you are the smartest woman in the State."

Aunt Zera bowed low with a comical seriousness of manner, and Will continued:

"You know, auntie it isn't exactly because I am afraid, but I don't want people to misunderstand things."

"Look again, boy," said Aunt Zera; "don't stop at the surface, but look down deep."

Will turned seriously to his aunt, and said:

"Please, auntie, don't ask me to tell exactly what I do think. But let us return to the investigation of the Chinaman's religion."

"Oh dear, dear," sighed Kate. "I thought we were going to have a story. I don't like religion—I mean religion that is talked about and I think I'll return to my own stories, about the dear little fairies that made their home in the lilies."

"Oh Kate," said Eunie, "how can you read such books Sunday?"

"If they're good enough to read, I can't see any difference when I read them. The birds sing Sunday, and the crows caw, for I heard them to-day, and they are good teachers, so your minister says."

"The crows?" said Will, laughing.

"No, the birds and the lilies," said Kate; "and my Callie lily opened to-day. But I'll be good and listen to all Aunt Zera says about the religion of the Chinese."

"Oh, I am going to tell you a story, that is all," said Aunt Zera. "About two thousand and two hundred years ago, there was, born in China, a boy, who was called Kong-Foutzen, which name was made into Latin and called Confucius. His father died when he was only three years old. He was not like other boys, fond of sports and games, but serious and full of thought. He was also very poor, and he was obliged to support himself with hard toil with his hands."

"That is truly the way with most all," said Will. "I am glad I know it. How much better it seems to work hard when we know we are following the example of so many great men."

"It is really true that most great men have had to toil as well as think. Confucius dearly loved his mother, who lived until he was twenty-four years old, when she died, and he mourned greatly. He married when he was nineteen years old, and had a child."

"When he was twenty years old he was appointed superintendent of grain and cattle. This office he received because of his intelligence and goodness. Afterwards he held an office at court. He was greatly grieved at the cruelty of the rulers, and the wickedness of the people. He was not willing to call that good which custom thought right. He felt within himself that there was a nobler code of morals than was accepted at court."

"What do you mean, auntie?" said Kate.

"A code of morals is those rules that are called rules of life. Confucius had rules in himself, and he was not satisfied to do as other men did. He began to talk about these good rules, and to give his opinions of what men ought to do to be called good. The result was, that men began to hate him, and prevailed on the Emperor to dismiss him. He then applied himself to study and to teaching his favorite ideas. This he continued for fifteen years. He became so distinguished that his sayings again decided to have him at court. He remained in favor for five years, when he was again dismissed. We have preserved to us some

verbs that express his feelings when dismissed from court. He was fifty-six years old when he started on his exile."

"The poetry, please, auntie," said Grace.

"If I can remember, here it is:
Oh, how is it, azure heaven,
From my home I thus am driven,
Through the land my way to trace,
With no certain dwelling place?
Dark, all dark, the minds of men,
Worth comes vainly to their ken,
Hasten on my term of years,
Desolate old age appears."

He had many thousands of disciples who thought him the wisest man that ever lived. Yet he seems to have had great sorrow and loneliness. His father and mother, wife and child were dead. His friends must have been very negligent, for he often suffered from poverty, sometimes not having enough to eat. He went from province to province teaching, and his advice was sought by all."

"But what did he teach?" said Will.

"First of all, that human nature is good and beautiful, unless it is made unholy by wrong doing, or is clouded by ignorance."

"I am sure that is better than Mr. Blount's idea, that everybody is ever and ever so wicked," said Grace.

"It is truly a noble idea, and he taught that the best way to make men truly good and wise, was to reverence God, to be just and kind to every human being, to be temperate in eating and drinking, and to let the conduct be always proper. He believed in a future life, and taught the worship of spirits."

"But that was not right, was it?" said Will.

"If Paul was right, Confucius was not wrong. Paul said, 'Let no man beguile you from worshiping angels.'"

"I never heard any minister preach from that text," said Will, "and I always remember texts."

"You will find, however, that what I say is true. But Confucius became distinguished for his great labor in collecting the scattered fragments of old books, and the wise sayings of men who had lived fifteen hundred years before him. These books are called, 'The Five Volumes,' and they date back before the time of Moses."

For this labor he has been warmly thanked by his countrymen. They say that by preserving these writings for ten thousand ages, he possesses ten thousand times the merit of the original writers. But although he wrote no book himself, yet he left many wise maxims which are preserved. I wish, Will, you would call them texts, and remember them:

"Not to correct our faults is to commit new ones."

"He who knows the right is not equal to him who loves it; nor is he who loves it equal to him who delights in it."

"How vast is the power of spirits. An ocean of invisible intelligences surrounds us everywhere. If you look for them you cannot see them. If you listen you cannot hear them. They cause men to purify and sanctify their hearts. They are everywhere, above us, on the right and on the left. Their coming cannot be calculated. How important that we should not neglect them."

I would like to quote many more."

"I am not tired, auntie, a bit," said Kate. "It sounds like a pretty hymn."

"Then I will give you one or two more of his maxims."

"To know that a thing is right and not to do it, is weakness."

"Coarse rice for food, water for drink, and one's bended arm for a pillow, even in the midst of these there is happiness; but riches and honor gained by injustice, are to me like fleeting clouds."

Five years before he died he was recalled to court, and these years were quiet and prosperous, but he was then an old man and he could not forget the past. Early one morning he rose, and walking wearily with his hands behind his back dragging his staff, he said, "The great mountain must crumble, the strong beam must break, and the wise man wither away like a plant. My time has come to die."

He went to his couch, and never left it again. He died the eleventh of March, four hundred and seventy-eight years before the birth of Jesus, when seventy-three years of age. After he was dead, people began to honor him. Some of his disciples erected a tent near his grave, and remained there three years mourning for him. Ever since he died, he has been as unduly honored as he was wrongly treated during his life. In China he is considered the great prophet. Temples are reared to him, and tablets inscribed to him. He is even worshipped."

It is said that he was miraculously born; that he drained off the waters of a great deluge, and these wonderful things make him appear as unlike common men."

"But, auntie," said Will, "I don't see anything like a religion in what he said."

"His peculiar ideas of God and heaven are probably to be found in The Five Volumes. But one day one of his pupils asked him what one maxim could best govern one's whole life. He answered, 'Never do to others what you do not wish them to do to you.' I think that kind of religion is the best that we can have."

"So do I," said Grace.

"But then you know," said Will, "there is nothing about Jesus Christ in it."

"Oh Will, you are trying to say what Mr. Blount said," said Kate.

"As Jesus Christ was not born then, and the world had never heard of him, we could not expect Confucius to preach about him. Is it not beautiful to find that a great and good man uttered the same sentiments that Jesus did four hundred years after?"

"Why, I thought nobody ever said anything half as good as Jesus did," said Kate.

"We can believe that no one ever gave so many sublime lessons of love and truth; but truth is put into the hearts of all good men, and love is expressed by every one who wishes to bless his fellow men. If you had never heard a word that Jesus ever uttered, I think you would feel that you ought to do to others as you would have others do to you."

"But I thought, auntie," said Will, "that we had to learn all these things from others."

"Supposing you should be told that you ought to love me; if you did not feel it, what good would it do? Supposing you were told that you ought to be kind and thoughtful; if you did not feel that you ought to be so; I don't think the telling would make you so. The truth is, the reason that we love the sayings of Jesus is because we feel that they are just what we wish to say when we are good and noble."

If Confucius felt the same great truths, do you think it makes Jesus' greatness any less?"

"Auntie," said Kate, "I'd a great deal rather you'd tell us something more about Confucius."

"I was going to tell you that although all the Chinese at this day reverence Confucius, yet it is only the most learned that receive all his opinions. The prevailing religion in the worship of Fo, which means God, there are some singular stories told by the missionaries about the ideas

of the Chinese. They think that the soul when it dies passes into some other body."

"What you called transmigration?" said Will.

"Yes. And one day some priests of Fo passing the dwelling of a rich peasant, saw three large ducks before the door. They immediately stopped before the house and began to weep bitterly. The good woman of the house came out to inquire what was the matter. They replied, 'We know that the souls of our fathers have passed into those ducks, and we are unhappy fearing you may kill them.' The woman promised that she would tend them carefully."

"But perhaps your husband will not be so careful," said the shrewd priests. The good woman was so filled with pity for their anxiety, that she gave them the ducks."

"A pretty cunning way to get three fat ducks for dinner," said Will.

"It is from such absurd ideas that the disciples of Confucius try to take the people."

"Well," said Will, "if they don't like Confucius, I don't believe that they will fancy Mr. Blount, and I'm glad I didn't give him my money."

"No doubt," said Aunt Zera, "that some day the Chinese will be willing to learn truth and wisdom; but at present they cling to their own ideas, and I believe it will take many wise teachers to change them much."

"One more funny story?" said Kate.

"Well, one more and I am done. An old man had been converted to the Catholic faith, and was to be baptized. The missionary expressed his joy that the old man's soul was to be saved. 'I do not understand,' said the old man. 'The priests assure me that when I die I shall become a post-horse to the Emperor, and that I must be a faithful animal, to repay the Emperor for his kindness. I cannot bear to think of it. I dream about it, and feel myself harnessed and ready to receive the whip of the driver. What shall I do when I am really a horse? If your religion can save me from such a miserable future I will be a Christian.' The old man was baptized, and became very happy in the belief that he should not be obliged to live in the form of a horse after he died. I suppose that Mr. Blount hopes to save the people from such follies. But I believe that the truth will spring up in their midst."

"So do I, auntie," said Will, "but I think I'll give a quarter to Mr. Blount, and save the rest toward paying my passage to the Celestial Empire, for I mean to go, and I will study the religion of Confucius when I get there."

(Original.)

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

This beautiful little creature, so fairy-like, the smallest of the feathered race, is a native of America. There are seventy varieties of them, so naturalists tell us, and yet only one kind ever visits the United States. It takes its name from the humming sound made by the rapid motion of its wings as it balances itself over a flower."

It is one of the most beautiful of all birds in the elegance of its form and the brilliancy of its plumage, which is wonderfully delicate. It loves to frequent gardens and sip the honey from the flowers just as the humble-bee does."

Notwithstanding its tiny size it is full of pluck and courage, and so combative that it will often show fight to much larger birds; and not only this, the little creature possesses the most violent and ungovernable passions. If it is disappointed in getting honey from a flower, it will sometimes tear it in pieces with all the fury imaginable; it will often fight with desperate fury."

Honey is not its sole food; although it is very fond of sipping the flowers of their sweet contents, yet it also eats quantities of small insects that it finds floating in the atmosphere or resting upon the flowers. The general color is a rich, golden green; its breast and neck are of a grayish white."

Sometimes when a window is open, one of the dear little fellows will come dashing in, and if there are any flowers in the room he will pay them a visit to see if they have any of the sweets he loves so well."

He is a general favorite with everybody, and as he poses himself in the air the intensely rapid motion of his wings make it look as if he was surrounded with a golden mist. His long, slender bill seems made for the very purpose of penetrating to the very bottom of the tiny cups of the flowers."

The nest of the humming-bird is most exquisitely constructed, and is a marvel of littleness. It is only an inch in diameter and about an inch in depth. It is usually fixed upon the upper side of a branch of a tree, and the outside is so nearly the color of the tree upon which it is built that it often escapes observation entirely, or passes for a knot or excrescence upon the tree. It is beautifully lined with down taken from the leaves of the mullein plant, and in it the female lays two little eggs about as large as a pea, pure white in color. If any one goes near the nest, the little owners will dart around their head and attempt to defend the dear little home they love so well."

They are often caught by blowing water upon them through a tube or glass syringe, or shooting them with sand. Then they are stuffed and mounted in groups with other birds and put under a glass, making a beautiful ornament. They are often worn in the hats or bonnets of little children as ornaments."

In South America, where they are very abundant, you will see them as soon as the sun has arisen hovering over the flowers in flocks, looking as if a beautiful cloud, golden hued and many-plumed, had fallen upon them from the sky."

When next you see one of these little creatures, study its habits, watch its graceful motions, try and find its tiny nest, mark the brilliancy and beauty of its delicate plumage, and you will have another beautiful lesson of the wonder and glory of that divine creative power that fills the world with beauty in an infinite variety of forms."

(Original.)

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

"I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few, yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep—
Oh God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
Oh God! can I not have
One from the plumed wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?"

Edgar Allan Poe.

RAT POISONS.—If rats trouble you poison them. This is getting the most certain and expeditious way of getting rid of the pests. Take Carbonate of Barytes, one ounce; Tallow, half pound; Oil of Rhodium, 20 drops. Mix well. This is greedily eaten by the rats, produces thirst, and they leave the house in search of water, and die on drinking."

An exchange says that in a public office in a Western city the following notice may be seen: "Lost—A valuable new silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head."

Written for the Banner of Light. TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MRS. C. A. K. POORE.

Alone within my silent chamber,
In the twilight shadows gray,
I am sitting, sadly musing
On the friends who've passed away.
Up within the latticed window,
Breathing fragrance through the room,
Come the gentle evening breezes,
Laden with a rich perfume.

But my busy brain is throbbing
With the memories of yore;
And my heart is fondly yearning
For the loved ones gone before.
Father, mother, gentle brother,
And one nearer, dearer still,
Who have crossed the mystic river,
Can ye not return at will?

Breathe upon my world-worn spirit
Balm from the Elysian shore;
Give me sure and sacred token
That ye love me as of yore.
For in hope I'm waiting—waiting
For an angel vision bright;
But yet, most of all, I'm longing
For my little one to-night—

She who in her baby beauty
Passed from out our mortal sight,
When upon her waxen features
We had pressed our last good-night.
Kind hands entwined with roses
And decked with bud and spray
The form we so had cherished,
Then laid with tears away.

The blue eyes are sealed in darkness,
Changed is now the dimpled cheek,
And the tiny, loving fingers,
Folded in quiet meek;
Perished is the little casket
Which we deemed so passing fair,
But the precious gem that graced it,
Sparkles still in glory rare.

And her pure and stainless spirit,
Freed from mortal strife and pain,
From the verdant summer bowers
Comes to visit us again!
All unseen she's crossed the threshold,
And has climbed upon my knee,
And with voiceless, mute caresses,
She bringseth peace to me.

Though upon my earth-bound vision
Her outward form may not appear,
Yet my heart is strangely thrilling,
And I feel her presence near.
Now from off my spirit vision,
Dispelled by heavenly light,
Flee the mists and dark'ning shadows,
My little one is here to-night!

Howitt's History of Priestcraft.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF PRIESTCRAFT IN ALL AGES AND NATIONS. By William Howitt.

This work is calculated to do excellent service in the cause of religious truth, even though the author is tethered to the foregone conclusion that the Hebrew mythology in the Bible forms an exception to the essential origin of all the ancient religions; and he makes the same mistake in his work on Spiritualism, or "History of the Supernatural in All Ages." Had he been a learned Freemason, or had he had the key thereof with which to open the profounder Biblical mysteries, penetrating their dark corners and dismembering them by the same mode of the ancients, he would have beheld in their allegories, opened in all their various aspects of parallelisms, the mystic Landmarks resting upon the same foundation as in Heathendom. When the Bible is opened from this point of view, and its personified physiology of the earth and the heavens understood, it will be found to possess no exclusive root of the matter, supernatural and infallible. Taking the Mosiac system as parallel in Landmarks with the Egyptian wisdom, and of the nations round about, we shall find its truths very subtly veiled in mystical drapery, requiring the peculiar wisdom of these days to understand a parable of the interpretation thereof, the words of the wise and their dark sayings. Hebrew and Heathen symbols are essentially alike in the Nature-worship of old time, and we may readily grant the various truths underlying them; but it is the very folly of our age, and the darkness visible, to claim the Bible as outside the common survey of antiquity, as not within the pale of the mysteries, and veiled from the vulgar eye by the priesthoods who had the engineering of the same. It is neither just nor true that the Hebrews had God, or Abraham, to their father, while the heathen had only the devil. The various religions or mysteries taught the same essential moralities, however perverted by the outcropping of the various sects, nor were rites and ceremonies so unlike but that each might rejoice at the festival of his neighbors. Christianity was an outgrowth, a step forward, a progress, a come-outer reform, radical, revolutionary and sublimely beautiful; hence so foully assaulted by the church and clergy, which it supplanted; but growing from the day of small things, a clergy because its engineers, binding the people to creeds in various shades of belief as contemptible as useless; yet enabling the clergy to ride the people, boot and spurred, by the grace of God through long ages of terrible atrocities. But whatever ignorance and darkness the church theology has wrought, as the mother of its devotion, the Christian system is not to be jumped out of the ordinary causes of being. Its parables reach down into that primary Nature-worship of which Christ, or the Wisdom in that name, had many things to say that the people could not hear.

In the sacred code of all the religions by Mazzeres, we find the same common plane of all the ancient civilization—the same common moralities; and apart from the human sacrifices, Mexico, when discovered, presented some very pure traits of moral and spiritual life, as cited in Prescott's history, and Peruvian civilization was remarkable in many of its aspects. The advice given to her daughter by the Mexican mother, as cited by Prescott, has never been surpassed by that of any Christian mother: yet old Jewry itself was never more humble in its slaughter of men, women and children for the glory of God than were the Mexican priesthood in their sacrifices to their God. If we did not know the force of education and rule-of-tonguing and grooving to the embrace of Biblical theologues—it would seem impossible that an author like friend Howitt, in his gathering of all religions, does not behold the marks which prove the Hebrew of common type and of like beginning, with no more just claim to the supernatural and infallible than that of the nations round about. The ark, symbol of the world and woman, the ship of many waters, the sacrifices, sprinklings of blood, &c., new moons, Sabbaths, or festivals, &c., all go to show a common parallelism.

The first books of the Bible appear to have been compilations from earlier records, and from the

legendary lore of those days, alike common in essential nature, and more or less prevailing from India to Palestine, and from Phœnicia and Egypt to Greece and Rome.

How silly, then, to suppose that Israel was hand-marked by the finger of God, while the same was done in Heathendom by the fall of the devil. It is quite as susceptible of proof that Israel gathered from their neighbors, as that their neighbors gathered from them. The Mexican God appears parallel to him of Phœnicia and Israel, and when he led his people from the northwest to the Mexican lake, "they went forward," says Purchas, "bearing their idol with them in an ark of reeds, supported by four of the principal priests, with whom he talked and communicated his oracles and directions. He likewise gave them laws, and taught them the sacrifices and ceremonies they still observe. And even as the pillar of cloud and of fire conducted the Israelites in their passage through the wilderness, so this apish devil gave them notice when to advance and when to stay." Thus the same things done by the Israelites were of the Lord, but were of the apish devil when done in Mexico. It is not said whether "this apish devil" smote as many as the Holy Lord God of Israel when the people looked into the ark.

When we see how the three sons of Noah and the eight people of the ark form a mystical dwelling for the Lord, or Deus ex Machina, according to the wise master building of ancient Freemasonry, or the mysteries, we shall not fail to see that the Hebrew Godmen were quite as cute in their calling as the other priestcrafts in all ages and nations. The Nonchic mysteries and superstitions have a key to their opening. The bold and free genius of Greece sometimes caused inextinguishable laughter to rend the skies, by speaking right out in meeting. Even sorrowful Job seems to hear all the stars singing together, and all the sons of God shouting for joy. The grand old Homer strode a giant among the Gods, yet none the less condescended to men of low estate; and in the advance of a thousand years, the spirit gives him utterance to proclaim the equivalent of that most beautiful truth, "inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

"It is what the Gods require; those Gods reverse. The poor, and strangers are their constant care. To Job their cause and their revenue they care. He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs."

The Grecian mysteries were essentially one with those discovered in the pattern on the mount, whose cloudy canopy stretched from India to Egypt, and covered the happy land of Canaan. In whatever mode they were celebrated, they were variously and a certain door or gate viewed as of primary importance. Sometimes it was the door of the temple; sometimes the door of the consecrated grove; sometimes it was the hatchway of the boat within which the aspirant was enclosed; sometimes a hole, either natural or artificial, between rocks; and sometimes a gate in the sun, moon, or planets. Through this the initiates were born again; and from this the profane were excluded. Here may be found that female aspect in the HE-SIX of Jehovah who had a tabernacle in the sun, and was like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber rejoicing like a strong man to run a race. Here, too, we may find that cleft in the rock where the Lord showed himself to Moses; here the door of the ark and the windows of heaven, through which are seen the waters of the great deep, and these above the firmament which swathed the profane antediluvians, and left them like Pharaoh's host in the Dead Sea, when the Lord took out their chariot wheels and left them to flee from the face of Israel through the horrible pit and miry clay.

"So sacred a secret were these mysteries in all countries, that whoever revealed any portion of them was instantly put to death." The "Book of Enoch" informs us that the great sin of the antediluvians was that they revealed the secret of the mysteries—those mysteries which involved the generation of the heavens and the earth by the very natural process, as continued until this day, even to the very mode in which the Lord buried Moses.

Those who had been initiated into the mysteries were held to be extremely wise, and to be possessed of motives to the highest honor and purity of life. But these secrets were the firmament which swathed the profane antediluvians, and left them like Pharaoh's host in the Dead Sea, when the Lord took out their chariot wheels and left them to flee from the face of Israel through the horrible pit and miry clay.

The strong meat for men was the natural or physiological in all these things. Dionysus or Bacchus, equivalent to Moses or the Lord, was received into the womb, and woman was the mystic ark swelling out like a ship upon the waters. Every phase of the mysteries had its moral and spiritual parallelism to furnish the moral rule of the World. Earth and heaven blended in the same embrace; and though the first Adam was a living soul, the last was a quickening spirit—the first natural and afterward the spiritual—the first man was of the earth, the second man the Lord from heaven, as per Isaiah.

But the veil is still over friend Howitt when Moses is read, and he finds in the supernatural clap-net of the Biblical mysteries, "the most astounding miracles." We may thus see the force of early education, when the genius is not sufficient to surmount the plane of authoritative drill to look through the veil when the eyes of the Holy Land. Friend Howitt and his like have not the open vision to follow on to know the Lord over the parallel track of the Hebrew and Heathen mysteries, but are tethered to the outermost circumference of the letter, lest the Lord break forth upon them. Yet there is no more difficulty of reading Moses in the symbolical-mythical word of God than when the same mysteries are under the Heathen veil. Whether in the Bible or out, so far as the priests have been the engineering of the mysteries, it has ever been held legitimate to enlighten the people over the head of the priests, and that "the astounding miracles" which God wrought for the Jews, were any more potent to conversion than the "astounding miracles" wrought by the Deus ex Machina of kindred mysteries. Says Howitt, "One of the precious maxims of the fourth century was, 'that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie when it could promote the interest of the Church—a maxim never afterwards forgotten.'" There may have been somewhat of this even before the fourth century; and Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" admits that some of the old prophecies were "supplied" were rather apt, at times, in odds and ends, to come up to the help of the Law on the shady side of the truth; and so even the Godmen of the Bible sometimes declare of each other. Theodore Parker, in speaking of a notable politician, declared that "outside the clerical profession he was the most adroit liar he ever heard speak," so that the Protestant, as well as the Romish priest-hoods, have not been wanting in that craft which makes the worse appear the better reason, or in what it sometimes called lying for the glory of God. Garrison's Liberator used to lay a good deal of judgment to this line, and the February number of the Radical—a first-rate number in full—has C. K. Whipple on the old track of plumbing the infallibility of the Bible, and of tripping the clergy in their oblique estate.

Says friend Howitt, "No State religion, Pagan or Christian, from the foundation of the world, but is stained with blood." Very well; but the Hebrew religion was a State religion, instituted, as you say, by the "most astounding miracles" to the sound of God's trumpets. Well, these trumpets had no uncertain sound when they blew their blast to the exterminating of men, women and children

Banner of Light.

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Reconstruction of the Union.

The New York papers announce a work soon
to be published on this subject, in a letter from
Judge Edmonds to Gov. Morgan, one of the Sen-
ators from New York. The New York Tribune
says:

"The American News Company will soon pub-
lish a 'Letter on the Reconstruction of the Union,'
written by Judge John W. Edmonds to Senator
Morgan. It discusses the Constitutional ques-
tions, the powers of the President and Congress,
the condition of the South, the Freedmen, the
Democratic policy, and its spirit in fairly ex-
pressed in the following paragraph: 'I have often
noticed in the halls of Congress and elsewhere
disquisitions as to what is now the true status of
the Confederate States. Some claim that they
are States still, and entitled to all rights as such;
some that they are conquered provinces, and others
that they are States with their rights as such
in abeyance, &c. Of what use are all these sub-
tle distinctions, these metaphysical refinements,
which have prevailed so long at the South that
they have caused the people to reason themselves
out of house and home, out of property, country,
and political rights? For my part, I say, away
with them all! What we want is practical good
sense, that shall produce everywhere obedience to
the supremacy of the law and a happy reunion
throughout the land.'"

Some of the residue of that part of the paper,
which we find in the New York Evening Post,
after stating the proposition that the Union could
be dissolved only by unanimous consent, says:

"Therefore it is that there is no provision in
the Constitution in conflict with this great pur-
pose of perpetual union; and it is equally true that
there is no express prohibition against the seces-
sion of one or more States."

The men of that day were too wise to suppose
that all wisdom was concentrated in them, and
that none was left for their posterity; and, con-
tent with an explicit avowal of their purpose,
they left it to future ages to meet the events which
time might bring in its train, and to future wis-
dom to provide the remedy.

It is in such a condition that we now find our-
selves, with power, either by amendment to the
Constitution, or by laws of Congress (within the
limits of its power), to provide any remedy which
the emergency may demand. And we find nothing
in the way of the exercise of that redeeming
power but the traditions and refinements and
subtle interpretations of the Constitution, which,
unhindered in prominence at the close of the last
century, have brought upon us in our day the
disasters from which we have not yet fully recover-
ed.

Therefore it is that I say away with them! For
if they are to rule, emancipation is not half
achieved, secession is not half killed."

We learn that the work is a very elaborate dis-
cussion of all the questions involved in the re-
construction of the Union, and deals with great
gentleness with all parties, being severe, if at all,
only with those at the North who from mere
party considerations have sympathized with seces-
sion and rebellion.

Of them, it speaks in this wise:

"There is another portion of this class of North-
ern people who are swayed by far different mo-
tives. They have sympathized with secession
from mere party considerations. They have
power for years by a coalition with Southern
voters, they have clung to their 'confederates'
from a reluctance to abandon their hold on power
and patronage. For them I invoke no sympathy.
They have 'given up to party what was due to
mankind.'"

During the war of 1812 with Great Britain, there
was a party in the Eastern States so hostile to
our Government and the war, that they assembled
at Hartford and claimed the right to make a
separate treaty of peace with the common enemy.
It was not long before public opinion got thoroughly
outraged against them, that they were known as 'Hart-
ford Conventionists' was a perfect disqualification
for all public position. The stain was in the es-
timation of the people, indelible, and even death
did not eradicate it. The class of to-day, of whom
I am speaking, may profit by the example. Our
people have other means than the gibbet for pun-
ishing sympathy with treason, and it may be true
yet that men

"May live but in history's curse,
Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as worse."

Their number, however, is not large enough to
demand much consideration, and death and shame
will alike contribute daily to diminish it, and that
the more rapidly as our people grow more and
more to appreciate the magnitude of the conflict
in which they have triumphed, and the vastness of
the sacrifices which a national patriotism has
prompted them to make for their country and for
freedom."

We learn that the main object of the publica-
tion is to present the whole subject fully to the
view of all the people, that they may devise the
proper remedy; for it insists that it is public
opinion, and not Government, which in this coun-
try determines every matter connected with the
public welfare.

Therefore it is that the Judge in his letter en-
ters into a minute description of eight classes of
our people who are to be considered, and to be
affected by any measures that are to be adopted.

Those classes are five at the South, viz: those
who were loyalists all through the war; those
who have become loyalists since; the "poor
white trash"; the Freedmen; and the secession-
ists; and three at the North, viz: the anti-slavery
men; the sympathizers with secession; and the
conservatives.

The characteristics, objects and wishes of each

of these classes are minutely discussed, in order
that each may be consulted, in order to bring
about a perfect union.

The following is a portion of what is said about
the Freedmen:

"So, too, see how they have met the new con-
dition in which they have suddenly found them-
selves! So different from that to which they had
been accustomed all their lives! The wonder is
that they did not run wild in their exaltation,
and, casting aside all law and order, indulge their
sensuality without stint. It will not do to mea-
sure them, at such a moment, by our standard.
Can you or I, Senator, realize the feelings of a
man of mature age, who all his life long had
been trodden under the foot of bondage and
bound submissive to the will and the lash of
another, suddenly emancipated and allowed to
stand in the presence of God and his fellows, a
man and the equal of man? Every nerve would
vibrate; every vein would throb in the wilderness
of joy, and it would be more than an ordinary
man that would preserve his equanimity and avoid
some outbreak of emotion. Yet when that magic
proclamation went forth, like the Divine com-
mand through the prophet of old, announcing
'liberty through the land,' there was no outbreak.
Deep and still flowed the current of feeling in
the freedman's heart, and silent gratitude to God
absorbed all other emotions."

I tell you, Senator, there must be a good deal
in a people who can thus receive such an event."

Of the President and his policy, this is written,
of the peculiar characteristics of the Southern
people:

"Two questions, however, naturally present
themselves: one is, what effect have these pec-
uliarities already produced? and how far are they
to be considered in our efforts at reconstruction?

This effect has been most unhappy:

1. As to their having produced the war it-
self and caused its stupendous sacrifices and suf-
ferings on both sides, they have caused the rejection
of all the offers of conciliation which we have
made.

2. They have caused their people to submit to
the result of the war of arms suddenly and re-
solutely, thus plainly telling us that nothing but
the consciousness of our superior power has ex-
torted from them even an appearance of submis-
sion.

3. When through the policy of the President they
were again clothed with the power of local self-
government, instead of justifying his confidence
and uniting with him in his efforts at a cordial re-
union, they conferred their power upon the worst
enemies of the Union, and seem to have striven
with all their might to defeat his humane pur-
poses and to render him and his policy of concilia-
tion odious to the whole country."

And again:

"It is probably true that the lawlessness and
violence, which all accounts agree in saying pre-
vails to so great an extent at the South, would
not now be found there, if it had not been for the
encouragement which these people have drawn
from the language and action of the President
and his administration. But it is equally true
that but for that cause we should not now have
known how unchanged were the opinions of this
hostile class, how bitter their hatred toward us
and our cherished notions of freedom, and how
ready they are at heart to seize upon every op-
portunity, lawless or otherwise, to show their de-
termination not to submit to the result. So that
while we may mourn over this lawlessness and
violence, we may be thankful for the opportunity
of learning how deep-seated is the cause, and how
certain it is that our cause exists."

There is a good deal in this. For so kind and
forgiving was the general feeling of the North at
the close of the war among the masses of our
people, that we might easily have been induced,
by a different line of conduct on their part, to
have refrained from the Union before they
were fit for it, and we might have been slumber-
ing on a volcano that was only delaying its erup-
tion until it had recruited its exhausted strength.
It is charitable to suppose that this has been
the error of the President, and it is to be re-
gretted that he will, in due time, appreciate the
lesson which the disturbed state of the South so
plainly teaches. At all events, you of the Legis-
lature must not neglect it, for you may be as-
sured that there are many thousands in the land,
who in the beginning shared with that officer in
his forgiving temper, who have now so thoroughly
imbibed the lesson that they will not forgive you
or him for disregarding it."

We learn from our correspondent at New York,
that in an address delivered by the Judge on Sun-
day evening, March 31, to the Spiritualists at
Ebbitt Hall, he gave an account of the origin of
the work.

He said that last September he came down
from his country place at Lake George to attend
to some business in town, and on his arrival found
a letter from one of the mediums of this city, en-
closing a communication to him from Lincoln,
expressing a wish to speak to the American peo-
ple through the Judge. The Judge sought an in-
terview with Lincoln, and expressed his willing-
ness to be used for the purpose. The answer was
that it would, in due time, be given to him what
to say.

After the Judge finally returned to town, and
some time in October, Lincoln and other spirits
came to him one evening, when alone in his li-
brary, and in the course of two or three hours
gave him the substance of what it was wished
might be said. The Judge made a memorandum
of the heads or topics to be treated, and of the
order in which they were to be discussed. That
remained on his table unnoticed and unused
until a few weeks ago, when he was told that
the time had arrived for writing out the com-
munication in full, and so he gave himself up to
the work as exclusively as his professional en-
gagements would permit. Thus in about ten
days the work had been written, and he assured
his audience that if anything had ever been the
product of spirit dictation, this was. His own
mind was in it, to be sure, and it was not easy
even for him to say what part was his and what
theirs. Of this, however, he was certain: that the
tone and temper of the work and the current of
thought were theirs; the garb in which it had
been clothed was his, with occasionally a thought
originating with himself. It was a joint produc-
tion, of which he would be proud to be able to
claim the whole authorship.

From the extracts we have given, and from
what we learn from those who have read the
work, we are persuaded that it will be found to
be one of deep interest and very generally accept-
able. One misfortune, we hear, is that he can get
no publisher, but has to bear that expense him-
self, which he can hardly afford, besides the labor
of preparing the work. Had it been a "Sensa-
tion Novel," he would have found publishers
enough to relieve him of the burden.

Get on to the Land.

Mr. Greeley, every now and then, makes his
personal appearance in the columns of the Tri-
bune, advising young men, and men of middling
age, if they have but moderate means and a good
stock of health, to get out of the crowded towns
and cities upon the land. Land, he says with
truth, is the cheapest article that can now be
bought with money, even in the oldest and most
thickly settled States. Then farming, as an in-
telligent and progressive plan, with the help of
modern machinery and improved implements, is
the most independent occupation possible for a
man to choose. He can make himself a solid citi-
zen, and wield an influence worth talking about,
with broad and well-tilled acres under his feet.
Five thousand dollars judiciously laid out and
care for, will give a man a place in the world at
once, who might otherwise be all his life hanging
on by the skirts of things, and know little, if any,
true happiness.

Spiritualism at Work.

Our elevating religion is by no means silent or
inactive. Wherever we see a stir suddenly made
over its progress, or its presence, we may be sure
it is busy at its work. And very faithful service
for humanity it is performing, too. Even those
who think they have shirked themselves from the
reach of its influence by setting up emphatic
public professions which close the doors of belief
in its presence, we find that all their precautions
have availed nothing, and that its mysterious
work proceeds the same, as if no such imaginary
barriers had been set up against it. There is no
such thing as shutting out influences so subtle
and so powerful. They will find their way over
the heads of those who think themselves most
capable of shutting them out. We might as well
dream of cutting short the operations of nature,
in any of its numerous departments.

It is worthy of remark, how many persons in the
churches, and conscientious and faithful persons,
too, derive all the real religious life that character-
izes them from their secret and abiding belief in
the elevating, consoling and rewarding truths of
Spiritualism. Thus does our religion find its
way into the heart of all modern institutions, to
repair and renovate them. Thus does it work,
and will continue to work, until it shall be dis-
covered that it has overcome all obstacles and is
the ruling, inspiring faith. In the very disposi-
tion, so apparent with many, to turn away sus-
picion of their faith with badinage and ridicule, is
to be seen a spark which they find it exceedingly
convenient to use on occasions, under which they
feel confident they can do more and better both
for themselves and the cause that sustains them
in secret. It matters little, at best, in what way
men receive the truth into their souls. If its
light blinds them, then let them screen their eyes
from its full effulgence. But as for stopping the
steady shining, that is entirely out of the ques-
tion.

Opening to Asia.

As far as we can, we are pushing across the
continent and cutting through the isthmus, to find
our way to Asia. There four hundred millions of
human beings await our acquaintance and neigh-
borhood. We are in need of the traffic which
they will bring to us, and they of the invigorating
aid of our enterprise. The bringing together of
populations so different in their tastes and ideas,
the one getting round the world again to the
point where it started from, will be an event
worthy to commemorate the wonderful age in
which it is finally accomplished. Civilization
moves in a circle. It started from the east and
has proceeded westerly, gathering and developing
new forces in its career, and will soon have got
round to its starting place. In its progress, it has
marched through the various tribes and clans,
both of Europe and America, the red man of this
continent being overtaken last. We should not
lose sight of the fact, that to have lived to witness
this consummation of the centuries is a privilege
for which we cannot cease to be grateful. It is
the crowning glory of the world's whole history.

The Rush to Paris.

It looks as if everybody was going this year.
At least, they will try to go if they can raise the
wind. Not Atlantic ocean wind, but the rocks.
Not such rocks, either, as mariners avoid, but
tin. And not such tin as is to be got in the mines
of English Cornwall, but the kind that is carried
in the pocket, and helps a person to swim in the
world, instead of sinking. It is calculated that a
hundred and fifty thousand persons are going
from this country to attend the Great Exhibition.
And yet the United States have but a small space,
comparatively, allotted them in the show, all the
European nations being much more favored than
we. But it is questionable if Great Britain will
fill up its department one half so thoroughly as
we shall ours. But whether our space in the
Exhibition be much or little, there is a mania for
going to Paris this year, and everybody who can
will certainly be there. It will be so "jolly"
to meet in Paris the neighbors that we hardly know
at home. If this whole thing only was a pledge
of peace and fraternity what a welcome it would
extort from all.

The Indians.

A new Indian agent is loudly called for, who
will see to it that the red men get what is their
rightful dues. The truth about the misuse of the
Indians is slowly coming to the surface, and it is
time it did. They have been cheated out of the
very land the Government deliberately set apart
for them. The railroad corporations have gone
on and seized their reservations, as if they were
common to all; and individuals, under Govern-
ment warrant and on their own account, have
pled the trade of fraud with these poor men until
they are little better than vagabonds, and are not
to blame for having lost their faith in white men
and their governments almost entirely. We
should make haste to set this wrong right, and
there are symptoms of its being done in due time.
No matter if it is interest or necessity that leads
to it; only let it be accomplished in time to repair,
in some small degree, the wrongs, the outright
crimes with which we stand chargeable.

Philadelphia Children's Lyceum.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum in Phila-
delphia, of which Mr. M. B. Dyott is Conductor,
will give their annual exhibition at Musical Fund
Hall, Locust street, above Eighth, on Friday even-
ing, March 29th. Fairs have been taken by all
the officers to have the exercises given in as per-
fect a manner as possible, and of a character that
will interest all who witness them. These festive
occasions have been so popular in years past, that
it is now esteemed a privilege to attend, and tick-
ets have to be secured early in order to be sure of
gaining admission. We are glad to see such a de-
sire to aid in so noble an institution. These Lyce-
ums are laying the foundation for the future
stability and success of our spiritual philosophy.

Liberty Hill, Conn.

A. G. Doubleday writes us, that at a meeting of
the believers in Spiritualism at Liberty Hill,
Conn., he was requested to inform the public that
they have a meeting-house ready for the use of
lecturers on Spiritualism. Heretofore they have
had such speakers as: Dr. John Mayhew, Mrs.
Tuttle, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. French, Mrs. Felton,
Mrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Loveland, Mr. Storer, Mr.
Foss, and others, and he thinks all were satisfied
with the reception and compensation they re-
ceived; and others are invited to visit them.
Further information will be given by addressing J.
W. Clark, Corresponding Secretary. Mr. Double-
day is engaged there for the first Sunday of each
month for the present.

New Music.

C. M. Tremaine, 481 Broadway, N. Y., has just
published a pretty spiritual song entitled, "Where
have the beautiful gone?" poetry and music by
the favorite author, James G. Clark. Also the
"Juvenile Party Galop," by J. de Jottinetti.

New and Wonderful Discovery in Electricity.

Mr. H. Wilde, of Liverpool, has brought out a
new discovery in electricity during the past year,
which is described as exceedingly brilliant and
important. He has found a method of producing
electricity in quantities and of an intensity hith-
erto unknown, by the action of feeble electrical
currents upon powerful magnets. His apparatus
consists of six small permanent magnets weigh-
ing only a pound each, a ten-inch electro-magnet
to machine, having an electro-magnet weighing
three pounds, (which accumulates and retains the
developed electricity, on the same principle as an
insulated submarine cable or the Leyden jar,) and
an armature evolving within an iron cylinder
at the rate of fifteen hundred turns a minute. The
cylinder is about a foot long, and has a bore of
two and a half inches; the armature which plays
within it, not touching the sides, is coiled about
with insulated copper wire. It is from this arma-
ture, when the different parts of the apparatus
have been connected and put into operation, that
the electricity is evolved and the effects are pro-
duced.

This machinery evolves a light which rivals the
sun in its dazzling luminousness, and surpasses
that orb in taking photographs. At a distance of
a quarter of a mile it throws shadows from the
flames of street lamps upon a wall. Two photo-
graphers in England have set up the machines in
their shops, and now do all their copying and en-
larging by the new electric light at night. The
heating power of the flame is so intense that it
melts seven feet of No. 16 iron wire and heats to a
red heat twenty-one feet of the same wire in an in-
stant. The cost of the apparatus is small, the
waste of materials trifling, and the expense of
working light. For lighting streets, for light-
houses, and for illuminating public buildings the
new discovery is far superior to gas, and there are
probably various other purposes besides those al-
ready indicated to which it may be devoted, if its
properties are truthfully described.

Charity is Love.

In what we give to the poor, suffering people of
the South, let us show no symptoms of being
glad of such an opportunity to "heap coals of
fire" on their heads. We have no right to inter-
pose our judgments in these things. They are too
serious, and we know not ourselves how soon our
own case may be as sorry as theirs. Give, when
you give, to satisfy the nobler instincts and im-
pulses of the nature; not for effect, to have it
seen and known of men. Boston has so far shown
generosity in this matter, and New York has done
well; but the people themselves must be moved
by a common spirit of charity. Sympathy is the
key which is to unlock it all. If we do a kind-
ness, or perform a generous service, without real
kindness and without generosity, so far as the
act or the service reacts upon ourselves it would
be better if we had coldly withheld our hand.

What a chance is offered us to wipe out all
past hard feelings and prejudices, by the charity
we are asked to perform! It will not be likely
to occur again in many a generation. If we im-
prove it as we ought, we shall immensely elevate
the character of the entire country. We shall be
able then to see as never before how much higher
nobleness, generosity, sympathy and love are as
endowments for the public heart and mind, than
mere enterprise, energy, wealth and power with-
out them. We mistake greatly if this present oc-
casion is passed by us without such a service in
the cause of Love and Humanity as will work for
the national exaltation as long as we continue
one people.

Womanhood Suffrage.

This question is being agitated in many of the
States. The Kansas Legislature has passed a
law granting the right of suffrage to women, and
it goes to the people for ratification. The Mis-
souri Legislature is discussing the same ques-
tion. The Maine Legislature has done the same.
New York is soon to hold a State Convention to
amend the Constitution, when strong efforts will
be made to incorporate a clause giving the right
of suffrage to women. In the Legislature of our
own State a bill to that effect has been discussed,
though defeated in the House; but only ninety-
seven members were found illiberal enough to
vote against it. The heaven is working, and next
year that number will undoubtedly be reduced.
John Stuart Mill, member of the English Parlia-
ment and a prominent reform leader, advocates
giving this right to woman. Intellectual minds
in both hemispheres are waking up to the impor-
tance of this subject, and it will not be many
years before woman will have a voice in saying
who shall make the laws which they as well as
the men have to obey—if they do not even help
make them themselves.

English Reform.

Lord Derby's Reform Bill is in the House of
Commons, and he has courageously met the public
demand for an enlargement of the franchise, and
proceeded to take his position even in advance of
that which the Liberals themselves would have
chosen. Mr. Bright wanted nothing but the ques-
tion of franchise settled; but that would be nar-
rowing the issue altogether too much to risk upon
it all that would be put there. Parliament and
the people are determined to establish and set in
immediate operation a well-considered and com-
prehensive system of Reform for the nation. It
would be tempting fate to consent to put every-
thing to hazard, for the sake of trying the whole
case piecemeal. The Liberals headed by Glad-
stone, discover that they would oppose the sense
of the nation if they were to set up a factious op-
position now to the measure proposed by the
Tories, merely because they are Tories. The re-
sult seems to promise to be a general confusion of
parties in Parliament for the present, with refer-
ence to a readjustment and reorganization on
new grounds. The tendency is to liberality and
progress.

Leavenworth, Kansas.

Our correspondent, A. C. Nichols, says a good
lecturer is wanted in Leavenworth; also a heal-
ing medium like Dr. Newton or Dr. Greer. As
the latter gentleman is now in the West, perhaps
he will feel it his duty to visit Kansas. Leaven-
worth has over thirty thousand inhabitants and
is still growing vigorously. A few years ago it
was a small trading post; but last year it did
thirty millions' worth of business. The Evening
Bulletin of that city publishes an article on the
Spiritual Philosophy, with the *modus operandi* ob-
served in holding circles for manifestations. It
is evident the people there are hungering for spir-
itual food.

Another Missionary in the Field.

The Executive Committee of the Massachusetts
Association of Spiritualists last week chose Mrs.
Sarah A. Horton to engage in the work of pla-
carding through the States, to proclaim the glad
tidings of the gospel of Spiritualism. The Asso-
ciation now have two laborers in the field, but
there is work enough for half a dozen more.

The Davenport in Russia—Emma Hardinge.

The London Spiritual Magazine for March con-
tains the following in regard to the above named
distinguished mediums:

At length these remarkably gifted mediums
have found a resting place, freed from the detrac-
tions of baffled materialism and jealous rivalry,
in the capital of Russia, where, under the patron-
age of the Emperor and Crown Prince, and the
leading nobles of St. Petersburg, they have been
fully engaged for some time past, having made,
as I am credibly informed, many converts, whilst
they have reaped at the same time a rich harvest
in a pecuniary sense.

They have given four public sances each week,
to crowded and thoroughly appreciative audi-
ences, at the high charges of twelve and sixteen
francs admission.

At one of their private sances there were
twenty-five persons present, all members of noble
families, and all professed Spiritualists; at the
close of the sance the Davenports were com-
plimented by many kind expressions of sympathy,
and were pressed to explain the cause of their
brutal reception in some parts of England. After
leaving St. Petersburg, the Davenports and Mr.
Fay are engaged to visit Moscow, and from thence
it is most probable they will proceed through
Turkey, Egypt and Austria, to France, which tour
they think will occupy about a year. It is not
likely, therefore, that they will visit England
again until the middle of next year, by which
time it is to be hoped that the class of skeptics in
this country, represented by the Hulls, Cummins
and Faneurs, may have more light, and be pre-
pared to acknowledge their past errors and the
reality of that peculiar phase of Spiritualism ex-
hibited through the passive mediumship of the
Davenport Brothers.

EMMA HARDINGE.—Mrs. Hardinge has been
fully occupied since her arrival in America, by
the exercise of her commanding powers before
very large audiences, in the cities of Philadelphia
and New York.

It will gratify her numerous friends in England
to know that after she has fulfilled her present
engagements in the Western States, she will re-
turn about the close of the ensuing summer to
settle permanently in London.

Her motives for this step are to gratify her aged
mother, who desires to spend the remainder of
her days in her native country, and for the pro-
tection of her own health, which is, I regret to
hear, somewhat impaired by her great labors in
the cause of Spiritualism. Her medical advisers
have consequently recommended her return to
England, where she may remain in comparative
quietude. It is not her intention, therefore, to
undertake any public duties in this country, but
so far as her health will permit, she will always
be ready to help the cause which is nearest her
heart, and which, she says, is the prominent ob-
ject of her life.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

Miss Doten's subject Sunday afternoon, March
17th, was, "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," a
sentiment uttered more than eighteen hundred
years ago, but which must be much nearer its ful-
fillment to-day. She dwelt mainly upon the great
advance which has been made, in an intellectual,
philosophical and moral sense, in the sentiments
of the people since that time; the great interest
which is being felt in the world in regard to the
glorious revelations of Spiritualism; the influence
exercised upon the spirit-world, through the
magnetism and electricity contained in his own
body; that the immense power in man, through
these subtle elements, has not yet been demon-
strated; that before the close of this year the sci-
entific world will announce a new discovery, (new
in science but not in Spiritualism,) namely, that a
man will be able to stand before a public audi-
ence, and by virtue of the magnetic and electric
properties contained in his system, raise ponder-
able substances by merely using his will-power.
The scientific savans will then claim that all the
physical manifestations which have been attrib-
uted to spirit-power were done by electricity; but
ask them to explain the intelligence which under-
lies these manifestations, and they will be unable
to give a correct answer. An answer can only be
found in the spiritualistic theory.

At the close of the lecture she gave an original
poem, which matched "the good time coming"
with the good time now.

She speaks in the same hall next Sunday after-
noon.

The Eddy Mediums.

These mediums are holding sances for physical
manifestations in Syracuse and neighboring
towns with complete success. The skepticism of
hundreds has been so thoroughly weakened that
the truth will be able to find its way to their
souls without much more opposition. At one of
their sances the company was composed of
skeptics, with but two or three exceptions, but
were such candid investigators that quite a har-
monious condition prevailed. One of the

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. M. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (upstairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Oh thou who hath said, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me," thou Spirit of Everlasting Truth, unveil thy beautiful face to us on this occasion, and baptize us in thine own clear waters, washing away our errors, and causing all the buds and blossoms of our inner being to spring forth with renewed beauty and power. Thou who hath in thy perfectness ever dealt with all thy children in perfectness and love, thou whose wisdom we never doubt, draw nigh unto us on this occasion. Strengthen our weakness, and give unto us that light that overcometh all darkness; that power that, overcometh all evil; that faith that shall lead us safe unto the Kingdom of Perfect Peace. Oh we thank thee for thy blessings, that come perpetually unto thy children everywhere. For the wide diffusion of religious principles on earth, we thank thee. For all those holy thoughts that show themselves in good deeds, we thank thee. For all those aspirations that are as chariots bearing the soul heavenward, we thank thee. And most of all, Great Spirit of Truth, we thank thee that we live. May the thoughts of these children of our Heavenly Father be gathered into a shining wreath, that shall deck their brows in the eternity of the spirit-world. May they feel that they are in the presence of that spirit-world encompassed by the holy, the good, the just, the perfect and imperfect. Oh may they feel that they are in the midst of thy life, and there worship thee in all sincerity of soul, laying their offerings upon the altar of their own being, worshipping thee the unknown God, but that God that speaketh to their inner lives, and ever teacheth them that the way of heaven is the way of right on earth.

March 4.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready, Mr. Chairman, to consider what questions you may have to present.

QUES.—Is there any foundation in fact for a local hell, as taught by the Baptist and other denominations?

ANS.—Yes, there is a foundation in fact for such. Ancient Egypt contained a lake, which was called the lake of fire and brimstone. It received its name, no doubt, from its peculiar appearance during certain seasons, and the peculiar atmosphere that emanated from it, and the peculiar state or condition of the life that was born of it. It was said to contain many kinds of poisonous reptiles, and the ancients, many of them, believed that it was the abiding place of his Satanic Majesty, the Devil. Now this belief with regard to a local heaven and hell has been handed down even to you, and there are many Christians who worship at the shrine of truth, as they suppose, even in this enlightened age, who believe in the existence of a local hell, over which his Satanic Majesty, the Devil, presides, and into which all unfortunate souls will go after the change called Death. All these vague stories that are connected with Old Theology have a foundation in similar existences. They have not sprung from nothing. They are legitimate children of legitimate parents. They have had existences, and they exist to-day.

Q.—By T. T. Edmunds, of Columbus, Ga.: Does the spirit or soul of man, as a separate intelligence, begin with the child?

A.—We believe that the spirit, or soul, or thinking part of the human, becomes individualized in childhood, early childhood. Now what we mean by early childhood, perhaps you may not understand, for we shall go back further than that which appears to your external senses, and take you, perhaps, to the vestibule of conception. There we believe the soul receives a distinct and positive individuality, and commences its journey as a distinct and positive individuality from that point.

Q.—By the same: Is it true, as a prominent Spiritualist holds, that there are millions of individualized, intelligent souls which never as yet have been clothed with the material or earthly form, but are waiting for an opportunity to do so?

A.—Soul does not receive creation at conception, for it has always had an existence, being of itself a part of Eternity. We have stated in the answer to the first question, that the soul, we believe, becomes individualized at conception. And yet it has always had an existence, we believe, for that which is created there is a possibility of its being destroyed.

Q.—If this is part of a fountain, will it not return to it?

A.—The soul, we believe, is a part of God. It has come from the great Infinite Principle of intelligent life, and will return to that Principle. Life progresses in cycles, or circles. As round and round intelligent life circles, it ever derives its sustenance from God, as when its mission is completed, so far as its present wanderings from God are concerned, we believe, as many of the ancients believed before us, it will return to God again.

Q.—Do we lose our individuality?

A.—Your human individuality you will lose. You are changing it perpetually even now, and as a human individuality you will be lost in the Divine.

Q.—What changes a man's expression of countenance so quickly, when he becomes suddenly angry? Particularly the eyes? On the controlling intelligence inform us?

A.—The eye is the organ through which the spirit takes cognizance of things in the objective or material world, and is always the reflector of the inner or soul-life. It is the organ upon which the spirit reflects itself by virtue of outward circumstances. For instance: If a man's circumstances are such as to produce a mean, selfish

upon the spirit, it will be instantly daguerre-typed in the eye. And if outward circumstances are such as to produce an unpleasant effect, that also will be daguerre-typed in the eye.

March 4.

Lady Charlotte Holland.

In coming here to-day, I find myself amid the great shadows of the past; and I seem to be a child again, amid the scenes of the little village of Compton-Payne-Foot, in England. But years have passed again since then, and many, many changes have come to me. But He who takes cognizance of every falling rain-drop, has had me in his keeping. And I believe it was determined from the beginning of my being, that I should come back in this way after death. They called me here, Lady Charlotte Holland. And I am here, that I may pray earnestly for communion with my son, Lord Thomas Holland.

It is a strange and wondrous belief that is sweeping over the earth like fire floods, burning up the chaff and leaving only the refined gold—this belief in the return of the dead to holy, conscious communion with those who are called the living.

I have no wish to retrace in words any of the experiences of my earthly existence. Though many of them were pleasant, yet many of them were not pleasant. And I would not call them up from the past again and place them upon record. I would only give the last words that I gave to my son when I was dying, that he may know that I have returned. They were these: "There is a strange quietness in death that passes all understanding. I do not fear to die, for it seems pleasant to me, now that it has come so near."

I have made many futile attempts to reach those I've left here; and I've sorrowed much because I have so often failed. But I am sure that an All-Wise Father controls all things, and that he will finally give me to rejoice in victory. I feel sure of this.

The conservative element of my native land is a great barrier to many who would return. The liberalism that is yours is not theirs, and I fear long years must elapse ere the waiting millions in the spirit-world can return and clasp hands with those who are still living on the earth. But by-and-by I am sure that dear old England will arise and shake her garments, and become in a sense literally true, free, free indeed. The chains of despotism that have so long bound her, must link by link pass away, and England, after many a severe struggle, will be blessed with as much freedom as America; perhaps more. But to-day she is bound; and so we find it hard to speak there, and come to your shores, never failing, however, to thank you for the kind offers that you make to the spirit-world to return and communicate at this place.

There are many reasons why I should return. I would solve the mystery that still clings like lead around my chains. I would wash out the stains that are still on the garments of the past. I would make that dark past more acceptable to my son, by reason of its clearness.

And I pray you, oh I pray you to deal with me as with others, giving me the benefit of your most glorious BANNER, whose folds I do most earnestly pray may some day wave over all the world. Fare you well. It is forty-two years this month since I met with the change you call death.

March 4.

Samuel Hollingsworth.

I have been so strangely disappointed since I made an exit from this mortal world to the one beyond, that I have hardly known how to act since then. Why, when I first found myself across, being in the other world in possession of all my senses, in possession of everything save the body I left on the battle-field, I was very much inclined to declare that all things on earth were unreal; there was nothing you could depend upon.

I did not know anything about the belief that the Spiritualists had in a spirit-world when I was here; all I knew of a future state was from religiousists, those who talk of a local heaven and hell, so that I was thrown into a very uncertain condition, as regards life everywhere.

Now I was told a great many times by my friends I should be mistaken when I came to die, for I'd find things different from what I expected. Now I've come back to tell those people that they're just as much mistaken in some things as I was; and this spirit-world is as entirely different from what they expect it is, as it was to me. They'll stand just as much in a state of wonder and surprise as I did. I had no belief in a future state, and they have. They are religiousists. They are honest in believing as they do in a local heaven and hell; that there is a God, a Supreme Intelligence, a Devil who has supreme control of his domains. Many of them believe in a day when the righteous shall be resurrected from the grave.

They are mistaken; so was I. I had no belief in a future state after death, but they believed in a hereafter. I believed that when the body died, there was an end of us. But here I am. That's truer than the kind of preaching that I used to hear—maybe I did not hear the right sort, though. It's true that I can come back; that I'm here, alive; that there is a future state; that although I left my body on the battle-field, I have taken upon myself a physical human body for a season, that I may undo what wrong I did when on the earth.

I have a little daughter, and I suppose I incanted my angel into her mind. At all events, I did my best to do it; and I now see I was wrong, and I want to do what I can toward rooting it. It's a hard thing to do, because in the first place I've got to prove that I'm alive and can come back. In the next place I've got to go to work to wash out those indentations made on her mind. I suppose it will take time to do that.

I am in a very strange state. I don't know where to begin to tear down the building that I assisted in rearing when here. [You put it up pretty thoroughly, did you?] I did my best to; yes, I did. Well, I can make the attempt, and if I fail, I can try again, as more than one has done before me, I suppose.

It's one thing to affirm that I, Samuel Hollingsworth, do return from the spirit-world, and quite another thing to prove it, isn't it? quite another thing.

I have not exactly come from the Bull Run battle-field, but I suppose if I was going to locate the whereabouts of the body, I should say it was there. But I've come from that world where the spirit resides, and I want my folks—my little daughter Sue, as I called her, more than all the rest—to meet some of these persons—mediums, as there's one that I can go to in Ohio, in Hardington. I'm quite sure; yes, I know I can go to her. And I wish her Uncle Joseph would see her there. He's a liberal man; and a Unitarian. He used to tell me he was, and could be Unitarian, as if I was a heathen. Now I'd like him to show some of his liberality. And take her there. And if I can't come and identify myself to

her and him, I shall be quite sorry. [Can't you give some facts here that will enable them to recognize you?] Well, yes; the little girl told me, the last time I saw her on earth, she was sure I should never come back again; I should never come back again; would be killed. I supposed it was all nonsense; that the girl felt bad because I was going away. I thought I should come back. She was right, you see. [She was spiritually impressed, probably.] I think she's one of those folks, mediums, you call them. When I went to her the other day, I felt that she thought of me. There was an interchange of thought. Now that was the result of her sensitiveness, wasn't it? [Yes.]

Well, stranger, I'd give the world to be able to let Sue know that I can come back; can watch over her, too. Let me see: she's now seventeen, eighteen years old—eighteen years old. It's no use for her mother to come to her, for she would not know her, she was so young when she died. [Where does she reside?] In Columbus, Ohio. [Shall we direct a paper to her specially?] I don't suppose if you should she'd understand it. I want some of the folks that know her to send it to her. She wouldn't be looking for it, you know; wouldn't understand it. I want them to cut it out of the paper and send it to her, with an explanation. And if she asks if I am with her mother in the spirit-world, say I'm not, I'm not; I don't know why, except she's far too good to live with me. [You'll see your wife after you leave here.] I hope I shall. I'd give all the world, if I had it, but I've given up all thought of seeing her now. When I first came to the spirit-world, and found I was alive, I tried hard to find my wife, but I didn't, I didn't. Then I gave up thinking of it. [There is a condition around some spirits that prevents their seeing other spirits, the same as with people on earth.] I've been told so. [You must try hard to find your wife.] Well, I do, and I have; but there's a something which prevents my seeing her. [This is the place where you'll understand how to work better.] Well, I shall be repaid a thousandfold, then, for coming. [You'll be able to work with a will after this.] Yes. [Your former persistency in denying immortality is a stumbling-block to you now.] Yes, I see. She was a believer; oh yes. She was a believer, and had a most beautiful faith, for one organized as she was. I was more material. I was a materialist, and I could not realize these spiritual things.

[Had your daughter a middle name?] No; no; Susanna was her name, but I called her "Sue," always. Well, you say I shall see her? [Yes.] Well, then, I've stayed here as long as I want to. Good-day to you.

March 4.

Johnnie Joice.

How do you do, sir? I just thought I'd come round to-day to see if you had anything to say. I'm getting about tired of living in my atmosphere. If he isn't tired of me, I'm tired of him.

Only a few days ago he wished he was dead; and I was thinking all the while if he was, I hoped he wouldn't come where I was. If I was in his place, I think I would be taking the shortest cut to own up and getting my neck stretched. I don't know as it's right to believe in hanging people, but I don't think it's right to let such people have their own way, and do as bad as they please. He's bad, mister, all through, he is. [He don't travel round much, does he?] Yes, sir, he travels round as much as anybody would. He isn't traveling from one country to another, to be sure; but he's got his liberty, he's going where he pleases, as long as he don't please to run into the hands of the law. He's careful enough not to do that.

It would be a great joke, wouldn't it, mister, if I should get tired of waiting for him to own up, and blow the whole thing altogether without the money, wouldn't it? [Perhaps that would be the best way.] What a stir it would make. [Rather, if you were to tell it in such a way as to bring him out.] Well, I guess I should. There wouldn't be any trouble about that. I know him just as well as he knows himself, and I'm obliged to go round with him, 'cause he's thinking all the time of me so. He says he haunts him, he does, all the time. [Does he ever see you?] No, only he thinks of us. He says he believes we haunt him. Well, we only haunt him in that way. There's a natural law, they say, that compels us to go to him when he thinks strongly of us. And then, you know, mister, a great deal of our magnetic life was left upon him. He holds it, and that attracts us. I wish he was in the bottom of Mount Vesuvius. [He'd carry you there also.] I didn't think of that.

Well, I don't think it's right, mister. It's bad enough for him to have killed us the way he did. I don't think it's right we should be chained to him all this while. They tell us in the spirit-land if we'd been older, more positive spirits, had been older, it would not act so powerfully upon us. But I guess I'll make him do something awful pretty soon, if he don't own up, unless I get the chance to show him up. I'm getting tired, mister. I don't blame you, mister. I know you've done the best you could. I'm just getting tired waiting for him.

Well, good-by, mister. I'll come round again pretty soon, and see if you've got anything for me. Good-day. Johnnie Joice.

March 4.

Charlie Jenkins.

I come to—come to see if you won't tell my mother and father that I'm a going to beat my drum—just as soon as we get things fixed right here, I'm going to beat my drum. I want it hung up high in the closet, and the door kept shut, and I want a circle outside the closet door in the room. Will you tell 'em, sir?

I'm Charlie Jenkins. You know I was here before. I've been trying to get a chance to tell them that, so I won't come here where all these folks are. But I couldn't, so I got the gentleman to let me come here again. You'll tell 'em, won't you? [Yes.] Don't forget to tell them to hang it up high, will you? Good-by, Mr. White.

March 4.

Mary E. Surratt.

You will remember, sir, I was here a few days since, and implored your assistance to obtain me an interview with my son. Have I to hope? [I have applied to a gentleman in Washington, who has promised to intercede for you in regard to that affair.]

I thank you, sir. I shall not fail to appreciate your kindness. I'll come again.

March 4.

Little Crow (Indian).

Little Crow's heart is lit with vengeance. And if the voice of the Great Spirit did not whisper "Peace," he would pray that he might come back with his arrows, his scalping knife, and his tomahawk, to join his people again against you pale faces.

And so your great warrior, Sheridan, tells the Great Father Little Crow's people don't die, and his squaws and papooses must die, not the warriors only; but the squaws and papooses. And so this great warrior, Sheridan, who has

little head and a little heart, would go forth against the red men, the children of the Great Father, to slay them in battle, to shut them out from the hunting-ground the Great Father had given them here, and send them to the hunting-ground the Great Spirit has for his children in the spirit-world, and where the Great Spirit looks with favor on red and white. Ah, you have white faces, but you do big wrong.

Little Crow would talk with the warrior Sherman face to face, but the white coward, dare not meet him. He has a soul that is a coward. He talks much, makes long marches, but he never does any great deeds. He can go to war against squaws and papooses, but he has no courage when he's on the war-path, and his warriors know it. If Little Crow was a great liar here, he is a greater, for he says the Great Father wills that Little Crow's people shall be exterminated. He lies! and he has no soul.

Little Crow's heart is hot to-day, and he would stand in the war-path, with his arrows well sharpened, and his tomahawk ready to fight such as your great warrior Sherman. He liar, he murderer, he thief, he coward. He is a squaw. That's worse than all. If Little Crow was the Great Father, he would put him on a squaw's blanket, and send him to fight squaws and papooses. He fit for that.

March 4.

Seance opened by Frederick T. Gray; closed by Thomas Campbell.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, March 7.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Samuel Hook, to his brother, Abraham and Jeddiah; Aunt Sally Williams, to her son, Charles Lovejoy; Aunt Mary Francis, to her son, John Lovejoy; and Bill Harris.

Monday, March 11.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Fred. B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; Frederick T. Gray, to his brother, John Gray; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Tuesday, March 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Wednesday, March 13.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Thursday, March 14.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Friday, March 15.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Saturday, March 16.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Sunday, March 17.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

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Wednesday, March 20.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Thursday, March 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

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Sunday, March 24.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Monday, March 25.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Tuesday, March 26.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Wednesday, March 27.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Thursday, March 28.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Friday, March 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Saturday, March 30.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Sunday, March 31.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Monday, April 1.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Tuesday, April 2.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Wednesday, April 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Thursday, April 4.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Friday, April 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Saturday, April 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Sunday, April 7.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Monday, April 8.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Tuesday, April 9.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

Wednesday, April 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Isaiah Warren, of this city, to Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick B. Smith, to his brother, John Smith; and John Smith, to his brother, John Smith.

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