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HUCKABUCK; AN UP-COUNTRY STORY, A Picture of LIFE IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.

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XXV.

INTRODUCING A FRIEND.

In the course of time, Robert McBride was admitted to the bar, having perused his studies diligently for the period required, and passed the ordeal of an examination at the hands of a legal committee appointed by the Court. As soon as this long-looked-for event was over, he rented an office, and set up for what practice his talents and industry might bring him.

Mr. Byron Banister had from time to time favored Robert, while a student, with occasional visits that were almost the aspect of accidental ones, and gradually strengthened the acquaintance so carelessly entered upon in Huckabuck. But as soon as the young lawyer commenced practice for himself, this acquaintance began to assume—on Mr. Banister's part, at least—the semblance of friendship, and even of intimacy. His visits became more frequent and protracted. He let himself out more freely in conversation. He put off a good part of that affected reserve in which fops and designing men think themselves able to conceal their lack of brains and honesty, and proffered terms of companionship that he knew Robert would not fail to receive as highly flattering.

Few days went by, while Byron Banister was in town, that did not find him in at Robert's office. The man of the world had acquired the art of making himself agreeable if he chose, and in the present instance he exerted all his faculties for the promotion of his design. The first step needed was to fix himself firmly in the young man's confidence. After this, his progress would be comparatively easy.

It was not a great while, therefore, before he had reason to conclude that his purpose was in the main highly successful. The urgency with which Robert invited him to come in again, testified as much for it; and the readiness with which the youthful practitioner fell in with his suggestions in relation to a quiet dinner and a glass of wine at the club-rooms, or a few hours' drive out of town by themselves, was a competent witness to as much more. Till one day, Robert drew his feet from the mantel over his little grate, took the cigar from his mouth, and remarked to his friend—

"Banister, I declare you must go out and see my wife! I might have spoken of the thing before; but I never knew how you stood towards the sex, and thought that possibly it might not be so agreeable."

Mr. Banister lifted his glossy hat from his head, bestowed a sunny smile on his friend, and declared that such partiality as that "did him proud." He would be happy to obey the invitation at any time.

"To-night, then?" said Robert. "Go and stay with me over night. I'll try to entertain you."

"With all my heart," answered Mr. Banister. I will take the responsibility of entertaining myself. But you must let me run over to my rooms and put my toggery in a little better order first. I would not think of going among ladies as I look now."

Robert told him—"as he pleased," and received his promise, as he went out the door, to be punctual to the moment of starting; for cars waited for nobody, let the business be what it might.

When they entered the house of Mrs. Willows that evening together, Robert was conscious of a feeling of pride as he presented his friend to his wife and mother-in-law, and its manifestation did not escape the quick observation of Mr. Banister, either. Anna received the stranger with unaffected heartiness, because he was the friend of her husband. Mrs. Willows was hardly moved as much by any such consideration, as by the satisfaction his high-colored breeding gave her. He seemed to salute her with a studied politeness and respect, that would have flattered even the least susceptible woman in the world. She felt it in a moment, and remembered it, too; for it was this single trifling thing that immediately purchased her favor.

After tea, they sat down for a little social enjoyment. Mr. Banister naturally directed the larger portion of his remarks to the mother, though his black eyes were busily employed in scanning the beautiful and expressive countenance of the wife of his friend.

"I go out of town so little," said he, "I declare I hardly know there were such pleasant places. You have a delightful situation here, really, Mrs. Willows; I almost envy you. If I could only bring myself to accepting a quiet and rather monotonous life again, I think I should then be ready to settle down in some retired spot myself. But I dare not hope for such a thing. The first part of my life was sleep; enough, conscience knows; I'm afraid it's my destiny to pass the rest of it in nothing but getting it off by a strong contrast. It seems as if I ought to be at peace in such a spot as this is, though."

"Then you have not lived always in cities, Mr. Banister?"

"No, madam; I was born on the island of St. Kitts. In fact, I am an out-and-out ocean bird, and no romance about it, either. My mother, has taken an odd conceit that she can enjoy herself in a sleepy little village up in Connecticut. I beg pardon, McBride; 'tis your native town, I believe—Huckabuck is the name of it."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Willows; "Huckabuck—I have been there myself. I know something about it, I think."

"Ah, you do! So you do, to be sure!"

"Did you ever think St. Kitts such a dreadfully wide-awake region?" ventured Robert, exchanging a pleasant glance with his wife.

"Why no, I presume not. And yet, as I may say, that is the spot where I first awakened into existence. Every one likes his native place, of course. You do, I suppose?"

"Well, yes. There is a little something to draw me back to Huckabuck."

"Not so very strange, either. We can't quite master our feelings, try as hard as we may. What beautiful birds you have under that vase, Mrs. Willows, with a look of admiration at Anna. "Could those have been produced hereabouts? They resemble those imported ones."

"No," said Mrs. Willows; "they came from a little naturalist's shop in Boston. I ordered them from my own taste. The idea of their arrangement is mine."

"I admire your taste, then," with a prettily executed inclination of his head towards her. "They are really well done, too—well put together. Why, those are some of the choicest birds in the world!"

"I know; and the most delicate plumage, too. I was n't willing at first to believe that it could be done so skilfully; but I think I'm prepared now to believe they can do anything in that line you choose to call for."

"Beautiful, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Banister, again.

"And got up, too," said Robert, "by a poor female Huckabucker!"

"Ah! who is that? I reckon I do n't know them all yet."

"Miss Patty Hawkins," answered Robert. "She is an honor to the town she represents. Do n't you say so, Anna?"

"I do, indeed; I think she's a lovely girl."

"M!" said Mr. Banister, musingly, looking out of the corners of his eyes. "Do n't know her. Seems to me I've heard the name, too. Hawkins?—Hawkins? Why, yes, I do remember! He was the man who was hung several years since for the murder of his wife?"

Robert answered him by a silent nod of his head only. That was an event that seemed to form a clouded part of his own early life, and he had little disposition to call it up again.

"Are you fond of the opera?" Banister began again with Mrs. Willows, to change the topic. "Or are you so situated that you can't be in town always when you would most like to? These cars, I know, must be a great bore. You must go and come with them, or not go and come at all."

"It is so," she continued, "and it is almost the only thing of which I complain. But we are obliged to put up with some hardships. Yes indeed; I would like to spend every winter in doing nothing, else but witnessing and listening to operatic performances; that is, the nights."

"Of course. They are talking just now of a new troupe that will go along in a few weeks. The artists are already engaged, I understand, and the arrangements generally complete. I promise myself a great deal of pleasure during the season."

"Certainly. If such is the case, I shall not fail to profit by the new arrival myself. Music! yes; sometimes I think I could live on nothing else."

"Rather light food, however," put in Robert. "I should think considerably lighter than candles!"

"If we are all going, then," politely suggested Mr. Banister, "what is to prevent our making up a party out of it? My friend Robert and his wife,"—bestowing a glance full of meaning upon Anna,—"

"and, Mrs. Willows, it would give me the greatest pleasure to offer you my escort through the whole season."

She was immeasurably flattered by his attentive gallantry, as most ladies must be who receive compliments from polite gentlemen considerably younger than themselves.

"There might be some nights when I could not accept such favors," she answered, after thanking him for his proposition.

"Oh, well, perhaps so. But what would be easier

than for me to drop in upon Robert in his office, on the days of the performance, and learn just how it is?"

"You could do so," said the mother-in-law. "But it will be so much trouble for you, I fear, Mr. Banister!"

"Oh, not at all; such an office as that would never give me any trouble. Assure yourself, Mrs. Willows, that the delight your society will give me on these occasions, will make me less than thoughtless of any exertions I may put myself to. Then we really have arranged for a pleasant little family party, have we not?"

He kept his eyes fixed on Anna's face, however, as he thus briefly summed up the case.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Willows. "And for one, I know I shall enjoy it."

"So will Anna and myself," added Robert, looking into the sparkling eyes of his wife.

The plan was, for Mr. Banister to accompany Mrs. Willows home on the nights alluded to, and to remain her guest until the next day. A pleasanter, and a more feasible scheme could not have been devised, whereby he might acquire a familiarity with Mrs. Willows' household. It seemed to be exactly to his hand.

The next day he took his leave. It was accomplished, however, only after a series of compliments to Anna, and a profusion of high phrases, delicate flatteries, graceful bows, and captivating smiles to her mother.

"I shall certainly be there again soon," he thought with himself, as he stepped on board the morning train that was to carry him back to Boston.

"He seems really pleased with his visit," thought Robert, standing by him. "I'm glad I carried him out. I've got a friend now, who will help make the hours fly faster at home, when they occasionally get heavy."

When Robert came home again from town that night, (I was about saying, from business,) his mother-in-law began upon him forthwith.

"What a real gentleman your friend is, Robert!" said she. "Why have you never invited him out with you before?"

"For the reason that I did n't know how agreeable 'twould be to him," he answered.

"Nonsense! You might have paid me a higher compliment than that, if you chose."

"And another reason was," he added, "that I hardly felt sufficiently well acquainted with him myself to make such a proposal."

"What! Have n't you known him for several years, then?"

"Only very slightly. Not well enough to practise any social familiarities of this sort. Latterly, I have somehow seen more of him. I am glad if you like him, mother."

"Like him! I think you might hunt a long while over Boston, and not find many men who will appear better. This opera plan, now, quite delights me. I don't know but it turns my head a little."

"How much more I shall enjoy it," said her daughter, addressing her husband; "because you are with me, Robert! It will bring me a double pleasure. I am as fond of music as mother; quite as fond; but it makes all the difference with me whether I am alone, or sitting with—"

She did not say with whom, but Robert stepped quickly over to her and pressed her hand. He knew who was meant, and it made him unspeakably happy.

The opera season duly began, and the little company went on with their attendance according to the programme marked out. The scene was brilliant each night, and the singing and acting inspiring. Dictionaries of nothing but words were wasted on criticisms, beginning with the musical writers for the press, and spreading like a Spring freshet over all the nooks and fallow lands of social life. At soirees, in printing offices, on the street, in velvet-cushioned carriages,—everywhere but on 'Change, the character of the acting and the singing was freely discussed. Had war been declared with England, it could not have occasioned more talk. Ladies whose households were hardly of interest enough to occupy all their attention, found in this new town topic just the matter for the most proper display of their superfluous talents. They all said that there could be no civilization without an Opera, and they all behaved as if they believed it. As things went, however, there were a few churlish fellows, here and there, who declared they could n't see that Civilization was very much advanced by the means. But such creatures were not to be minded. Their nonsense was silenced by the patting of gloved palms, and the pounding of gold-headed canes on the floor.

Every week Mr. Byron Banister grew in the esteem of Mrs. Willows. It would be strange, with his manners and his skillfulness, if he did not. Robert, of course, felt the influence of his mother-in-law's opinion very forcibly; and Anna gave in her acquiescence with her usual heartiness and sincerity. So that, all in all, the agreeable man of the world had good reason at last to congratulate himself on the new friendships he had succeeded in forming. To speak the truth, it was what he had been aiming at from the first day he caught a glimpse of Anna's sweet face up in Huckabuck!

Having gone so far, Byron Banister determined to go further. His projects certainly seemed to promise him success.

XXVI.

THE EVIL EYE.

"You have never tried billiards yet, I believe, have you, McBride?" said he in the office, one afternoon.

"No, I'm no player," Robert answered.

"Oh, but then, we must initiate you into a beautiful game like that. It's positively manly. Every gentleman about town plays billiards, and it will hardly do to lag behind. While I live, let me live—is my motto. I consider billiards really a delightful game. Come; what do you say to my showing you the thing?"

"Certainly," assented Robert. "These matters are all new to me, you see, because I've never before had the advantages."

"I understand perfectly. Then if you say so, we'll put on our hats and go round to the rooms this very minute."

Robert turned his key in the lock, and went off down the stairs. In a short time he had not only acquired a knowledge of the game, but even become skilled in it. He happened to be one of those few young men who possess dexterity across the table, and seemed to calculate with mathematical precision the exact effect each blow on a ball would produce. Others stood near to admire the skillfulness of his play. With his Havana in his mouth, and his hat stuck back on his head, he thought of nothing in the world but the excitement that so enthralled him, and walked around the broad tables with the agility of a cat.

Sometimes Byron played against him, and sometimes he excused himself. His later habit was to make an appointment with Robert to be at the rooms at a certain hour, and then come in late himself, certain to find his friend pre-occupied in the game.

Upon these excitements followed others of a rather different nature, and very pleasantly. After long play, a bottle or two of wine was esteemed a good thing; of which the tempter was careful not to partake in too large quantities himself, but which the ardent and impulsive habit of Robert enticed him to employ more liberally than was either safe or good for him. In truth, in this little matter of drinking, one could detect at a glance the difference between the two characters.—Robert's was much too open, too frank, too generous, and too full of really fine sentiment, to harbor a mean suspicion of his friend; and he therefore suffered himself to be led headlong into snares against which a little more worldly wisdom would have warned him. He saw no danger anywhere. The same bold and ready confidence that he had in the integrity of his own honor, he likewise possessed in the firmness and inviolability of his principles. Being sound and whole at heart, he had no fears that any canker could ever get at it and gnaw its ruddy health away.

"You drink nothing so rarely, McBride!" his friend would often say, pushing the bottle across the table to him, or filling his glass against his will. "Why, I had an idea you was a man of a strong head!"

Such appeals to his pride and sense of manliness, Robert was but ill able to bear. Still, he did not mean to let go his principles; he only thought to assert his ability to cope with anybody and everybody in their own peculiar habits. At first wine had little or no power to seduce him. His soul was haunted by a living dream already, far more beautiful than any the red wine could excite in his brain. The consolations that so many profess to seek in indulgence, as they steep their faculties in the poison they love, it was not necessary for him to seek. The picture of that young wife, the recollection of her smile, the lingering echoes of her endearing words,—these kept out wretchedness from his heart, and filled it with emotions of happiness that were indeed tumultuous. What was the joy that intoxication could bring to such a life as his? What misery would it help him to forget? What shadows was it able to chase away from his brilliant future? "Was there a single wish of his nature that he could not gratify without the help of this fiend? Did his soul crave one other blessing that might lie concealed in the ruddy tide, and that he could hope to find nowhere else in the world?"

No, nothing like this. He was as happy as man could hope to be. He had friends, and had wealth; he had a noble profession; and his prospects were highly promising. Yet he felt unwilling to be thought singular by others. He wished to be esteemed a man of the world. He was deluded with the surface-show of things, and had not yet penetrated to their interior meaning. He loved applause. Even his nobler qualities betrayed him; for they led him to place too high an estimate upon his own powers of resistance. He was to buy his experience at a costly rate,—mayhap, at the expense of everything that in this life is considered worth possessing.

Braver young men than Robert McBride have gone the same way. Greater hearts than his have snapped asunder with the agony they have brought on themselves. Finer natures have sunk down into the dread darkness, and no more been seen by those who had hoped almost immortal things of them. But oh! the stings of this poisoned adder! Oh, the cruel mockery of these dancing dreams! Oh, the insanity with which the victim drains the very dregs of his misery, and believes that in all the world there is no other happiness left for him!

Robert's business could not of course be cared for as it deserved, while he bestowed his time in this manner. The office must naturally suffer. His books must go unread. People would come to the door, and find it locked when he should be within. He should be equipping himself for the strife of his professional career, when he was daily casting his hopes and aims recklessly behind him.

What at first was only a fashion with him, or a thoughtless acquiescence in the customs of others, soon grew to be a habit; and a habit is a stern fact. It is a secret power that thrusts its strong hand down into our life and character. It holds the man together, or it tears him body and soul asunder. We can create these habits at the beginning, but they will surely control us in the end. We may invite them in, but they will finally take possession. He came very soon to love his habit, for the excitement it brought him. He eagerly waited for the time of his indulgence to come round. All the while that he believed himself his own master, this friend was silently forging gyves and chains for his freedom, and riveting them firm and strong. He thought that wine was wearing him most delightful visions, whereas it was but paving the way pleasantly to the most terrific realities. And each day he grew familiar with his changed nature, and each day soiled more and more the whiteness of his early innocence!

"This afternoon," said his friend Banister, "we are going to have a dinner party. I have promised my friends that I would bring you. Some of them expressed a desire to make your acquaintance. You'll find a precious lot of noble fellows, and I don't doubt they will please you. What do you say? You can't have so good an opportunity very soon again, and I should advise you to go."

Robert seemed to give the subject a moment's reflection.

"I'm not dressed," said he.

"Foh! A man that always dresses as well as you do, need not fear for his appearance anywhere! I'll agree to assume the responsibility of that part. But what do you want to talk in that way for? Look at that coat of yours! Look at your vest and pants! And your boots!" It is n't a genteel dinner-party, by any means; it's only a meeting of a few friends. Somebody's birthday, I believe; or something of that kind."

"Well," said Robert, "as you seem to be so well satisfied with my appearance, I don't know but I ought to be, too. What time?"

"Half after two," answered his friend. "you will be plenty early for the last train out home. I'll guarantee that for you."

And instantly a feeling of joy flooded the young lawyer's heart, and delightful thoughts thrilled his frame. You could detect it in the heightened color of that cheek; in the quickened flash of that eye. He was regaling himself on the pleasures of his promised excitement beforehand! Appetite was thus secretly getting the control of him.

Some half dozen young men were assembled at the table, in one of the apartments of a fine hotel. They were all gay, and bent on enjoyment. To nearly every one of them Robert was a stranger. His friend, however, proved exceedingly attentive, and helped him to put himself at ease in a little while.

The dinner was royal, and remarkably well served. After the cloth was removed, the wines and liquors were brought on. Champagne flowed like water. Corks popped like pistols firing. Servants hurried and bustled about, adding much to the excitement of the scene.

Sentiments were at length proposed, and went round and round the table. When it came Mr. Banister's turn; he looked over to Robert, inclined his head, and begged very graciously to be allowed to propose the health of his beautiful lady. Robert was just flushed enough to receive the compliment with a certain wildness of satisfaction, and filled his glass and tossed it off at a draught.

Finally he was called on himself. He betrayed some slight hesitation at first, but soon commanded his nerves sufficiently to express himself.

"I give you, gentlemen," said he, a little tipsily; "my friend Banister! the last use you can put him to, is to railing!"

"Good! good! hurrah!" cried several, laughing at Banister, winking at their new friend's wit, and draining their long glasses.

From this point they got on rapidly. Robert especially. He was flattered, and he desired, too, to rank as a good fellow with the best of them. Though he knew absolutely nothing of their traits of character, yet he was ambitious of their esteem. It was apparent enough that he used little of that discretion which in a measure marked the conduct of his friends, for he was soon in a state of gross intoxication.

To go home that night to his wife, was an impossibility. He must be provided for where he was. The servants, therefore, assisted Mr. Banister in getting him off to a room by the back way, and he was soon in bed, and unconscious of all that was passing around him. Slipping a piece of money into the servant's hand, Mr. Banister bade him keep watch on his friend's wants and movements through the night; and promised himself to come round in the morning and see him.

When the latter emerged in the open air—it was dusk already. The streets were dark and gloomy. The next evening Robert went home. His wife came to meet him in the hall, but her step had lost a little of its airy lightness.

"Why, Robert," she gently expostulated; "what made you stay out over night so? I was so frightened! Oh, why did you?"

"Because I missed the last train out," said he. And this was the first falsehood with which he had ever disguised his love.

He stooped down and kissed her forehead, and smoothed away the hair from her temples. At that moment he would have given anything short of his life, could he have possessed the sweet innocence that belonged to her.

"That was too bad, wasn't it?" said she, taking him by the hand. "But how hot your face looks! And your eyes don't seem right! Have you got a fever?"

"No, I guess not," he answered, with affected carelessness. "I've been walking pretty fast from the cars, you know."

He laid off his things and went up stairs. Anna hurried to let her mother know the cause of her husband's absence at once.

The moment Robert got into his chamber, and looked at himself in the mirror, he saw at a glance how it was. He saw that he did look feverish; that his countenance wore a haggard expression; that his eye was restless and inflamed; that his lips were parched and swollen.

XXVII.

"Why have I been such a fool?" said he, in a ghostly whisper that came out of his heart. "What is the enjoyment in such things? Oh, my God! that I could blot the whole of yesterday out of my existence! And to have to lie to this dear wife of mine,—yes, to lie!"—he snote his breast fiercely with his clenched fist,— "it is too bad! too bad! Oh, heaven! give me strength to overcome these follies!"

He heard Anna on the stairs, and in a moment the door opened. "I went into town myself to-day," said she, "and called at your office; but it was locked. I was so worried about you, Robert, for fear you were sick, or something had happened to you!"

"Oh, no," he answered, brushing his hair vigorously. "I guess I was out on some business matters."

And thus followed the second falsehood, so close upon the first! His prayers, his resolutions, his secret self-accusations,—what were they all worth? How soon would they help him out of the darkness into which he was plunging?

Thus matters went on. In spite of his strongest resolutions, Robert would suffer himself to be betrayed. There probably was not a young man in the land who cherished higher hopes, or felt better satisfied with his own strength of purpose; but the enemy came upon him with such stealth that he knew not how easily he fell.

There was something strangely deceitful in many of his present reflections. They were not healthy enough to be his just judges. Now they accused, and now they acquitted him. Sometimes they lashed him into agony for his thoughtless cruelty towards his wife, and again they convinced him that he was all that other men were, and in no wise forgetful of his ordinary duty.

Mr. Byron Banister soon discovered that he need not himself be too active in the pursuit of the plan he had so coldly conceived. He saw that if Robert was left alone, he would hurry on to his unhappy fate as fast as his worst enemy could desire.

He indulged in his excesses almost daily. The habit gained strength rapidly. It was but occasionally that he awakened to a sense of his danger, and at such periods his remorse seemed greater than he could bear.

Still he loved his wife with all his soul. Still he believed himself proof against all the powers on earth to decoy or overthrow him. In so short a time had the simple boy from the country become the changed and unhappy man, without seeming to know himself that it was so.

But greater and sadder transformations than this are to be seen every day. He indulged in his excesses almost daily. The habit gained strength rapidly. It was but occasionally that he awakened to a sense of his danger, and at such periods his remorse seemed greater than he could bear.

It was a frequent matter for him to go home at night in a state of unnatural excitement, which could not well be concealed from the observation of Anna and her mother. The latter kept her own counsel with something like sternness; but the former, hurt as her young heart was, tried anxiously to screen, to palliate, and to excuse.

Oh, this love of a wife! What is there to compare with it in creation! So devoted; so courageous; so tender; so bold! Now throwing a mantle of charity around all frailties and wrongs, and now crucifying itself to save the life and honor it cherishes so religiously! To-day full of prayer for the safety of the beloved one, and to-morrow battling the world in his unworthy defence!

One day Anna's mother ventured to speak with her on the subject.

appetite. There was always a reason ready to her hand. She seemed to have no thought for her own aching heart, but only to flay the suspicions of her fanciful parent.

Sometimes he came to the table when he had much better have remained away; neither knowing where he was, or what he uttered. If ever human suffering was hard to bear, Anna's was at such times as these. She sat and pretended to eat; but every morsel nearly choked her. If her mother offered a remark, she had no remark to offer in return.

Now it reached such a pitch of folly, that he was at times obliged to remain in his room for the whole of the next day. Of course the world saw it not, and he thought he was still uncondemned. Alas! but he knew it; and the misery that knowledge brought him was deeper than if all fingers had been pointed at him in token of his shame.

"Oh, Robert!" she would begin to him in the morning, as he was about leaving her; and unable to get any farther, she would burst into tears as she hung on his neck.

"Why, what is the matter, Anna? What can be the matter? Tell me, my darling, or I shall be unhappy all day!"

"Nothing; nothing. I don't feel very well. I shall get over it soon."

And so she would press back the heavy burden on her heart, to crush her peace till she heard his foot-step at evening in the hall again. She would suffer anything, rather than make him wretched with her fears. She resolved to bear the martyrdom herself; she should not endure a pang.

The patience of the mother-in-law, however, was wearing out fast. It showed itself in various ways. Even Robert could not reasonably expect it to last always, whatever Anna may have ventured to suppose. Occasionally Mrs. Willows betrayed anger, though not by words. Sometimes she left the table in disgust, hoping thus to inflict a silent rebuke.

Deferred so long, when the crisis came it brought with it the weight of accumulated evils and wrongs. Mrs. Willows resolved to assert her own self-respect, and the respect due to her household.

"Mr. McBride," said she,—and this distant address carried a cutting rebuke with it,— "one thing must now be understood."

"Either you must change your present course, or I shall change mine!"

Anna brushed by her mother with a hasty step, and with a face expressive of untold agony in its distorted features, begged in a whisper that she wouldn't do this.

"You should have more regard for your wife, and your position in life, even if you have so little for yourself. Look at her, and see what the poor child suffers almost daily! My heart bleeds for her. I cannot look on and see this go on any longer. It must be stopped. As I have just said, either you must change your course, or I shall change mine!"

It would be impossible to describe the sudden reversion of feelings that shook the frame of the young man to its centre. At first he was struck dumb with terror. Never dreaming that his wife's mother would dare speak so boldly and so plainly, when she did thus express herself it was with an effect he could not have foreseen.

"What do you mean?" he asked, half turning round upon her. "Anything that I have done?"

"Anything you have done! Yes, sir! I need not mention what it is; you know well enough yourself. You ought to take shame to yourself for such conduct. It disgraces your friends along with you. I need not say any more. You know what I mean!"

Anna still pressed against her mother, beseeching her with wild looks and sepulchral whispers to be silent.

"Oh, don't, mother! don't! don't! He'll never come home so again! Talk to him some other time! Don't talk to him now! I'll talk with him about it, mother, if you won't! It will break my heart; it will kill me,—I know it will!"

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Willows, going up to Anna and putting her arms around her. "How much you do suffer, don't you! Dear heart!—but I promise it shall not be so much longer. Is n't it enough,—speaking to Robert while she still held her daughter pressed against her breast,— "is n't it enough to send you down on your knees for her forgiveness? Can a true man see such grief as this, and be at peace with himself while he knows he is the cause of it? Oh, for shame! shame on you for such conduct!"

"Mother! mother! oh, pray don't, mother!" pleaded the young wife. "You will kill me!"

"Will you screen one who treats you thus, my daughter? Are you so ready to forgive and forget as all that?"

"At least," said Robert, "she is my wife; and she is not to be influenced improperly against me. I protest against it. I forbid it absolutely! Anna, do you refuse to look at me? Have you ceased to love me?"

She tried to look through her parted hands towards him, but her mother drew down her head, and buried her face in her bosom. She seemed determined to work a separation at once. In curing an evil, she would relentlessly have employed means even more vicious and violent than the evil itself.

"I have nothing further to say at this time," returned Robert to this act of his mother-in-law; "you of course will follow out your own determination; I shall pursue mine!"

With these words he left the room and hurried up into his chamber. The instant he was gone, Anna sank down in the middle of the floor, and wept and groaned like one in the last extremities of agony. It was pitiful to witness her tears,—her pallid face,—her short breathings,—her dishevelled hair,—and the wild wretchedness expressed in her features. It would have melted a heart of stone to listen to her low moans, so incoherent, so full of suffering grief.

"What shall I do! What shall I do!" were expressions that escaped her lips repeatedly. "Oh, if Robert,—if mother,—oh, what have I done to bring all this on me! Mother, mother, you will forgive Robert, won't you? Say,—won't you love him again, and let all this pass by? Oh, mercy! Oh, oh!"

It was in vain that her parent essayed to calm her. She was ever a dutiful daughter, but it was not possible for her to drive it out of her heart that she was a patient and devoted wife. On the single act of marriage, she had unreservedly staked all her happiness. The words of a mother might be welcome, but the silent sympathy of a loved husband was a thousand times more sweet.

Unable to endure this torture alone any longer, she hurried off up stairs, staggering this way and that as she went, and threw herself, without a syllable, with only a deep groan, into her husband's arms. He stood and held her thus clasped to his bosom. The great wealth of her affection he was certain he realized; but the manner in which he was so wickedly trifling with it, he was not as ready to understand.

Poor man! poor lady! the world is full of just such suffering as yours today!

XXVIII.

Any one would suppose that an experience like this would cure the most vicious habit known; but it is wonderful what a power the appetite exercises over the will, and even over the reason.

The Patagonians entertain a belief that the strength of every enemy they overcome passes into their own bodies, and becomes an integral part of their own force and energy. So it is, likewise, with temptations. Vanquish one, and its power passes over to your power of resistance, which makes victory over the second more certain and easy.

Had Robert impressed into his service so reasonable a philosophy as this, first convincing himself that he stood in a slippery place where he was, it is not a questionable assertion that he would in time have freed himself from the thraldom to which he was now rapidly surrendering everything he possessed—life, love, and happiness. But with him it was a difficult matter to tell where and when he was to begin.

He looked out of himself, and beheld others of equal age and promise addicting themselves to similar follies, and accordingly braced himself in his resolution not to be outdone. They appeared to enjoy themselves; why should not he enjoy himself? They took life at its highest promise, and spun out their fancies at their own pleasure, and tasted the freshest dews of the morning; should he go into social exile, lest something now unknown and unseen might occur to mar or to destroy the anticipations of his youth? Could it be expected of him, that he should exchange the impetuosity of his early years for the serenity of old age in a day?

Against each and all these suppositions he proceeded to argue stoutly. Life was for enjoyment; not for a perpetual homily. While he lived, he would live; he would never play the hypocrite, or whine.

But still, following out his arguments faithfully into practice, he found that his theory was anything but a true or a safe one. Instead of preserving that freshness of feeling which he deemed so characteristic of people of his years, it now became one of his rarest possessions. He lived at the two extremes of existence; never within the golden mean where happiness only resides. Now he was on the top wave of excitement, drifting on over a wide sea that seemed to offer nothing but the grandest freedom; now he was thrown a more wreck upon the shore, tossed and dragged and worn, and lay helplessly lamenting the untold accidents of life that had so early begun to wreak their power upon him.

He could not overcome, because he would not resist. No character ever stood out grandly before the world, that did not exert to the utmost all its forces of resistance. A weak conformity plucks the heart out of all bold and original endeavor.

Anna plead with him, but not childishly. She would throw her arms about his neck, and tell him how much she loved him, and beg him affectionately not to be so foolish again; and he would caress his heart's darling fondly, and smooth down her hair, and press kisses upon her cheek,—and promise a change.

he heard, that was dropped here and there; and declared that he would suffer to have no influence with him; he wished that their people would busy themselves about their own concerns, and pay less attention to him; and he took his oath that he would show his independence to all the world, and do just as he pleased.

"Oh, Robert," his wife said to him repeatedly, "I'm afraid you don't love me any longer."

"Why, why not? What makes you think so, Anna?" he would demand of her, with an earnestness that showed how deeply he was wounded by what she said.

"I don't know, Robert. I can't tell you. But I ought to know, too, had n't I? And I ought to tell you?"

He was silent, for he knew what she wanted to say.

"It is because you make me so many promises, dear Robert, and do not keep them! Do you think you are good for keeping your word with me? Don't you think I have some little reason to complain? And yet I do not mean to find any fault, either. But I love you so much—ah, you must let me tell you always how I feel!"

"I certainly wish you to do so, Anna," was his reply. "I would have you keep nothing from me. It is n't possible that there should be any love, if there is no confidence. You will promise to tell me all your thoughts, Anna, won't you? Don't keep anything from me."

"I wish I never felt obliged to."

"Well," said he, "what do you feel obliged to conceal from me? Tell me, for I really should like to know."

"But I don't like to tell you," she answered. "I can't tell you, Robert. It's nothing but—"

She sat and toyed with the locks of her hair, and became so confused, that she could scarcely speak. His eyes searched hers for their secret, but their search was vain.

"Nothing but what, Anna? You haven't told me yet."

"Oh, I am so foolish!" said she. "I ought not to talk so. Nothing; nothing; only I love you!"

This was as far as she could go. He understood what she would say, however, though he affected ignorance so often. He knew what she meant well enough, when she hinted so gently of his breaking his promises to her.

But he had not the courage and the manliness to deal with her so frankly on this subject as he did on almost every other. Here he was guilty of reserve. He seemed to erect a barrier, behind which he retreated whenever her conversation happened to set in this direction. This, at least, was proof sufficient of his guilt; and not only of his guilt, but of his unhappy consciousness of it besides.

As often as he came home to her in an unfortunate condition, she patiently exerted herself to conceal all that she was able from her mother. Many and many an evening did she assist him to bed, and sit weeping and praying at his side while his senses were drowned in beastly unconsciousness. Again and again did she shower kisses on his feverish lips, and ask God above to endow him with a strength of resistance that he had not.

One day Anna and her mother were sitting together, engaged with their sewing, when the latter brought the subject up again.

"I don't see as there is any improvement, my daughter," said she. "Something ought to be done. The longer this thing goes on, the worse it becomes. It is ruining him, as you can see for yourself; and it is bringing fresh disgrace on us almost every day. For myself, I cannot put up with it. I told him so once, but what good has it done? He seems to pay as little regard to my feelings as possible; and what he thinks of you, I should suppose you could see as well as myself. I have borne and borne with it, and all for your sake; but I cannot bear any longer. No, Anna, I cannot!"

Anna's eyes were bent on her work, which, however, her swimming tears suffered her to see but dimly. She did not offer any reply at first, for her utterance was choked with her swelling emotions. Her mother, therefore, again proceeded; and the more she talked and thought about it, the less capable she seemed of commanding herself.

"Don't, mother! Don't speak that word again! It is not worthy of the love of anything human, as long as he takes pains to repel all respect and sympathy in this way. I confess I am greatly mistaken in him. I thought him noble and manly; whereas he has not manliness enough about him even to resist one of the most beastly habits known! It is astonishing how people are deceived in such matters. But I do not believe I shall ever be so misled again. In the time of it, I did n't think of such a thing."

The hours were long till evening, and the wife's heart was fearfully oppressed. She sought her chamber once, and in that solitude let her tears flow freely. She walked softly about the room, like a person bewildered with her thoughts, wringing her hands and distorting her beautiful countenance with grief. Whenever she chanced to pass the mirror, and throw in a glance at her own image, it alarmed her to see to what a pitiable condition this grief and anxiety were fast reducing her.

She lifted her eyes in silent supplication, and prayed as never prayer proceeded from her heart before, that her dear husband might be restored to her sound and whole. Now she sat down upon the side of the bed, and made an effort to be calm; and now she sprang up again and went walking wildly over the floor. It was not a grief that convulsed her; it was consuming her. She did not tear her hair with her hands; but she was dying with the fierce pulsations of her heart. Through it all, she loved Robert. Robert was the only name on her lips, as if she could fashion them to speak no other. Her thoughts were with him all the day long; and by night she lay and listened to his heavy breathing.

On that very evening he returned from town in a state of unmistakable intoxication. It was not possible even for his wife to disguise it. Occurring so soon after this conversation between Anna and her mother, it seemed peculiarly unfortunate on all sides.

Anna made the discovery at once, but her mother's observations were not behind her own. While the former, therefore, hastened out into the hall to call him after her up stairs, in order to prevent the painful scene that she knew could not fail to follow, the latter marched close up to him, and confronted him with her resolute presence.

"You have come home again in this situation, sir!" said she.

He stood and looked at her in silence a moment, for the onset was so sudden that it bereft him of all power to reply.

Anna slipped her arm through his, and sought to break off the scene where it was. "Come!" she said in a low voice to him. "Come with me, Robert, up stairs!"

"I have been insulted by you, and in my own house, too, long enough!" said Mrs. Willows. "After this, I wish you to understand that you need not come here any more! No one wishes to see you! As for permitting my daughter to be connected with such a brute; I shall not! I repeat it to you, sir,—you had better find lodgings somewhere else!"

"Oh, mother!" groaned the poor wife. "Please don't! Come, Robert! That's a good Robert! Come with me up stairs, will you?"

He stood perfectly still, however, till he had recovered himself, and then proceeded to reply to his angry mother-in-law. Anna put up her hand over his mouth, to try to stop him from going on; but he pushed it gently but firmly aside, and answered her mother in the same tone in which she encountered him.

"You should have shame enough," added Mrs. Willows, "to stay away altogether! You ought to shut yourself up, where nobody can see you! It's disgraceful! It is more than I can bear! You are not fit to be recognized by any one who respects himself! I've said it already, and I say it again,—it's best that you find other accommodations for yourself! We don't want you here, and we won't have you!"

"But this is my wife, is n't it?" said he, pointing to Anna. "Are you going to separate a man from his wife?"

"You are not fit to live with her at all! What do you do but disgrace her? What sort of companionship is it you offer her? No! she is anything but your wife, while you make such a miserable husband of her!"

Robert was guilty of sneering at her. Any sort of speech she could have borne better than that; but such a token of contempt maddened her beyond all bounds.

"I shall have as little more to say to you, sir, as possible! I've done with you!" said she, her stature seeming to increase with her lowering passion. "You may rely on one thing, and that is, that I shall take the necessary steps to rid my family of you without delay! And the first thing I shall do, will be to write to your mother! She shall be apprised of the whole of your infamous conduct!"

"Well, write her, then!" he replied angrily. "I've no objection, I'm sure!"

"Come, Robert! come! Oh, mother! Oh, dear husband!" cried Anna, laboring to get him off with her.

"You can go with him, if you choose, my daughter," said her mother; "but if you have any feeling left for me, you will leave him to take care of himself! The scottish wretch!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Poetry.

MATHEMATICS.

Mathe-mat-ics is a nut
For every man's digestion;
When the shell is fairly cracked,
Pop! goes the question.

Those Girls at the Dolphin.

The town of Guildford, in Surrey, is one of the most romantic, characteristic and singular throughout the country. Its origin is of ancient date, for it was one of the residences of the West Saxon Kings, the ruins of whose castle are still to be seen to the southward of the High street.

Among them is the Dolphin Inn—a large, old-fashioned building, with a somewhat modernized front, but the back of it remains as it did years ago.

But there were two reasons for this. First, the two daughters of old Martin Daore were acknowledged to be the prettiest girls in Guildford.

The other was, that Martin Daore sold the best of liquors; his wine was excellent, his spirits the very best distilled, and—oh, marvel to tell!—undistilled; and then his ale!

So those who loved a pretty face, and good, round, wholesome cheer, all went to the Dolphin.

The ages of Phoebe and Naomi were respectively twenty and eighteen, and of course, they had plenty of admirers.

They were of the Saxon type—fair-haired, blue-eyed, with well-shaped, rosy-cheeked, and skins as white and transparent as alabaster; and that skin looked so smooth and so soft, that one's very fingers ached to touch it.

Then they were so pleasant in their manner, so winning in their ways, so cheerful, obliging, complaisant, innocent and modest, that they won the favor of all who visited the house—and they were many.

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his daughters' beauty sounded, but that he knew they were very pretty girls, and that the heads of half the young fellows of Guildford were turned by their charms.

Then the girls were always stirring with the lark, and they always retired very early; and this regulation saved them from much which might, to put it in its best shape, have proved disadvantageous to them.

One Monday afternoon, a young man, apparently just over that important era, his majority, entered the inn.

He walked round the bar, and took the young man by the hands, and drew him near to the light.

"Thou'rt he, surely?"

"Yes."

"And all the rest of you, of course. You can't get over me, my fine fellow, that way!"

"Nevertheless, I am that same Gerard Earle, the son of your old friend, who, after living in Guildford for twenty-five years, left it to settle down in Dorsetshire."

"Let's have a look at thee!" exclaimed Martin Daore.

"I be glad to see thee, boy!" he cried; "right glad! Surely thou'rt going to stay, of course?"

"I have promised myself three weeks in Guildford, if I find that absence has not cooled the warmth of friendship displayed in other days towards me by those I loved when living here," replied Gerard Earle.

"Thou'rt find all glad to see thee here; and thou'rt take up thy quarters here, or I'm a Dutchman. And thy dear father—how is he? Lord! how many a time I've missed his light-hearted laugh and his good-natured speech.

"Well, sir, soon after he left this place an uncle died in Jamaica, leaving him a large estate, and he was obliged to go over to the West Indies to manage his affairs."

"Hurray! Well, to be sure, I was afraid matters were all t'other way. Misfortunes took him from here, and it ain't often rich uncles do and leave fortunes to their nephews in the very soul of the struggle with necessity.

"I see how it is," he thought; "she remembers how fond we were of each other—the show I didot on her—when we were boys and girls—Villiers, and promised to be constant to that love."

"Gerard Earle!" exclaimed Naomi.

"Good heavens, so it is!" cried Phoebe. "Dear, dear Gerard, how glad I am to see you again!"

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pleased, to see them when they rose to breakfast, dine, drink tea, and sup with them—in fact, to have it all his own way—with anything but approving glances; and they noted, too, that if any one attempted to be tender to Naomi, or to say to her a word more than met the approbation of Gerard Earle, he was sure to draw the fiery eye of the young man upon him, conveying an expression that if he was not ready for a mortal combat, he would be wise to discontinue his attempted flirtation with that most charming of all charming little girls.

It was very certain that Gerard Earle, who, in past years, had been very fond of Naomi, was now over head and ears in love with her.

He was to have another evidence that she did not care so much for him as she did for others.

He was startled on the Saturday evening, just after Phoebe and Naomi had retired to bed, by perceiving a most painfully handsome young fellow enter the house, and, without ceremony, present himself behind the bar.

"Well, Dad!" said he to Martin, who shook him warmly by the hand.

"Glad to see you, my boy!" cried Martin. "Yes, the girls have such a good time, as old Niggles, the parish-clerk, says, when he comes to enjoy his glass of grog at the bar, when they have all gone—oh, I beg your pardon! Allow me to introduce you, Harry, to a son of a very dear old friend of mine, who has come here to spend a few weeks with us. Mr. Gerard Earle, Mr. Harry Villiers!"

"The two young men looked into each other's eyes, with a sort of 'What the devil do you want here?'"

"This fellow," said Gerard to himself, "is certainly down here in a matchmaking business, he is dressed so carefully. Oh, that I knew which he was after! He's oursedly handsome!"

"Where the father of sin did this chap tumble from? He's after Phoebe or Naomi, of course! how I should like to know which! He's infernally good looking, and he's been carrying on a nice game here all the week!"

"On Sunday morning all breakfasted together. The girls were quite at home with Harry, especially Naomi, to whom he was, in Gerard's eyes, especially and offensively attentive. As to her, she seemed to look and talk to nobody but him.

"I see how it is," he thought; "she remembers how fond we were of each other—the show I didot on her—when we were boys and girls—Villiers, and promised to be constant to that love."

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turned her eyes upon him archly, and said, "Well, I may say no, and may say yes. At all events, if she is not quite engaged, there are, to me, pretty strong signs that she very soon will be!"

And she burst into a merry laugh as she concluded.

Gerard groaned too, but it was not with pleasure. Harry turned his head round, as he heard the ringing laugh, and he stopped.

"Come, come," said he, "you two seem precious jolly together. I should like to have a little of that jollity placed to my account!"

"Selfish beast!" thought Gerard.

"Here," continued Harry, withdrawing the arm of Naomi from his, and handing her over to Gerard, "here, Mr. Earle, just take care of our little Naomi, will you? I just want to have a little advice from Phoebe!"

"Adieu!" laughed Phoebe. "I should like to see you take advice from me. Naomi is your advisor-general—don't let me take her office away."

"We will confer, if you please, Phoebe. None of your nonsense with me! You know I won't stand that," cried Harry; and seizing her arm, he hurried her on, walking at such a pace that they were far into the wood before Gerard and Naomi entered it.

What a way they walked on in silence, to be sure! At last Gerard broke it, and said a little spitefully, "Mr. Villiers seems to be a favorite here?"

"What, Harry?" exclaimed Naomi. "Ah! he is indeed; everybody likes him."

"You do?"

"Me?—oh, very much indeed!"

Gerard coughed. His heart was full of pain and sorrow.

"Ah, yes—yes!" he murmured; "to be sure—of course!"

They walked on in silence until they came to a bend in the rivulet which ran into the Wye.

"Shall we sit here?" he said, pointing to the bank.

"I am not tired," she answered.

"We will go on, then," he said. She looked up in his face.

"You look pale, Gerard," she said; "perhaps you are tired. Let us sit here for a little while."

He was pale, and he felt wretched. He determined to know his fate at once, for he loved this girl so intensely that suspense was death to him—worse than the certainty that she loved him not, and was about to become another's. He went at it headlong. Taking a deep breath, as she seated herself by his side, and threw pebbles into the stream, he said, "Mr. Villiers came down here to contract a marriage engagement, did he not?"

"Yes," she replied; "he did."

"He has been accepted, I presume?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And the lady loves him?"

"With her whole soul!" cried Naomi, with emphasis.

Gerard bowed his head upon his knees, and scalding tears forced their way through his eyelids down his cheeks. He could not repress them, nor a groan of agony which burst from him.

"Good heaven, Gerard!" she exclaimed. "Are you in pain?"

"He threw up his head."

"A spasm!" he said; "a somewhat severe, I confess, but it will come again, and I shall be spared witnessing the mortal throes I must suffer."

He rose up—Naomi did so too. He took from about his neck a fine gold chain, to which was appended a locket, a trinket that certainly came from as near the region of the heart as it could be worn. He placed it in her hand.

"I have worn it from whence I have taken it," he said, "since the hour I received it. I have never sullied the allegiance or trifled the promise then made, by a thought or act foreign to the spirit of the boyish engagements I entered into with you, Naomi. Into your hands I return it, since henceforth to me it will be the bitterest remembrance of false and foolish hopes; and I would rather this you may give it, may the duration of your attachment prove longer than it has done in my case."

Naomi became as white as marble; the locket lay in her hand as he placed it. For a moment she was unable to utter a word; then she said, "Gerard, why do you return this to me? What—what have I done to forfeit your esteem?"

"It matters little to me whether it is Villiers' or—"

"Gerard Earle!" she exclaimed, turning her full, clear, loving eyes upon him.

"He fell on his knees before her, and clasped her waist with his burning hands."

"Is this so?" he asked, in accents of intense excitement.

She answered by pressing his heated forehead with her lips.

He sprang from the ground, and, folding his arms round her, pressed her passionately to his breast. He whispered fondly in her ear, "And are you really mine—only, only mine?"

"Thine only, Gerard!" she replied. "Think you I have forgotten our parting?—forgotten the promise we made, or that the love I bore for you then, has faded or paled with time? No—oh, no! I knew you the instant my eyes fell upon you, though absence and alteration made by nature have much changed you; still, your features were imprinted on the tablets of my memory, and the changes of time and nature could not efface them."

"Darling!" he ejaculated. "Yet you were told to me at first."

"Not cold, Gerard."

"You did not kiss me, when first you saw me, after so many years' absence. Phoebe did."

"You were not indifferent to me, Gerard; if you had been, you would have found me out just as Phoebe did."

"And you do love me, Naomi?"

"More truly, more fondly, more dearly than ever I did, Gerard!" she returned.

He held, at that moment, pressed close to his throbbing heart, the prettiest little girl in existence, and his lips were fastened upon a pair of the smallest, yet purest in Christendom.

Envious dog.

All this while Martin Daore was drawing ale, mixing grog, and selling cigars to the young fellow-dom of Guildford, who were looking out for Phoebe and Naomi, and wondering why they were not illuminating by their presence, the bar which seemed so gloomy without them.

The crackling of dry twigs announced approaching footsteps, and Gerard and Naomi at once stood to order. He began to expatiate on the beauties of the orchis tribe, a flower of the genus being conventionally at hand for him to pluck.

"Where have you been?" exclaimed the latter.

"We have looked everywhere for you."

"Following you," responded Gerard, with a flushed face.

"Oh, Phoebe! how you have bent the front of your bonnet!" exclaimed Naomi, suddenly, in hopes to draw attention from her blushing countenance. "Let me straighten it for you. How could you have done it?"

"La, Naomi!" retorted Phoebe, whose face became a violent crimson; "I'm sure it can't be. But, goodness! how your collar is rumpled! How could you have done it?"

The two young men laughed. Then Harry grew a little serious, and said to Gerard, "By the way, it is well you and I, sir, should understand each other. This"—he took Phoebe's hand as he spoke,— "is my little wife that is to be."

"I am quite of your opinion: it is right we should understand each other. This is my little wife that is to be," said Gerard, holding and pressing Naomi's hand as he spoke.

"To be sure," said Phoebe, with a laugh; and holding up her finger to Gerard, "Did n't I tell you there were signs that she would soon be engaged?"

He laughed—how could do that now, with satisfaction.

"Oh! I knew Naomi did n't treasure up that lock of your hair for nothing," continued Phoebe, mirthfully.

Then she recounted, with a passing allusion to the remarkable coincidence, how they were struggling for the lock of his hair which, in a spirit of mischief, she (Phoebe) had darted off with just as Gerard arrived.

"You have that lock of hair still, dear Naomi?" said Gerard, fondly, to her. Her beaming eyes answered in the affirmative, while Phoebe, provokingly full of humor, said, "Trust her for that! But she cannot show it to you."

"Why not?" asked Gerard.

"Because she has kissed the paper until it is quite shabby."

There was a general laugh at this sally, and Gerard could not refrain from kissing Naomi.

"Don't go on in that way. See what you make me do!" cried Harry Villiers, proceeding to bend the front of Phoebe's bonnet.

Aa Phoebe's lips were released, she cried, "You are so rude, Harry!"

So he was, but not disagreeably.

But what did Martin Daore say to these engagements, in which he had not been consulted? Why, he slapped the table, and said, "I always have said, an' I do say, that, in the dance of life, young people should choose their own partners; but if the choice had n't been left to me—which it was not, nor even my opinion asked, for the matter o' that—there's no two young men in this country I would sooner give my daughters to!"

In parenthesis, it may be added, there were no two other young men in the country they would have accepted.

The fathers of Villiers and Earle thought with their sons, when they saw the pretty faces and pleasing manners of the choice they had made; and surely you, reader, will offer no opposition to the unions to which they consented.

All Guildford rung with the news that the pretty daughters of old Daore were going to be married. All the young girls said it was a precious good job, and all the young fellows said it was a great nuisance. They wondered what the girls could see in two such puppets to wed them; while the girls wondered how two such handsome young fellows could suffer themselves to be entrapped by such artful, designing creatures as those girls at the Dolphin.

They were married, though, and happy enough they have since been in the choice they have each made!

Body and mind have many points in common. An old epigram mentions one of these thus:—
The mind, just like the stomach, takes
Its food for pleasure, profit, ease;
Reflection all the virtue makes;
And serves it for its gastric juice!

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering
fides to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an
undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great
ones are let on a long lease.

Banner of Light.

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Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and Lecturers, are requested to procure subscriptions, and will be furnished with blank receipts and certificates of agency, on application to us.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BANNER.

Our associates, Mr. T. Gales Forster and J. Rollin M. Squire, are now on a tour in the South and West, for the purpose of giving lectures, and presenting the claims of the BANNER OF LIGHT to their citizens.

DEVOTION OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

We have received a communication from a lady correspondent, asking us to furnish a reason, if we can, for the manifest falling off of affection on the part of a husband towards his wife, soon after his marriage.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

Some people have a great idea of "carrying their religion into their business," as they express it, and never omit any opportunity to preach openly on the subject to those whom they think rather more lax than they are themselves.

CHEAP AND DEAR.

It is tenth-rate pleasures which are popular and expensive; the healthiest, purest and most inspiring are the cheapest and most neglected.

THE GRANDMOTHERS.

None of us are apt to think too kindly of these old occupants of the family chimney-corners; sitting so patiently in their high-backed chairs, with snowy caps on their silvered crowns, great round-eyed spectacles across their noses, and that saintly look of resignation on their countenances.

MRS. CONANT.

Our "Messenger" department has been merged for two weeks past, on account of the illness of this lady. It is now for two weeks since she has been able to attend to her duties, and we have been obliged to husband our stock of communications.

by having a care for all these minor matters, the odds and ends of existence, that we may be said to live at all.

There is no way in which unhappiness between husband and wife can be obviated, but after the laws of forbearance, kindness, and charity. Every other rule fails to cover the matter.

THE MERRY MORN THAT LITTLERS ON THE HILL.

And drives the darkness from the wide abyss; That wakes the fragrant flowers beside the rill, To blush and tremble at his golden kiss.

THE EARLY DAY THAT KISSES UP THE DOW.

And gains the plain with steady, silent tread, Beneath the rays that brightly struggle through The clouds that veil the sun-king's crested head.

SWEET NATURE'S SONG THAT GREETS THE EVENING HOUR.

And fills with holy throbbings all my breast, The prayer that all with gentle soothing power The heart untroubled, that longs for rest, Is beautiful, but void of harmony.

THE COURIER AND NAKEDNESS.

From the way the Courier writes harps on the unauthenticated story of Spiritual circles in Boston sitting in a state of perfect nudity, it would be natural to conclude that he prefers to have everything naked, but the truth is, that he chooses to have the privilege of dressing up to suit himself.

THE POET BRYANT IN SPAIN.

Every item of intelligence touching our literary men, especially our poets, is of interest to the people of the country at large.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

In the afternoon, after the singing, Mrs. Henderson offered a prayer for the protection of the spirit of spirits. She announced for her text the words of Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings—that publisheth peace."

THE WAYS OF THE GERMANS.

We Yankees have our peculiarities, and of course the Germans, like us and like other people, have theirs. Travelers have written pleasant accounts of their ways of living, how quiet and contented the peasantry are disposed to be, all about their annual fairs, their social life, and so forth.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

It is absurd to say that all God's inspiration is bound between the covers of a book. God inspires man, not through a bible, but through nature. Men receive inspiration differently.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Let man do his own worship, and reason for himself, and the lights of inspiration will be opened. To-day there are teachers, and all men are chosen, —one to one work, and one to another.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

She closed with an improvisation, which we regret our limits prevent us from publishing. After another prayer, she announced herself ready to answer questions, as is customary.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

The condition of the soul after dissolution is in a great measure owing to the condition of the dying. Death has been called the king of terrors; but to one who has made a right use of life, it comes as a peaceful messenger.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Q.—Are we to suppose the ten commandments came from God? A.—Truth, coming from God, always corresponds with reason. We cannot accept them as coming directly from Him.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Q.—Do they not exist in the very nature of things, and, if so, are they not from God? A.—We believe that they were, like all inspirations, tainted by the mediumship through which they came.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Q.—How do you control the medium to speak to us? A.—We act upon the medium by a combined influence. The ideas you receive come from a band of spirits.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Q.—Does the medium remember her lectures after she is out of the trance influence? A.—She remembers nothing; but when they are spoken of afterwards, the ideas are recalled to her like the events of a dream.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Q.—Are ministers of the Gospel, of different sects, called of God to preach? If so, why does God inspire them to preach error? A.—Their faculties and reason have been perverted by the teachings of a pernicious theology; they are hired to support a certain dogma or chain of dogmas; yet they preach truth according to their best conception of it.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Q.—Can spirits foretell coming events? A.—Some can, judging from the past; and with highly-developed spirits it is carried to a great perfection. But it is not our mission to prophesy, or yours to seek it.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Q.—Is progress the law of the spirit life? A.—Most certainly. Progress is the law of nature, in every condition, in the spirit life as well as in the mortal sphere.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Q.—Does God act otherwise than through fixed laws? A.—Never. Man is constantly changing; God never changes.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

The topic selected by the audience for the evening lecture was, "Was the crucifixion of Jesus essential to the salvation of the world? and, if so, was not Judas an instrument for carrying out the fore-established will of God?"

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

The controlling power said, in order to give an idea upon this subject, we must go back to the teaching of the old theology. Redemption has always been a prominent doctrine of theology, with the Christian Church. They believed that man was steeped in iniquity, and that Christ was sent as a scapegoat, to take upon himself the sins of the world, and that in his death mankind was to escape eternal doom.

THE MELODEON LECTURES.

Christ is looked upon as the Son of God. The Jews prophesied of his coming, and yet denied him when he came, and they are still looking for the coming of the Messiah. If he died to save all who would believe on him, what is to become of the millions who lived and died before his birth? It may be said faith would save them; but the bible

know what is good for them to eat, until we are told all about it; that we must put up with the puffing and blowing of itinerant show-men, before we understand where such a vast fund of pleasure lies concealed from us; and that we place the reins in anybody else's hand, rather than be bothered with the management of them ourselves!

Not until we return to the early and simple principles, therefore, shall we be able to find the true source of delight and pleasure. We have wandered away too far from home; we must come back again and dwell at our own hearth, with our own household gods around us. A sixpence may be made, in the matter of happiness, to go farther than an angle. Who, then, will not sit down and reckon up all his small change carefully?

MY BROTHER.

The merry morn that litters on the hill, And drives the darkness from the wide abyss; That wakes the fragrant flowers beside the rill, To blush and tremble at his golden kiss.

The early day that kisses up the dow, And gains the plain with steady, silent tread, Beneath the rays that brightly struggle through The clouds that veil the sun-king's crested head.

Sweet nature's song that greets the evening hour, And fills with holy throbbings all my breast, The prayer that all with gentle soothing power The heart untroubled, that longs for rest, Is beautiful, but void of harmony.

Unless I mingle some kind thought of thee.

The twilight gaily tripping o'er the way, Where stars are twinkling in their beauty shine; That brings the cool so music upon the day, While gazing on its mystical decline, Is beautiful, but void of harmony.

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says faith without works is dead. If we allow that it was by preconcerted arrangement that Christ died, then we can but admit that Judas fulfilled his destiny by betraying him; but we look upon the matter in no such light. His death was the result of circumstances over which he had no control—and, in betraying him, Judas was simply an instrument of evil. Why was Christ in such agony on the cross, if he knew his office was to die?

When he was condemned, the religious teachers of that day were the first to cry out, "Away with him! Crucify him! Crucify him!"

It is not his death, but his life, that makes him the Saviour of the world. It was necessary that man should have a guide to teach him to escape from the consequences of sin by escaping from sinning; and that guide was Christ. It is taught that man must repent and believe before he can be saved. Simply the belief that Christ lived, will save no man. He must rather follow out the example of His life. The doctrine of atonement is a fiction. Not every one that says "Lord! Lord!" shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. With Christ the thought of doing good was all.

What tempts man to do evil—is it the outward body, or the human nature within? It is the spirit; so how can the body of Christ atone for a sin of the soul—how can the finite atone for the infinite?

What a beautiful theory to present to the world is that, that Christ, the Son of God, and one of the trinity, took upon himself the form of man, and suffered a horrid death, to appease the holy wrath of his Father, and turn it away from its object! Suppose we come down to an earth-parent, who has five children, one is pure and innocent, while the others are guilty and prone to do evil. The father is angry, and threatens vengeance. The world is so elevated, that it tells him:—"Don't allow yourself to be angry, but rather learn your children to do right by the power of your example." The man will not be pacified, but still clamors for revenge! You would scorn a man with such feelings as those, yet you attribute them to the Almighty Father of us all!

We can understand no such thing as holy revenge, or divine wrath. Revenge and wrath are evil attributes, and cannot emanate from the fountain of all that is good and holy.

What a horrid doctrine it is, that the children of God are condemned to a burning lake, and that angels in heaven cast their eyes on the writhing victims, and sing louder songs of rejoicing, at the justice and mercy of God!

You must do away with this pernicious doctrine of redemption. If you can find satisfaction in it, we must say you dwell deeply in the dead past. Your ideas should revolve at it. A thousand Christs might have died, and man not be saved, unless he fully realized the merit of His life.

We know we may shock some, to whom these ideas are new; but we know a shock sometimes purifies the atmosphere—so let the shock come.

Every man must work out his own salvation. There can be no sin on earth, but that which is committed against your own natures. You cannot injure God. You bring pain on yourself, but you cannot injure God.

We believe in the divinity of Christ, and in the divinity of all God's children: How can they be human lest they be divine? Men prefer to build themselves a hell, than tread the narrow road to happiness. The idea of hell is foreign to the nature of God. You have no record of God's ever making such a place. It is simply a condition, and that, too, a negative one.

The following questions were then asked, and the subjoined answers received:—

Question.—We talk of families being united in heaven. How are we to suppose that one who has led a degraded life here, should be on an equal plane with one of the same family who had led a life of purity, and had passed away a series of years previous. How can such be united?

Answer.—When they enter into spirit, life, they cannot be united any more than they were on earth. One becomes the teacher of another, but there can never be an equality. It would be inharmonious. But they can meet and converse, even as they do on earth.

Q.—Have you any means of knowing how man was placed on this earth, or from what he sprang—whether he was made direct from the ground, or is a higher development of the animal creation? If the latter, what animal does he succeed?

A.—We cannot conceive of the time when man was a beast, or when the beast was a plant; but the particles in each warrant a belief that such was the system of progression. We cannot see that man was placed on the earth as he is now. God did not make simply one man, or one, tribe of men. He is Father of us all.

Q.—Is not God a distinct acting agent outside of nature, in his existence or personal form, in directing and controlling the action of the universe in its mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms, and also a distinct agent out of man in governing the physical, mental, and moral laws of his being?

A.—We cannot conceive of God as an agent; he is the ruler of all, not the agent. We look upon him as the centre of all mind. He is over all and in all.

Q.—Did the laws of nature originally, and do they at the present time, lead and attract man to all goodness of action, and were man's faculties in his primitive state actuated and controlled by nature's laws? If so, how came man to sin?

A.—The world is governed by laws, fixed and unchangeable. We do not believe that man ever fell—we cannot think that men to-day are lower than Adam. To be sure, as man advances in years, he loses the purity and innocence of childhood, in contact with the world; but that is no argument in favor of the belief in the fall of man.

Q.—Can you inform me if the spirit of man is conscious of its condition at the time of separation from the body; if so, will you give your own experiences from the time you left the body until settled in the spirit land? What I mean is, the sensations you felt.

A.—Different spirits experience different sensations. The condition of death is owing to the development of the spirit. Some dying persons are conscious of spirits around them before their own spirit is loosed from the body; though it is not so with all.

Q.—Can you explain the two passages of the New Testament—the one found in 1st Thessalonians, 4th chapter, 12th to 17th verses, and the other in 2d Peter, 3d chapter, 8d to 12th verses—as much as refers to the second coming of Christ?

A.—In the first selection, we have the doctrine long taught on earth. The writer of that chapter

looked forward to a day of resurrection, believing that man lay dormant in his grave till then. We believe Paul was honest in his opinion, but his idea does not accord with our experience. In the last named selection we have the opinion of another man, and we must say the same of Peter as of Paul, that he was probably honest, but had a mistaken idea. Those passages cited are simply opinions of men. Inspiration cannot flow to man in purity, because he is impure.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

What are called "liberal subscriptions" for foreign missions were taken up in Boston, a couple of Saturdays ago, and the papers report that at the Essex Street Church (Rev. Dr. Adams') the amount taken in and pledged in a single afternoon was upwards of six thousand dollars! The same church gave, last year, \$5,304. This is so strong a testimonial in that direction, that special mention is made of it; and we should think it would be.

Query for serious people: Would it not be a thousand times more sensible to take that six thousand dollars and feed and clothe the suffering at home? Is it so difficult to see the heathen right around us, and so much easier to see the heathen at Borrioboola-Gha? Where is the sense, or right sentiment, in throwing away one's money on we know not what, when our brothers and sisters, companions in the same civilization, are laboring in the shadows of heathendom quite as dark and gross as that which afflicts those parts of the world with which we have no practical sympathy?

Of course we do not presume to make any complaint against a man for bestowing his money where it best suits his judgment, provided he acts from some sense of conscience; but we do insist on the right and privilege of a candid criticism of the objects to which that benevolence is applied; and thus criticising, we consider that they overlook the first duty of true brotherhood in this age of the world, who consent to overlook the wants of those right around them. "Telescopic philanthropy" is not quite the thing. Our duties, of all sorts, begin at home. Those nearest us have a right to our sympathy first; indeed, if we give it not, we only betray our insincerity in our more ostentatious offerings, through church boxes, for the unknown and little cared-for heathen abroad.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN.

The New Church Association has issued No. 1 of a monthly Journal, which number is before us. We have selected from its pages an article head, "Trust in Providence," which we have printed upon our sixth page, and of which we cannot speak in too high terms. It will commend itself to every Spiritualist who has carefully studied the phenomena of the intercourse of spirits with mortals, and has made that study bear its fruits in his life. This paper alone is worth the price of the number, and if the same useful and truthful lesson appear in its succeeding numbers, it will certainly repay the small price of subscription. Dr. Barrett is the editor, a man whose name stands high in the Swedenborgian Church, from whose great founder, those who believe themselves to be in communion with the spirit world, may learn much which will serve them as beacon lights, illuminating the sometimes dark pathway they tread. Other articles in this number are equally interesting and instructive, among which are "Wordsworth's poetry in the New Church Light and Art Life." On our eighth page will be found an advertisement of this new Journal, with its terms.

NEW MUSIC.

From Ditson & Co., 272 Washington street, the publishers, we have received the following new music: SYRACUSE POLKA, composed by J. A. Fowler; BORDS DU MOHAWK MAZURKA, for the Piano, by John B. Marsh; NATIONAL CHANT, by Ferd Deyer; SONG, "We would not have you come back, Mary," words by Ellen Alice Moriarty, music by Edgar J. Spinney; "Vocal BEAUTIES OF THE ROSE OF CASTILE. By Balfe," is the title under which Ditson publishes the airs in that opera. Two are received, "Though fortune darkly o'er me frowns," and the "Muleteer's Song, or Clio Chac."

INAUGURATION MARCH AND QUICKSTEP, performed by Brigade Band, and dedicated to N. P. Banks, published by Russell & Richardson, 291 Washington street, has been received from the enterprising publishers.

CHRISTMAS.

The following stanzas were given through the "table tippings" which some affect to be so vulgar. The medium was the daughter of a gentleman in Fall River. At the close of Christmas day, a party sat viewing the golden hues of the western sky, a short time after sunset. One of the gentlemen remarked upon the beautiful scene opened to them, when the table at which his daughter sat evinced signs of animation, and their spirit friend tipped this message letter by letter.

"As angels from the starry sky,
In voices sweet and low,
Echoed on earth Heaven's symphonies
Two thousand years ago—
So we, the lesser angels, come
With joy, and peace, and love,
Dear benedictions from the home
Serene and fair above.
And through this soft and mellow light,
The anthem rings again—
Let peace be on the earth to-night,
And all good will to men!"

MRS. PARTINGTON.

B. P. Shillier, Esq., delivered a poem before the Franklin Literary Association, East Somerville, last Wednesday evening, 20th inst., to a full house. He said the poem was

"A leaf or two,
Torn almost at random
From the great volume of humanity."
The audience was chained in silence while it beheld the clear and vivid pictures of real life painted on these random leaves. The poem was full of sparkling thought—full of buds and blossoms fragrant to the appreciative soul.

We would call the attention of our readers to the discussion inserted on the sixth page, on the subject of "self possession." This subject is now exciting considerable interest in various directions. In this discussion, judge ye whether our friend, Dr. Child, who is well known as a Spiritualist, rejects the teachings of Christ more than those who take the opposite ground in the argument, who are not Spiritualists.

SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE POOR.

A society of ladies, who are Spiritualists, meet at 14 Bromfield street every Friday afternoon, each one doing all in her power with her needle, and contributions from her purse, to lessen the sufferings of the poor. This society was formed early in the present season; since which time many suffering persons, adults and children, have been provided with food, clothing and fuel; and in cases of sickness have been provided with medicine and medical advice; have been nursed and made comfortable. The number of ladies who attend these meetings is from twenty-five to fifty. It is hoped that more ladies will feel interested, and join their efforts in this truly Christian undertaking. And it is hoped that gentlemen, too, who have the means, and love to lessen the sum of human suffering, will contribute something to these ladies, and help them on in their work of love and kindness.

Dramatic.

BOSTON THEATRE.—The famous old Ravel Troupe are at the Boston Theatre, playing their farewell engagement before disbanding and retiring into private life. We hear high encomiums on Mlle. Zanfretta, as a tight-rope dancer. Our ablest theatrical critics pronounce her superior to any like performer who ever before smiled on a Boston audience. Mlle. Rolla, the danseuse, receives many plaudits. It is needless to waste our ink in specific allusion to the remainder of this talented company, "None but themselves can be their parallel." Go and see them.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—Every night for more than a fortnight, the "Golden Horse" has been brought out with great success. We wish they would make a point of selecting plays better adapted to the genius of Warren, who stands head and shoulders above any other actor in his line, in America. Yet crowded houses testify to his popularity every night. They have new plays in preparation, we are told, which are to be brought out soon.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—This old establishment, at which many distinguished actors have made their debut "in the days of auld lang syne," is still patronized by its usual peculiarly appreciative audiences. Mr. Foster is still there, giving much satisfaction, and the two sisters, Luellie and Helen win new laurels every night. "Napoleon" is on the bills this week.

HOWARD TEMPLE.—A peculiarly unique performance is announced in this place, this week, to wit—the play of Othello, by a band of aspiring colored actors. No one doubts that a crowd will be drawn, to witness such an arabesque performance. Just think of a colored Desdemona, and then stay away if you can!

Late Foreign Items.

The English mail steamship Europa, which left Liverpool about 2.30 P. M., of the 9th inst., arrived at New York, on the morning of January 24th.

The Europa arrived out at Liverpool on the 8th inst., at 11 P. M., and the screw steamer Anglo Saxon, from Portland, reached the same port at 3 A. M., on the 7th.

The steamship Persia, from New York, for Liverpool, was passed January 14th in lon. 22 42, lat 50 58. Also on the 16th, lat 40 41, lon. 35 48, passed a steamer, big rigged, with two funnels; bound east, (doubtless the Arago).

The U. S. frigate Powhatan was at Madeira on the 13th of December.

INDIA.—The semi-monthly mail from India arrived at Suez on the 1st of January, with later dates from Calcutta and Bombay.

General Havelock died on the 26th of November, of dysentery, brought on by exposure and anxiety.

On the 7th of November an engagement took place near Cawnpore, between Gen. Windham's division and the Gwallor mutineers, in which the British troops were repulsed, with the total loss of the tents of the three regiments, 3000 in number, which were burnt by the enemy. The 64th regiment is reported to have been nearly cut up in the encounter. The Gwallor mutineers number more than 8000 men, completely organized and equipped. Sir Colin Campbell, hearing of this disaster, quitted Lucknow for Cawnpore. On the 7th of December he came up with the Gwallor mutineers, and totally defeated them, capturing 16 guns, 26 carriages, and an immense quantity of ammunition, stores, etc., and the whole of their baggage. The British loss in this action was insignificant, only one officer being killed.

All the women and children, sick, etc., from Lucknow, had arrived in safety at Allahabad. The official report of the defence of Lucknow is published, and shows the privations endured by the heroic garrison, and particularly by the ladies, to have been fearful.

Troop ships continue to arrive at Calcutta, and among them the celebrated American clipper ship Lightning had arrived out in a passage of 87 days from the Downs.

Exchange at Calcutta 2 a 2 1/4d.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Operations were renewed upon the Leviathan on the 6th inst., with success, the vessel being moved several feet. The proceedings were continued daily up to the departure of the Europa, the progress each day amounting to 8 or 10 feet. The evening before the Europa sailed the ship had only 6 1/2 feet more to be moved.

It is understood that a bill authorizing the East India Company to raise a loan in England will be introduced immediately upon the assembling of parliament.

The returns of employment in the cotton mills of Manchester show a gratifying improvement, the number of hands working full time being largely on the increase.

The Daily News says that Lord Palmerston's forthcoming India bill will transfer the direct management of the political affairs of India to a cabinet minister, who, it is understood, shall be a peer, and in whom all patronage, with one exception, is to be vested. This member of the cabinet is to be president of a council of six, to whom simply consultative functions are to be trusted. The European portion of the Indian army is to be greatly augmented, and all regulations regarding it are to emanate from the Horse Guards, the same journal intimates.

The London money market continued to grow easier, and there was still a daily influx of gold to the Bank of England. Under these influences a further reduction in the rate of discount from 8 to 6 per cent took place on the 7th inst. The funds were generally firm throughout the week, although some depression was caused by the unfavorable news from India.

FRANCE.—Mlle. Rachel, the great tragedienne, died January 8d, at her estate in Cannes. Her last professional performances were those which took place in the United States.

Great increase of confidence in commercial circles in Paris is reported. Among the measures of relief, a negotiation is spoken of as going on, between the Bank of France and the National District Office, for the advance of 60,000,000 francs to the Paris merchants, on security of goods in store. Very little business was doing in brandies, and prices generally had a downward tendency. Trade at Lyons had begun to revive.

Considerable sensation had been created in Paris by the publication of an article in the Speculateur, in which it is asserted that a secret treaty has recently been negotiated between England and Austria. Semi-official contradictions had appeared in the government journals.

SPAIN.—The Epana, of Madrid, in the course of a long article on President Buchanan's message, expresses an opinion that the Spanish government will continue firm in its refusal to give satisfaction to the United States, in the affair of the Dorado, since no insult has been committed, and that it will energetically reject the insulting proposition relative to Cuba.

CHINA.—The steamer Adelaide, with the last detachment of 500 marines on board, passed on from Singapore on the 2d of December, and an attack on Canton was expected to take place on her arrival.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times is positively informed that after the squadrons shall have taken position before Canton, a final summons shall be addressed to the Chinese government. The accomplishment of this formality was to commence on the 16th of November.

A dispatch from Paris, in the Independence Belge, asserts that instructions have been sent to the French admiral to prevent the French troops in China from acting in concert with the English, and that the 500 men recently sent out are in reality intended for a demonstration against Coochin China. It is also said that Spain will certainly take part in this expedition.

AUSTRALIA.—The steamer City of Sidney arrived at Suez on the 27th of December, with dates from Melbourne to November 17, and 995,577 in gold. Trade in Melbourne continued depressed. Flour had declined 5 a 6s per ton.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

We shall print in our next number an amusing sketch of "Jonathan Plummer, Jr.," who flourished many years ago in Newburyport, he being poet-laureate to "Lord Timothy Dexter."

It is said that the Committee on Foreign Relations have agreed unanimously in favor of maintaining the neutrality law intact. Six or seven will report in favor of constructing it so as to cover the right to pursue its violators on the high sea. It is also stated that Senator Douglas will oppose this strenuously.

A lady, complaining how rapidly time stole away said: "Alas! I am near thirty." Scarron, who was present, and knew her age, said: "Do not fret at it, Madam, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

A dispatch from Albany announces the arrest of the Westfield murderer, Stoub. It will be remembered that this person, some weeks ago, killed his wife and two children.

An administrator on the estate of a deceased female, in New Hampshire, advertises for sale at auction "The wearing apparel of Mrs. A— O—, deceased, consisting of one bed, two carpets, and one sleigh."

Two counterfeiters have been arrested in Worcester.

It is said that the early bird picks up the worm; but gentlemen who smoke, and ladies who dance till three or four o'clock in the morning, will do well to consider that the worm also picks up the early bird.

Crawford's Equestrian Statue of Washington was safely elevated to its pedestal, at Richmond, on Thursday.

Promises made in time of affliction require a better memory than mankind commonly possess.

CONFIRMATIONS.—Fayette M'Mullens, as Governor of Washington Territory, Abraham Rencher, as Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, and Alfred Cumming, as Governor of Utah.

AN ESCAPE.—Lord Braxford was an eccentric Scotch Judge, with a bad tempered wife. His butler determined to leave, because Lady Braxford was always scolding him.

"Why," exclaimed the old Judge, "ye've little to complain; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her!"

Gen. Scott will start for California next week with full powers from Government to organize in that State an army for the invasion of Utah, if the latest advices from Salt Lake City, which he shall receive in California, are such as will warrant the prosecution of hostilities. In that case he will employ the regulars now on the Pacific side, and will also call on the Governor of California for volunteers.

"Well, Mr. Snow, I want to ax you one question."

"Propel it, den."

"Why am a grog shop like a counterfeit dollar?"

"Well, Ginger, I gibs dat right up."

"Does you give it up? *Kashyou can't pass it.*"

"Yah! yah! yah! nigger, you talk so much 'bout your counterfeit dollars, jest succeed to deform me why a counterfeit dollar is like an apple pie?"

"Oh, I drops de subject, and does n't know nothing 'bout."

"Kase it is n't current."

"Oh, what a nigger? Why am your head like a bag ob dollars?"

"Go way from me—why am it?"

"Kase dere's no sense (cents) in it."

"Well, you always was ob brackets nigger I neber seed—you always will hab de last word."

"Perhaps, sir," said the man, "you do not work on your knees!"

A clergyman observing a poor man by the roadside breaking stones with a pickaxe, and kneeling to get at his work better, made this remark: "Ah! John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones."

"Young America," and between sixty and seventy of the oldest students signed a "declaration," and left for their various homes in Maryland, Pennsylvania, Texas, Cuba and other distant points.

WHAT NEXT?—The Gazette says a man may sit for his likeness and in fifteen minutes receive a proof impression of his frontispiece, copied to the life, with all his amiabilities embalmed in printing ink at the establishment of Cutting & Turner.

"Pompey, did you take that note to Mr. Jones?"

"Ea, massa."

"Did you see him?"

"Ea, massa, me did."

"How did he look?"

"Why, massa, he looked pooty well, 'sidering he's so blind."

"Blind! what do you mean by that?"

"Why, massa, when I was in de room gibbin de paper, he axed me whar my hat was, and goin' off, perhaps you won't believe me, but massa, he war on de top of my head de hull time."

The Post is a little green in endorsing the libels against Spiritualists which occasionally appear in a *Springfield paper*—in our opinion.

Can any philosopher explain to us how it is that brokers and others who deal in notes, mortgages, &c., consider those articles of merchandise valueless, when they are cancelled? What we want to know is, why they cannot sell that which they cancel?

"Ah!" said Scraphino Angelico, speaking on some subject in which her feelings were warmly enlisted, "how gladly I would embrace an opportunity." "Would I were an opportunity!" interrupted her bashful lover.

It is estimated at the Treasury Department that, by the end of this week, Treasury notes to the amount of three millions of dollars, of all denominations will have been issued. Army and Navy warrants to the amount of two millions and a half have accumulated, and will be met by Treasury issues.

A lady, very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had none."

"Yes," said her husband, "but it's very long since."

Jones has lately taken unto himself a *valet*. Jones handed him his coat the other day, and said, "Come, brush," which he did—so well, that neither he, the coat, nor Jones's silver spoons, have been seen since.

Special Notices.

T. W. HIGGINSON ON THE CAMBRIDGE INVESTIGATION.

The undersigned is prepared to devote a small portion of his time to lecturing on "Spiritualism."

His object is to present an impartial and careful statement of the facts and arguments on the subject, as they now stand,—with especial reference to the Cambridge investigations.

For further information as to his mode of treating the subject, he would refer to those who have heard his recent lectures in Portland, Portsmouth, Montreal, and elsewhere. Jan 23 1844 T. W. HIGGINSON, Worcester.

INSURANCE.

The readers of the Banner of Light, who wish for Insurance on Life, or against loss by Fire, are invited to apply to M. Mun Bean, No. 78 State street, Boston, Mass., who effects insurance in the best Stock and Mutual Companies, at equitable rates. Dec. 1.

ROOMS FOR MEDIUMS.

To let, at No. 9 Warren Square, two parlors, furnished in handsome style. Will be leased singly or together. Also an office on the first floor, suitable for a healing medium, and several chambers. Jan. 16.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS.

Mrs. HENRISON speaks this week on Tuesday night at Franklin, Wednesday night at Lowell, Friday night at Woburn, Sunday in Boston (which closes her present engagement here); and next week on Tuesday night at Hingham, Wednesday night at Weymouth, and Friday night at North Easton.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritualists' Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening during the winter. The public are invited to attend.

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

A Circle for Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield Street. Admission 5 cents.

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE POOR—entitled the "Harmonical Band of Love and Charity,"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 8 o'clock. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 69 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The mornings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 2 1/2-7 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Whittemet street. D. F. GOODARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

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

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

SALEM.—Meetings are held in Crocker's Hall, Essex street Sunday afternoon and evening. Circle in the morning.

Mrs. A. A. MAGOUN will lecture at East Fobxord on Sunday, January 24th. Also at Lowell, on Sunday, January 31st.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Regular Sunday Meetings in Court Room Hall, City Hall Building, at the usual hours.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Under this head we shall be pleased to notice those persons who devote their time to the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism in its various departments.

Mrs. Sarah A. Magoun, Trance-speaking Medium, will answer calls to speak on the Sabbath, and at any other time the friends may wish. Address her at No. 7 North Fourth street, East Cambridge, Mass. Jan 23

Mrs. ROSA T. AMELTZ, 82 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at No. 39 Allen street, Boston. 23 She will also attend funerals.

Mrs. B. NORTON, Clairvoyant Healing Medium, will receive callers at her residence in West Haudolph, on Thursdays and Fridays of each week. Terms, for Examination, 50 cts. Biting for tests one dollar per hour. 8m Jan 16.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Boston, answers sealed letters. See advertisement.

A. C. STILES, Independent Clairvoyant. See advertisement. Mrs. W. R. HAYDEN, Tapping, Writing, and Test Medium. See advertisement.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, Trance-speaking and Healing Medium, will respond to calls for a lecturer in the New England States. Address Cambridgeport, Mass.

H. N. DALLAN, Lecturer and Healing Medium, Burlington, Vt.

L. K. COOKLEY, Trance Speaker, may be addressed at this office.

Wm. J. JOCKLEY, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. B. STORRS, Trance Speaking Medium. Address New Haven, Conn.

JOHN H. CURRIER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, No 87 Jackson street, Lawrence, Mass.

DISCUSSION

BEFORE THE "FRANKLIN LITERARY ASSOCIATION," EAST BOSTONVILLE, ON MONDAY EVENING LAST.

Question.—Do the teachings of the New Testament justify us in holding in our possession property defined as our own?

The opening of the affirmative, by request, we do not publish, which we regret, for it was an ingenious and able argument, interspersed with numerous quotations from the gospels and epistles. Other remarks are likewise omitted by request. Dr. Child, on the negative, spoke as follows:—

We keep gunpowder and bayonets to defend ourselves. We make iron bars and locks to protect our earthly treasures, not from the invasion of the beasts of the field but from our brothers; and if our brothers break through and steal, we lock them up in prison. We sometimes give a tithe of our possessions; as Pollock says:

With one hand we put A penny in the urn of poverty, And with the other take a shilling out.

Our devotion for self-gain creates a sacrifice of.

—case, peace, Truth, faith, integrity; good conscience, friends, Love, charity, benevolence, and all The sweet and tender sympathies of life.

And more—it makes us almost forgetful that we have souls created for a long eternity of love and happiness for the places that Christ has gone to prepare for us in his Father's house.

The salesman tells lies; the buyer does the same. No confidence exists in either. The machinations of trade are behind a curtain, in secret; the operators keep the outside of the cup and platter clean, and they often stand up in a conspicuous place and thank God that they are not cheats and liars.

A popular man carries his bread on a checker-board; he lyes up what he does not consume, and makes it safe with iron doors and complicated locks; others, in consequence, go hungry, while his great pile of bread grows mouldy.

Men speculate on right and wrong; see merit in themselves and demerit in all others. Our preachers think themselves ever safe, and many, many others are in danger. By actions, men speak unconsciously their thoughts. They think that time, the first second of eternity, is all there is of life, and write their deeds, their notes, their drafts, for selfish rights, for time, and lay in store accordingly.

If we listen, we can hear orphans' sighs, the agonies of the poor, the wails of the destitute. And we can hear, too, the sighs, the agonies, the groans of disease, that is the fruit of excesses, surfeiting gluttony, dissipation, and drunkenness.

Are such manifestations of life as these the fruit of obedience to the New Testament teachings? St. Paul tells us that all these evils, and many more, are supported by the love of money. "Mammon sits before a million firesides, while Christ is bolted out of every house. Mammon is the friendly guest of every heart, and Christ is an alien."

In childhood we are made to acquire a love to lay up treasures for ourselves, and we cherish this love till death closes the period of our earthly existence. Socially and politically, publicly and privately, we are taught that it is a lawful necessity, to have and to hold the treasures of earth, bounded by the right of self-possession. In all our institutions of learning, from the common school to the sacred desk, we are taught that it is a virtue to hold in our possession a competency that the rich man can go to heaven as easy as the poor man, if he does not set his affection on riches; that it is right to hold in our possession property defined as our own. But from whom do these teachings come? Do they come from Christ, or from man? Are they the teachings of the New Testament? This is the question before us. Lucifer says to Festus:—

"Gold hath the hue of hell flames, and it is a brilliant and delicious lure to men; it plunges them into my arms in hell. By gold-light men do their chiefest deeds; and in this light shine unto each other, and mainly, vainly strive each other to outshine. And were it not for this gold-light, with purposes unchanged, man would grope in utter darkness, for he loves no other light but gold-light."

Christ speaks, but we hear not; he comes in spirit, but we see not. We weigh our opinions in the balance against his written words, and think and believe that our opinions weigh more; but if the record be true, and it means what it says, we weigh bubbles against the Rock of Eternal Ages. Time will prove to us whether our opinions are more valuable, or the precepts of Christ, which are given so plain that we can run and read, and err not in our understanding.

The devil took Jesus up on the mountain, and offered him a large amount of property to hold in his own possession. He offered him all the kingdoms of the earth, provided he would worship him. The same devil has made a like offer to each one of us, provided we will worship him. Can this devil what we please—Mammon, a symbol of error, an embodiment of evil, a personification of sin, a real creature—it matters but little. The word devil means something, or the New Testament representation of him means nothing.

Jesus resisted this offer of property—this temptation. He did not receive it, but refused and rejected it; he would not—he did not worship the devil, as a consideration of a right to, and the possession of, earthly treasures; but, instead, said:—Get thee hence, Satan: it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Now, is Christ our example to imitate, when tempted by this devil? He says in another place that he is:—

"One is your master, even Christ." But we should hardly suppose that Christ really intended to be our example and master, particularly in regard to the extravagant offers the devil makes us of earthly property, for we have all caught his bait—we have all bit the devil's hook, and the consequence is, the devil has us.

We worship the devil if we accept his possessions, and God is by us unworshipped and unserved if we do not do as Christ has done.

Angels came and administered unto Christ after he renounced the possession of property—the devil's temptation; but they do not come and administer unto us. We do not see them, and we do not hear them, as Christ did. Can we expect to, while we resist not the devil, but accept his offer?—while we seek to claim the treasures of earth as our own possessions, reach for them with ambition, grasp them with a delirious delight, and hug them with the frenzy of a madman? Can we expect the administration of the angels of Christ, while we are willing subjects to the administration of the devil? Our guardian spirits must be of a kindred nature to the great presiding administrator of earthly goods.

There is a deep longing in every soul that is unfed by self-possession; and this longing will sometimes

call the soul upward to truth, to Christ, and to ANOKIA, where it shall mingle with elements kindred to its most holy desires; where it shall love to obey the teachings of the New Testament.

The record says:—Peter, Andrew, James and John, at the single call of Jesus, left all their property, their self-possession, to worship and serve the Lord their God.

Christ says, Pray without ceasing; and he has taught us how to pray, to say: "Give us this day our daily bread." Why should we pray for bread to-day, when we have it already, and enough laid in store for many days? Dives had bread in store for many days, and Lazarus picked up the crumbs and set them, as his hunger demanded. Lazarus laid no property up for himself; and when he died, he was happy in Abraham's bosom. Dives laid up property for himself, and when he died he was unhappy, and the only reason given why one was happy after death, and the other unhappy, was, one laid up treasures on earth for himself, the other laid up no treasures on earth for himself. One held property defined as his own, the other had none.

In the parable of the sower, Christ compares possession of property to thorns that choke the word, and make it unfruitful.

Again Christ says, the merchant man who was seeking goodly pearls, when he found the pearl of great price, the kingdom of heaven, went and sold all that he had; dispossessed himself of all earthly goods.

Jesus said to the young man who had kept all the commands from his youth up, and still asked what he should do to inherit eternal life, "sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasures in heaven." And when the young man turned away at this instruction, as we do now turn away from Christ, Jesus turned to his disciples, and said: "Verily I say unto you, a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven." "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

And if the apostles could see us loving property as we do to-day, which love in spirit is the same as possession, we might suppose that they would be amazed, and say, as they did then, "who can be saved?"

Jesus said that every one that hath forsaken houses and lands, etc., for my sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit eternal life.

Buying and selling could not exist were there no self-possession of property. Jesus presents buyers and sellers of merchandise as thieves. And the man to-day who understands the anatomy and physiology of trade, is almost persuaded that buyers and sellers are thieves now, as they were in the days of Christ; that trade is so intimately associated with legal theft, that they cannot be separated.

Judas was the only apostle that covenanted for property for the right of self-possession, and that was for the consideration of the blood of him who loved us, came for us, lived for us, and died for us. This act of self-possession was associated with dissemblance and treachery, of which Judas, even Judas, repented before he died.

Christ commanded his twelve, when he sent them forth to preach the kingdom of God, and heal the sick,—to take neither scrip, bread, purse, or money.

Christ commands his followers to sell what they have, and give alms; he says: "Every one that doth not renounce all that he possesseth, cannot be my disciple." I ask, is it not the purpose of the New Testament to make us the disciples of Christ?

How worthily did Jesus command the deed of the poor woman who gave all her self-possession into the treasury, only two mites. And would his approval and commendation be any less, should a rich man now give all his merchandise, his gold, his houses and lands, for the one pearl of great price; and would the deed be greater than that of the poor woman, to give all his self-possession on earth away and lay all his treasures up in heaven? No. But to do so is only obeying the teachings of Christ. But should a man believe in Christ, and obey these teachings in this age of light and reason, he would be branded with the inscription of an infatuated fool; he would be expunged and cast out of the society of a fashionable world and the popular church. He would lose his life to material perception. But thanks be added to thanks, he would thereby be born again to a new life; a new heaven and a new earth would be adorned with beauty and power, transcending the beauty and power of the material world, that he so much loves. He would be unfettered by the love of self-possession, and be a disciple of the unselfish love of Christ. He would inherit all earthly possessions. He could do the work that Christ has done, and greater. He could, in the name of Christ, say to a mountain be removed, and it should be removed.

Soon after Christ ascended, and immediately after the extraordinary manifestation of spirit power on the day of Pentecost; when Christian love filled the hearts of the followers of Jesus more, perhaps, than at any time before or since, no one held any property in his possession defined as his own who then professed to be a follower, save Ananias and Sapphira, and they thought that they would keep back a little for a rainy day, or in case of sickness. Thought it would be better to tell a lie than to be entirely without possessions of their own. They had not quite faith enough to trust in Christ's word.

The other brethren sought the kingdom of God first—they tried to obey the command of Christ and love one another, as Christ had loved them. They continued steadfast in prayer, and had all things in common, as God had given them. Each one that had houses or lands, sold them and laid the avails at the apostles' feet, to be given and distributed to those who had need. Have we a desire to convert, to reject this glowing manifestation of the love that Christ taught, given and recorded of his true followers, by arguing that they acted contrary to the whole tenor of the gospel teachings?

That the conduct of these brethren in relation to self-possession was strictly in keeping with Christ's teaching, in the name of Christ, I ask, how can you deny?

Jesus commands us to love our neighbor as we love ourselves. Should this ever happen with us, do you suppose it possible to love your neighbor as yourself, and still hold in your possession property that is not your neighbor's as much as it is yours? He commands us to love so well as to lay our lives down for our neighbor; but it is quite evident we do not love well enough to lay our money all down for our neighbor yet, and we would give our property up before we would give our lives up. And to comply with this command of love, our love of self-possession becomes extinct; and if our love, then our claim, for it is our love that makes our claim.

Mr. Wm. H. Saunders said:—The illustrations on

the negative are pretty and pleasing, and are well adapted to that side of the questions; but the argument carries with it a selfish tone. Christ, being God, his teachings commenced in the Old Testament, where we have teachings in abundance to justify the right of self-possession. To have all things in common is not practicable; experience teaches this, in the history of the present and the past. The gospel, by means of property, has been sent to all nations and all countries. It is not reasonable to think that a little property is a stumbling-block in the way to the kingdom of heaven.

Deacon E. Davis said:—The question is one of great importance, and should be looked at with all seriousness.

The liberal, generous and sincere feelings manifested in the negative argument is truly laudable, and I would that the theory advocated could be carried into practice.

Do the teachings of the New Testament justify me in holding the coat I have on my back in my possession? If this is the question, I feel that I must advocate the affirmative.

The Bible, as a whole, teaches us not to be over-anxious about not to set our affections too much on the things of earth. God has placed in our hands the good things of this world to hold in trust and be faithful with; we are to be faithful to ourselves and to our families, to our neighbors and to all men.

Mr. Seaver said:—The argument of the affirmative is based on the genius and ability of the disputants, not on the naked Scripture. The general tone and character of the teachings of Jesus are in favor of the negative; he did not teach men to make money, or to hold it; he was poor; he had not where to lay his head.

Money has no influence upon men but to curse them. We all have the evidence that the poor of this earth are happier than the rich. If all self-claims to money were swept forever away from the earth to-day, it would be better for humanity.

Men who serve mammon, are men who don't serve anything else. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." If there be one thing more than anything else that stands out in the character of Christ, it is the disregard of property. There is certainly a great inconsistency in men, professing to follow Jesus, and at the same time rejecting his precepts.

Written for the Banner of Light.

COME BACK!

"Come back!" the little child wept over her favorite bird, and with dimpled fingers stirred its still plumage, and peered into its glassy eye, as she cried with childish sorrow, wondering that her pet responded not: "Oh, Minnie, come back and sing for me; come back, my darling Minnie!" But the dead favorite responded not. "Come back!" said the loving maiden to her departing lover; and he smiled assurance, and kissed her pure brow, murmuring a fond farewell. And for a long time fear and hope warred in her bosom; till the dread news went forth, and she knew that he lay where pearls lie deep, with the tangled sea-weed twining in his hair. He will not return, save in spirit, but she will go to him; and so she lives in faith and hope, preparing her spirit worthily to inhabit a mansion in the skies.

"Come back!" sighs a wounded heart, one that has waited faithfully for the absent; weaving a tissue of fairest dreams. He returned, with the accumulated wealth of years; and pouring her humble affection, has wedded a proud, stern dame, with whom he lives a life of torture; while she, the deserted and faithful one, sighs for the wasted years of life, and prays for the restoration of that peace and confidence that once was hers; she calls to hope and love, "Come back; oh! bless my weary heart once more!"

"Come back! ye glorious imaginings of the Future; ye dazzling visions that once led me on my bright, delusive gleams of fame and power!" Thus cries the disappointed, ambitious man, whose gigantic projects have crumbled to the dust from whence they sprang.

"Come back! sweet confidence of my early life! beautiful faith in humanity; belief in my brother's truth and goodness; return, oh! saving faith, for I am as naught without thee." Thus cries the disenchanted wanderer, who deemed life so beautiful and true in its every revelation.

"Come back! oh, healing friendship! return, oh soothing love!" is the heart-cry of the wretched dreamer, suddenly awakened to a sense of desolation and desertion—alone amid the world's arid waste, and unsympathizing crowd.

"Come back! oh, my mother," wails the soul of the orphan. Thanks be unto God, that cry is responded to; and the saving presence comes to soothe the throbbing brain, and calm the tortured mind. No longer do we call in vain for the loved departed; they are near; and dear are we unto them, as of yore.

"Leave me not without thy counsel! Angel father guide me!" implores the struggling tempted heart; and the pitying spirit, endowed with all a father's yearning, enfolds the weary sufferer and whispers "peace!"

"Come back!" trusting faith of childhood, girlhood's sweet aspirations, manhood's lofty dreams! Return, thou beautifying sense of life, thou poetic charm, thou magic lullaby—sweet dream-faculty, idealizing power of the soul! Gift of eternal youth, and unchanged feeling; fount of inspiration! ever-swelling spring of peace! land of future promise, appear in the distant heavens! And angelic voices reply, "We bring the gifts ye pray for; arise, and worship the Father. For life and love are eternal, and every pure thought is immortal."

The gates of heaven unclose, and the sorrows of earth are stilled beneath the beneficent touch of angel powers. Beside the bed of death no spectral shadows linger, no despairing heart-cries—"Come back, come back, beloved!"

Know we not that you are beside us, angel parents, cherished friends, beloved guardians! feel we not the electric touches of their spirit fingers, the showered inspirations of their lofty minds, the noble promptings of their pure unselfish souls? Do not revelations crowd upon us, that the spirit-land is nigh, that God is truly a loving father, that we need no longer cry, "come back," to our loved ones gone before? For they are with us, often ere we call; and progression's stairway leads to where their mansions gleam amid the untold loveliness of supernal worlds.

SPIRITUALISM.—We were one of the small audience that last night attended the lecture of Professor Britton on the subject of Spiritualism. The Professor is a good speaker; has good command of language, full of descriptive abilities, and reasons very logically. His skill in handling his subject evidences that he has well studied it in all its bearings; made himself master of its mysteries, and qualified

himself to enlighten his audience. He did not advance any idea nor offer any proposition which might not rest for a basis upon reason, philosophy, and nature; and so far as we could judge, did at least establish the possibility of his theory, if not its probability.—Louisville (Ky.) Democrat.

Written for the Banner of Light.

POETRY IN ITS EFFECTS.

BY DR. C. BONNIE.

Hail Poetry! that art divine, That opens to the eyes The glories of the upper realm. The gates of Paradise; Unfolding to the human mind The upper temple's light, Its consecrated flowers and streams, Its pillars and its might, And while it burnishes our thoughts, It also gives them wings— It opens our ears that we may hear The new song angels sing. It fills the soul with utterance That language no'er can tell, And wraps the mind in ecstasies, Our very bosoms swell; Disclosing to our utmost soul Whatever's in earth and air; Create and recreate in worlds Of beautiful and fair. The universe above, around, Of pleasures and of joy; Attendant wait on its command, With little to annoy. Its home is 'mid the suns and stars Of high aerial spheres; Where only happy spirits meet, Above this vale of tears. Indeed, it is a ray divine, A circling radiance given— A flower, a spark from glowing domes, That breathe and tell of heaven.

CHARLES TOWN, Jan. 1888.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

"One adequate support For the calamities of mortal life Exists, one only: an assured belief That the procession of our fate, however Sad or disastrous, is ordered by a Being Of infinite benevolence and power. Whose overruling purposes embrace All accidents, converting them to good." —Wendell Phillips.

To trust in Providence is the same as to trust in the Lord; for the Divine Providence is none other than the government of the Lord's love and wisdom.

But man, in his natural or unregenerate state, is not inclined to trust in the Lord. He is more inclined to trust in himself. He regards his wisdom and his power and disposition to do good, as his own, and self-derived. He has a will of his own, which is quite opposite to the will of the Lord; and he loves only to do his own will. He relies wholly upon his own prudence, and thinks the Divine Providence nothing. And whenever he is thwarted in any of his purposes, he does not recognize the hand of infinite love and wisdom in his defeat, and yield a willing and cheerful acquiescence; but a spirit of rebellion rises up within him. His heart is arrayed in hostility against the Most High. He feels angry because some cherished plan of his own has been frustrated—because he has been prevented from doing his own will. He does not acknowledge that there is One who knows better than he what will be the most conducive to his eternal good. His supreme love of himself, and his supreme confidence in himself, blind him to the perception even of this great truth: "Therefore his own will is at war with the will of the Lord."

We seldom think that our lack of trust in the Lord is the precise measure of our distance from Him; yet nothing is more true. It shows conclusively how far we are from being the children of our Father in the heavens. It shows how far we are from that state of blissful conjunction with the Lord, which allies us with the angels, and brings us into spiritual nearness and consociation with them.

If we reflect a little upon this subject, we may be able to discern more clearly both the duty and benefits of trusting in Providence. The revelations made for the use of the New Church, or the Word of God as explained by these revelations, teach us that the Lord is love itself and wisdom itself; therefore it is impossible for Him ever to act otherwise than from purest love, and according to perfect wisdom; in the government of the universe, and in all His dealings with the children of men. They teach us, further, that the Lord's end in creating man was, that a heaven of angelic beings might be formed from the human race, who should forever be the happy recipients of love and wisdom from Himself. And the same disposition which the Lord had toward man when He first created him, He has towards him still; and He can never have any different disposition. He still has in view the same heavenly destination for which He originally designed him, and can never have in view any other. His Divine Providence, which is the government of His love and wisdom, extends to all the minutest particulars of our lives. No calamity overtakes us—no occurrence befalls us, which is not permitted and overruled for our best and eternal good. Every moment, from the cradle to the grave, the hand of a merciful and loving Father is outstretched towards us, and steadily exerting itself to lead us to heaven. "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice, and even the very hairs of our head are all numbered."

The same revelations further teach us that the Divine Providence, in all its progression with man, has regard to his eternal state. It looks especially to his reformation and regeneration, and thus to his salvation. For, since heaven is the end for which we were created, and since heaven exists for the regenerate, therefore the Divine Providence has supreme regard to our regeneration in all its government and operations.

Now, to be regenerated is to be internally and spiritually conjoined to the Lord. And what is it to be thus conjoined to the Lord, but to have those selfish and evil dispositions which separate between us and Him, subdued and put away? When this is done, our wills are brought into harmony with the Divine will—we are at one with the Lord. Therefore, the Divine Providence, in its dealings with men, has regard mainly to the subjugation of their evils; for this is to regard their regeneration, and thus their eternal state.

In our unregenerate state, we are full of all kinds of evil inclinations, originating in the supreme love of self and the world. And the evils of no two individuals are precisely the same, either in kind or degree. Nor is the work of overcoming our evil an easy work, or one to be speedily accomplished. It cannot be performed without many internal conflicts—many hard struggles with the hosts of hell. It is a long and weary task—the process whereby we lose our own life for the Lord's sake. And this must needs be a painful process. Nevertheless, it is necessary to the securing of true human life—the life of

heaven from the Divine Humanity. Hence the Lord says, "He that loatheth his life for my sake, shall find it."

Now, it is given to no human being to know beforehand what course of discipline on earth will promote his soul's best welfare. We none of us know how many or how severe trials are needed to weaken the power of certain evil affections within us—to detach our hearts from the things we are naturally inclined to love too devotedly—to give to spiritual principles, the ascendancy over natural affections, and finally secure for us an entrance into the kingdom of heaven. We none of us know what train of outward circumstances and events, what successes or disappointments, or how much of this world's goods, will be most conducive to our spiritual prosperity and growth. We may know what would most gratify the desires of our own hearts. But how often might the very things we most earnestly crave, prove, if obtained, our greatest curse! They might be the greatest obstacles to our regeneration. They might feed and foster the very affections which it most behooves us to deny and overcome. Though seeming to contribute to our earthly enjoyment, they might rob us of heaven at last, and multiply our sorrows for the world to come. And the more ardently we desire them, and the more devoted we are in the pursuit of them, so much the more injurious might they be to our spiritual and eternal state. At the same time our failure to obtain them, or our loss of them when secured, must be the more painful to our natural feelings in proportion to the ardor of our attachment to them.

We often hear people express their gratitude to God for events commonly deemed prosperous, and such as are peculiarly gratifying to the desires and feelings of the natural heart. As if any events of the Lord's disposing were not ordered in infinite love and mercy to man, and directed according to infinite wisdom! Or, as if some events were more wisely and mercifully ordered than others! Could we see into futurity as the Lord sees—could we trace, as He can, the endless progression of cause and effect—were we as desirous of going to heaven as He is to have us go there, we might often, perhaps, find more cause for gratitude in events commonly deemed calamitous, and which are painful to the natural feelings, than in those which are most agreeable, and therefore called fortunate.

Sometimes a near and dear relative—a friend to whom we are devotedly attached—is suddenly removed to the spiritual world, and our natural affections are sorely pained by the bereavement. It is as if a limb were wrenched from our body, and the heart bleeds on account of the disruption. It looks to us like a dark providence, because we do not see the good of such an event. But He who sees the end from the beginning, and whose wisdom cannot err, may see that the removal of our friend to the spirit land will contribute to the spiritual and eternal welfare of us both. Perhaps He sees that, if both of us were permitted to remain longer on earth, we should mutually blind each other to evils which it is important we should see and put away. Or, perhaps He has some different and more important use for our friend to perform in the other world. Perhaps He sees that there he may be more useful to us; that, being transferred to a more interior sphere of existence, he may operate with more power upon the interiors of our minds, and so render us more effectual service than he otherwise could in confirming and strengthening heavenly principles within us. His removal to the other world may be a means of withdrawing our minds from the things of time and sense, and fixing them more steadfastly on the things of heaven. It may help to open a higher heaven within our souls, and render us thereby receptive of purer good and truth from the Lord. And at the same time our friend may be to us a better medium of these goods and truths than he could have been had he remained in this lower sphere.

Perhaps the eye of Infinite Wisdom may see that all, and more than all, these results will follow from the removal of our friend to the spiritual world. And if any one of them should flow from it, we can see that it would be sufficient reason for his removal, with One who regards chiefly what is eternal with man.

Again: In our natural or unregenerate state, we have an inordinate love of the world. Impelled by this love, we struggle to amass great possessions for ourselves and our children. This is the ruling desire of our hearts; and we think we should be quite happy if this wish could be gratified. But possibly the Lord may see that this would be a great injury to our spiritual state. Possibly He may see it to be the very thing which would shut us out of the kingdom of heaven, and thus deprive us of the happiness which it is His will we should enjoy. He may see that our love of the world would so increase by being gratified, that in the end it would become an absorbing passion, and destroy within us every good principle—suffocate every pure and holy affection. In view of such a result, it would not be agreeable to the purposes of Infinite Love to grant our desire.

All our plans, therefore, however admirable and well-conceived, would be defeated in ways that human wisdom could not foresee. All our excellent schemes for amassing wealth would be rendered abortive. We should find ourselves struggling incessantly against the Divine Providence. Or, if we were permitted to succeed in our efforts for a time, the wealth we might accumulate would be and by us swept from us in some unexpected manner—and this, for the blessed purpose of weakening our love of the world, by depriving it of the food it so intensely craves. However painful to the natural feelings our disappointments and losses might be, they would be permitted by the Divine Providence, if it were foreseen that their permission would in any way tend to give to the spiritual man the ascendancy over the natural, and thus subserve our eternal interests.

So in respect to bodily pain and suffering, and all the misfortunes, sorrows, and anxieties of life. Though evil in themselves, and from an evil source, they are all permitted and overruled for our eternal good. The hand of Infinite Love and Wisdom is in them all. Their purpose is—and this also is their tendency—to subdue in some measure the life of our pleasures and lusts, and to determine our thoughts toward heavenly themes.

"Spiritual temptations," says Swedenborg, "are at this day little known, not being permitted in the manner they formerly were. Instead of temptations, other circumstances, such as misfortunes, sorrows, and anxieties, which arise from natural and corporeal causes, and bodily pains and ailments, serve to subdue and break in some degree the life of man's pleasures and lusts, and determine and fix the thoughts to heavenly and pure subjects."

however, are not spiritual temptations, such being experienced only by those who have received a conscience of truth and good from the Lord." (A. C. 762.)

Although they exist in consequence of our alienation from God, they are designed to bring us back to the house of our Father in heaven. They are a means of bringing out and manifesting our evils, and, at the same time, weakening their power. They are among the instrumentalities whereby the Lord ever seeks "to humble us, and to prove us, to know what is in our hearts, whether we will keep his commandments or not." It is impossible for any one to say how much more proud, selfish, avaricious, and vain-glorious he would have been than he now is—how much farther removed from the Lord and the things of heaven, had it not been for the sickness, disappointments, trials, and sore bereavements he has been called to suffer, and all the various ways in which his own purposes have been thwarted by the Divine Providence. Hence the reason why calamities, or the things which we so denigrate, often befall the best of people, in order to prevent them from claiming merit to themselves, and from imagining that they are exempt from the ordinary trials of life, on account of their peculiar goodness.

"I have conversed with angels spirits," says Swedenborg, "concerning the misfortunes and distresses which befall the faithful, who, it is known, suffer in some cases as much as, and even more than, the wicked. The reason why some of them are thus let into temptations, was stated to be, that they might not attribute good to themselves; for if they were exempted, they would attribute such exemption to their own goodness, and thus claim merit and righteousness to themselves. And that this may be prevented, misfortunes and distresses are permitted to come over them, that they may perish as to that life, and also as to the (inordinate love of) wealth and possessions." (S. D. 4630.)

And the misfortunes which befall the evil, and such as will never become regenerated, are likewise made subservient to their eternal good. They are permitted as a means of preventing them from falling into grosser evils, and thus plunging themselves into a deeper hell. For the mercy of the Lord is such, that it continually endeavors to prevent those whom it cannot save, from plunging into a more grievous hell. His love never forsakes the worst of men—no, nor even the worst spirits in hell—and never ceases to exert for them its saving power. He foresees the future life of all, and arranges every circumstance in a manner most conducive to their eternal well-being. Swedenborg, speaking of a certain evil spirit whom he met on one occasion, says:—

"He was reduced to the state of his infancy, and it was shown by the Lord to the angels what his quality was at that time, and also on this occasion what was the quality of his future life, which was foreseen; and that all the things of his life had been under the Lord's guidance; and that otherwise he would have plunged himself into the most grievous hell; if the continual providence of the Lord had ceased for a moment." (A. C. 6484.)

Thus the Divine Providence is in every event of our lives, and permits nothing to befall us which will not in some way subserve our spiritual and eternal interests. Or in the language of the heavenly Arcana, "All things, yea the smallest things of all, to the smallest things of the smallest things, are directed the providence of the Lord, even as to the very steps." (A. C. 6493.) And when the sphere of hell prevails, which is contrary to that of the Lord's love and wisdom, and which gives birth to unfortunate circumstances, even in this there is a permissive providence; for every smallest circumstance of our lives, whether fortunate or unfortunate, pleasant or unpleasant, is overruled by the Lord, and in the end made to subserve our highest good. According to the new theology, "there is not given any such thing as chance; and apparent accident, or fortune, is Providence in the ultimates of order, in which all things are respectively inconstant." (A. C. Ib.)

We may mark out for ourselves a course of life, and pursue it. We may form plans according to our own wisdom and prudence, and endeavor to execute them. This is commendable and right. But what is our wisdom compared with the wisdom of God? And what is human prudence, compared with the Divine Providence? It is as a drop to the ocean—nay, as an atom to the universe.

"I have discoursed," says Swedenborg, "with good spirits concerning the Divine Providence, and concerning man's own proper prudence; and they instructed me on the subject by a representative familiar amongst them, viz., by a mote scattered and rare in the atmosphere, saying that man's own proper prudence is to the Divine Providence, as that mote to the universal atmosphere, which mote is respectively nothing, and falls down. They added, that they who attribute all things to their own proper prudence are like those who wander in thick forests, and do not know the way out, and if they find it they attribute it either to their own prudence or to fortune. They further said, that all contingencies are of Providence, and that Providence acts silently and secretly for several reasons; as if it acted openly, that man could not in any case be reformed." (A. C. 6486.)

This doctrine concerning the Divine Providence is full of the sweetest consolation. It assures us of the Lord's infinite goodness and mercy in all that we are called to suffer, as well as in what we are permitted to enjoy, in this sublunary sphere. It teaches us that He looks ever at our eternal state; and if He suffers us to be afflicted in time, it is that we may thereby be purified from evil, and so be happier to eternity. It teaches that his infinite love pursues us through all our wanderings—that it arranges or permits every minutest circumstance of our lives, and that his infinite wisdom overrules all for our eternal good. And since we do not know what discipline we require to purify and fit us for Heaven, but this is known only to the Lord, therefore we should, as the Psalmist says, "trust in Him at all times." To trust in Him is to feel confident that whatever we may be called upon to suffer here on earth, is ordered or permitted in infinite love towards us; that, however dark and thorny the path in which we may be led, it is the best path for us—perhaps the only path in which we can be led to our final home in the heavens. Whenever we are brought into circumstances trying to our natural feelings, if we will but look to the Lord with humble acknowledgment of His love and wisdom in the ordering of those circumstances—mindful of the truth concerning his Divine Providence, and the nothingness of our own prudence—the gates of Heaven will soon be opened within us, and we shall receive the strengthening and comforting influences of the Divine Love. Our minds being brought into harmony with the angels, we shall receive the strength of the angelic heavens, and experience their supporting and tranquillizing influence.

But there are those—some, it may be, in the New Church—who are unrepentant to their lot in life—who repine at events over which they have no control—who are often at war with their circumstances, and feel rebellion in their hearts as often as their own selfish purposes are defeated—who fret and murmur at the ways of Providence, as if they knew better

than the Lord what would best promote their eternal welfare. Such persons have no real trust in Providence. Their trust is in themselves. Their own prudence is everything, and the Divine Providence nothing. Hence their want of inward strength and serenity—of calm and heavenly repose. They are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. But "they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but alideth forever." "Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust."

Let it also be remembered that no one can enjoy a genuine and sustaining trust in Providence, unless he cherish the disposition, and be in the effort, to do the Lord's commandments. How can we trust in One whose will we disregard—whose Word we neglect and disobey? If we are indifferent about keeping the precepts of the Lord, it must be because we do not love His precepts. And if we do not love His precepts we cannot love Him from whom these precepts came, and whose spirit dwelleth in them as the soul within the body. And it is impossible to trust in One whom we do not really love.

Therefore—to cite the language of an eloquent and pious author—"In all thy business rely wholly upon God's providence, by which alone thy designs must prosper. Labor, nevertheless, discreetly on thy part to co-operate with it, and then believe that, if thou trust entirely to God, the success which followeth shall always be the most profitable for thee, seem it to thee good or bad according to thy particular judgment. Do as little children, who with one hand hold fast by their father, and with the other gather strawberries or mulberries along the hedges; so thou, gathering and managing the affairs of this world with one hand, with the other hold always fast to the laws of thy Heavenly Father, turning thyself towards Him from time to time, to see if thy employments be pleasing to Him. And take heed, above all things, that thou let not go His hand and His protection, thinking to gather more; for if He forsake thee thou wilt not be able to go a step without falling to the ground."—Swedenborgian for January.

From the Cleveland Spiritualist. SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

In this age of reform, commotion and agitation, is not carried away by excitement of any kind; go not to either extreme. You who are mediums, keep your hearts pure and humble; be willing to learn as well as teach. Place your standard high, and try to attain unto it. Do not content with what you now are, but seek for higher, better things, day by day. Thankfully accept the gifts already bestowed, and use them for your own good and the highest good of those around you. Bring not down their high, holy gifts to your own level, but seek rather to elevate yourselves. Degrade not yourselves, or these heavenly powers to gold-digging, money hunting, fortune-telling notoriety, if you would win the higher and more intelligent spirit influences to your side; for the lower order of spirits are better fitted for such work.

We give you advice in worldly matters when we see the need of it. We warn you of danger; we counsel you in business matters; but bid not yourselves down to these things, or to those who are constantly inquiring concerning them. This is not the work we are sent to perform; it is not the work you are called to do. We come to bring you tidings from the spirit-world; we come to tell you there is a better home than earth; that the spirit perishes not with the body; that those you loved and lost, (as you term it,) live and love you still. We come to bring you light and truth. Long have you wandered in darkness, error and superstition, groping your way through life, and going you knew not where. Those whose faith was strongest could only say, we hope to go to Heaven. But, do the best you could, you might not reach it after all; there was no surety, only a hope. And yet again, one might live all his life in sin, wronging himself and his fellow-men until the last moment of life, and then be forgiven, and be perfectly happy in heaven, with no opportunity to undo the wrong. We come to tell you of a God of Love, who has prepared a home for all His children. The better and purer your life on earth, the better are you fitted to enter on the spirit-life, for the same spirit enters that sphere that left the earth, possessing the same affinities, loves and desires. You cannot become good and pure in a moment; you must grow out of the evil into the good; thus, if you commence the work on earth, you have less to undo and outgrow after you have passed to another sphere. You must learn the way to Heaven for yourselves, and walk in it. Another cannot do the work for you. Not only must the outward life be good, but the motives, the desires of the heart must be pure. The way is open—the path is pointed out before you. Angels are waiting to guide you. Choose for yourselves, of your own free will must you follow or tarry behind. They come not to drive men, but are ministering spirits, commissioned by the God of Love to bring the truth—to light the path, and win the loved of earth to Heaven. Oh, children of earth! bow your heads! With humble thanks accept the richest boon that God has given. The love and gentle guidance of a spirit band—the loved ones from your own fire-side He sends to guide you through life—to receive the spirit as it passes away from its earthly form, and to bear it company to its brighter home. Earthly friends may love you and go with you through life—care for and attend you in sickness; but when the hour of separation comes, and you most need their support, they are powerless to aid. They can only look on and weep. You who have stood by the bedside of loved ones passing away, know the agony of that hour. But fear not. Not alone did the dear one go. Angels were waiting to bear it company to its eternal home. God's love is mightier than man's love. He provides for and fully supplies the spiritual wants of man. He loves His children, and provides for the highest happiness of all. And yet some would try to win men to the love of God, by placing before their minds the idea of an everlasting punishment, in a Hell which the mind of man alone could conjure up from the deepest depths of hate and wrath. God is Love! How sweetly fall these words from angel lips! Listen to it; repeat it to yourselves. Say it to others, till it fills your own heart with love to Him and to all mankind. God is Love! God is Love! Is He not worthy of the love of all? Do not blindly follow the teachings that come from the spirit-land. Reason and judgment were given you to use. See to it that you use them faithfully. Separate the wheat from the chaff—hold on to that which is good—but put away the evil from you. Investigate the subject for yourselves. It concerns every one individually to know whether it is true or false. If false, expose and overthrow it—if true, follow its teachings—be guided by its counsels; for it leads you to God and to Heaven. Truth is mightier than Error, and will prevail; for it had its existence from

God, and cannot be destroyed. Oh, could you view the angel forms that are ever by your side, seeking by their pure love to draw you from evil, and win you to the good, you could not turn coldly from them, but would give them a loving welcome, and would gladly say, "Stay with and love us, and we will follow in your path!"

Let Truth be your watchword—Angels your guides—God your Father—and Heaven your home. The love and blessings of God and angels rest on you all, forever, saith the spirit of Dr. Emmons.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills as a child on the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's lamp burnt dimly in the recess of his chamber.

But alas, dark night was now abroad upon the earth! A moral darkness involved the nations in its benighted shadow. Reason sheds a faint glimmering over the mind of man, like the cold, inefficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his path to heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period, two forms of ethereal mould hovered over the land of God's people. They seemed like sister angels sent to the earth on some embassy of love. The one was of majestic stature, and with well-formed limbs which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, she impressively pointed upwards, where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion, while on her left reposed her delicate companion, in form and countenance the contrast of the other, for she was drooping like the flower when moistened by refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eyes scanned the air with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from Heaven, and Faith and Hope hailed with exultant songs the ascending star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away, and a stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man, whose whole happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were traces of sorrow on his countenance, though no one knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise. By-and-by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles—that the blind saw, the dumb spake, and the dead leaped to life at his touch!—that when he commanded, ocean moderated its chafing tide, and the very thunders articulated, He is the Son of God! Envy assailed him with the charge of sorcery, and the voice of impious judges condemned him to death. Slowly and thickly guarded, he ascended the hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the earth. But Faith leaned upon his arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in his blood, mounted to the skies.

DREAM-LAND.

Our life is not wholly made up of the time while we are awake. Perhaps we actually live as much while asleep; for it is well known that we often dream over hours, and sometimes days and weeks, in a few moments. But of all that part of our existence we are very ignorant. What wonderful, interesting, or appalling adventures we pass through in the dead watches of the night, is known only in those profound recesses of the soul which lie beyond the ken of consciousness, and out of the reach of memory. We can bring away from the land of dreams but fragmentary recollections of strange adventures that probably happened to us just as we were repassing the boundary between it and the dull world of wakefulness. Yet, these are sufficient to show, that however obscured our ordinary life may be, it is quite tame and devoid of incident in comparison with that which lies beyond the curtain of sleep.

A PHENOMENON.

The Baltimore Sun says: Whoever lives to see the evening before the full moon of this month, if he sits up till midnight, may see, if the night be clear, an astronomical phenomenon, which will not occur again for nineteen years, when two-thirds of the people now upon earth have passed to their final rest. At twelve o'clock that night, the moon, so near the full as to appear a perfect orb, will approach within ten degrees of the meridian—five degrees nearer to it than the sun comes on the 21st of June. Seen from an elevated position, commanding the whole horizon, it will be a splendid sight. The moon will seem almost in the zenith, the ten degrees being much diminished in appearance at that far height.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. GOWAN, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light.

The object of this Department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

Good Advice.

This communication was given at the close of a conversation, the result of a statement to us that a Spiritualist had been sent to an Insane Asylum. The statement in regard to his business matters was found to be true. The advice given needs no corroboration, and is always in good time.

Yes, it is true. I have been listening to your conversation, and I trust I have profited by it. There are quicksands at every step, and you must step lightly or you are lost. Don't let a weight of sin make your tread heavy, and carry you down. Now the evil forces seem to be bringing up a strong array, on every hand. Another one of our noble intellects has laid down his armor for a time, and consequently another door has been opened for skeptics to walk in and become sole masters of the house. Yes, skeptics say Spiritualism caused his insanity, never looking for any other cause. They put nothing else into the scale to try to see which weighed him down.

Oh, we are fighting a hard battle, but we are sure, in time, to be victorious, if our soldiers are only valiant. It was so in Jesus' time, and these trials must come now. Repeated attempts have been made by spirits to open the door of heaven to mortals, and they have all been baffled. There must be reform in the spirit world. There are two forces battling, and some must fall on both sides. But, after all, are not mortals to blame for these mishaps? If one finds himself all bound down by harassing financial embarrassments, don't meddle with Spiritualism. If your business troubles you, don't meddle with this, until the waters are at rest. These mortal forms have got to be taken care of, and if spirits come and tell you to drop earthly concerns, and attend only to spiritual matters, tell that spirit he is a false teacher. "All nature tells you so." You have both material and spiritual bodies, and the Bible tells you that He that does not provide for his own household, is worse than an infidel. I tell you that he that travels out after spirit-

ual food, to the neglect of natural, is worse than an infidel. Never run after spirits, so long as your natural wants are in danger of being out short of a supply of material to provide for them; if you do, you will fall.

Another thing I have always tried hard to establish, is this. Never put down your own individuality, and put another's up. Never let spirit power put its foot on your neck, and cheat you of your own right to control your own self. Receive what you get put in one side of the balance, and then weigh it by your own judgment, and if that outweighs spirit matter, cast the latter aside without any hesitation. Another thing—when you get anything from spirits which they wish you to put forth before the world, prove it first by material proof, else it will not stand. But if spiritual and material go together, I'll defy the powers of darkness to overthrow your truth. Spiritualists are not what they should be in this respect; many of them bring all they have, and cast it at the feet of spirits, and pray them to use them just as they please.

This is insanity—fanaticism, and I tell you such will fall. Take us for what we are worth, and use your own judgment to ascertain our worth. That is a proved measure, which every man has, and although some may have a wider judgment than others, no man should go against his own judgment to please mortal or spirit.

Now in case of our brother, whose brain has so lately been overwhelmed by over-exertion, let me tell you something. He was a man of great intellectual powers, he had a brain fitted to grasp and digest almost any amount of matter. But he had a world of business upon him. He had a large amount of stocks, which he could not, or did not, dispose of, and his affairs were complicated. He should have straightened these out first. But instead of doing so, he crowded his brain with everything; sat night after night poring over books, when the hours should have been passed in rest to the brain. It could not be expected to stand. The body and brain must have time to recuperate the energies they expend in the day. Now if a spirit should come and tell you to throw your garments into the fire, that you had no need of them, would you do it? If I should tell you to give up your business, would you do that? So long as a man is carried about by spirit power, he will be sure to fall. Man's first duty is to himself as a material form, next to his neighbor and his God. Yet the duty to his God is first, because man, in doing his duty to himself, is obeying God's laws, and showing his love for Him by doing so. It is first and last.

Now perhaps some will say this spirit is telling you to live a life of devotion to earth, and things of earth. They will point you to Christ's words, "Behold the lilies of the field," &c., and say you should take no thought for the morrow. Christ was speaking to his disciples, and to none other, then. They were sustained by power greater than you have at the present day, and, besides, everything around them was vastly different. They went from place to place, from house to house. It was the custom for strangers thus to go, and the host entertained them. They did not require much. Now everything around you is different, and would give these teachings the lie. If you sit down with arms folded in idleness, will God come down from his throne and feed you?

Another thing I have to say to you. Never get angry, or excited. Never get nervous in discussions of any subject. If you find you are getting excited, stop—don't go another step. It is a hint from the higher power that you are trespassing on the very laws of your nature, and you may not do it with impunity.

In conclusion, never overtax your powers on any one thing. Keep an even balance, remembering that there is a time to laugh, when the wisest man loves pleasure. Amusement, too, is proper—recreation is indispensable to develop a healthy mind. And there is a time for spirits to minister to you, according to what is laid down above, but all must be in its proper time, and one duty must not trespass upon the other.

Fanaticism.

Whether this be found in the different religious societies, in Spiritualism, Mormonism, Millerism, or any other ism, it only serves to show a weak or disorganized brain. Be reasonable and calm in whatever you undertake; let not your judgment be biased, because a thing is more agreeable to your feelings, though there is much in the world that could be made better; it cannot be done in a moment; the transformation must be gradual and slow.

Because one may say the world is coming to an end, is it any reason why you should destroy what you have, and make yourself homeless and houseless? Is it a reason, because you have wedded unhappily, that you must leave your wife unprotected and unprotected? Is it not your fault, as much as hers? Then bear and forbear, for let you marry as many times as you may, you will still find faults to forgive, still have them to be forgiven. Then do your duty to those around you, and though you might have been thrown in a more congenial sphere, yet comfort yourself in the thought, that the law of affinity, sooner or later, will bring you to your proper place. There are people in all classes who will be fanatics, will go to extremes, and they truly do a great deal of harm; they are a mark for the finger of scorn. Mortals, try to be calm and reasonable; the world was not made in six days, nor can its course be changed in a short period. God does not leave his work unfinished, therefore have no fears for the end; submit yourselves to bide his time, doing the most good you can in whatever sphere you find yourselves, and you will one day be as happy as you deserve and wish. LORENZO DOW.

James Black, to Mrs. K.—

I come to you to communicate, for you remember me, and also know my children. I have much to say to them respecting the future life. To E.—in particular, I address these lines, for her mind is less prejudiced, and would be better prepared to receive the truth. She has passed through much trial on earth, and received little compensation. I would tell her that the earthly is not the real, lasting and substantial life; it is the rude, rough soil, where the seed is sown, and allowed to sprout, in order to be transplanted to a richer and purer soil, where it shall put forth its leaves, and thrive, and bud, and blossom forever. The earthly life is not the real, for it passeth away. The spiritual is the true and tangible, for it endureth forever. Though the root of the young plant encounter rocks and other rough substances to impede its growth and progress; though the winds of earth are cold and bleak, yet if it survive all this, how much more hardy and thrifty it will be when put into good soil, and how pleased will be the great Gardener of the Universe. I feel much for E.—in particular; her mother is well; her much. I hope my children may all do well; the world is hard for the orphan, and if they sometimes go astray, there is much to be considered, much to be forgiven; where little is received, little will be required. At some other time I would like to say more.

John Murray.

It is indeed a happy day for mankind that is now dawning upon them, for they will be taught to feel, and will feel as we now do, the law of love, which has, it is true, been often on the lips, but has found the heart too closely surrounded by materialism to be able to penetrate it. That obstacle is now being destroyed. The great law of love will enter there—and will show itself forth in greater regard for the happiness of each other, in the suppression of that selfishness which has so long cast its dark pall over man's life on earth—and will teach men by the best of all possible lessons, that of experience, to know how much he will add to his happiness—even on earth—as well as his happiness hereafter. Our hearts have yearned to open to mankind the realities of the holy communion of spirits—for we know that thus they too shall be elevated to a nearer approach to us—and through us to a nearer approach to their Creator! Our hearts now yearn to enable them to see the light which is now pouring in such glorious floods upon the world to dispel the darkness which

has so long brooded over the minds of men, and to light them to a way, to a life eternal in its duration and its happiness. Man must not be confined to thoughts alone. Man must develop his own happiness in himself—in the progress which his spirit makes in sending its search through all creation, material and immaterial. Man must judge of God by his works, and learn that he is a spirit full of love and mercy—and that he partakes of the glorious attributes of His spirit; then how much does it behoove him to act as well as think—act in relation to what he knows is his duty. Man's relation with this world must bring him into daily contact with those for whom he might work for good—he may develop in the humblest mind those instrumentalities which shall add to his own happiness as well as the eternal interests of itself. Therefore, let all mortals feel that their part is to act, to work, to live—an example of what they profess, and thus to excite the earnest inquiry of all men, Are these things indeed true?

Spiritual Phenomena.

Preparations had been made previous to January 16th, of the past year, to collect together sufficient medium power to have powerful physical manifestations, such as lifting ponderous weights, &c. But the most which prompted this was the desire expressed through a medium that we would do so by a spirit purporting to be that of Franklin, the philosopher, whose identity is as well proved, as he appears to us, as that of any spirit can be. He wished, he said, above all, to show us spirit lights, or in other words to light up a dark room with electrical lights, made or produced by spirits. This was suggested, as some of the persons who composed the circle had seen nothing of physical manifestations, and our spirit friends wished to blend amusement with instruction.

The efforts to procure the attendance of some of the mediums whose presence was desired, failed, and so did our spirit friends, who relied upon them. It is true that they were able to form certain lights, resembling balls of fire and stars—that flashes of light resembling in a manner the forked lightning one sees in summer, though not so intense, were visible at times to all, from a mere child to the adult of mature age, who did not know what was designed to be done by the spirits in attendance. But still, after two hours of sitting, with the exceptions above named, nothing was produced—the room was not lighted.

Early the next morning, a writing medium called on us, and the following was written:—

"I was sorry I did not succeed last night, because this [Jan. 17th] is the anniversary of my birth day, and I desired to give you some powerful experiments to remember it by, and to show you that I had not eschewed the science which interested me on earth, but was at liberty to pursue the investigation of it in a world where progress in knowledge is as feasible as in your own."

It did not occur to us at the time that the day on which this was written was the anniversary of the birth of Franklin. We remarked, "It must be nearly a century and a half since Franklin's birth"—and as a test said, "Will you not inform me?" "Get this morning's Bee," was the response, written mechanically through the medium's hand. We sent for a copy, and on opening it found an article, in the first column on the editorial page, headed—"Franklin's Birth Day," and commencing with, "Today is the 16th anniversary of the birthday of Franklin," and occupying about a fourth of a column in enumeration of his talents and his virtues.

After dinner we were again visited by this spirit, who requested us to call on a trance medium, through whom he has since frequently spoken, and where he said he would be.

On reaching the residence of the medium, she said she was engaged for the afternoon, and could not sit for us. We however went in, and sat at the table. The mind of the medium was so anxious about the arrival of those who had engaged the time, that it was impossible any spirit could entrance her under that excitement. Seeing this, another spirit seized her hand and wrote:—

"My friends will not be here till three o'clock—they are delayed by unforeseen circumstances." —DAVIS.

This the medium saw was the name of the spirit who usually communicated to the party she expected, and this allayed her anxiety, thus producing harmony, and her entrance was immediately effected. We will here say that it subsequently turned out as Davis had written—the party who had engaged the afternoon, from two o'clock, were detained by an accident, and did not arrive until after three—which was a fine test, and beat the modern electric telegraph as a means of obtaining information rapidly. After the medium was entranced, Franklin spoke nearly as follows:—

"FRIENDS—To-day is the anniversary of what? Of the birth of Franklin, say you? Yes—on such a day as this, the germ of my being was ushered into your sphere. Man is born of water and spirit—behold my first birth on such a day as this. But I come not to talk of this now, but to implore you, if you wish to celebrate the day, to commence by thanking the Giver of all Good for the tender mercies He has showered upon you.

I love to come again to the land of my birth. Yes, this spirit is Franklin still; he still lives, and still loves to play with the electric fluid which he once drew from the clouds. I have added much to my knowledge of its power, and will yet give you many experiments to please and instruct you; but you must learn to persevere, and never let one failure daunt you.

Perseverance is a good law to govern you. Be not weary in well doing. Many long, tedious months—not days, nor weeks, nor months—did I rack my weary brain in devising means to draw this element of life from the place where it had been hidden from man. At last it came! and my name has been handed down to this generation, and will continue to be for many generations to come, through all time. I do not speak of this to boast of it, but simply as an example of perseverance in well-doing, which it will not harm you to follow.

Sons of earth, write PERSEVERANCE on your minds. I know it is there now; but it is written only in pencil, and it may be easily effaced. I would have you write it with Franklin's ink. Persevere, I say again, in well-doing.

Each night when you lay down to rest, ask "What have I done to-day to advance this great cause, to benefit man, and to glorify God! Each morning let it be the first thing you do to ask Him to keep you from temptation.

As I before said, my spirit is still fond of its, old hobby. True, not as once it was, and not as spirits in your lower sphere delight in it. You can hear from afar-off friends through this power, and it pleases you; but Franklin delights to toy with it, because on its wings messages of glad tidings from the Throne of God are wafted to his brother spirits in the form. Through its agency, my friends, Spiritualism has made what progress it has on earth, and by its agency all mankind is destined to come within its folds. God bless you, children of earth. I will come and commune with you often."

Since this sitting, we have conversed freely with Franklin (his laws on question of his identity,) upon electricity, (we have no understood by man, and those which are yet unknown to him; and gathered much valuable information respecting the science of spirit communication, which would not be in place here.

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of Mathematical Instrument Maker to the University of Glasgow.

For twelve years he devoted himself to the study of mechanics, and on the 6th of June, 1769, obtained the first great reward for his labors, in a patent from the English government for a steam-engine. It is not essential to our present purpose to follow his career further than this; but we will state that he lived to see the full realization of all his early childish dreams, and died at his house, at Heathfield, Stafford County, on the 26th of August, 1819, having realized a princely fortune, having received the highest civic honors, and leaving behind him a name which will be gratefully remembered throughout all time.

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AN ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED; HEALING BY LAYING ON OF THE HANDS. C. MAIN, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston. Those sending locks of hair to indicate their diseases, should include \$1.00 for the examination, with a letter stamp to prepay their postage. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Dec. 12.

DENTISTRY. W. D. & A. BROWN, DENTISTS, No. 14 Hanover street, Boston. WILLIAM D. BROWN. ADAMI BROWN. Nov. 21.

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BANK NOTE LIST AND COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR, corrected by W. F. DAVIS, (at J. W. Davis' Banking office) Boston. L. S. LAWRENCE & Co., Bankers, New York. DAVIS is the time to subscribe. A Coin Chart will be issued, containing 1000 different kinds of coins. This coin chart will be sent to all subscribers to the Detector for 1858. Only \$1.50 per annum. Canvasers wanted. Published semi-monthly for New England, by W. F. DAVIS, No. 25 State Street, Boston. Jan. 23.

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J. V. MANFIELD, MEDIUM FOR THE ANSWERING OF SEALED LETTERS, may be addressed at No. 8 Winter street, Boston, (over George Turnbull's Dry Good Store).—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of \$1.00 and four postage stamps to pay return postage for his efforts to obtain an answer, but does not GUARANTEE an answer for this sum. Persons who wish a GUARANTEE, will receive an answer to their letter, or their money will be returned in thirty days from its receipt. For further particulars, call on or correspond with the author at No. 8 Winter street, Boston. Dec. 28.

SPIRITUALISM HOTEL IN BOSTON. THE FOUNTAIN HOUSE, corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach street, Boston. For answers to letters, call on or correspond with the author at No. 8 Winter street, Boston. Dec. 28.

DR. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL MEDIUM, No. 5 Hayward Place, Boston. May 14-47.

had been subjected to such a test? Herein we say

that a great Providence protected the germing mind of the young inventor, and kept him in the only channel which resulted in the matured intellect whose one great conception was the Steam-Engine.

How many a fine intellect has been wasted, how many a noble destiny defeated, because we, who are responsible for the undeveloped souls of the children which God has intrusted to our keeping, are not equal to our trust, and forget the beauty and holiness of the relation, and that we stand here in the light of a Providence till the infant mind can fully understand all that is within itself! Think of this, fathers, amid your daily avocations, and remember that your daughters are yet to fill your places, and that the proper culture of one single mind, the giving the true bent to a single longing soul, will overbalance a million of the little things to which you attach so much importance.

To the great majority of minds, there is nothing more suggestive in a tea-kettle than the still-life picture which Wordsworth has so sweetly drawn in one of his sonnets:—

"I am not one who much or oft delight To reason my throb with person or talk. Of friends, who live within an easy walk, Or neighbors, daily, weekly in my sight; And for my chance acquaintance, ladies bright, Sons, mothers, maidens whirling on the stalk, These all wear out of me like forms, with chalk Painted on rich men's floors for one faint night. Better than such discourse doth silence, long Long, barren silence, square with my desire; To sit without emotion, hope or aim, In the lone presence of my cottage fire, And listen to the fapping of the flame, Or kettle whispering its faint under-song."

Others of us, perhaps, to whom the still-life picture is just as sweet and just as soothing as to them,—

"Can hear a voice they cannot hear," in the "low whispering" of the kettle upon the fire; and, in the upurging steam, can trace pictures which they can never see.

The tea-kettle upon the fire, sending out its little jet of steam as the water within it boils, is a very plain and simple thing; it has been familiar from childhood, and few of us, although we may have seen it daily, have ever bestowed upon it a single thought.

Look from the tea-kettle to the steam-engine, and think how much the world owes to a great mind; look from the child in the cradle to the matured intellect of the inventor, and think how much the world owes to God!

Let us see what pictures we can trace in the shadowy vapor pouring from the crooked spout of the old tea-kettle upon the fire.

We look out upon the sea; the black clouds darken, and the heavy, sullen waves come rolling onward before the wind, like remorseless columns of conquering soldiery. The lightnings flash, and the electric shafts dart, like winged arrows, in eccentric angles through the heavens. The spray dashes from sea to sea, and the winds whistle and moan through the hurdling air. "Thank God," we say, "no ship is abroad to-night; for none could live in such a gale." But, ah! what creature of power is this which comes up so bravely, breasting the heavy gale, and riding over the opposing waves as if regardless of the storm? What now power is this which comes to dispute the mighty elements upon their eternal fields, and to lord it over them so proudly? A steamship! And whence came the steamship, and what is it? Let us go on with our story of steam, and see what other pictures will be presented to the eye of our imaginations and memory in the vapory clouds from the tea-kettle's spout.

We look back upon a century which is gone; we see, in the humble parlor of a small house in the town of Greenock, the tea-board laid out for the evening meal, and the curtains of the windows closely drawn.

"A tidy, active matron is bustling about, slicing the bread and butter, and carefully measuring out the duo modicum of the Chinese leaf, probably upon the good old principle of "a spoonful per head, and one for the pot." A blazing fire gleams and roars in the grate, and curls round the black sides of the kettle which reposes in the midst of it, like waves lashing the sides of a ship at sea; and the fire crackles, and the water boils with a faintly-heard, popping sound; and a stream of white vapor comes whizzing out of the spout of the kettle with a shrill, cheery hiss. Now, the good matron sees nothing particular in all this—the fire is burning, the kettle boiling, and that is all; and the fire burns, and the kettle boils, just that tea might be made, and for no other purpose or end whatsoever. There is nothing wonderful either in the one fact or the other. Kettles have boiled and fires have burned from the beginning, and will probably do so until the end of the chapter.

But the requisite number of spoonfuls have been transferred from the caddy to the pot; and as the matron stoops to place it upon the hob, her eye falls upon a little urchin seated upon a stool of stunted dimensions, in the full glare of the blaze—who, propping his furry head upon his hands, and supporting both upon his knees, by reclining an elbow against each, is intently gazing at the fire, and the kettle, and the steam, swallowing them with his eyes; and as much absorbed, in fact, as the peri might be supposed to have been in her momentary glance of heaven. The boy looks at the fire, and the mother looks at the boy. "Was there ever sicker an idle neer-do-well in this world as our Jamie?" is the question which, almost unconsciously, she proposes to herself. As it rises in her mind, her hand (none of the lightest) rises in the air; and the next second would have seen it descend with no contemptible force on the shoulders of the luckless urchin; but the door opens, and a neighbor gossip, who has perhaps been invited to tea, enters. The blow hangs, like Mohammed's coffin, suspended in mid air; and the tongue is used instead of the fist. Turning to the visitor, Jamie's mother says:—

"No, Mistress Balderstone, did you ever see the likes of o' that?"

"The likes o' what, Mistress Watt?"

"Oh, our Jamie; look till the callan—there he'll sit, woman, glowing at the kettle and the blaze till ye would think his very een would come out o' his head. 'Deed, I ken na' what's in the bairn—whiles I think there's something unlucky in that glowin'. I hope nae limmer has been throwing cantrips at him; but and 'deed it's mair nor likely."

"Hout, tout, woman, the bairn's only warm'n' tsel!" replies the worthy Mrs. Balderstone, in a soothing tone.

"Warm'n' tsel!" reiterates her friend; "look till that glowin' o' his, and tell me if ye dinna' think it's something blye ceidna'!"

And, truth to tell, there is something peculiar in the glance of the boy's eye; there is mind, active, speaking mind, looking through it. He seems to be

who gazes upon a wondrous vision, and whose every sense was bound up in the display of gorgeous pagentry floating before him. He sits watching the escaping steam; until the thin, vaporous column appears to cast itself upward in fantastic changing shapes. Sometimes the subtle fluid, gathering in force and quantity, will gently raise one side of the lid of the kettle, emit a white puff, and then let the metal fall with a low clanking sound. There is power, strength in that watery cloud. But still the spout pours forth its regular volume of white vapor, shooting over the ribs of the grate, and curling and rolling in outlines as varying and quaint as those of a rising mist.

Suddenly, to the eye of the half-dreaming boy, the steam appears, instead of escaping up the chimney, to spread itself out in a dense volume before the fireplace. He gazes intently at the phenomenon; indistinct outlines, like the wavy robes of spectres, show themselves, float dimly for an instant, then melt into the shapeless clouds. Again they reappear, and more distinctly than before; and the spell-bound boy sees faces—some terrible, and others gentle and mild—forming, and vanishing, and again reappearing in that wonderful steam-cloud. He gazes and gazes. To the faces, fanciful forms, woven from the vapor, attach themselves and cling. There is something about them awfully undefined; but they are undefined rather to the mind than the eye. The latter can see them, but the former cannot grasp or form an accurate idea of their strange, shadowy proportions. Some are dimly terrible, others calm and serene; back and forth they float, not passing, but blending with, gliding through, each other, and waving their misty wings with a slow, undulating motion. Gradually the fair and gentle steam spirits seem, as it were, to coalesce, to glide together and become one, instinct with mild, intellectual grandeur; and round it gathers a threatening phalanx of the dark and gloomy spirits, their forms changing to hideous, undefined, grotesque things, and their faces fearful to look upon. But the mild spirit gazes calmly on them, as if in reliance on its innate power; and, raising its white arms, it waves the evil spirits back, and as they retire undefinedly they cover their gloomy foreheads with their wings, for a pale halo of light beams around the long, fair curls of the master phantom.

But again they rally and rush, dark, evil-minded, like an undefined horror, and wrestle with the fair, good form. Here, there, anywhere, their demon faces, lower and more round the god-moulded face; and with their pointed claws and swooping wings they seek to tear the good spirit down, and to exult over its fall, with looks of bitter, jeering hatred. But they cannot—the spiritual light, flickering in long pencils from the forehead and the eye of the mild spirit, seems, although it is so pale, and apparently so hopeless, to scorch the wings and shrivel up the limbs of the assailant spirits; and at length, drawing up its grand form, it throws its arms abroad, and with the motion, as though at the waving of a wand, the mist demons shrink, and shrivel, and writhe in impotent malice at the feet of their conqueror, who stands over them, an angel trampling upon fiends!

And as the dreaming boy watches with straining eyes these strange, bewildering scenes, his little heart quails within him, till his active brain comes to its rescue and tells him that these vapor-pictures are but foreshadowings to him of what in after years will be very clear, and that the fierce and dreamy struggle which he has just seen is but symbolic of INTELLECT WARRING WITH THE ELEMENTS.

Gradually this one idea grows within the mind of the child—it is not very clear to him, but there is more comprehension within his little brain than he is himself aware of.

The clouds still roll upward and upward, the clanking cover keeps up its steady motion, and the shadowy forms still hover upon his head. And still he gazes—and lo! the discomfited demons at the feet of Intellect, overpowered by its might, fade and resolve themselves and their writhing motions into the waves of a mighty, heaving sea. And Intellect, in all its glorious proportions, grows dim, very dim, and its semblance changes; and lo! it is a ship without a sail, battling with the fierce seas which come rolling on one after another, throwing their foaming crests high and higher; but gallantly rides that lonely ship. Against the fierce wind, against the rolling waves, against the rushing tide, it battles sternly. Wind, and waves, and tide do their utmost; but on, on, with a fearful innate power, moves the mystic ship, dashing aside the white sparkling spray, and tearing through wave after wave, till the powers of the elements feel themselves conquered; and the wind abates, the waves sink, the tide ceases to roll, and the low murmur of the settling storm proclaims the triumph of the ship of intellect.

"Jamie, Jamie, what is't ye'er thinkin' o'?" cries a shrill voice.

The vision vanishes; the waves, the ship, melt away; the steam-cloud dissolves; the old-fashioned mantelpiece, with quaint carvings and blue painted tiles, appears, and on the fire is the kettle still hissing away, and on the hob sits the tepid simmering.

"Ye idle gawky," says the shrill voice again, "if ever I fin' ye sittin' glowin' at the fire when ye might be doin' something useful, de'il is in it if I don't go ye feel the wjobt o' my han'! Sit in till yer tea, yer graceless loon, and shak han' with Mistress Balderstone, here."

The boy rises meekly and does as he is told; and the first dim and indistinct ideas of James Watt upon steam are laid away in the storehouse of his childish memory till, in the fullness of time and in the maturity of his genius, they shall be ripened. This is one of the pictures which we see in the upurging vapor from the spout of the tea-kettle boiling upon the fire; and it reminds us that, perhaps, in writing the story of steam it would be well for us to follow the fortunes of this dreamy child of Greenock a little further ere we leave the subject.

James Watt continued under the parental roof, attending school and getting along as unappreciated boys generally do, until his eighteenth year, when he went up to London to learn the trade of a mathematical instrument maker. He grew exceedingly fond of this pursuit, for here his natural abilities had full scope, and applied himself so closely that his health became impaired, and he was compelled to relinquish work and return to Scotland.

We find that his native city brought back again the glow of health, and within the year he was enabled to resume his trade; while a fondness for study grew upon him to such an extent that his friends were again apprehensive for his health. His strong constitution and vigorous intellect carried him, however, safely through these years of imprudent application; and we find him in the bloom of manhood at the age of twenty-one, holding the honorable position

Hearts.

And quoted odes, and Jewels five words-long, That on the stretched fore Danger of all Time, Sparkle forever."

God! do not let my loved one die, But rather wait until the time That I am grown in purity Enough to enter thy pure clime. They take me, I will gladly go, So that my love remain below! Oh, let her stay! She is by birth What I through death must learn to be; We need her more on our poor earth, Than thou canst need in heaven with thee: She hath her wings already, I Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly. Teach, God, thy line! We shall be near, More near than ever, each to each: Her angel cars will find me clear, My heavenly than my earthly speech: And still as I draw nigh to thee, Her soul and mine shall closer be. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

It is not wisdom, but ignorance, which teaches men presumption. Genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so distant as knowledge.

Life is sad, because we know it. Death, because we know it not; But we will not fret or mourn— Every man must bear his lot. Coward hearts, who shrink and fly, Are not fit to live or die! Knowing Life, we should not fear it, Neither Death, for that's unknown; Courage, Patience—these are virtues Which for many sins atone: Who has these—and have not lost? He is fit to live and die!

Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forward to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.—LORD BYRON.

The miser counts his hoard of worldly gain, And seeks therein the gem of true content; But, ah! all the glittering ore doth not contain The priceless gift for Heaven's chosen meant, Where bonds of avarice enchain the heart— And, closer pent on each successive day, It is more callous 'neath the iron sway— The fragile coils of virtue rudely part; True life's brief remnant then the wretch doth plod, Enslaved, degraded, by his Mammon God. No sacred shrine his pilgrimage below, No other earth's treasure never yet was strewn The hallowing bath for every mental woe Possessed by the redeemed of Christ alone.

The regulations of the nineteenth century will one day be quoted to prove its barbarism.—R. W. EMERSON.

I saw a strange, beautiful city arise On an island of light, in the sapphire skies, When the sun in his Tyrian drapery drest, Like a shadow of God, floated down to the west. A city of clouds; in a moment it grew On a cloud of pearl, in an ocean of blue, And spirits of twilight entwined me to stray Through these palaces reared from the ruins of day.

One hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer.—EMERSON.

JAMES WATT.

The following extract from "The Story of Steam," published in the January number of Emerson's Magazine, will be read with interest by all. It is told in charming style, and the reader will be struck with the leaning to the phenomena of spiritualism which the writer evinces in his description of Watt's "glowering" at the fire. The vision, "Intellect warring with the Elements," is one of the passages we speak of.

On the night of the 19th of January, 1736, just one hundred and twenty-two years ago, beneath the lowly roof of an humble but honest tradesman of Greenock, in Scotland, a child was born. There is nothing in this circumstance of itself which is of sufficient moment to arrest the attention of the glib historian; nor was there anything in the antecedents of that child of such a nature as would entitle the simple name of Watt to be enrolled upon the great record of those who never die. Yet around that humble cradle were gathered the unseen ministers who were to guide its unconscious occupant to a mission so far beyond the conception of not only his natural parents, but of all the then existing world, that if it had been but half revealed to them they would have grieved that the good Father had given them only an innocent. How little did they dream that the first cry of their little one was the voice of a new era; or that from his bud of brain would be evolved, in the full blossom of its maturity, a science which would revolutionize the world!

The story of Watt presents a beautiful picture of the care of a great Providence, shielding the little one from the world, and protecting the casket from every harm till its hidden treasure was ripe for its great purposes. The childhood of James Watt was not an unhappy one. He had his playmates and his boyish pleasures; and if his thrifty parents, struggling in their simple way "to turn an honest penny," were somewhat too prone to call the little "Jamie" a "ne'er do well," and to bestow upon him occasional castigations, it was done more in sorrow than in anger, for they loved the lad, and only feared that his boyish abstractions and dreamy foregazings would bring him a manhood of penury, and leave him, when he should be most useful, to drag out a thriftless and unprofitable life.

The fears of the parents, although they added nothing to the comfort or peace of the child, unquestionably acted as strong incentives when the opportunity for congenial occupation and employment was presented. His early indisposition to study was simply an evidence that the brain's growth within itself was too active, and that it needed all the rest which nature could give it to obtain a healthy maturity. Hard study would have killed the child, or dwarfed the intellect. The father would come home from his shop, and find "Jamie" beside the fire, gazing intently upon the hissing steam as the tea-kettle piped its note of preparation for the evening meal. He would question him upon his occupations of the day: "Had he been to school—had he learned anything?" "No, nothing." "Would he ever study, would he ever learn anything?" "Yes." "When?" "By-and-by." And the father and the child would gaze together upon the hissing steam from the tea-kettle upon the fire. The parent had no dreams beyond the fragrant odor of the steaming tea—but what the boy saw, it has taken the world a century to fully understand.

We are told that the elder Watt thought frequently of apprenticing his son to some hard manual trade, as he said, "to work the lassy bone out of the boy." What might have been the effect if the fine organization of that child, both mentally and physically,