

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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NO. 23.

Original Poetry.

SPRING.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Once more, oh Spring, from Winter's icy regions,
We welcome thee, as gaily stepping forth
Thou wast; thy wand to those mysterious regions,
Who wait on thee to beautify the earth.
Rare flowers of every hue are on thy bosom,
Which thou wilt scatter over earth afar,
On hill, in dell, to bud, and burst, and blossom,
And glow, as glows in heaven the evening star.
Thou lovest us when the Summer sweetly sings,
With Nature's distillation in her hand,
Came from the skies; with rose-censer swinging,
Pouring its contents over all the land.
Gaily she went, where'er the flowers were blooming,
On a hill and over dale with fleetness,
And in her joyous mission of performing,
She poured them from the censer, full of sweetness.
And Autumn came and in the distance thundered,
And spread his golden banner to the breeze—
The link 'twixt earth and Summer being sundered,
She passed away in low, rich melodies.
And sadly through the dim old forest swilling,
The requiem of the Summer died in song
With sterner breezes in each blast foretelling
That Autumn's reign of glory was not long.
Frost Autumn died, and in the light of morning,
When sunbeams circled far o'er earth's dim zone,
In all the splendor of their light adorning,
The leafless Winter took dead Autumn's throne.
Loud came the blast from out the north-west roaring,
And hurrying down the snowy snow-flakes fly,
Until they smile, oh Spring, and sweetly imploring,
Won thee a place as Winter's reign went by.
And now we welcome thee again, thus diffident
Upon the tides of seasons and of time;
Where thou hast been, what seem? Has wilt uplifted
Revealed a realm, than this, far more sublime?
The mists have melted on the fields and mountains,
A king of green is in the valley wide,
The torrent thunder from the bursting fountains,
And dance and leap down the mountain's side.
The flowers that Autumn kissed while they were sleeping,
That winter held in icy chains of gloom,
Won by the wings that down the glen are sweeping,
Burst forth, and bid to beauty bloom.
Our fancies burst anew, as do the flowers
From earth's cold form, when Spring-time hath control,
And we behold how outward things and powers
Brighten, and have an influence o'er the soul.
The flowers retreat, when Winter's blasts are sweeping
Across the earth, escape the war of storm,
Hid from the skies, alone in patience keeping
Watch, till Spring calls them back in newer form.
So in our life are days of pain and sorrow,
So in our life are winters, too, and springs;
'Tis ours to live, 'tis ours to sorrow borrow
From the great lessons of these senseless things.
So in our life are Summer months of growing—
Moral fields swept by action's genial breath,
And Autumn, too, that bring the harvests glowing,
That tribute pay when we are housed by death.
Sweet Spring, thou dost with all thy powers fashion
Structure on structure, ere thy race is run;
So we, in spite of our own selfish passion,
May leave, by action, much which, though undone,
Will stand as types of what we were while living—
Foot-prints left in the sands where we have trod;
Actions which show our failings worth forgiving,
And make our souls acceptable to God.
New York, Feb. 28, 1859.

Flashes of Fun.

WRITING AND PRINTING.—A modern wit says of young writers: "It may be that like John on the Isle of Patmos, they hear a voice saying unto them, 'write'; but when they hear any such command as 'print!' they had better inquire whether it is an angel that gives the order."
Very right; but the only true test in that case, we think, would be, if the angel gave them strict injunctions to "pay the printer." Then they might go ahead without fail.—*Investigator.*

REFRESHING.—A glass of water obtained from the spring of the year.

A wag says that the Cataract of the Ganges, which had a successful run at the Boston Theatre, was put upon the stage under favorable horse pieces, (auspices).
Why is the mind of the drunkard similar to that of the Hindoo? Because it is always *jug or not* (Juggerman) with both.

STOMACH vs. HEAD.—There is a man in this city whom policy attunes to talk temperance, but who drinks daily—"for the stomach's sake!"—several glasses of Scheidam Schnappa. His head snaps continually.

One of the hardest sort of people was asked to subscribe to some worthy object. "I can't," he replied; "I must be just before I am generous."
"Well," said the other, "let me know just before you are generous, and I'll try you again."

"At a printer's festival," the following toast was offered:—*woman*—Heaven reward her: she is always in favor of a well-conducted press.

A rustic friend suggests that type-setting must be a sedentary occupation. A great many stand it, though, however.

The man who stood up on Ceremoney, has been bent on mischief ever since.

A good story is told of Mrs. Douglas, when asked recently regarding her politics. Her reply was—"I am an Old-line Whig, with pretty strong Douglas proclivities."

"Barnum on Burns."—A lady, when told that Mr. Beecher was about to deliver a lecture on Burns, suggested the equal necessity of a lecture on scold.

LOVE AND SACRIFICE; A STORY OF HEARTS AND HOMES.

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

CHAPTER V.

"I declare! Carrie, one would think you perfectly heartless, gay as you are only the evening before Charles's departure. I think it must have hurt brother's feelings to see your trifling this evening before our guests. Of course we can understand you. We know you are affectionate and feeling, but strangers and acquaintances, Carrie, mother has often told you are very incompetent to judge, occupying the position they do of occasional visitors."
"I am truly grateful to you for your sisterly sentiments," rejoined Carrie, archly, "and I cannot be too humble in the presence of so sage a councillor two years my senior. What a period, you had to gather wisdom before I came to conscious existence!" and she cast a mischievous glance at her sister Julia.
"Don't trifle forever! Carrie, I am heart-sick of it," and her truly wounded feelings gave vent in tears.
"There! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, sister, I was only in fun."
"But your fun is out of season; you should study the law of appropriateness; I cannot feel light-hearted like you. Only think, to-morrow he leaves us to be absent three years. We may never see him again."
"But we must not drape our souls in clouds; better for him to appear hopeful, at least."
"We can be that without being trifling, Carrie."
"Opinions differ, sister. What appears gayety in me is only the dancing lightning before the storm-cloud."
"You always did have odd comparisons, Carrie; you are not at all like mother and myself."
"No! I am not like the Baileys; I am a Somers. I think of changing the orthography. Yes, I should always be summer."
"Not if you change your name."
"Yes! because it is my nature, and that will never change."
"I fear it never will; but come, it's time for us to retire. Hark! what is that?"
Nervous footsteps in the adjoining room told too plainly that sorrow was treading the secret chambers of the soul.
"Poor brother! how I pity him," exclaimed Carrie.
"How cruel! that heartless girl to refuse him," chimed in Julia.
"But I do not believe it was she, do you?"
"She? Why, who else could?"
"Parents, guardians, often control; and they say her father is very proud, though I have never seen him."
"I never should wish to," said Julia.
"I should!"
"What possible good could come from it? Nothing beyond curiosity, surely, could induce you to think so."
"I will see him forthwith, Julia, and tell him he is very cruel."
"But we have no evidence that he controlled her decision."
"I feel that he has. I can't blame her; she is a woman, and I pity her."
"We must not remain any longer now," said Julia. "Remember we must arise early to-morrow. Oh, how I dread the day that takes him from us; don't you, sister?"
"We must not dread anything; must we?"
"We must not only dread but shun all evil, dear."
"Not if that which we call evil makes us better?"
"There! not another word to-night; we must go to rest."
"If we are not weary?"
"Yes, of course. Good night."
Carrie retreated to her room, which opened from Julia's, and sat down in the pale moonlight. The footsteps of her brother had ceased, but not the wild throbbings of his heart. Softly she stepped to the bedside of her sister. Morpheus had folded her in his arms, but an old-repeated sigh told that the morrow lay like a shadow on her heart. Nonetheless as she had entered she departed to her room, but not to sleep. Night was in her soul, but day in her eyes, as she sat at the open window to gaze upon the stars, and the flowers below. Fervently she prayed, in that still hour, that her brother might be spared from deeper sorrow, if it was the will of her heavenly Father. Then, noiselessly gliding to his door, she asked, "May I come in?"
"Carrie, is it you?"
"Yes; please open the door; I could not sleep, and I have come to see you, dear Charles," she added, as he admitted her.
"Tell me, sis, what troubles you?" said he, with an attempt at gaiety.
"Your sorrows, Charles."
"What have they to do with my light-hearted sister?"
"Much, very much, dear brother. I would be your confidant, your support, for I am very strong."
"Why! You are only a fairy," said he, glancing at her delicate form and heavenly-blue eyes. "What can you do for me?" Besides, Carrie, "it is very late; you must retire, or you will be ill to-morrow."
"It's never late in my teal, brother." Oh, I do want some one to know me; no one does, not even you, my brother, who have so many years taken me

upon your knee and called me pet names." You think I am only a child. You don't know how my heart aches to know all about this sorrow that weighs upon you."
"I have told enough already," said he, drawing strength and confidence from her.
"Did she refuse you?"
"Who?" inquired Charles.
"Grace Weston."
"Yes."
"How? through a third person?"
"No! with her own lips," gasped he, turning doubly pale, as the remembrance of that hour came before him. "These are painful recollections, Carrie," said he. "I had resolved they should never be brought up from my own soul." He forgot that he was talking to a child, as he deemed her.
"Yes! there this secret must lie! this heart must go on wildly throbbing out its great pulsations of hope; this hope, mountain-grown within my soul, cannot be torn away in a moment; years must do the work."
"Charles, I have prayed for you, and shall forever pray: My life shall be one holy orison upraised for thee, and though one of my sex refuse thee, yet shall my love cling around thy heart so close that should another ever turn to thee, it must twin its tendrils through my heart to thine."
"Carrie, my child," exclaimed her brother, "have you grown in one moment to a woman? Who gave you those thoughts?"
"The God within me."
"Sister, I have never known you," and he clasped her to his heart. "No, never! Twelve long years we have lived beneath the same roof. Each morn and night I pressed you to my heart and thought you but a sunbeam in my pathway, but I did not expect that sunbeam to shine amid the storm. My Father in heaven, I thank thee that thou choicest this background of sorrow whereon to place this light of my sister's love and strength; that I may see how beautiful it is."
"I love the storms, brother; they make us feel so humble and yet so strong; you will let me be your dearest love now."
"He answered with a kiss, and said: 'Good night.'"
"Ere he laid his head upon the pillow to rest, he thanked the giver of all good for this light in his hour of darkness. Sorrow and storm wash the jewels from the heart's depths of those around us, proving them blessings in our pathway, and at our fireside. Child the light-hearted and seemingly gay too often, for they need only great conflicts to bring out the woman from the girl—the God-power from feeble manhood, which cannot emanate from an uneventful life of life."

CHAPTER VI.

Grace was now convalescent, and able to sit most of each day with her father. Charles had never heard of her illness, but lingered beyond his appointed time of departure, in hopes that some word of repentance or reconciliation might come. The first week he had written the letter before mentioned, and sent it to her. It was his intention to depart immediately, but he was obliged to attend to some business which unexpectedly arose.
"Little did he know of the wound he inflicted upon her in his epistle. The lines which he quoted at its close, never, for a moment, left her thoughts."
"Vanished like dewdrops from the spray,
Are moments which in beauty flow—
I cast life's brightest pearl away,
And, false one, breathe my last adieu."
"And, oh!" she thought, as she read it o'er and o'er, "must it be that of all others he should misunderstand me? And he will leave with the thought that I love another! Oh, Charles! how has our bright dream faded—if I could only have read that before—but now, he is far, far away. Heavenly Father! protect this poor, aching, misjudged heart—guide me into light and truth, even though its vale be darkness—let me see but wisdom at the end. He writes, I said, 'I love another.' Could I have said it?"
"Ah, well, I now remember," she said to herself, as new light came upon her dimmed vision. "I was going to say, 'I love you—but another duty calls me.' I only gasped, 'I love—another.'"
"What! in tears, Grace? Have you no smiles for your father? You were much absorbed, I should say, not to notice my entrance. You should not concentrate your thoughts too much. Dr. Warden has repeatedly warned me of that tendency. But I have news for you, darling. In two weeks, or as soon as you are able, we are going to the springs. I found you so much better this morning, I invited Mr. Dayton to take tea with us, and we can talk over the arrangements, as he is to be one of the party. I think your nerves must, by this time, be strong enough to meet him, as he is so anxious to have an interview. Come, you are unusually unobtrusive for one of your sex. I should say, apart from interest, curiosity would add you to meet one who is to be your husband."
"Excuse me, father, but my recent illness—"
"A lady is below, waiting, sir, to see you. Here is her card. Are you at home?" inquired the servant.
"How? No! That is—yes. I'll come down soon."
The girl departed with her message, leaving the judge with his eyes still fixed upon that name.
"You must find something unusual in that card, father," said Grace.
"Oh, nothing." I could not make out the name at first; that's all."

"Who is it, father?"
"I dare say, some of my poor tenants."
"Is it customary for that class of people to call upon you in private, and would they be likely to leave their card?"
"He felt the awkwardness of his position, but made no reply; which made his daughter still more curious." She was about to question him deeper, when he suddenly remembered his engagement, and descended to the drawing-room to encounter a pair of the sweetest eyes that ever met his gaze, not excepting his daughter's.
"Judge Weston, I believe," said the visitor, politely rising.
"I have not the honor of your acquaintance; but be seated, madam. You have business with me, I presume," said the judge, feeling it was his place to speak. "Are you a resident of the city?"
"No, sir; we live a few miles out. I am the sister of Charles Somers, and have important business," said Carrie, with as much dignity as her child-nature could command.
"Please state the nature of it," said Mr. Weston, coolly.
"I have come in behalf of my brother, to tell you his heart is breaking for the love of your daughter, now so cruelly denied him."
"He sinks lower in my estimation than ever, to commission you with his grievances to me; and more, to overstep the bounds of propriety, in thus intruding his importunities upon me."
"But he does not know of my being here, neither of my intention to come."
"I should say, then, you were a very presuming young lady, voluntarily offering your opinion upon a stranger."
"I know I have no claim upon you as an auditor to my complaints, and it was not without a conflict of feelings that I sought this interview, which, in doing, I do not feel I sacrifice the modesty and retirement which belong to a lady. I come in behalf of my brother. I feel that he is wronged, and that your daughter does not act independently in the matter."
"Miss Somers!"—the voice of Mr. Weston was far from harmonious—when a lady so far forgets good breeding and the rules of society as to touch upon themes of so delicate and private a nature, I feel it my duty to advise them, and unpleasant as the task may be, I now inform you that your brother, with unwarrantable conceit, imagined himself the accepted lover of my daughter. I heard her refusal. I heard it from her own lips, and we both look upon the, to him, unfortunate avowal as a one that should be looked in the secrets of the family—out of respect to your family, and according to the rules of society. Had he the delicacy upon those matters, which I supposed existed in all well-bred people, he would not importune for love, where only friendship existed. As it is, I cannot be too thankful that my daughter refused the claim his egotism so unjustifiably assumed."
Here Mr. Weston cast an impatient glance at the door and the vexed, but undaunted Carrie who arose to depart, thinking argument to be useless. But she could not avoid saying, as she was going out—
"I am not convinced, and I still believe that your daughter is innocent of this change."
It was well for her that this was her valedictory, for the anger of Mr. Weston was fast gaining the ascendancy over his politeness. He bade her an icy good morning from the winter of his soul, and her blue eyes looked a "Somer" good day.
It was a question, as he sat in his library the remainder of that morning communing with his own thoughts, whether angels could mirror their forms in the disturbed waters of conscience.
The morning's adventures had so excited Carrie, that when she came to external consciousness, she found herself walking at a rapid pace in the direction of home, and a mile beyond the station where she intended to have taken the cars. The day was very warm. She was not only vexed that she must walk the remaining distance under the scorching heat of the sun, but because she had forgotten sundry commissions given her by her mother and sister. At length she discovered a large tree near the roadside, within the shade of which she might rest, and meditate in what way she could excuse herself in their sight, and yet be truthful. She missed the trains—that would do—how dispose of the errands? In vain she searched her brain for a reason; none would come. Fatigued and anxious, she really felt that it was wrong for her to have undertaken this business without the knowledge of her parent. She rapidly concluded that her present ill-luck was the consequence of disobedience, for she well knew that her mother would never have consented to such a step. At this juncture of affairs she arose to go on, when she espied one of those traveling merchants, with needles, trimmings, embroideries, and other knickknacks too numerous to mention. She halted him without delay, and found to her surprise, all the articles enumerated in her list, which was not brief. As this, her only difficulty, was surmounted, she tripped along with a light heart, and joyous as the birds that sang around her, unconsciously joining them in their matins, when suddenly a voice called her to turn quickly around, and she met the gaze of the owner of a pair of charming black eyes fixed upon her. He was riding in an open buggy, and endeavoring to control a beautiful spirited horse, while he inquired the way to—
When suddenly a dog leaped from the bushes by the roadside, which so frightened the animal that he reared and with one bound cleared himself from the buggy. Here, surely, was a dilemma. To pursue,

in hopes of speedily securing him, he knew was useless, and, as he gazed upon the blue eyes and beautiful face of Carrie, who was trembling with fright, he felt that his misfortune was most opportune. It really was a question with him whether he had met with any loss, to find himself in the society of so lovely a creature. Carrie wonderfully gazed at him, to witness such calm demeanor amid what seemed to her a very serious and vexing loss. Then suddenly recollecting the long walk, she hastened on her way, hoping no more adventures might come under her notice. The footsteps of the stranger now followed close behind her, and she trembled a little as he approached her side, but the pleasant tones of his voice reassured her, and she found the weariness of her walk relieved by conversation.
"Do you expect to find him?" inquired Carrie of the stranger.
"If I knew anything of his habits, I should not be surprised to find him quietly feeding by the roadside, after a little run—but he is a new horse, and was a present to me only yesterday from a friend. I valued him much; but if he proves himself so treacherous as this, I shall not dare to trust myself with him very soon again. I should rather be a little more definite in my plans when I start for a drive out of town; but I feel indebted to circumstances which bring me so agreeable a companion this morning, otherwise I should be considerably out of humor."
Carrie did not answer. He felt he might have said too much, and remarked, "I hope, Miss, I have not intruded upon your solitude by my conversation." She was forced to reply that he had not, and that her walk was far from intentional, she having missed the train, and the tediousness of the walk had been relieved by their adventure, although she did not like to have another's misfortune administer to her recreation. He insisted that he had enjoyed it much, and that it was necessary for him to learn the habits of his horse, and his fallings could not have been exhibited at a more favorable time. They had now come in sight of her home.
"Can you tell me," said he, as she pointed to the cottage, "how far the road extends before a turn? I shall be a little puzzled in that case, which one to take."
Just beyond our house there is another road that winds to the right; upon the bend is the residence of our friend, Dr. Ashley. His men are constantly at work upon the place, and they probably saw your horse as he ran by."
"May I have the pleasure of your name?" said her companion, as they came in full view of her home, and as she was about to turn into the shady path that led to it.
"Miss Somers, sir."
He handed her his card, and bade her "good morning."
"Carrie! Why, Carrie, where have you been? Ma has been so anxious about you. The train passed two hours ago. Why were you not here? How weary you look! What has detained you?"
"One interrogatory at a time, sister, if you please. In the first place, bring me a glass of ice-water, as my answers may be rather dry."
Julia ran and brought it; its draught was truly refreshing to her parched throat, and she laid aside her bonnet and mantle, preparatory to a long explanation.
"There! that's right! Give me the rocking-chair and a fan. But where's mother?"
"She has gone into the garden. I will call her; she has been quite anxious for you; but she concluded that you had met with acquaintances, that induced you to drive with me. We had just made up our minds that you would come in the afternoon train. I expected cousin Bell with you. Have you seen her?"
"No!"
"Why didn't you come earlier?"
"I missed the train."
"Oh, there's mother. Carrie has come."
"Why, my daughter, how very weary you look! You have not walked from the city?"
"Yes, I have, and had an adventure, too."
"And we have had a long call from Dr. Ashley, this morning," said Julia. "He gave me much advice about music; and, only think, he is going to Italy in one year. Mother and I have been talking it over, and perhaps I shall go with him to see dear Charles."
"Did he ask for me?" inquired Carrie, carelessly, as she threw back the curls from her brow.
"Yeth, he did," said a little voice at the open window.
"Why, cousin Freddy! where did you come from?" said Carrie, bounding from her seat, and almost annihilating the little fellow with kisses.
"Why, papa bring me out here, and I'm going to stay 'till September."
"You will make us a long visit, won't you, Fred?"
"Yeth; and will you run over the fields with me, Carrie, like you did last summer?"
"I hope you will not destroy so many dresses," said Julia. "We almost forgot to tell you that uncle has been here; he was much disappointed in not seeing you; he is going to leave Freddy with us the remainder of this month, as aunt is not well. And oh! we have such good news. You know how generous uncle is; he gave us an hundred dollars a piece, to spend just as we need. He thought we should need it, now that brother is gone."
"Your dinner is ready, Carrie," said Mrs. Somers; "and if you are not too weary, we will have your morning's adventure."
She sat down to her meal with a good appetite, and related her morning's encounter with the strang-

er, omitting the item of the interview with Mr. Weston, and the purchases.

"Here is a card, Carrie! Carrie!" cried Freddy, "me pick it up in the yard."

"Oh, yes! I suppose I dropped it in my hurry to get in! Is the name of the stranger, William Stanley? No one that I know."

"Nor I," echoed Julia.

"Do you suppose he'll find his horse? There is the bell. Has Mary gone to the door?"

"She always does," said Mrs. Somers.

"A gentleman wishes to speak to Miss Somers," said the maid; "he's standing at the door."

"That's definite as there are two of us," said Carrie; but suddenly remembering it might be the stranger, she stepped to the door, and found her thought verified.

"I merely called to tell you that I found my horse near the house of Dr. Ashley, and that he had done considerable damage to his oats, which I remunerated as far as money could. Thinking you would like to know of the result, I took the liberty to call."

Carrie thanked him, and was really pleased to know that he had recovered so valuable a gift, and expressed her desire that he might be equally successful in finding his vehicle, which he left at the honesty of travelers by the roadside. He gazed upon her beautiful eyes, and bade her good morning—perhaps forever.

CHAPTER VII.

The village of B— was a quiet spot, far removed from the noise of the city. The only important item of occurrence during the day was the arrival of the stage from town at twilight. The inhabitants were strictly religious; four towering church spires told the traveler that God could be worshiped in as many different ways—not according to the dictates of conscience, but of the apostles. But one lamb had strayed from their fold for the last twenty years. She was only a poor girl, whose sins had never been washed by immersion, and they of the Calvinistic order passed by on the other side.

Her mother was a widow, and poor. Very hard did Nellie work in the factory by the river side, that they might not want throughout the long, cold seasons; but the tempter came at spring-time, stole the virgin sweetness from her soul, and she fell, not to be forgiven. No Christ-like love was in the hearts of the people. They did not say, "go, and sin no more," but by cold looks, and colder words, drove her from her place of employ, to meet her fate in an untrod world.

Mrs. Deacon Starks sat at her window embroidering a scarf for the pastor's wife, (she had no time to make a dress for the half-clothed child in her kitchen,) when the stage drove past, and stopped at the door of Widow Markland.

A young man, apparently about twenty-eight years of age, alighted, opened the little gate, and knocked at the door, which was opened by a tall, awkward-looking girl, who motioned him to the room of the patient.

"Doctor Ashley, I presume," said Mrs. Markland; "we have been expecting you for some time."

"I regret I did not get your message sooner, but I was absent from town when it arrived; however," he cheerfully replied, "I hope to be of some service yet," and he seated himself at her bedside.

"How long has this illness been on?"

"Oh, sir, I've been growing weaker every day since last spring." Here her voice failed her, and the tears fell from her eyes.

The keen perceptions of Doctor Ashley—for he was a physician by nature, alive to the sorrows of the soul, as well as physical ills, knowing that in vain do we appeal to the external if the spirit is not first harmonized—read by those tears a cause of the present prostration, and saw how useless it was to medicate effects.

"Will you confide to me the cause of your sadness, Mrs. Markland?" said he. That tone and voice were not to be mistaken, and the mutual bond of sympathy was established, which exists in all hearts, ready to be called out by the magnetic tone of sympathy.

"Tis a sad, sad story, sir, one that only a mother knows how hard it is to narrate. It is of my daughter, who fell by the voice of flattery and intrigue, from the path of virtue; but oh, she was all innocence to me; she has been my only support for the last six years; she was so far from sin—"

"But who was the base deceiver that dared to take her from you?" inquired the Doctor.

"We know not. She would never tell, but chose to suffer in silence."

"Have you no knowledge as to where she is?"

"That is what troubles me. She left me two months ago, at night; no one saw her leave, but I hope she may yet be found. You live near the city, sir, I believe."

He readily understood her desire, and replied— "Madam, I will do all in my power to find your daughter. Please give me her name."

"It was Nellie, sir, Nellie Markland."

"And I will not only endeavor to find your daughter, but the scoundrel who led her astray."

"Oh, sir, the prayers of a mother will forever rise to God that you may be blessed. I have no one here to speak to, and my poor, aching heart has been almost burst for sympathy."

"But have you no neighbors?"

"Yes, sir, before Nellie—"

"—went away; now they think me too sinful to speak to."

"But you are not to be blamed."

"Yet they do blame me. Deacon Stark, across the way, has forbidden his wife and daughter from visiting me, and the overseer of the factory drove my child away, that she might not contaminate the virtuous."

Doctor Ashley was a man of noble principles, and his indignation at such acts, under the guise of Christianity, was plainly visible, as he rose to depart. Before leaving, he delicately placed a bill on her hand, saying it would give him much pleasure and comfort for her to appropriate it to any necessities she might require.

"It is not drugs that you need, Mrs. Markland," said he, "but medicine for the soul. I will call upon you to-morrow. I have engagements in the neighborhood, and, on my way home, will see that you have some one to remain with you."

"Oh, sir, Sally will stay. She is a friend to me; she came from the work-house last winter, and begged so hard to stay, that I could not refuse. I felt that God would provide for her, for she has a heart."

"And he will," said the Doctor, as he slipped another bill into her hand.

"May our Heavenly Father reward you," said the widow; "strange though you are, my heart is full of love and gratitude to you. I feel better than I

have for many weeks. Even though a great burden lies on my soul, I cannot help feeling happier as this ray of sunshine falls on my life's dreary waste."

The Doctor bade her good evening, and went on his way, a larger-souled man.

"Do, Betsey, draw down that shade! What on earth are you looking at?"

"Nothing; only it seems to me that Doctor Ashley is stopping a long time at Widow Markland's. I should really like to know if she is any worse. That is the same Doctor Ashley that we met at Niagara, three years ago; he lives a few miles from Cincinnati. But, father, who knows but the widow may be worse," for Mrs. Starks had, really, a little human kindness in her heart, and a trifle of curiosity.

"But have n't I forbid your going? Do n't let me hear of you or Sarah Jane going there, or, as true as my name is Stark, I'll report you to the minister as an associate of the vile—and you remember the adage, 'Birds of a feather.'"

This command being given, there was no margin for the mother and daughter to speculate upon the visit of the young physician, or illness of their neighbor. So Mrs. Stark quietly drew down the curtain, and took her knitting, while Sarah Jane read aloud from "Baxter's Saint's Rest," for three hours, in her usual dull, monotonous tone.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two years have passed since the events narrated in previous chapters. Carrie Somers is now the happy wife of Doctor Ashley. They live within a few minutes' walk of Mrs. Somers: Julia remains single, whether from choice or destiny, we are not able to record, but her time is very serviceable in supplying the demand of both mother and sister. By the influence of Doctor Ashley, the fallen Nellie was saved from further sin and degradation. She was employed by them as a servant for one year, during which time her mother was informed of her locality and supplied with means for her support by the kind doctor until Nellie should return, which she did at the expiration of that time, to confess and to be forgiven. She was not to remain, however, for the righteous people of B— knew not of him who made himself of no repute, but sat with publicans and sinners. Oh, no, they were too holy, too pure; their sacred reputation must not be sacrificed, and the sinner must go from them, for she had long ago moved from their hearts.

Glad was the poor widow to pass from scenes so repulsive to her nature. Nellie, the once pure babe of her bosom, she could not cast away; she was Nellie still. Though sinful to the world, angels did not condemn her; why should we? The sainted form of her spirit-father had washed away the stain with tears of sympathy, and Nellie yet stood before him a woman, stronger for weakness, brighter for darkness. He placed the star of Hope upon her brow, and it sent its bright rays forward, lighting her pathway here.

Grace, the long-suffering, the martyred girl, whose heart had been sacrificed to avarice, was still living out her external marriage with a fresh weight of sorrow on her soul. Her father, lying ill, daily expected the summons of death. He had grown prematurely old and feeble since the marriage of his daughter. The conduct of her husband had frosted many a look upon his brow, and buried the hopes of his heart. Would no angel roll away the stone from their dim sepulchral life? Behold one, mortals, sitting star-crowned above them, softening their thorny path with garlands of flowers.

It was a pleasant spring morning, and Grace had been sitting by her father, reading, when the angels came to take him home. Maggie, the faithful nurse, was by the bedside, and, weary with long watching, had fallen asleep. Mr. Dayton was absent all night, as usual, in his accustomed place at the gambling saloon, and was now in a heavy, dull repose in an adjoining room.

"Grace, my daughter, come nearer to me," said her father, "I feel that my hours are numbered; that only a thin veil divides me from the outer life. I have much to say to you ere I go. I have been the cause of your suffering. Lend commiseration for the sin of that fatal error, oh, my God!"

He sank almost lifeless upon his pillow.

"Father, I pray you cease those reflections. My sacrifice was given me. You were only the subject of higher commands. Father—listen!"

The dying man turned his eyes toward her, while she began:

"You well remember my sudden decision the day you proposed my alliance with the son of your friend? On that day a vision came to me—"

"A what?"

"A vision, father, from the world to which you are going."

"Go on," said her father, his eyes brightening at each word.

"On that day my mother came to me, seated upon a cloud of soft vapor, and on her brow was a wreath of stars. In her hands she held two mantles, or garments; one was of fine gold fabric, and of exceed ing beauty, lined with rose-colored down; the other coarse, heavy and black. 'Choose,' said she, quickly, 'which shall be thy garment!' I held my hand towards the golden, downy mantle, but the other was reached towards me. My heart sank dreary and cold within me when she, smiling, turned the heavy garment, and lo! it was lined with stars and flowers. Their brilliancy exceeded the noonday sun, and penetrated and broke the threads of the garment so unightly to the world. As the mantle pressed against my form, the perfume of the flowers filled me with much joy, and I felt how sweet is sacrifice. Then the garment fell at my feet, and I stood in a cloud of stars and fire, by the light of which I saw my mother approaching me with the garment of down and gold. This was my vision. Father, have I done my duty well?"

Tear after tear coursed down his cheek, and, trembling, he said: "Most faithful, most noble daughter! all my grief now is, that I must leave you!"

"Fear not, father; I feel that I shall quickly follow. We shall be a happy band in heaven."

She stopped—a soft, mellow cloud of down had risen over the inanimate form of her father. Death had been swallowed up in life! His spirit reposed in a softer clime! The shock was too sudden for her; she gave one cry, and fell as lifeless over the form of her father.

The cry of anguish awoke Maggie. One cry of terror brought the servants to the room, who tremblingly lifted the inanimate form of their mistress, laid it upon a couch, and went to arouse her sleeping husband. Remorse and anguish were depicted on his countenance, when he was informed of what had occurred. A physician was summoned immediately to see if any signs of life were visible in the form of his

wife. Doctor Ashley was paying a visit to their family physician when he was summoned, and he accompanied him to the home of death. The physician had supposed that Mr. Weston would survive till evening; but death had chosen his own hour to open the gate of the mortal, and reveal the immortal.

"I can discover no signs of life, no pulse—died of a broken heart, I should say. Perhaps you know something of their history, Doctor Ashley."

"I have heard some of the leading points. She was engaged to Charles, my wife's brother; but her father chose another." The entrance of Mr. Dayton closed the conversation.

"She is dead, then!" gasped the truly miserable husband glancing at the doctor, as though there might be a ray of doubt, even though the marble brow and pulseless heart were before him.

"She will never walk among us more in this form," answered the doctor, with as steady a voice as he could command. "Her earthly race is run; she has entered upon life immortal."

"It is all over, Carrie—she has gone!" said Dr. Ashley, as he entered his home an hour later.

"What is all over? who has gone?" and the face of his wife was deadly pale.

"Grace! Mrs. Dayton!"

"Why, Edward! when did she die?"

"This morning about half-past ten—at least, we suppose so. She was watching by her father—he too is gone! God's will be done!"

"But, oh Edward!" She burst into convulsive sobs. "Why, Carrie, I did not mean to shock your nerves. Be calm dearest."

She could only point to a letter that lay half read before her, and with fresh bursts of sobs exclaimed, "My brother! my brother!"

He glanced at the contents. It was from Charles; he would be with them in a few weeks, and was then on his way home from Italy. He playfully alluded to the marriage of his sister, and added that although earth had some fair jewels, yet he should not marry, as the one he found had proved false.

Poor, deceived mortal, like thousands before you, blinded by circumstances which are often so dark and impenetrable that angels are made to appear as demons. Busy life flows on, and we judge and misjudge our fellow mortals, giving the pure the stigma of the fallen, condemning, also, without mercy or justice!

CHAPTER IX.

In a very retired but pleasant part of the city of C—, Mrs. Markland and Nellie had taken rooms, where they lived since their departure from B—. They had, on arrival there, written to Doctor Ashley, but through some mistake he had not received their letter, and was ignorant of their locality. Carrie often grieved that she could get no clue of them. Nellie was very expert with her needle, and she would like her services in that department very much. While thus occupied, Nellie and her mother obtained a comfortable livelihood, though their condition was isolated; still, health, and the consciousness of doing all in their power was their recompense. They had brought Sally with them, and found her a happy acquisition. She took in washing and earned quite a sum, besides attending to the heavier duties of their little family, which gave them more time to execute their work, which came in abundance.

Nellie, the good and faithful daughter, had never revealed the one great secret to her mother—the name of her betrayer. Mrs. Markland calmly waited, knowing that some event of her life—some great emotion flowing into the soul—would cause the secret to gush from its hiding-place.

She sat down this morning in her apartment. Nellie had gone to return some work they had finished, when it seemed very much as though a form fitted past her. It was a female; and now came and stood before her. In one hand she held the miniature of Nellie, clothed in spotless white.

"My God! she has come for my child," immediately exclaimed the mother.

The spirit occupying the form seemed to perceive the mother's impression, for she instantly held forth the other hand, in which was the face and form of Thomas Dayton, the once sinless boy of B—, the child of an old benefactor. He had long ago left the paternal roof, and none of the people of B— knew of his locality. Again she held the form of Nellie to her eyes. The pure, chaste robe of virgin white was bordered with black; then on the brain of the widow all, all was impressed.

At this moment Nellie entered the room with a pale and suffering countenance, and the form or spirit passed out, leaving where she had stood a brilliant star.

Pale and agitated, Nellie knelt at the feet of her mother. The astonished woman could not divine the cause of these strange events.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, bursting into tears, "I saw him!"

"Saw who, my child?"

"My destroyer. Oh, mother! I can no longer keep it from you. It was Thomas Dayton. He promised to marry me, then, died, I know not where. It was for the sake of his father, so kind, so true and good to all, that I kept it to myself. Then I dared not reveal it in B—, lest the spirit of outrage that would come from the people, would disturb the quiet influence that rests upon his grave. If I have sinned more by my silence, I trust my Heavenly Father will forgive me."

The mother could make no reply. There they remained, Nellie kneeling at her feet, her secret disclosed before her lips could give the confirmation. Now the mother held one from the daughter, for she could not sufficiently comprehend this mysterious event, to satisfy the curiosity of another. She soothed the brow of her daughter, and noticed that the star which remained in the place of the spirit rested on her brow. A new life thrilled the soul of Mrs. Markland. She felt that a life-time had been crowded into the space of an hour. Both mother and child were filled with emotion, and we know not how long they would have remained so, had not a gentle rap at the door aroused them. Nellie ran to bathe her face, while Mrs. Markland answered the call.

"Dr. Ashley! where have you been so long, that you have not visited us?" exclaimed the widow, almost wild with joy.

"I should not have denied myself the pleasure of seeing you, had I known your locality, my friend. It was by a mere accident that I learned your whereabouts."

"What! did you not receive my letter?"

"Not a line from you. I almost feared that some great sorrow had burdened your soul, and you had given way to sadness again. Really, I am glad to see you. But where is that runaway Nellie? I have followed her through streets and lanes for the last

half-hour to catch up with her. I thought sight of her face as I was making some purchases at a store, and immediately followed her as swift as deer would admit, when suddenly I encountered Mr. Dayton, after which I lost sight of her."

"That name!" again thought the widow. "What an hour of events!"

"I knew that you must be somewhere in the city," continued the doctor, "and I continued my search, and, on inquiring, found you, and this is the result; but where is Nellie? Carrie and myself are very anxious to see her."

"She is not very well this morning, doctor."

"Oh, I thought her face was very rosy and healthy. Perhaps I did not give a professional glance, but looked with my eye of friendship."

"A little excitement disturbed her, doctor; she will soon be in," and she called her to the room to welcome their friend and benefactor. The keen eye of the doctor saw that all was not quite right within, but supposing it to be some trifling event he proceeded to inform them of the sad scene at Judge Weston's.

"Did he die suddenly?" inquired Mrs. Markland.

"Very; and his daughter, Mrs. Dayton, fell lifeless at the same moment."

"Mrs. Dayton, did you say?" asked Mrs. Markland.

"Yes; she was the wife of Thomas Dayton, formerly of your native place—an—"

Nellie had fainted, and lay at their feet. Carefully, tenderly the kind doctor lifted her form and laid it on the bed. In a few moments she returned to consciousness, but the sad expression of her face told how deeply she had suffered. They left her in the room, and returned to converse together. In a few words the mother told the doctor of Nellie's confession that morning. Anger and sorrow were alternately defined on the face of her auditor, while she told of the sufferings of her daughter. Promising to return to them that day, he arose to depart with a look of determination in his face that betrayed a firm resolve to protect innocence and punish wrong. With great emotion he bade the widow good morning, and drove rapidly home.

CHAPTER X.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Hark! Tread softly now. How sweetly she responds. Death, thou hast done thy work well. Thou hast only added a more angelic smile to a face that was once so radiant; laid the silken lashes tenderly on the almost tinted cheek. As the icy mantle of winter only half conceals the life of the waving pines, so thou, oh Death, hast crystalized this earthly form.

These white rose-buds—twine them in her hair. Place this lily in her hand, for she was purity itself. The snowy bosom rivals its shrouding, and the marble brow its wreath of roses.

Glance at the other form—the aged sleeper. The halo of immortality plays around his gray locks. Now, that wrinkled hand grasps a golden harp. Those closed eyes have seen a happy morrow. Peace to his ashes. He has entered upon life; cast aside the earthly mantle, and caught the robe of immortality. Reverently gaze on the earthly casket till it mingles with the dust.

It is midnight. Still and solemn is the house of mourning. Dr. Ashley and the family physician are sitting in a room adjoining the one in which the two forms are reposing, to-morrow to be entombed, when a loud noise is heard from below. It is the report of a pistol, then a fall; at the same moment a loud shriek from the adjoining room. Strong men as these are, they tremble, and sit gazing into each others faces, with limbs almost paralyzed with fear. Hark! there is a low moan not to be mistaken. It is from the form of Grace! At this moment the servant John enters the room with eyes wild with fear and excitement, and exclaimed—

"Oh, sir, my master is killed; he came home, and ordered me to leave him alone. I suppose I fell asleep, for the first I knew, a pistol went off, and oh, sir, he's dead—stone dead—on the floor below; he's all mangled, and—"

"Enough," said the physician, "we will be there presently. Go, arouse Maggie immediately, and send her here. We must attend to this, first," said the old family physician and friend of the deceased. "I have heard of such things before, but never witnessed one until now."

"Of what?" asked Dr. Ashley, almost bewildered by the midnight events.

"Of death coming to life—or, rather, of a body seeming to be dead, but proving to be only in a state of suspended animation. Come, let us enter immediately. She must not awaken in this condition, and in the room with her father's body!"

They approached the couch on which she lay robed for the burial. She was breathing softly—a tinge of life was upon her cheeks; hastily they bore her from the room to her apartment, and laid her upon her bed.

By this time Maggie had aroused and came to them. It required all the control of their natures to make her disrobe her mistress, and clothe her in garments more fitting. The poor, trembling maid, wild with excitement, obeyed, and mechanically followed their directions, though they were fearful it might detract her reason. After she had finished, they gave her sedatives, and compelled her to lie down, and calmly impressed her with the idea that her kind mistress was not dead, but would be restored. At this disclosure, a tumult of joy burst from her lips, which was followed by a burst of tears; then all danger with her was past.

Restless and weary was the soul of Charles Somers while on his voyage. It seemed as though his spirit had flown home to the loved ones, and waited for the mortal to arrive to possess it again. In vain he tried to read or write. Ever before him arose the form of Grace Weston—the ideal of his soul—the embodiment of all that was beautiful in woman—now, alas, dead to him. What cared she for his return, and the fame he had won? There was no kindred eye to gaze upon his laurels, and they hung heavy on his brow. With these thoughts agitating in his mind each day grew darker, so that despair assumed the control of his soul, and bore him down to the level of demons.

It was at midnight; at the same hour that Grace awoke from the death-like trance, that Charles resolved to destroy his earthly existence. Each hour that drew him nearer to his native land quickened the intensity of his love for her, and the thought that she was another's, a fevered madness to his brain. What matters it, the wave would soon jull him to repose in physical death, but the spirit would be free to roam in realms above. Each moment strengthening the thought, he went to his trunk to

take a parting look at the miniature of his kindred, and to let his earthly eyes look for the last time upon that little tress of hair, which, amid all counter influences, had ever been dear to him. Though intellect said, ever so coldly—What is that to you? she is another's now; till the heart would beat with a new emotion, and the brain grasp a loftier conception when it lay in his palm. To prove his constancy to one so false, he would place it in his bosom, and sink in his ocean shroud. Hark! A voice—no wild fancy—no delusion—clear and deep it rang upon the air—"Charles—Charles—I am thine—I am thine!" Was it a spirit of the deep, waiting to receive his weary soul? Again it came, softer, sweeter, "Love thee—still; I love thee still."

There was no fear within his soul, only a great throbbing joy—he knew not why—and then sweet peace came in the place of those wild resolves.

The proud ship sped on its way, bearing its wealth of true, loving hearts to their destined abodes, as though conscious that the ocean had not made their number less.

Morning bursts in all its splendor and glory. As the artist gazed upon the scene, his soul fills with awe and beauty, and the prayer of his spirit rises in thanksgiving, that he gave not way to those dark temptations. His soul scans the beauty before him, and before his ideal vision floats a scene of loveliness, a beautiful conception—a beautiful Madonna, throwing aside the mantle of Night, and her wreath of stars, to don an ermine robe, and let fall her golden, wavy hair, over a neck of marble white—each thread of hair a ray of light, and the blue orbs the azure sky. The crimson robe melts into a fleecy white; the cheeks outvie the sea shell's rosy tints. The ocean, each tiny brook and lake, form her mirror, into which she, laughing, peeps, while the waves reflect her beauty. At her approach the tiny flowers hold their sparkling cups, from which she sips the dewdrops. She gives the forest a fringe of gold around its mantle of green. The meadow revels in a flood of light, as she waves her golden hair.

"Beautiful, glorious morning!" exclaimed the enraptured artist, as the ship neared his native land. Soon he stood upon the shores where disappointment had saddened his soul, and to which he only returns, as he supposes, to look it afresh in the face; yet his soul is happier than he has known it for years; and why? The echo of his spirit answers, "Why?"

The morning after the eventful night at the residence of Mr. Weston, all was commotion and excitement, except in the room of Grace, which the physician had strictly ordered should be occupied by none but her maid. Grace lay on her bed, weak, but free from pain and all consciousness of what had occurred. They told her that she had been ill, and was now recovering. She spoke of her father as alive, and of every event as it was prior to her marriage, thinking her illness the one previous to that event.

Pale and agitated, Dr. Ashley returned to his home, to narrate the strange events of the night; and to learn that the steamer had arrived that morning, and that Charles would be with them. There were alternations of joy and sorrow in their hearts, as the condition of affairs, both past and present, burst upon their vision.

It was thought advisable for Dr. Ashley to visit Grace at the close of the day, after the burial of her husband and father, which was to be conducted in the most quiet manner.

As the consultation of physicians had decided that a sudden impartment of her true condition might prove fatal to her, they hoped that time would recover her fully to health, and secure to her full possession of mind. It was a critical time. Events transpiring so rapidly were not easily controlled, except by "Him who doeth all things well," and we leave her for a time, hoping, trusting, that she may yet be happy here.

Impressive and solemn were the rites of the dual funeral. The bodies were conveyed to the church, which was crowded to overflowing; and the occasion was one so replete with interest and sympathy, that words were almost useless.

All knew the life of Mr. Dayton, and many a downward course was checked by the timely remarks of the pastor, who solemnly warned them to repent, and turn and live; and when the bodies were consigned to their last resting place, many a heart overflowed, and felt that it was better to be in the house of mourning than in a house of feasting. Each heart beat in sympathy for the restored, the beloved daughter; but they could not sorrow that he who was to her such an uncongenial mate, was taken from the earth; no mourners stood about his grave; they sorrowed that he had so sinned. But one among the crowd, so pale, so sad, dropped a tear mingled with pure affection. She placed a faded garland on his grave, made of hope's blighted buds and broken vows, and prayed that his spirit, in a happier clime, might unfold, and be purified by the flames that consumed the happiness of his earthly bride.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

LIFE'S HARVEST FIELD.

When morning wakes the earth from sleep,

With soft and kindling ray,
We rise, life's harvest-field to reap—
Tis ripening day by day.

To reap, sometimes with joyful heart,
Anon with tearful eye;
We see the spoiler hath a part—
We reap with smile and sigh.

Full on the tares obstruct the way;
Full on we feel the thorn;
Our hearts grow faint—we weep, we pray—
Then hope is newly born.

Hope, that at last we all shall come,
Through rough the way along,
Back to our Father's house, our home,
And bring our sheaves with song.

A BAD BLUNDER.—One of our exchanges relates the following as an actual fact:

"In a western village, a few days ago, a brass band from a neighboring town were invited to attend a lecture and enliven it with their music. The lecture was to be at the meeting-house, and at the appointed time the band marched up and proceeded to the gallery. Finding a few gentlemen and ladies occupying the seats below, they immediately struck up Yankee Doodle—a very excellent tune, and excellently played, but singularly inappropriate to the occasion. They had broken in suddenly on the solemnities of a Baptist prayer-meeting. The few persons below turned around and viewed the intruders with staring eyes and gaping mouths, which the band very innocently took for an expression of admiration; and they at once struck up the American Quick step."

(Original.)

TO LIEBE M. H.

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAV.

The human soul is like a fairy stream
Mid smoky ring trees, by life's mountain side;
And the angel-plains brightly gleam
As they float in bliss or its glassy tide.
And far through its arcades, soft and low,
The echoes of Eden sweetly flow!

But a spirit dwells in woman's form,
That stirs the tide of its fountain dim;
More force than the midnight's raging storm,
Or sweet as reviving Nature's hymn—
When spring's bright hosts o'er earth's frozen mould,
Wave the south-land's vernal banner-fold!

I've walked 'mid the forest's twilight aisles;
When the tree-tops perch'd 'neath mid-day's sun;
But hush and shroud spread their lengthening files,
Bright with the dew that at morn had won!
So woman's soul through life's journey bears
The glory man but in childhood wears!

The warrior Greek on Plataea's day
Chained an anchor to his fearless breast;
And firm 'mid the tide of the war-rare,
Victorious stood his unshaking crest!
So woman's word may man's spirit chain,
That the flood of sin sweep by in vain!

Oh, gentle maiden, that bade me blind
The sign of Truth to my swelling heart,
Though the tempter come like the simoon wind
My soul shall ne'er from its duty part—
But quiet, as in that holy hour,
It shall own thy spirit's mystic power!

And when, 'mid the realms of endless day,
Heaven's sentry smileth his golden lyre,
And man's deeds of life their music play,
That his soul be tuned with the angel choir,
Be it mine to hear in thy tender tone,
"Thy faith is accomplished! thy task is done!"

* Bophanes, a warrior from Athens, at the battle of Plataea, is said to have worn an anchor and chain at his girdle, which he threw out before him, that he might not be borne backward by the charge of the enemy.
Boston, Feb. 17, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY HOUSEKEEPER;

OR,

HOW I CAME TO BE MARRIED.

BY CHARLES A. SEYMOUR.

Previous to the time of my mother's death, my daily life had been one smooth and unbroken calm. She presided over my home, looked after the servants, made and mended my under linen, and ministered to the numerous wants of her only son (for bachelors are constitutionally exacting and tyrannical in their disposition.) In a thousand ways which no one but a mother's tender and watchful heart could possibly have suggested.

Her sudden and unexpected demise fell like a dark shadow upon my hitherto unclouded soul, and for a time seemed to blot out all future hope of earthly happiness. Though a full-grown man, I yet felt what a dear and sad thing it is to be orphaned and alone—to live on from day to day in this cold and selfish world, with no one to share and sympathize with you in those hours of sorrow and tribulation, which with few exceptions, fall to the lot of common humanity.

How to act, or whether to turn, I knew not. In this peculiar and unsettled stage of my existence. For marrying I had not the slightest inclination, since I firmly believed myself incapable of loving another woman in the wide world, as I had loved the mother who bore me, and who since the days of my earliest childhood had performed the double office of father and mother to her orphaned boy.

Barbading out was a thing altogether out of the question. Shunning rather than courting society, I could not bear the thought of being constantly thrown into contact with persons whose habits and mode of living were exactly the reverse of my own, and whose room, in nine cases out of ten, to use a common expression, would be far preferable to their company. Call me proud, kind reader, if you will; but I never did fancy life in a boarding-house, and hotel life was, altogether too expensive a luxury for a self-made attorney to indulge in, whose success thus far had been based almost entirely upon principles of economy and frugality.

Since nothing could induce me to board out under the present style of management, there was but one resource left me, namely, to still continue house-keeping. This was no easy matter. Accustomed for long years to no cares but those of a business nature, I could not think for a moment of assuming the yoke of domestic responsibilities, which my lamented mother had worn for nearly a quarter of a century, with so much ease and dignity. Somehow or other I said to myself, "Law documents and culinary matters do not seem to harmonize and blend together," and so, after mature deliberation upon so weighty and important a subject, I determined to employ a housekeeper.

Accordingly the next morning, an advertisement appeared in one of the columns of that most influential daily paper—the New York Herald. I had publicly stated that I desired all applicants for the situation of housekeeper to present themselves at my office, No. — Broadway, between the hours of twelve and two in the afternoon.

For two long hours of that eventful day the cry was "Still they come." Such a tide of orioline as flowed into my not over and above spacious office, was positively alarming. My two clerks looked aghast, and in their entire ignorance of my advertisement, wondered what could have been the nature of an occasion which called together so large a portion of the female population. There were coarse and burly looking women fresh from the country, and poor, broken down looking creatures, whose pale, thin faces, told a tale of keen poverty and anguish. Two or three well-dressed and good-looking colored women also presented themselves among the large list of candidates for election.

For two successive days, just such a dense crowd as I have before mentioned, swelled my office. Yet not one of them realized my ideal of a housekeeper. Perhaps I am one of the few particular men of the world, whom it is almost impossible to please in any shape or form. Anyhow, I could not make choice of a woman whom I considered well fitted to sit at the head of my table, and look after the interests of my small family.

Returning home that night, I found things in a terrible state of confusion. My mother had been dead hardly a month, yet judging from the general air of uncleanness and disorder which pervaded my once model establishment, one would certainly have thought that old Mrs. Seymour had lain in her grave for years. My own private sanctum was a sight to behold. Books, papers and writing materials were scattered here and there in glorious prom-

fusion, while the dust lay nearly half an inch thick upon the various articles of furniture in the room. In the kitchen below the cook and chambermaid were having a regular pitched battle. My sudden appearance in their midst, however, silenced their tongues, and prevented the hard blows which the rapid rise of angry passions would have provoked.

"This mode of life is insufferable, and cannot longer be tolerated," soliloquized I to myself, as vexed and weary after a hard day's labor at the office, I lingered sullenly over my small but yet cheerless tea-table. It was evident to my mind that, if the services of a thorough and practical housekeeper were not speedily procured, I should soon find myself an inmate of some lunatic asylum; to such a perfect state of desperation had things at last arrived in my once quiet and delightful home.

The following morning I walked down to my office with the firm resolution of engaging the very first applicant who presented herself, whether her personal appearance impressed me favorably or not. But to my extreme consternation, not a single candidate for the office of housekeeper called during the whole forenoon. Two o'clock came and passed, but still not even the shadow of a female form was to be seen. The term for the insertion of my advertisement had already expired, and it was just about nightfall, when I despatched one of my clerks to the office of the Herald, with an order to renew my advertisement for three days longer.

He had been absent but a few minutes, when the door of my private office softly opened, and a slight and girlish figure, clad in garments of deepest mourning, glided almost noiselessly into my presence. "A lady client," thought I to myself, as springing up from my comfortable arm-chair, I offered my fair companion a seat.

"Mr. Seymour, I presume," said the fair unknown in a low and musical voice, that vibrated pleasantly upon my ear, at the same time raising her—thick sable veil, and disclosing a face not pale and sad, as I had expected to see, but one strangely fascinating in its rich, dark style of beauty.

"The same, madam, I managed to stammer out, though hardly daring to lift my eyes to the face of the speaker, whose large black eyes seemed to mesmerize me at a single glance.

"To be brief, sir," continued my companion in black, with a degree of composure quite to be envied, "I will at once disclose to you the object of my visit. Learning from Mrs. Hudson, an old and warm friend of your late mother's, that you were in quest of an experienced housekeeper, I ventured to present myself to your notice as one well calculated to fill so important a situation."

"But, madam," I interposed, "if I remember rightly, my advertisement was addressed especially to widow ladies."

"It was; a fact which led me to believe that my humble claims might not be altogether unheeded."

The serious manner in which my fair partner pronounced these words, excited in my mind—first, a strong feeling of surprise, and secondly, an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh.

"Can it be possible," I exclaimed, as rising from my seat I looked earnestly into the face of the beautiful stranger, "that you have been married, and are now a widow?"

"What you seem disposed to regard as a jest upon my part, is most true, I assure you, sir," said my companion, as coloring deeply she rose and moved towards the door, with the air of an injured woman.

"Stay a moment, madam," I cried, as, with more than my usual warmth of manner, I urged her to be seated for a few minutes, until both could more perfectly understand each other.

My entreaties were not in vain. The crimson flush instantly receded from the forehead of the fair stranger, as, with a sweet smile, she replied—

"Perhaps my conduct was a little too hasty, Mr. Seymour; but few persons in prosperous circumstances realize the keen insults and severe mortifications to which ladies are subjected when seeking for employment, in order to gain an honorable livelihood."

My companion's rebuke, though modestly given, did not fail to produce the desired effect upon my naturally sensitive heart.

Before leaving my office that night, I had engaged the services of Mrs. St. Clair, with no other recommendation than the fact of her being an acquaintance of Mrs. Hudson, a wealthy widow lady, residing in New York, who, for several years previous to my mother's death, had been one of her warmest and most devoted friends.

Another man would have inquired more into the real facts of the case, before receiving an unknown person into his family, of whose former mode of life he had not the slightest knowledge. Such rashness, however, I have since found out is not an uncommon thing upon the part of people who pride themselves upon their fastidiousness and discretion in all worldly matters.

Early the next morning Mrs. St. Clair drove up in a carriage with her baggage, consisting of some three or four heavily laden trunks. The servants glanced at each other in perfect astonishment, when I introduced the youthful Mrs. St. Clair to them as their new mistress.

Marguerite St. Clair, as she gave her name, might have been some twenty-three or four years of age; but to the eyes of a beholder she looked not more than a girl of eighteen summers. Her brunette complexion, raven hair, and large black eyes, proved her at once to be a child of the sunny South.

Her appearance at the tea-table, upon the first night of her arrival, was both dignified and lady-like. Her wardrobe, though entirely of a simple color, was nevertheless elegant in its very simplicity. A beautiful diamond ring, set in jet, was the only ornament upon the person of my housekeeper, that seemed to indicate that, young as she was, she had seen better days.

A more cheerful and active little body could not have been found, "search the wide world through," than this self-same Mrs. St. Clair. To me she seemed more like a child than a woman, in her perfect artlessness and simplicity of character, and she had not been an inmate of my household more than two weeks, before I earnestly wished that God had made Marguerite St. Clair my sister, instead of my housekeeper.

By her management and peculiar influence, the servants, who had, since the death of their former mistress, carried things pretty much their own way, came at once into strict and proper discipline. By her kindness she seemed to win their rough but not unfeeling hearts wholly to herself, and it was pleasant to observe the respect and willingness with which they executed her orders in all things. With Byron, I might have said, "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream," for a brighter, happier home

than I now began to enjoy, man never was blessed with upon earth.

Mrs. Hudson called occasionally to see Mrs. St. Clair, but as she always sedulously avoided any allusion to her friend's past history, I resolved to trouble myself no further about the early life of one, whose virtues had evidently gained for her the regard and friendship of so worthy an old lady as I knew Mrs. Hudson to be.

Domestic existence seemed to present a new phase to my hitherto careless and indifferent eyes. Things were now kept so neat and orderly, that I began to look upon Mrs. St. Clair as the good fairy of my life, so magical and wondrous was the transformation effected in all internal arrangements under her quite and gentle rule.

One thing, I must confess, annoyed me a little, in my intercourse with Mrs. St. Clair; it was the fact of her receiving regularly each mail, a letter, bearing the California post-mark. The bold and elegant hand-writing in which such epistles were addressed to my care, assured me at once that the writer of said documents was, to say the least, a gentleman and a scholar. Whether he was relative or lover, was an enigma which, lawyer though I was, I could not satisfactorily solve. My watchful eyes, however, did not fail to perceive the eagerness and joyful expression of countenance with which Marguerite St. Clair received from my hands the documents whose real import I could not possibly divine. As Mrs. St. Clair always retired to her own room to read the letters which she evidently looked for semi-monthly, and never once during her stay under my roof mentioned the fact of her having living any brother or near relation, it was but natural for me to infer that a certain interested gentleman, residing in California, was the acknowledged lover of Marguerite St. Clair.

Strange to say, that, bachelor though I was, I did not in the least degree relish this thought, and as my increased attentions towards my beautiful housekeeper received no slight or check from the lady herself, I was cruel enough to believe that with earnest perseverance of my suit, I should some day conquer at last, in winning the heart of Marguerite St. Clair, and thereby achieve a perfect triumph over my imaginary rival in California.

Sleeping or waking, Marguerite St. Clair was constantly in my thoughts. I saw her fair image daggered upon duty law books and time-worn parchments. That I was for the first time in my life thoroughly in love—and with a woman, too!—was a fact not to be disguised.

Learning, by accident that Mrs. St. Clair was a fine musician, I immediately hired a piano for her use. Besides being an excellent pianist, Marguerite St. Clair was also the possessor of a rich contralto voice, which she used in singing with great taste and ease. My sudden appearance at the theatre and opera with so young and lovely a woman, was now the subject of common remark among my bachelor and lawyer friends, who bantered me not a little upon my devotion to so charming a person as Mrs. St. Clair, the housekeeper. Words that before would have annoyed and teased me, now felt unheeded upon my ear, so completely lost was I in admiration of a woman, who seemed, to my exalted imagination, "but a little lower than the angels."

Marguerite St. Clair had filled the office of housekeeper in my family for a period of six months, when I returned home one night, fully impressed with the intention of declaring my love to Mrs. St. Clair, and asking her to become my wife. Upon entering the house, I found both servants in tears. Inquiring the cause of their grief, I received the unexpected intelligence, that Mrs. St. Clair had left the house a few hours before, in company with a strange gentleman, who had called for her in a carriage.

To the care of one of the girls, who could neither read nor write, she had entrusted a note, to be delivered to me on my return. With all the excitement of a madman I seized it, and rushed quickly to my room. Locking myself securely in, I tremulously broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"MR. SEYMOUR—Sir, you have been the victim of a gross piece of deception. Circumstances compel me to resign at once, a situation, which, though of brief duration, was, I trust, productive of no slight degree of pleasure to both parties. It is better for the happiness of both that we never meet again; but, should curiosity tempt you to seek an explanation of this affair, I will consent to grant you an interview between the hours of seven and nine o'clock to-morrow evening, at the residence of my friend, Mrs. Hudson, No. 18—Lexington Avenue.

Yours, very respectfully,

MARGUERITE ST. CLAIR.

This sudden death-blow to all my fondly-cherished hopes, was too much for a man of my sensitive nature to bear with fortitude. A sleepless night, and the wicked wish that I had shared a common grave with my poor mother, was the result of the heavy tidings which had been forced upon me but a few hours before.

My pale face and sunken eyes attracted the notice of my clerks at the office, who, attributing the cause to illness, urged me to suspend all labor for the day. Seven o'clock the same evening found me alone in the parlor of Mrs. Hudson, anxiously awaiting the appearance of Marguerite St. Clair. A moment later the door opened, and leaning gracefully upon the arm of a tall and handsome-looking man, Marguerite St. Clair entered the apartment, and advanced immediately towards the spot where I was sitting. My ghastly countenance seemed to startle her, for her first inquiry, after the usual formalities of greeting were over, was after my health. Upon my reply, that I felt myself quite as well as usual, she seemed relieved, and, with a sweet smile, turned quickly towards the stranger, whose eyes seemed twinkling with merriment, and said, with a nervous twitching of the mouth—

"Mr. Seymour, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Duret, my only brother, and your cousin, whose acquaintance, I believe, you have never before had the pleasure of making."

Had an earthquake suddenly opened at my very feet, I could not possibly have been more surprised, than I was at so strange a denouement. But for the timely entrance of Mrs. Hudson, I should certainly have made myself ridiculous, by falling upon my knees before Marguerite St. Clair that moment, and declaring my great love for her, so perfectly delighted I was to find that Mr. Duret was the brother, instead of the betrothed lover or husband of my newly-discovered cousin.

Mrs. Hudson soon explained the entire affair to the satisfaction of all. The mother of Henri and Marguerite Duret was the sister of my father, who had married at an early age, and settled in Louisiana. Some little trouble had occurred in the family, which broke off the intimacy between my father

and his only sister, who had died when I was a mere child.

To save her father from bankruptcy, Marguerite Duret had married a wealthy planter of Louisiana, who had long sued for her hand, and who was thirty years her senior, and for whom she entertained not the slightest spark of affection. The thought of having sacrificed his only daughter's happiness, to avert his own ruin, so preyed upon the mind of Mr. Duret, that he sunk rapidly into a decline, and died just one year after Marguerite's marriage with Mr. St. Clair. Six months after that sad event, my cousin was left a young widow, with a handsome property. While visiting her friend, Mrs. Hudson, in New York, she learned the fact of our relationship, and, being told that I was a fastidious old bachelor, she thought it would be a capital joke to pass herself off as a poor widow, desirous of obtaining the situation of housekeeper. How well she played her game, my readers have seen. Her brother's sudden return from California, hurried matters to a close, and finally ended in converting my housekeeper into my wife, Mrs. Charles Seymour.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Probe Your Words.

BY NED ANDERTON.

Let men both use the curse and oath,
For 'tis their habit so;
But much I loathe what woman doth
In common parlance do.
For ladies, you should never let
Exaggeration rise,
Your lips should thus to bet,
Or give away your eyes!"

Altered from Watts' Hymns.

As a matter-of-fact person I have more to say in the cause of seriousness and truth than I will now attempt, but confining myself to one of my subject's lowest branches, must confess that many a phrase daily accepted in female society annoys me grievously, as impolite, false and profane. I will begin with some of the most moderate.

"Everybody knows so and so," says one.

Now, really this would throw the stigma of ignorance on all persons not happening to be informed on the theme in question, unless we first took into our consideration the improbability of the speaker's having ever taken any steps to ascertain how many individuals, even of his or her own parish, knew or did not know; or the necessity, or the utility of such knowledge, even if attained.

"You never saw anything like it," cries another. Surely this expression, unless addressed by a parent to a child who had never been one hour from under parental care, is rather presumptuous. What lover, wife, friend, sister, can possibly tell how like or superior to the things of which they are talking may have been those seen by their hearer when they were not by? Why should anybody ostensibly and ostentatiously monopolize experience? I will not comment upon the manner in which they also insult posterity in sundry speeches.

"What has posterity done for us?" some may inquire. Yet what has it done against us that we should doubt its power, (heaven's rather) to produce shows as brave as—well, never mind, not quite perhaps, as some of ours; for time hath not yet seen a second Shakespeare. Yet if the comet ends not all doubt this year, the roses of sixty-eight shall "smell as sweet" as have those of fifty-eight. 'Tis a mere "tempting" of Providence, as the Scots say—a kind of disbelief in futurity, to call a hundredth Shakespeare impossible. But I am digressing.

"Beautiful as an angel!" exclaims some *et cetera* about an opera dancer.

How should he know? By what criterion can he judge? By what plea excuse his actual blasphemy? Besides, no woman likes the comparison. These rhodomontades and hyperboles, from female lips afflict me doubly. They will call a six-foot high, whilkered *militaire* a perfect love! How perfect? and why love? Oh, Cupid! oh, "you little god of roses, rejoicing!" thou punishest the vain fancies by never aiming at—where their hearts should have been; and to make use of a strong expression "I think they lose some very pleasant dreams by thy forbearance."

One handsome, fashionable, clever, lively, amiable daughter of genius, wrote me word the other day—I will not attempt to imitate the elegance of her style—but the purport of her sentence was, that some one who had offended her, she had wasted to the elevation of the cerulean concave.

She is certainly nearer heaven than most ladies by the altitude of more than one wish; but as she has complained to me of weak lungs, and as the sky is, I suppose, as high as ever—one can't always scold—why, I can only say, with Hood—

"I met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

"The greatest fool in existence!" Mrs. — calls her husband. If she is sure of this, the more shame for her, is all I venture to say; save that I think self-knowledge might have given her the grace to add, "myself excepted."

Try the being who vows he'd "go through fire and water to serve you," by damping but a curl, or scorching but a shoe-heel, and see how he'll take it at your hands.—He would then, perhaps—apologize—by "I'll do anything in the world but bear that," offering some huge, unlikely substitute," as Joanna Bailie says.

"Anything in the world!"

Would he bring you a scrap of lichen from the Polar shore, if you were in a consumption? No; if he would put himself out of his way to cross the street, and fetch you an ounce of coco-nut butter, he's a better fellow than I take him for. Had he said, "anything in my power," I would not fear, nor scruple, to bid him get me a bottle of Eau de Cologne from Washington street; if I did so, money in hand, allowing him to take his own time about it, on a fine day, when he had nothing else to do, and wanted a pleasant stroll.

With regard to the wagers and promises alluded to in my heading, let me ask, when the bet is decided, who is ready to suffer the annihilation of even their most diminutive digit? What use would it be to any but the owner, if to her? Would not a cup of coffee have been more germinal to the matter, allowing that ladies have any right to bet at all?

But—"I'd give my eyes for" such or such a secret.

Oh, curiosity! what a dreadful wager. This is impious. Say they are pretty eyes; fancy Hubert and Prince Arthur; say they are tear-dimmed eyes, but still not your joy-winners, but your bread-winners.

I am as loquacious as any old maid need be, and yet I say, without hesitation, and quote in earnest, "cut out my tongue, but spare mine eyes." The worst is yet behind, however.

Ladies! when ye get together, unrestrained by the presence of your lords, ye do say—deny it not—strange, daring things!

Only last week I heard an innocent creature protest, which, by the way, I take to be an unladylike action, that she would have gone either to his Satan-to Majesty, or his dominions, for Lord Byron.

Now, when we reflect—which she did not—how much mischief she must have done to get there, and how uncomfortable a reception she might have met with at her journey's end, we may be permitted to bless Heaven that the misleading peer was in his family vault ere his fair votress was old enough to prove her words.

One story more, and I have done. A country tradesman announced on his shop cards: "For immediate remuneration. Every description of box, trunk, or case, which can be ordered, made and mended here, by me, with the utmost dispatch, and sent to any part of the country, on the most moderate terms. N. B.—Old ones taken in exchange."

One of your grave men, "and when they jest, your smiles know not how," sent him on the first of April, by a half-witted messenger, the following written demand:

"Wanted, for ready money—
Of Snuff, Boxes,
Opera, one
Christmas, dozen each.
Coach,
Sentry,
and Second Hand Watch,
A few, ditto, on the ear, will be given in part payment.

Trunks—one elephantine, and two human; viz. one black and one juvenile, to be sent into the country.

Cases of high treason and yellow fever also required, half a dozen each.

I send one of idleness to be repaired. If you do not redeem your pledge to the public, by executing this commission, your boasts are as empty as your boxes."

Think of this, dear reader; moderate your style, or be prepared to prove your words.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Miss Munson and Warren Chase's Lectures, etc. DEAR BANNER—Again a Sabbath morn. morning many away from spiritual lectures, that would come from all parts of the city, if the popular religion permitted the running of our railway passenger-cars. Many strangers visit from distant parts, anxious to hear for themselves, and to find out what this much-talked-of Spiritualism is actually composed of. Miss Munson occupied the desk, and spoke upon the "Immortality of Man."

She spoke of the use and beauty of prayer, as the soul's aspiration going forth and attracting purer, higher, lovelier influences; the continual prayer of life and action, that upraises thoughts, expands and elevates the soul. She gave as the highest conception of God, that idea which, while the individual regards him; that the highest embodiment of Deity was within the soul of man; and living up to that light within, that guiding voice, man reached after and aspired to higher, grander conceptions of the Infinite; his ideas of God expanding as he progresses onward, and beyond this he cannot comprehend his God. In every form, the minutest and lowest form of what we term inanimate matter dwells the true principle—soul spirit and body—and reaches its ultimate in man. Thus, as the soul-principle existed in the first form, it continues its progress, changing forms continually, even projected forwards, endowed with indestructible properties, immortal forever. It is the life—its life—its spirit. We cannot conceive of any form of existence devoid of the soul-principle, hence we cannot conceive of God outside of matter.

The lecturer spoke of the gradual progression of all forms, striving for higher manifestations—for more perfected existence; that God expressed and made visible in the varied forms of Nature, progressed ever onwards, or else, if he did not, man would at some time overtake him. The views of the presiding intelligence, now and starting as they were to many, yet gave an illuminable view of Deity; demonstrating that, as our souls were ever existing, and the highest God were felt within, they were imperishable. The views of the presiding intelligence, now and starting as they were to many, yet gave an illuminable view of Deity; demonstrating that, as our souls were ever existing, and the highest God were felt within, they were imperishable.

She gave a deeply suggestive lecture, filled with beautiful thoughts and practical rules for the observation of health and a harmonious life, saying that dreams were mostly always the result of physical disturbances; that in dreamless, profound sleep, the soul went forth to its higher home, to the worlds or planes corresponding to its highest attractions. There, the tolling, weary artist gathered, unknown to himself, fresh inspirations for his work. There he obtained new glimpses of beauty—new unfoldments of the brightness he vainly struggled for in his toiling waking hours. Left in profound unconsciousness, the body resting, the soul went forth to gather strength and truth and beauty from the spirit realm; enriching his waking hours with the treasures thus gathered unconsciously to his senses. And the poor artist, perhaps toiling vainly through a lifetime, finds at his entrance to the spirit-world, his conceptions of beauty—his ideal plans outworked and awaiting him. From such sleep the man arises refreshed and invigorated, and in the waking moments flash the inspirations the thoughts gathered in the far-off realms. But dreams have their evil; the soul leaves not the body, or, if it does, hovers among familiar scenes, leaving not the earthly plane. One prevails upon the body to do things which it is not fitted to do; another of dreams was eating before retiring to rest; another was the insufficient ventilation of sleeping rooms. If man attended to the physical, striving ever for harmonious action there, he would find this dreamless rest, in which the soul gathers new strength and inspiration; there was a strong necessity of proper attention to the body, for with it the spirit is intimately connected. No person, suffering and troubled with disease, could be good; they are not harmonious; misanthropic through bodily ailment. The man suffering from dyspepsia had within him a worse hell than that taught by theology. If we studied the laws of health, and rendered obedience to them, we should feel the power of a harmonious condition of the soul, and we should never be harassed with the terrifying dreams that often haunt us. The medium spoke of the duty of living up to our highest conceptions of right, guided by the unerring voice within; that man who willfully neglected this, sinned against the God within, against the Holy Ghost, the inner consciousness that ever pointed upwards, and he suffered in consequence. Those who possessed the light were accountable for the wrongs of their own souls; and on the book of life, in the hereafter, were inscribed the deeds committed in the body. Physically harmonious, the mind would be attuned to a corresponding harmony, and the soul would go abroad in visiting the highest planes of its aspiration, and curling life with the treasures found there. We must feel that unerring obedience to all God's laws is necessary for our happiness, feeling it a much sin to neglect our physical, as to neglect our mind.

Questions were asked; among the rest, whether the soul of the animal lived hereafter, as it had been said in the morning lecture, that the soul-principle pervaded all forms. The medium replied, that all life was indestructible; that as long as man desired the companionship of the horse or dog, he would be gratified, as his heaven would be incomplete without them. The domesticated animal was developed to a high plane by his intelligence to man's society, and in the spirit world would be with him still, until ages rolled by, and the human spirit grew so refined and elevated, so surrounded with superior attractions, that it bid adieu to the love of the animal; then the spirit of that animal, refined and developed to its utmost capacity, was ready to enter into the elements comprising the human spirit. The medium said, during her discourse, that Jesus, endowed with great powers of clairvoyance, foresaw his death, as the inevitable result of the path he had chosen. A gentleman among the audience inquired whether, knowing this, he had not in a manner been guilty of suicide, in giving himself up to a condition certain of ensuring his death. The medium replied, that Jesus, although he foresaw the certainty of death in following the course he had chosen, could not act against his own inner consciousness, the light within that urged him on, a martyr for truth's sake.

Other questions were asked, and promptly responded to. Miss Munson will resume her sittings for a short time, for the examination of disease. During her absence, Mrs. Chase has been anxiously inquired for by eager health-seekers. Brother Chase left us on Saturday, leaving many lessons of strength, truth, and charity, impressed upon our souls. Last Wednesday evening he lectured at Frankford, on "Fragility," a subject involving so much of spiritual truth. On Thursday last, he gave an eloquent and practical discourse at the Phoenix Street Church, Kensington. On Friday evening he delivered his farewell lecture at Sanson Street Hall, by request. It was a repetition of the subject given on the first stormy Sunday evening of his appearance among us: a scientific demonstration of the realities of spirit-life; the materiality of all spirit-forms, that intangible to our physical senses, were real and substantial, as all matter must ever be.

Your poor correspondent's head is somewhat bewildered with the throng of beautiful ideas, thoughts, and facts, presented to her in one short week's time, therefore, dear banner and readers, forgive my short-comings, and believe, although neither mouth nor pen can express it, my heart is full of the beauty, the good, and true, received from our inspired ones, who come like ministering spirits, to rest with us of the busy, plodding city, for awhile.

A pamphlet has been published, entitled, "Thoughts from a Clergyman in the Spirit-World." It was written through the mediumship of Miss Mary E. Row, of this city, and contains

The first Social (Loves In Chelsea) was given at the town hall, Feb. 22d. About two hundred couples were present and everything passed off agreeably. The music was by Hall's Quadrille Band, which is deservedly popular with the musical community.

"I have do-
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Feb. 21, 1859

Not. The laws of man provide against it. The answer is
 on his oath; the magistrate calm and collected; the slow
 process of law precludes the vindictive spirit. If an officer
 of the law, public sentiment frowns the act down. Public
 sentiment is a person a different lesson
 from love, charity, and kindness; it
 requires the lesson of punishment, the law of love not being
 applicable to their case. There is no respect of persons, say
 the laws, and the laws of nature conform; and where, nat-
 ural laws of justice are forced to be precepta—we can
 do nothing else. And precepta—"Thou shalt not
 do," and, by implication as a penalty, they tend to remain
 undisturbed, (after death), where are thieves, and liars, and for-
 nicators, and doors of every wicked thing. Christ's example,
 his death, and his resurrection, show that punishment, &c., to
 those who do not believe on him, show that punishment is
 consistent, &c.

A. B. C.

**ANOTHER CHANCE FOR SOBER SECOND
THOUGHT.**

who believes in a power "behind his own." I have studied and trusted that Power from childhood upward, and have learned that His arrangement of human "Destiny" involves the right and true exercise of the human mind in discarding grossness, and conquering vice and error, and fixing the attention in the direction of true wisdom with reference to the true progress. But, continues Dr. C., "Heaven is not far from us, but it is ever cursing hell," which, by implication, perhaps means that it is hellish, and not heavenly, to contend against hell; or to labor for the undivided one against Truly, friend Child ought to have learned, are this the difference between "cursing hell" and "angels ruling hell." Heaven may, indeed, "never war with Heaven," but what Hell there is Heaven is always striving to overcome and exterminate. Witness among other things, the "Banner of Light" manifestations, wherein a multitude of "spirits" (one from a "small spot" or sphere, to which he was "chained" for "sixteen years") hope for a deliverance through the aid of brighter spirits. And the curious thing about it is, that these communicating spirits, and seekers after deliverance, say that the brighter intelligences tell them that they are "wrong," and must come up higher, be truer and better; and yet Bro. Child makes Spiritualism frange the idea that there is no such thing as a "wrong," and even substantially declares that there is no such thing as brighter spirits—for he directly asserts that "in the light of love and wisdom, ^{and} not one is above, or one below another."

Dr. C. is peculiarly "cute" in defending this latter idea. He attributes all sense or claim of superiority to self, self-esteem, selfishness, and among other things says—"We see men who through the glass of their own souls, and they appear through our glasses, make them." That is to say, if Dr. C. or any other Doctor, pulls a tooth blunderingly, and says that he has made a blunder, it is because he looks at him through a blundering eye, not because he has himself really blundered; or if I see that a man is a miser, it is because I have a miserly streak within myself—because the miser is actually miserly; or if a "bright spirit" sees that a brother spirit in the flesh, or out of it, is dark and ill-conditioned, it is because the "bright spirit" himself is dark and ill-conditioned—not because the other is poor! As Bro. Child said where says—"In darkness man may believe and do many ridiculous things." I would commend to Dr. C. that counsel given in my former article—"Remember Christ!"—in which I urged the necessity of

distinctions—when I urged the necessity of distinguishing between *sophistry* and *true reason*. There are many natures, tender, bland and sympathetic, who are not sufficiently distinctively thetic, who do not rise to the sufficient distinctness into the region of moral force and moral discipline. This class of individuals do not labor to protect. This class of individuals do not labor to protect that white is black and black white, for the mere sake of showing their capacity, as the mere Intellectuals do; but they are very delicately regarded of the honor both of God and man, and for the sake of honoring God, they rob man of the true dignity, with which his Creator has invested him; and, for the sake of shielding or accrediting man, they detract from the absolute Divinity of God.

Oh, there is no such thing as wrong or evil, anywhere in this class. There is nothing out of the way in man—God's own created and much beloved child! Yes, add an enthusiastic woman of this same sort!—Yes! And I love the whole human race; all men are my husbands! Aye, exclaims another, on another side of the question; but man is nothing cannot manage himself at all; has no power over the forces of Nature, whether within or outside of himself—even his very barbarities and follies only give him a quicker lift into Heaven.

I have known persons of this class to suffer their own children to sink into vice through fear of hurting the feelings of their darlings, or of interfering with God's plan, or man's freedom, through measures of prevention.

Pendulous natures are those on this side of human judgment. I watched well the unfolding of their philosophy as time went on among the students in Boston, at a Practical Convention. Certain things must be done, because it was "a law of Nature" that the people must pass from one extreme to another, as did the *pendulum*. I suggested that the people were not necessitated to become "pendulums"; for by the right application of the forces within themselves, they could make themselves *pillars*.

substantial and immovable to every gust of impulsion that might reach them. But no. A medium with closed eyes had started the specific arrangement, and the pendulum theory was very acceptable, and an "extreme" it was; and the "pendulum" philosophy has, since then, resulted in the special blessing of a "spiritual baby," and several similar extra benedictions besides. And precisely so else where. Certain leaders of the "pendulous" order, as, yesterday prominent advocates and publishers of a "Free Love" ideas; to-day, retracting the same, and off among the converted "in the ranks of the Roman Catholics, or some other promising and well conditioned order.

The "old serpent" *runs a muck* in such minds. He does not acknowledge the "tree" to be one of a "good and evil," as in the case of the original "Eve," but he asserts that there is *naught* of "evil" either in that or anything else. Gambling, drinking, &c. are to be a very great gain to the young man—yes, the greatest blessing; to the young girl, other things, equally well, promise quite as well. To older persons and parents, it is best to let the youth go, for that, for individual and family gain and profit, or for the good of the "world. It is a mad way, or so we

good of the family. If a "medium," or even if something else, "suicide" is a flattering dish with which to flatter other follies; and if this extreme escape, why, then, the same said "pendulous" bodies are ready for a rush in some other direction—good or bad, as the case may be—while, now and then, the "pendulum" gets so deep in the mire there remains fixed in some peculiar pendulous idea for quite a length of time.

I now wish to say to Bro. A. R. Child, respectfully and distinctly, that as he has not noticed any of the "facts" with which I met the philosophy of his first article, so has he, likewise, been arguing against "facts," not only in his first, but also in his last article.

It is a "fact," that we have perceptions for distinguishing different colors; therefore, black and white are a reality of the external world. So have we a *moral sense*, God-given, by which we can distinguish right and wrong; therefore, right and wrong are as much a truth, in our moral relations, as black and white are in our material surroundings, so that A. B. C. may not be "right" where he asserts that there is "no wrong, no evil."

It is also a "fact" that man's "conscience" either of himself or of any other person, does not need require that he should "argue to himself" the nature of each act, or of each thing, by the light of Nature's "phyl-

Independent of God and the laws of Nature," as Mr. C. seems to imply; for the arrangement of Nature's laws is so truly divine that man has been their aid, and not their enemy. In the act of creating, God was, in commanding, man's superior; and in obeying, bringing man into subserviency to his own power. Thus, in the act of opening the eye, man came into light; by the arrangement of lens in the camera, and the combination of chemicals, the sun becomes an engraver—through a burning glass, a incendiary; even the lightning is, in like manner, subjected to the human will, and the storm and tempest will not always ride over him rough-shod as they do now. So in moral and spiritual affairs—man can rise superior to, can check and regulate the passions, and the lower propensities, and the coarser and ungenial elements of his nature, and, in proportion to his elevation, can be more and more

whose tendency is to enchain and impoverish him and crush back his better nature into the dens of darkness and pollution—the "filialish" doctrine notwithstanding.

Nor is it any the less a "fact" that superiority or even a sense or assertion of superiority, is not a selfish institution, as Dr. C. labors to make manifest, for a very superior man would not be so certain, for a very superior man would not be so perfectly ready to admit that even a monkey or squirrel has some advantages over him; but a debauched Hotentote or Yankee, is on the same plane of enlightenment or civilization as himself, he would make a statement which would smack as little of superiority as if would of common sense or truth, and would be as falsely modest as much that

e called modesty now-a-days. Even Dr. C. ought to
f be supposed to know himself a better "Doctor" than a
g mere tyro or pretender would be presumed to be; and
h and under some circumstances, where the comfort,
i life or limb of any man or woman is concerned, it
j would be perfectly proper for his friends, or even for
k himself, to declare his better points. It was on this
l principle that Jesus said—"A greater than Solomon
m is here;" and on the same principle, "the spirits of
n the just made perfect," set in array before us their
o brighter perfections and enjoyment, to win us to
p their brighter glory.

On the subject of right and wrong, in general, the "Higher Unfolding" will bring with it a nobler expression of thought, a grander theory than the world, or even Spiritualism, has thus far any conception of. That there is good in much that the world calls evil is unquestionable; that God will overrule all evil for good I have already said in my previous article, but that the broad distinction between actual evil and good, will be more broadly realized and more distinctly seen and understood, as the world grows better and purer, society may well believe.

I have much to say on this subject, which I left withheld; and am glad to see that, in the latter clause of his last article, Bro. A. B. C. is inclined to shrink away from the legitimate conclusion of his "voice," and not to be raised for or against the sins of others, at any time or in any place." I glad to have him say this, because it gives me some reason that I will repeat, or never again repeat, in this "Hashish" article; that same said article being the most thorough apology for certain most obnoxious "sins" that has of late appeared. He certainly would not be half so much out of the way in showing up the evil of sin, as he was in thus apologizing for it.

D. J. MANDELL.

Attol, Dorot, Mass.

That Bro. Mandell does not understand Dr. Child, or the position he takes, is very clear to us. Perhaps there are few men who can discriminate between the position of Dr. C. and that view of his position which Bro. Mandell sees—an unbridled scope to lust, drunkenness and every principle of the animal nature. There is a wide difference, and we know that Dr. C.'s as far from being an advocate of that kind of doctrine, as Bro. M. is. The very fact that Dr. C. abhors to do those things which the evil forces prompt or dictate, is a proof that he sees both is right and wrong for himself. But here he stops, and does not seek to establish his standard for a people. The good doctor would, by kindness and love, win a soul from drunkenness, if he could, as quickly as Bro. M., but not a word of condemnation would he utter against the drunkard. Both are right, if each understood the other.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

GREATLY RESPECTED FRIENDS—I feel confident that you will forgive me the suggestion, that the article by Dr. Child, in the 17th current No. of the BANNER, headed "Hashish," is calculated to produce a strong impression on many young minds, by defending, and at least by implication, inviting and encouraging the use of such stimulating and intoxicating herbs and liquors, including tobacco, as the cause of crime.

It may have the effect of destroying the respect of many happy families, and of sending many poor sinners to an early grave. Any argument that I might offer on this subject would be absurd; I only desire to call your attention to true character of the article as it strikes my judgment, and respectfully urge upon your consideration a renewed perusal of it. Not by any means that I deem my own judgment on this subject more correct than yours, but because I have had reason to observe that the most judicious editors were so severely pressed at times by the urgency of their engagements, as to allow articles to appear in their columns, which their better judgment could demand.

Allow me to hope that such was the case in the present instance. It is impossible for me to believe that the editors of the BANNER OF LIGHT could deliberately consent that the use of rum and tobacco should be encouraged and defended in their journal.

Most sincerely and respectfully your friend,

GREENVILLE, Ill., Feb. 6, 1859.

The above communication is certainly written in a very kind spirit, and is doubtless dictated by the best of motives. But in the article on hashish, I fail to discover that which this letter imputes to it. The article is a statement of facts, chiefly quoted from respectable journals of the day. Some concluding

respective journals of the day. Some outstanding remarks, presented in a somewhat questionable form of truth, seemed to me fair and reasonable deductions drawn from my own experience and knowledge. The conclusions therein presented may be incorrect. If they are, will some one who feels that they are wrong, tell *why* they are wrong? If they are right, is there any harm in telling the truth? The philosophy of Superstition claims that truth is beneficial and error injurious to man. In regard to the existing "evil" of drunkenness, (as is the case with many other great "evils,") to me there is a problem in it yet unsolved, and in this article it seems to me there are some faint glimmerings for the solution of this problem. These views are thrown out, not as facts without a question, but are suggested for consideration. If they are true, is it not better to know

It is quite unnecessary and uncalled for, for any one to believe that the editors of this paper, or the writer of the views in the hashish article, "deliberately consent that the use of rum and tobacco should

ately consent that the use of rum and tobacco should be encouraged and defended in their journal."—No sentence in the article referred to has expressed such an idea, and if such an idea is inferred by any reader of the article, it is an inference unwarranted by anything in the article.

To state that the drunkard has a more forgiving heart than the man who condemns the drunkard, is only stating a fact that every man familiar with the world knows. This statement does not encourage drunkenness; we might rather infer that it encouraged less condemnation and less confidence in self-excellence. To account for the horrors of *mania-a-potu* by the philosophy of Swedenborg or Spiritualism, in saying it is the opening of the spiritual perception to our worst conception of hell, is neither encouraging nor defending the cause of this disease, which is drunkenness. To say that narcotic substances are constantly used by many millions of the human family, and that this general use is a strange one, yet patent argument that some good must come out of this use, is not an invitation to the use of these substances, nor does it in any way encourage or defend their use. The conclusion in regard to the use of these substances is, that there is no cause outside of nature, and that every manifestation of

life is the effect of a cause not made by man, and that when we can see truth more clearly than we now do, we may see good come out of what seems evil to us now. Then, evil will be a means of good, and we shall no longer call a means of good an evil.

A. B. CHILD.

The man who sows dissensions between a man and his wife, is very apt to reap axe-helves and mop-sticks.

Baby Ernest,
Yes! go to him, to that sweet child
We held on earth so dear;
He's gone before, preceded us,
On to the higher sphere.

Oh, sad the day when baby dear
In all his beauty died;
We mourned for him, for we would
Him ever by our side.

him ever by our side,
Sweet, lovely flower! too pure for earth,
Heaven seemed thy native sky;
Thou'lt live forever in thy home,
And never more will die.

God took thee home ere sorrow came
Thy youthful soul to fill;
Our mourning hearts should not repine,
For 't was thy Father's will.

Dut oh, when life with us is o'er,
We'll seek for thee above,
And with thy angel-mother dwell,
In heaven's own light and love.

WATERBURY Feb. 1850. S. A. WATSON

F. L. WADSWORTH AT THE WEST.

Messrs. Editors.—The wheel of time (often referred to,) has made its annual revolution. The mighty traveler, earth, has performed another circuit around the sun, (which, by the way, has "held still," not miraculously, as for Joshua, according to Scripture, but relatively) since I left your famed New England city for the wide-spread West, to talk of things pertaining to the spiritual philosophy. For aught you may have heard of me direct, you might say "he is no more." Yet I trust I am counted as a laborer, even if the eleventh hour be marked against my name. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, have been my fields. With the blessing of good health, and the encouragement of friends, with and without physical bodies, I have been enabled to have a pretty fair view of the above-named States, from the reformatory as well as the geographical observatories of my organism. You often hear it said (as a matter of course) that Spiritualism is "dying out" in the West. Should you see a man that says so, I would ask him if he gained his information from observation; and if so, was it at Adrian, Hillsdale, Sturgis, Albion, Battle Creek, Lyons, or Ionia, Michigan? Was it in Northern Illinois, or Wisconsin? Was it in Indiana? Was it in Ohio? If he says yes, ask him what were the color of his glasses.—Orthodox? Ah! that solves the mystery. It depends very much upon that, either way. If we want a thing to die, it is apt to *look weak*, to say the least. It will be admitted by all that the mechanic knows more about his trade than the lawyer, doctor, or minister; and so with all classes; each can judge best where he is in the neighborhood. Should one ask me if Spiritualism was dying out in the West, I should say, no. If reasons are required, I should say—first, having the experience of eighteen months in the above-named States, I find that scores of new places wish to hear it; second, those that have heard wish more; third, although times are harder than months ago, the necessary demands are as easily raised (and our pockets tell a wonderful many soul-secrets); fourth, the Spiritualists, as a class, are more discriminating than formerly (and if a man takes good care in his diet he will thrive, not fail); and fifth, neither professor, priest, or layman, have refuted one single claimant that has been candidly made. The presses keep out of the way. The priests call it Devil, and the laymen cry, here, here! and try to keep away from it (some of them). I claim, and believe justly, that never before, since first the "tiny rap" was heard, has Spiritualism been so well qualified to do good as to-day. The West is "wide awake," and thanks not one for the slanderous cry of "dying out." Here in Cleveland the friends are supporting regular weekly meetings. Sunday morning and evening are lectures seasons, while in the afternoon the hall is occupied by Miss Libbie Higgins, with a Sunday School Class. It is a new movement here, and, as I see it, a beautiful one—one that must result in much good. The plan consists in combining in one the song, the moral, and the spiritual. While the children are learning to sing, they are drinking in the purest of moral and truly religious sentiment. If one could compare, side by side, the mechanical book-lessons to the free, gushing sentiment of every-day inspiration, kept pure by purity, it seems they need not be long in choosing between the two. I spoke to the friends in this place last Sunday, (13th), and tarried with them yet another Saturday. The 21st I leave en route for Syracuse, N. Y., where I speak on the 27th; thence I go to Owego, where I spend the 6th and 13th of March; thence to Utica, for the 20th. Thus I am working eastward. I anticipate spending the spring and summer months in New England, where I hope to do as best I can in promulgating the truths of our philosophy. Our work may be unpopular, and slow in its advance, but it is sure. Well has it been said by the poet:—

been said by the poet :—

"We have not wings—we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb,
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time."

Again :

"The heights, by great men gained and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Thus I view our labor, our growth, our rewards
and, feeling every day the deep-beating pulse of na-
ture to correspond therewith—"toil on."
Yours for truth, F. L. WADSWORTH.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Feb. 18th, 1859.

In the upper spheres of life, the thoughts of men become individualized, and the forms of beauty receive a spirit impress from above, from the higher

planes, that bring the wisdom, light and glory of the more unbounded use to the faculties. Life, broadcast upon the vast illimitable ocean, glows with the reflections of the upper worlds; the angel realms are there reflected according to each soul's capacity. Life is the mirror in which God reflects his spiritual forms of beauty.

Love is the crown, the light of Heaven, the arch
angel's key of wisdom, the seraph's wand of power.
Beauty is the kiss of Divinity upon the lowly
flowers of earth.

Light is the Father's smile, the fraternal greeting
of the hosts of Heaven.
Virtue is the arch of manhood, the sceptre of cele-
stial womanhood.

Time is eternal. Now is the watchword of his domain.

Charity is the first angel, knocking loudly at the human heart, bearing the keys of Heaven.

Fame is enduring, like the incense of flowers—the
fame of truth, virtue, goodness; not the evanescent
fame of worldly applause. CORA WILBURN.

Our humanity were a poor thing, but for the Divinity that stirs within us.

to love all things rightly

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