

physician ordered that everything of that nature should be kept out of sight, as long as she failed to recall the interval of her life which it was thought might never be restored to her.

"Tell me," she cried eagerly to the maid, as she entered, "when, and for what occasion was this made? Maggie! do not deceive me!"

The poor girl, though strictly enjoined to keep silence, tremblingly sunk at the feet of her mistress.

"Do not fear me, Maggie," she said; "arise and tell me all! You who have never deceived me—you who have long been my faithful friend—for the sake of her whose spirit often glides along the room, tell me what it all means!"

The poor girl was terror-stricken, being assured that should any intelligence connected with the subject be suddenly imparted to her mistress, the result might prove fatal. She buried her face and wept. A ring at the door announced that her friends had arrived, and with a bound she sprang to meet them. After they were seated in the drawing-room, and the formalities over, Grace resumed at once the subject they had spoken of that morning.

"Will you tell me, Mrs. Markland, if this Mr. Dayton is living?" and she wondered at the question.

"Dr. Ashley," announced the servant at this moment, and the subject was interrupted. Grace was about to introduce her guests, when the doctor stepped forward to greet them.

"They are old acquaintances of mine," said he, "and I am happy to see them beneath your roof. Mrs. Markland was my patient some years since." This was said in an off-hand manner for the purpose of soothing the rather excited manner of Grace. But her keen eye was restless. She asked the doctor if he would excuse her if she went on with the conversation they had commenced previous to his coming. It was a moment of vital interest to him; as she repeated her question—"Life or death," thought he, "is pending, but the result must come."

"He is not living," said Mrs. Markland with composure and apparent indifference.

"When did he die?"

"Only a few weeks ago," answered the widow, at the same time glancing at the doctor, to read, if possible, some encouragement from him to proceed.

"Miss Weston," said the doctor calmly, "if you feel that you are strong enough to bear a great revelation, I have one to make to you." She glanced at her guests, and he, reading intuitively her thoughts, remarked: "They are acquainted with the events, and, I should say, are most opportunely gathered. Before I proceed, it is my wish that we join in prayer."

A most appropriate and impressive petition was offered to the Father of Mercies that that hour of revelation might prove a blessing, if God's own time had come. He then, with a deep and sympathetic voice, related all that had transpired—the trance and suicide.

Instantly, before Grace, floated the vision which she saw on the day that she consented to become the wife of Thomas Dayton; then came the years of soul-suffering—of her marriage. During the narration, Nellie crept to the side of Grace, and kneeling at her feet, with upturned face, suffused with tears and blushes, said—

"Oh, forgive me, for I have sinned; once my soul was pure and stainless—now I sit at the gates of Mercy, asking pardon of all!"

"Forgive!" said Grace, with eyes suffused; "you have not so sinned as been sinned against. Oh, take my hand, and from its pressure, feel how true is my heart toward you. Henceforth let us be friends; nay, more—sisters! Wearing the veil of night thrown back from our brows, let us tread the path of life together wherever they may lead, wearing forever the mantle of Charity, and saying of the sinner, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,' we that have not been forgiven, cannot forgive. If, by my close questionings, I have caused your wounds to bleed afresh, I, too, have need of mercy and forgiveness; for my soul, gounded on by something indescribable, in search of a lost period of my life."

It was an hour of deep interest, and Dr. Ashley proceeded to unfold the joyous tidings of the arrival of her lover.

"I have a crown of happiness which I wish to give you, my friend," said he, "if you feel that you are strong enough to bear it. It is this: Mr. Somers has returned from Italy, and will meet you at the earliest moment that you have to meet him."

A wild cry of joy rang through the house, followed by a burst of tears. Those tears washed away huge masses of ice. They warmed the heart, and soothed it to gentleness, removing from the doctor's mind all fears that the brain might reel beneath the weight of all these revelations.

CHAPTER XIII.

While this scene was progressing at the home of Grace, Mrs. Ashley was surprised by a visit from a stranger. She was sitting conversing with her brother Charles, when the servant announced that a stranger, declining to give his name, was waiting in the drawing room to see her. With some reluctance, she descended and encountered the face and form of William Stanley, although she had not seen him for two years. She had never forgotten her escort on that eventful morning referred to in the commencement of our story.

"I have come, madam," said he, as she requested him to be seated, "on business of an unpleasant nature, for, no longer will my conscience rest, until you have heard all. Say, only say, you will forgive me, and I cannot fear the scorn."

"You must make known the nature of the business before I can commit myself. I do not know the nature of your offence, and cannot, therefore, pardon you."

"But let me know, that, however great my sin may be, that you at least will pardon."

This was said in such a pleading tone, that Carrie could no longer withhold her sympathy from him; but telling him to go on, promised freely to forgive all. Encouraged thus by her, he commenced:

"You had once in your home a girl, whose character was not of your own fair reputation—one who had fallen."

She turned pale at these words, but nodded assent.

"The child of this girl was stolen one day from your home, and all your efforts to find it were fruitless. I was the man who committed the infamous act. I was bribed by the father of the child. He was an old acquaintance of mine; his name was Dayton, as you probably know. Oh God, have I not suffered since? It was gold that bought my soul—the cursed gold—and before his recent death, when I threatened to expose him, he re-bought me with

money which I know belonged to Judge Weston. It is for this that I came, to confess, and throw myself upon the mercy of God and humanity. I was not always thus sinful. The money I wish returned to Miss Weston, who, I understand, is still living. Thank God her husband is gone to meet his doom. He stole the innocence of my soul—he made me the wretch that I am."

"And the child, Mr. Stanley. Where is the child?" "It is safe, and can be restored to its mother at any time she may wish—but stay," said he, as she was about to ring the bell for a servant. "Am I forgiven?"

Those streaming eyes and bowed form told how deeply he suffered, and she from her soul replied, "Forgiven." He fell upon his knees at her feet. At this moment the door opened, and Doctor Ashley entered. He had come to take his wife and Charles to Miss Weston's. The moment was not particularly opportune for his arrival, but a word from his pure wife explained all, and the little pang of jealousy that was about to lodge in his heart, gave place to deeper love for her who was all truth and faithfulness, to him.

He readily forgave Mr. Stanley, who immediately departed for the child, which he promised should be restored in an hour, at the same time laying a package of gold at the feet of Mrs. Ashley.

"I have come," said the Doctor, "for you to go with me to see Miss Weston."

"Has anything happened to her?" asked Carrie.

"Yes—no—or, rather, she has now full possession of her mind. We will go as soon as Mr. Stanley returns. I am anxious to see the child, but regret that any more scenes have come up for fear of Miss Weston's health. I do not care to make any more explanations at present."

"Does her family physician know of these circumstances—of the position of Nellie?"

"He does not—and strange to me, she seems to have more confidence in me, a stranger, than she has in him."

"That can be accounted for by the law of affinity, which we discussed one day," said Carrie, playfully. "It is the same thing that attaches her to you and endears me to you, only mine is of a deeper quality."

"Have you never regretted that attraction?" asked the Doctor, as he folded her to his heart. There was no need of a reply. That closely nestling form was a language in itself more potent than words, and the young physician felt how true and dear a treasure she was to him.

"What! playing the lover still?" said Charles, who, impatient at the long delay of his sister, had entered the drawing-room, and his brow grew dark as he gazed upon them, and contrasted his own loneliness to their full joy. The thought was felt by Carrie, and she sprang from the embrace of her husband and folded her arms around her brother's neck, the same as in childhood, and sang to him a favorite song, which had the effect of restoring his ruffled spirit to placidity.

"What are your engagements this evening?" inquired Charles, as his spirit rebounded from its shadow.

"I have an engagement at Miss Weston's."

"I should like to accompany you, if you think she is prepared to meet me?"

A stranger never would have dreamed what a world of emotion was throbbing in his soul as he uttered that somewhat timely proposition.

"She is prepared, and I expect you to go; but we are waiting to transact a little business which we engaged to attend to this eve."

"Is it of greater importance than this?" inquired Charles, impatiently.

"Not greater, but equal," said the Doctor calmly; "and it is best that we go together."

True to his appointment, and at the hour mentioned, Mr. Stanley stopped at the home of Doctor Ashley, alighted from the carriage with the child in his arms, and the driver turned and drove away.

The Doctor and his wife met him in the hall, both impatient to look upon the child, which had grown to be a fine, handsome boy. There was seen the laughing eye of his mother, every feature in fact was like her own, making him doubly welcome to the hearts and home of Doctor and Mrs. Ashley. He seemed perfectly at home with them, but shrank from the attentions of Mr. Stanley, who, after a few words about the condition of the child during the time which had elapsed, departed with a lighter heart than he had known for months. A weight of sorrow was lifted from his soul, and it seemed as though even the father of the boy was smiling on him for the act—he, who on earth, would have threatened his life at this exposure.

This "seeming" was indeed a reality, for as speedily as possible every earthly wrong committed by him had to be atoned for and repaired by his efforts ere he could look upon celestial scenes. His father he had never beheld, and would not until he had washed his hands of the guilty stains of his own earth-life.

Oh, thought he, had I known that my existence was only intensified a thousand times more than before I left the body, I would not have done so rash a deed as to enter the unseen world unbidden. Such thoughts were necessary to quicken the spirit of Thomas Dayton into a moral activity—a condition which he had not attained while on earth, and through which he must pass to reach the more internal—the spiritual.

CHAPTER XIV.

"And may the stream of thy maturing life
Forever flow in blissful sunlight through
A fiery scene, in gladness beauty life."
As ever greeted the enraptured view.

After dinner, Grace invited Mrs. Markland and Nellie to sit in the library and look over the books, while she retired to her room to compose herself for the event of the evening. She had just entered the apartment, when the carriage of Dr. Ashley drove up the path, and Charles, forgetting all rules of etiquette, alighted, and with one bound was at the door.

"Not so fast," said the doctor; "here is Carrie and your humble servant yet to gain admittance; but I must have some regard for youthful love," he added playfully.

That loud ring thrilled through every nerve of Grace as she tremblingly clasped her bracelet, and tried to be very calm. But the chill of nervous excitement ran through her frame, and then a dizzy, almost blinded her.

"The well known voice—oh God!" she cried, and sunk upon her knees in prayer. With a full and grateful heart she poured her song of thankfulness and praise unto her Father, who had led her through the mist of sorrow, who had caused even the garment of fire to purify and chasten her spirit.

She was very calm when she arose, and though Maggie came to tell her of the arrival of her friends, she did not see the spirit-form that transpired the

gaze of her mistress. It was her guardian mother, with a wreath of stars upon her brow. In her hand she held a scroll, on which was inscribed, "Faithful to the end."

Then the form grew indefinite, until only the hands were visible through a cloud—and then the hands resting on the head of a fair boy with laughing blue eyes, and sunny curls—the vision then vanished, and she turned to inform the astonished maid that she would soon be with them below. Poor Maggie had become suspicious of late, and was on the look-out lest some ill should befall her dear mistress.

"It is very strange," she said to the servants below, "that Miss Weston should persist in looking so long at nothing."

It is strange to the world, perhaps, that so many feast their souls on things unseen by them.

After greeting her friends below, (Dr. Ashley thought best that Charles should return to the drawing-room while they remained in the library,) the doctor offered her his arm, and led her to the room where her lover was impatiently waiting her appearance. He saw her enter, and cautiously remained outside lest the sudden joy of meeting should prove too much for her strength; but finding his services not likely to be needed, he retired to join the friends in the library. Every eye was filled with tears of emotion at the restored happiness of Grace and her lover.

Again they sat clasped in loving embrace, not as in years gone by, with shadows resting on their forms, but with the sunshine glowing through, and a halo of joy around their heads. Their joy was such as they only can know who have passed through the waters of sorrow and reached the shores of rest.

The interview was so sacred, so pure, angels alone might behold the mingling of their souls, and hear them talk of their long months of separation.

Much had Charles to be forgiven for the suspicions that lived in his soul, yet it was all forgiven in the happy meeting, and when, after a brief hour, they joined their friends, none could have dreamed, by their happy looks, how deeply they had tasted of sorrow.

"There is one thing more in this tragedy," said the Doctor, stepping to the centre of the room, "which must be explained to-night; it is concerning the fate of Nellie's child. He is alive, restored, and is now beneath my roof, guarded by Mrs. Somers. Such being the case, our friend (turning to Grace) will excuse us if we make demonstrations of an early departure."

"Excepting Charles, who I suppose would like to remain a little longer," suggested Carrie.

Nellie, poor child, had fainted, and lay in the arms of Grace. The new joy was too great, but she soon revived, and found herself able to go. They were to accompany the doctor and his wife home, to remain a few days, until arrangements could be made for their future. The package of gold was now brought forth by Mrs. Ashley, and given to Grace, with an explanation of the events connected with it.

It was only the work of a moment for Grace to transfer it to the hand of Nellie, with the earnest desire that she would accept it, as it was rightfully hers, to repair, as far as the dress of earth could, the blight of injured affection.

The deed was commended by all. The fast falling tears of Mrs. Markland were her only expression of gratitude, not only to the friends of her declining years, but to the Giver of all good, who had led her through this life of mysterious ways.

As if one emotion stirred the hearts of all present, Grace commenced the hymn, and sung in a full, clear tone, in which all immediately joined—

"When all thy mercies, oh my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise."

They then separated with hearts quickened with emotion, and filled with joy, leaving the lovers to talk over the events of the past, and to rearrange the scattered flowers of their life into a wreath of joy and peace, to crown them as one in the future.

May their happiness be in proportion to their suffering, and their morrow fair as the Madonna's happy home.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AGATHA RAYMOND; A TALE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I had never felt a real sorrow till my mother died; then at once, crushing heart and brain, fell the overwhelming blow, and life and youth were as a blank to me. No star of faith shone from the darkness thick and palpable, that encompassed me; no voice spoke comfort. I was alone with a mighty grief, and looked not forward nor beyond for hope and joy. I could only see the shrouded face, the rigid form, the lingering smile upon her lips. She, alone of all on earth, had loved me; none other could so love the lonely and unlovely Grace! Grace! that name of ideal youth and beauty—my mother's name! upon me it seemed lavished in mockery; for I was homely, and diminutive of stature; the roses of health and loveliness never decked my cheeks; the fire of youth and intellect beamed not from my eyes; shadows of pain and suffering ever lingered on my face; and no fond, sunny smile, no soft, caressing hand, chased thence the gloom, or drove the demons from my darkened soul! For he was stern and cold to me, his dark, unlovely daughter; that father of mine never gave to me one word of endearment; it is a wonder that I grew shy and wayward, sad and awkward, in that atmosphere of icy restraint; that I guarded sacredly the beautiful thoughts, the diviner emotions, stirring heart and soul, calling aloud for scope and action; that I sat silently yet beautifully, dreaming, beneath the midnight stars, and formed for myself a life apart from theirs?

Out of the stupor of my grief, the dreams of my faint and longing soul, I was awakened by my father's announcement of his marriage. As a heavy dream, passed before me the bridal preparations. I saw our comfortable, old-fashioned house, undergoing a thorough repair; new furniture, curtains of lace and damask, fine pictures, gay carpets, and gorgeously framed mirrors, usurping the place of the quaint, old arrangements that had delighted my mother's eye.

When Agatha Raymond stood before me, as my father's wife, I seemed to arouse from the frozen slumber of sorrow and endurance; as she held my hand, I felt a new spirit arising within me; arising, I loved, reconciling one, but a bitter, burning, daring spirit, of opposition and resolve!

Suddenly and lastingly repelled by the cold, false beauty of the woman usurping my dead mother's

place—I, hitherto so shy and timid, fixed on her face a piercing glance, beneath which her pale cheeks flushed, and her blue eyes quailed and sank; the eyes so steel-like and icy, glittering with a light that was not of truth and love! We were tacit enemies; soul read soul, though outwardly our intercourse was marked with the world's usual politeness; and on her part with a semblance of interest and affection.

She did not love my father; she married him for his wealth; that she might lay aside the implements of toil, and walk as became her cold and stately beauty—a lady in silken robes and glittering gems. My cold, matter-of-fact, business-like father, worshipped this unresponsive idol, as he had never loved aught on earth. Then I remembered my gentle, lovely mother's broken heart and silent tears, and bitter thoughts possessed my soul, and hatred nestled in my heart! My step-mother had no relatives in the world, she said; yet she wrote long letters, and sent them across the sea; and she received letters that she wept over, and I felt there was a mystery connected with her life.

My father toiled on at his business, and showered his gains with lavish generosity upon the mocking, imperious wife, whose love for dress and ornament was excessive; scarcely ever heeding me, in my simple gown, and dark habiliments. Amid the gay and fashionable company, often assembled in the once quiet home, I looked more like a menial than an only daughter.

Agatha dressed and talked, and sang and played, as if her very soul were in the life she led. She was invariably gentle with me, but I detected the couched glances of her eye, the false intonations of her voice, the lingering sarcasm of her smile. I watched, I knew not for what, the solution of some unacknowledged mystery; fear, foreboding, a sense of impending calamity, weighed on my spirits. (This, added to my habitual delicacy of health, kept me many days confined to my room, from whence I heard, with aching heart and wearied frame, the sounds of joyous laughter and loud music from below.)

One night—one balmy summer's night—I had fallen asleep in my chair, with the sound of a merry waltz forming accompaniment to my strange and whirling thoughts. I slept there long, and when I awoke, all sounds within the house had ceased, and silence reigned. The moon beamed in at my chamber window, in a line of silver to the azure-colored carpet; it bathed the roses in the crystal vases, and partially illumined the snowy hangings of the bed.

What was the restlessness that impelled me to seek to leave my cosy chamber, and seek the deserted halls beneath? I know not; but full of disquiet, agitated I could not tell wherefore, I entered the dining hall; the expiring light of the chandelier feebly gave to view the remnants of the feast; cake, fruits, and flowers, mingled in confusion, strewn around; chairs and ottomans displaced; gloves and wreaths forgotten. I passed on to the spacious parlor, where so lately the young and gay had mingled in the mazy dance.

I saw my step-mother, a night-lamp in her hand, standing by the rare and fragrant rose-bush in the window-niche. I know not how or wherefore I approached her; but I know that she turned full upon me a bloodless face, wide-open, staring expression, less eyes, and that I uttered a loud shriek of terror, so unnatural was her entire appearance!

I spoke to her, and took her by the arm; she showed no signs of recognition! As my self-possession somewhat returned, I felt that she was that strange thing, a sleep-walker! and, with a chill of superstitious dread, I questioned her; and in this abnormal condition of being, in this double state of existence, this strange contradiction of her waking life, her true self was revealed; and wild, mysterious, dread and terrible, was the account she gave of her other self, the Agatha of her daily life.

With tears and sighs of penitence, a sorrowing angel stood before me, and told me of the wrongs and errors committed in the past; of the plots and wicked deceptions of the present! She warned me against herself. I was then the motherless Grace she loved and pitied; waking, I was to her a hindrance to her cherished plans. I led her to her chamber, and saw her safe in bed; then stunned, bewildered, and amazed, I returned to my safe retreat, to think—and, thanks to the lesson of that night, to pray!

Surely, battling angels warred within my soul; the fostered enmity, the longed for opportunity of revenge, the avowed plans, the uplifting of the mystery that enfolded her, all, all so favorable to me! Perhaps, with her downfall, my father's love could be purchased. Strong was the temptation, and cruel the warfare. I knew not which would have conquered—the olden grudge or the newly-awakened pity; but Anna Lee, my saving angel, my best and truest friend, arrived.

I fell upon her neck, with a shower of tears; I led her to my chamber, and told her of the sorrow, wonder and temptation within. She listened in dread, and I saw changing emotions sweep across the fair face, so calm and unruffled usually. I told her of the threats uttered by my step-mother—the dark workings of her heart revealed in sleep.

"You know your duty, Grace?" questioned Anna, softly, and as her large, mild, hazel eyes, rested on my face, mine sank beneath her steady gaze. I faltered out—

"To tell my father everything, and make him beware of that dangerous woman!"

"And by so doing, bring discord to your home, a great sorrow to your father's heart? No, Grace! not so. You can bring peace to that poor woman's soul; you can prove her safeguard and her refuge."

"I! She says she knows nothing in her waking hours of what she says in sleep. She will deny all!"

"So she may, if you accuse her. I have your father's invitation to remain with you as long as I desire; I will write to mother, that I am going to make a long stay. I will assist you, Grace; your step-mother must be treated as one diseased. With a true heart and pure motives, we cannot fail!"

I yielded to the counsels and suggestions of my best friend. I leaned upon her mature judgment and impartial decision. Night after night we watched in the parlor by the rose-bush; for Agatha's coming; and the fear and the hope—possessed me that my father would discover her; the fear was born of compassion that would shield—the hope of temptation not yet overcome.

I heard that she slept in a chamber by herself, and Anna's feet and mine often stole there stealthily, but we found her sleeping calmly and profoundly. For fourteen days we watched in vain. Then there was a large party given, in honor of her twenty-fifth birthday, and when the last of the guests had departed, and all was still, we descended to the no-

customed place, having first divested ourselves of evening dress and ornaments. (Anna had kindly made most timely and suitable alterations in my toilette.)

We had not waited long before Agatha entered, pale and erect, holding a lamp in one hand, her long, light hair unloosed, and with unslipped feet; noiseless, fleeting, arrayed in a loose robe of white, bloodless as a disembodied spirit!

For a moment, the rosy cheek of Anna paled. I felt her arm tremble, but she quietly recovered herself, and motioned me to advance.

"You here again, dear Grace!" she said, in a voice inexpressibly sweet and tender.

"When I am here, so, as I now am, I love you! Grace, who is with you?"

"My friend, Anna Lee." I tremblingly replied.

"I see her now," she continued, turning her meaning eyes towards her, while a sweet smile, not the mocking habitual one, played on her lips.

"She is a true friend; a loving, noble, lofty spirit." The softest glow, that never in her waking hours, so beautiful the colorless face, illumined it then with a brightness strange and new!

"Give me your hand!" she said to Anna. It was freely extended. "Loving, innocent, true and pure! Would I were so! But an atmosphere of guilt and dread surrounds me. Children! young girls! I am the daughter of a faded mother! She died—died—by poison; her own hand administered it. My father was—a murderer!"

Anna uttered a stifled cry.

"And I," she continued, folding her hands across her bosom, while large tears rolled down her cheeks, rolled from the fixed unnaturally vacant eyes, "I strive with warring natures. I would be good; aspire and be true. I would seek companionship with such as you—young and innocent; but there is that in me that repulses all good. It is intuitively felt. One only loves me; he, who bought my hand for gold! I cannot return his love, for my heart lies buried in the sea with Willie, my first and only love! I could no longer toil with pen and needle, so I married a man I hate, for all the empty splendor that surrounded me! But come to me, Grace! come, your friend, I love you both, though waking I shall detest you. Now pity the poor, weak man, who showers on me his gold. I would lead him to love his child. Waking, I shall have terrible thoughts; temptations assail me to flee from hence—to poison his cup—to end my miseries in the sparkling pool! But here, beside the rose-bush, I am a child again; free, happy, innocent, and I have thoughts of Heaven!"

Anna spoke to her, low and fervently, of God and truth, of love and justice, of penitence and prayer. And tears broke afresh from the fixed blue eyes, and sobbed heaved the bosom of the unhappy woman. She called upon us to pray for her, to watch her in her waking hours, to prepare her for a better, holier life.

What a fearful task, what a solemn responsibility thus was thrust upon us—upon me, the undisciplined, yet unforgiving one! For Anna was firmly wedded to the right; the path of duty was made clear to her, the self-sacrificing, over devoted girl!

We saw her safely to her chamber, and until dawn we sat with clasped hands, taking counsel of each other; my prejudices yielding, my better feelings gaining the ascendancy, in view of my step-mother's sufferings, and Anna's fearful pleadings.

From the night that I had first beheld her in that strange condition of unconscious life, I had watched her narrowly, for I feared she would attempt my father's life; but I saw no indications of such an intention by look or manner, and knew not whether her assertions were the mere ravings of an abnormal state, or the true revealings of a fell, premeditated purpose.

Next morning, at the late breakfast always succeeding a night of revelry, my step-mother appeared, pale and calm, and imperturbable as ever. The mocking smile was on her lips, the discord of insincerity in her voice. When my father kissed her before going to his office, I saw a visible shudder pervade her frame, but that was all the emotion she manifested.

Invariably gentle, yet even distant towards Anna and myself, she evinced not the slightest recollection of the past. When asked how she had passed the night, she replied that "she had slept soundly."

How approach this mysterious being? Dear Anna! surely some good angel inspired the thought. We all descended to the dining-hall to see that all had been properly cleared away. My friend gently taking Agatha's arm, for which she was rewarded by a look of mingled haughtiness and rebuke, led her to the rose-bush.

"Do you love roses, Mrs. Raymond?" she inquired, in a low, emphatic tone, and her hazel eyes rested searchingly on the proud, stern face.

"Not particularly," she replied in a listless, indifferent way.

"But this rose-bush? Look, please, it is a peculiar flower; its fragrance is uncommon. Does it call up no memories, no associations to your mind, Mrs. Raymond? The white rose and the violet call up a thousand memories for me, young—though I am." Anna's sweet words trembled with emotion. I watched intently my step-mother's countenance.

I saw a sudden, fleeting expression, a ray as it were of recollection, flush her face, then a startled, puzzled look. She put forth her hand, and broke off one of the roses; she inhaled its perfume eagerly; her hand was passed across her head several times; the voice with which she said:

"Excuse me, I must get ready for a walk," was not as steady as usual. We exchanged glances of intelligence, and Agatha left the room.

For a week she resumed her usual manner, her freezing stateliness; no word or look betrayed her consciousness of the revelations made in her sleep. Again a merry company assembled, and with queenly grace, the mistress performed her part. But Anna and I watched her closely; and an hour after midnight, when the music had ceased, the guests gone home, and my father, wearied with business and excitement, had sought repose, Agatha stood in loose white wrapper before the rose-bush, with lighted lamp and revealed thought. It appeared to us that the excitements of the social gatherings, entered upon by her to stifle memory and banish reflection, induced the state of somnambulism. Also, that she grew, ever gentler and more tender. She seemed conscious of all our endeavors for her sake, thanked us with tears, invoked blessings on our heads, and said mysteriously:

"Soon, soon, you shall be rewarded!"

We were leading her along the entry that led to her chamber, fearing that she might be met with and startled from the unnatural sleep, when, at the very door, we met my father, light in hand! Surprise and vexation were depicted on his countenance.

"What are you doing up, young ladies?" he brusquely inquired. "I thought Grace had gone to rest three hours ago."

He came still nearer, looked into his wife's face, and started back.

"My God! Agatha, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

She moved majestically along, not a muscle quivering; the large, blue eyes, naturally distended and steeped in a dreamy haze, implying neither consciousness nor recognition.

All fear of my father left me then; I took his hand, and whispered softly in his ear—

"She walks in her sleep, dear father!"

"Walks in her sleep?" he repeated; "what causes it?—how came she so?—where did you find her? Agatha, darling! speak to me! Anna, Grace! when—where—has she ever been so before? Agatha, love! do you not know me?"

Anna gently explained; and in his terror and bewilderment, he rated us soundly for not telling him before. Alas! he knew not our reasons for silence. Vainly he implored his wife to look upon him—to give him one word. We had entered her chamber, Agatha standing erect and impressive, her bloodless face turned full upon her husband!

"Who speaks?" she said at length, as I took her hand.

I told her it was her husband.

"I cannot see him, Grace. Take his hand."

I took my father's hand, and a shudder coursed through the frame, that, statue like in attitude and immobility, stood before him.

"My husband!" she replied in a sorrowful voice, "come to see me thus—to hear from my lips the truth? You have been kind and generous, Arthur Raymond; but gold cannot buy the heart! Mine is buried with my lost Willie—far, far out at sea! You married the tolling girl, and gave her costly robes and glistening jewels—you knew not that you fostered a viper by your hearth! Arthur, my husband!"—her voice trembled with penitential sorrow, a sweet humility gave charms to the cold, haughty countenance; setting down the lamp upon a table, she folded her small, white hands in entreaty.

"I am not worthy of your love and care! Transfer that love to Grace—your child, so beautiful in soul! I strove to draw you still more from her—forgive me! I come of a wicked, fated race! My mother died a suicide, my father was a murderer, and died a felon's death. I—"

"Stop, Agatha! You are insane! She is delirious, girls! Call up some of the servants! Help me to put her to bed! She cannot be herself! This is too horrible!"

"I see you no longer, Arthur; where are you?" calmly continued the somnambulist. "Take, again, your daughter's hand; I have something yet to tell you."

Mechanically he obeyed; large drops of perspiration rolled from his forehead; his knees trembled with dread—fear, amounting to superstitious awe, possessed him.

"One month, one little month more, and peace shall fold her white wings over this threshold. Little Grace shall be rewarded with a father's love—Anna with the lasting wreath of friendship—and Willie, my sailor-boy, shall meet his bride! Arthur, you will beneficently arouse to life and duty, when I, the shadow, have passed away—I would have destroyed—no, I would not—now—never again! Better thoughts possess me even in my waking hours. In one month—remember!"

Her eyes closed slowly; her head drooped to one side; her rigid limbs relaxed their tension. My father caught her in his arms, and placed her on the bed. She breathed naturally, and appeared in a profound and healthful slumber.

For an hour he watched by her bedside, and then he came into the room, to which Anna and I had retired, and questioned us concerning all we knew of his wife's strange state. We told him all, omitting only such parts of her discourse as would tend still more deeply to wound his feelings. I saw that he suffered—that his heart was wrung with anguish and disappointment. A few months ago I should have exulted in his grief, remembering that he loved not half so well my gentle, faithful mother; then, looking into Anna's angel-counseling eyes, I could not yield to bitterness and recrimination.

The next day she was as usual, unconscious of all that had occurred; and when my father brought in the physician to see her, on plea that she had not rested well, and complained of fatigue, she laughed scornfully, and said she was as well as ever.

No change occurred in her outward demeanor; perhaps she was a shade more pensive, but that was all. No symptoms of ill-health manifested themselves; she was always pale, and the steel-like gleam of her cold, blue eyes was the same. Thanks to Anna, I felt true pity for her, and even a feeling akin to tenderness, for which my father unbent to praise me; and for which, in after years, my conscience approved me loudly.

My father watched his strange wife with agonized solicitude; but he could not be brought to believe her words, other than as the ravings of a disordered mind, or fantastical dream. All the accusations hurled against herself, her avowal of love for one long departed, weighed with him as naught; but he longed to see her with the care of one who deems his treasure about to be wrested from him. He showered presents and affection upon her; waited upon her slightest wish with prompt acquiescence; beneath it all she remained cold and unmoved.

Two parties, on a large and magnificent scale, took place at our house during the month. No expense was spared for refreshments, music, and adornments. Even I received a pink silk dress at my father's hand, and Anna one of blue.

At the close of the first party, my stepmother was found in her usual place, dozing and sleeping, yet standing erect, by the rose-bush. She spoke to us affectionately, and repeated slowly and solemnly: "In three weeks hence—remember!"

At the last party that graced our spacious house, she was more animated than ever. She sang a sweetly touching ballad of the sea, and methought I saw tear-drops in the large, blue eyes.

We watched her as she retired to her chamber, and we saw her issue forth, in snowy night-robes, a lighted lamp in one hand. We followed, (my father was always with us) and before the rose-tree she remained standing; but she spoke not again to us; "Soon, soon!" were all the words she uttered, and we saw her safe to her bed before we retired for the night.

Dread and undimmed apprehension weighed heavily on my spirits, and I could see that Anna's soul was troubled, although she strove to maintain a noble composure.

The last day of the month came, and passed with-

out any change occurring in the household; without any tidings from without, to mar the peacefulness that unaccountably welcomely appeared; gradually to settle upon us all, harmonizing the discordant elements, lulling to rest the antagonisms of the past. Often, in those days, have I gazed upon my stepmother's cold, impassive face, until it seemed to glow life-warm with responsive love, as it beamed upon me in her trance, when she called me so tenderly her child, her dear Grace! Yes, I gazed upon her with compassion and forgiveness—thanks to my Anna's teachings—with tear-filled eyes.

Three days of the new month had gone. We had chatted till late into the night, and Anna and I had retired to our chamber, had fallen peacefully asleep, our arms intertwined, and I was dreaming of the summer fields and arbors, though without the snow lay deep, when—sudden, loud and piercing, a shrill cry, not of woman's voice, however, rang through the silent house!

I was upon my feet in a moment; Anna, alarmed and pale on the floor beside me, hastily throwing over us the first garments we could find, we rushed out into the dark passage, in the direction from whence proceeded that cry of terror, towards Agatha's chamber.

We met my poor father in dressing gown and slippers. His face was pale with extreme agitation—the hand that held the lamp trembled violently.

"My children!—for God's sake!—where—where is Agatha?" he cried. So much of anguish, terror and affection was in the hurried question, I burst into tears, and threw myself upon his neck.

He did not repulse me then; he strained me closely to his bosom; he sobbed forth, anew: "Where, where is she?"

Anna, the ever self-possessed, unselfish friend! she took his hand, and whispered comfort. She could not have left the house, bolted, and barred as all securely was. Had he looked in her favorite place—all over the house?

He had; silently, with great tears rolling down his furrowed cheek, he led us, by the hand through the dining-hall to the deserted parlors. The rose-bush was there, but strange, inexplicable token! every flower and bud was gone, though filled with them the day before!

"She has been here," he cried. "My God! where is she now?"

We aided him in the search; bolts and bars were all secure; we peeped into closets and garrets, into every nook and corner; we aroused the servants, and they, with torches, searched in the snow-covered garden and over the grounds. She could not be found.

At last the bustle and confusion aroused the sturdy house-dog, and when we told him of the difficulty, and pronounced Agatha's name, he bounded away with a bark, and instinctively sought her chamber.

We followed, father, Anna and I; and the sagacious animal looked under bed and table, and setting his forepaws on the window-sill, howled piteously.

We opened the window, which led to a small balcony, that in summer time was covered with jasmine, and honeysuckle. Fido jumped out upon the balcony. There he stood awhile, sniffing the keen air, uttering cries that thrilled our hearts with terror; suddenly, with a bound and a prolonged howl, he advanced to the railing, leaped, and disappeared in the night below.

We followed with our lanterns, hushed and breathless; we heard the bark of the faithful animal, and pursued the sound. We came to the deserted summer-house, its door was open, and Fido stood over the body of Agatha, looking her face; that face was colorless as ever, the lips were parted in a smile, the blue eyes open, staring, expressionless!

We bore her to the house, we chafed her cold limbs, and put warm garments upon her; she breathed, and showed by signs that she recognized us, but she never spoke again! She called for pen and paper, and wrote rapidly several pages, although her strength seemed wasted, and her limbs benumbed with cold. Ere this, the life-like expression had returned to her eye, but her frame was rigid, and her hands maintained their icy coldness. Her lips moved and her eyes glanced upward as if in prayer; she put her hand upon my head in benediction; joined my father's hand to Anna's and mine; gave me five closely-written pages, and one to father; then looking at us solemnly and sweetly, she looked again to heaven and died!

I cannot depict my father's frantic grief; it was so great, so real; it overwhelmed me by its intensity; and I wept with him beside that corpse, as I had not wept since my dear mother died. And Anna, hovering around us like a consoling angel, spoke to us of the great reunion hereafter, of the happiness of the freed spirit, of her calm and Christian death.

From that day, my father's heart sought the affection so long withheld—he gave me the love so long denied. Before me, his young and unlovely child, he poured forth his penitence, and demanded of me forgiveness for my mother's wrongs. The strong man sobbingly confessed, that she, the newly-departed, had been the one true love of his life.

The snowy and rosy blossoms of the faded roses decorated her white robes, and exhaled their perfume from her unloosened hair, as we found her, lying on the cold, deep snow. We gathered them to adorn her shroud, and strewed them lightly over her bier.

In the five, closely-written pages, traced by that dying hand, all is corroborated that she spoke in sleep. A full confession of the past is there; sin and misery from childhood; misused faculties, blighted hopes, lost love, despair and gloom and surging, sinful thoughts, that were stayed by an angel's hand, ere they found embodiment in still deeper guilt. That record is sacred to me—not even my father's eyes have seen it. The long letters she wrote were addressed to the mother of that Willie she had named so lovingly, who slept beneath the blue Atlantic wave. From other climes old associates addressed her, and she dealt them not the aid her wealth afforded.

Poor Fido was lame for many weeks—the result of his leap from the high balcony. How Agatha escaped without broken limbs is a mystery. The physician thought her death was caused by exposure to the cold; but we all deemed it caused by some mysterious influence that overshadowed her life. She terrible influence that overshadowed her life. She had not pined away—in all the pride of her youth and beauty the "shadow" passed on; and when time had brought healing to my father's torn and bleeding heart, the full sunshin of affection irradiated our peaceful home.

In her dying words, Agatha invoked for me my father's love, and it has since been fully awarded. Anna, too, was remembered with fervid gratitude and affection. Her mother was in humble circumstances,

and my father offered both a home for life. They had lived with us five years, when Anna married; and now she is the loving mother of three beautiful children, who hail her their guiding angel, even as I once hailed her. This house will never know another mistress, and father and I will live here till we are called to a better and a brighter home.

Fido is still living, but he is very old; and when we take him to Agatha's chamber, the faithful creature leans against the window-sill, and utters a stifled cry. Then I silently press my father's hand, and our hearts say: "Peace be with her!"

Written for the Banner of Light.

WORK AND THINK.

Who who away the axe and hammer,
Carve the stone and till the soil,
Mist the busy din and clamor—
We must think, the while we toil.

"Work and think!" the world's great motto—
Even your anvil ring it forth;
Mine and mill, and granite quarry,
Wake the echo round the earth.

Work and think—what mighty wonders
These bright, magic words have wrought;
Learning's laurels, truth's great contests,
All are won by toll and thought.

One bright, burning thought may sever
Many a link in Error's chain;
One bold deed may break forever
Many a galling thought in twain.

Throw, then, from your thoughts the fetters,
Free and fearless let them play,
And, expanding, higher, better,
Speed them onward with the day!

Let your limbs be ever ready,
Let the sweat-drops freely flow;
Strike with vigor, strong and steady,
And the world shall feel each blow!

Work—and thought shall be the brighter,
Firm, stronger—hope and hand;
Think—and toil shall be the lighter;
Mind shall strengthen, heart expand! O. S. H.

Boston, 1880.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HEART HISTORY; A MANIA'S TALE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

In the flower-wreathed spring, I said to Inez, "Let us go down to the glen, where the brook bubbles, and the shadows dance to its music, for the trees droop in your absence, and the flowers pine for their queen." So we went, not arm-in-arm, like lovers, or with hands pressing each other's, but gleeful as children chasing butterflies on the meadows, where the wild spotted lilies in ripened modesty conceal their beauty in the tall grass. A thousand themes diverted us. As we passed through the orchard the red bird chattered among the apple blossoms, and the wild canary sang among the wreaths which would crown Autumn's offering with luscious peaches. A breath from the moist and fragrant lips of Spring, oast the snow-flake petals in a shower over us, falling on the autumn-tresses with which the wind dallied, and seeming to say to the swan-like neck, "There are pearls as white as thou." Who believed it?

"Do you not love the spring?" asked she.

"Of course I love the Spring. What right have I to be displeased with it?"

"None whatever," she frankly rejoined, "but, on the contrary, we should be very happy. This spring is the most delightful I ever experienced. How fragrant is the west wind, gently fanning us, dense with the kisses of a myriad flowers, and how musically the hum of the bees in the ocean of sweets above us. What a fine carpet Nature has woven for us this year, and how kind she is to throw such an aureole about us!"

"It is all radiant beauty, yet these twenty years she has been equally kind, but found no response from us. After all, Inez, the heart is of more consequence than all the rest of the world, and if happiness nestles in its sanctuary, the bleakest Siberia becomes a paradise. Now we are so happy, Nature puts on her gala habiliments; birds and bees are ready to expire in transports, and the flowers are fragrant with joy."

We approached the woodlands which skirted the glen—a deep ravine with a broad interval, through which a brook hastened among the pebbles and rocks. Not a word was spoken as we passed beneath the gothic pillars and arches formed by their brawny limbs. Close by the bank of the stream we found a mouldering daddock, to conceal which, Nature, in an orderly mood, had sown a bed of mosses, and there we reposed, in silence. The wild murmured in the swaying branches far, far above us, and the brook laughed at our feet. The place was too sacred to be disturbed, and electric glances served for the interchange of thought. A rustle above us broke the enchantment. It was the toying of the winds with a branch of dry leaves which the storms of winter had not snatched away, which contrasted strongly with the blushing green around it.

"See! see!" cried Inez, "Spring, joyous as you deem her, still wears the mourning weeds of her yearly sorrow!"

"Nay, Inez, that is a trophy which the frost-knight has set up to warn the growing beauty around us of its inevitable fate."

"Hail you certainly have turned poet; the very brook laughs at your fancies."

"Nay, you wrong the brook; it is not laughing at me, but having borne borne from the ocean by the pirate clouds, it laughs in anticipation of again rolling free and untrammelled in the infinite swell of the billows."

"There our poet misinterprets; the brook coming from the sea has not forgotten the storm-phant of the waves, and is repeating it to the great trees beneath which it flows."

"Then it must be friendly with the trees, and methinks, friends should not part so quickly, for it leaps away like an arrow in the midst of its song. See how it chafes to rush onward, and how it fills the deep eddies with foam! Ah, it loves the caress of the tossing billows."

"That calm, deep spot, beyond the rapids—what does it say?"

"That is the holy calm after a period of trial. There, in the rapids, is where the savage passions rage, and force is expended against obstacles—then comes the deep tranquillity of the soul's rest."

"You have read aright, I think, for I have passed the rapids, and am now sailing on the untroubled lakelet."

"Ah, now you speak of your life in symbolic language—grant, what I have never asked, its history."

"My life has two histories—one the world has read, the other is a heart history, read only by myself. Which shall I tell you?"

"The heart's history. I care not for the world's history of any, much less of you, for it always puts the worst construction on our actions. It knows not the interior motives which prompt us, and hence should not judge. The world is an old crone gossiping over her tea, chatting with calloused tongue through her decayed teeth! I'll not hear her story. Give me the heart's, which, conscious of every thought and feeling, can only give a truthful tale."

"Well, the heart's history you shall hear; but because the world abuses you, you should not abuse the world, for it is a myriad to one, and is sure to come off victor in the unequal combat. It will not be improved by abuse—it has more happiness than sorrow, more beauty than deformity, more goodness than sin."

"Before the heart speaks, let me breathe its possessor with these odonatas and anemones, snatched from oblivion in this solitude."

Perhaps I saw a blush when the chaplet fell on her fair brow; perhaps it was the reflection of the pink blossoms; I at the time was too forgetful to remember. Bewildered by the loveliness of the face thus bejeweled, I stammered as I seated myself: I listen—

"From childhood I was misunderstood; for, though parents and friends were kind, my heart was not fed with the food it craved. I moved alone, as a wanderer in the midst of an illimitable desert. Early I was taught to rely on myself. If I had hopes of arising from my humble position, they must be realized by my own efforts. My mother loved me, and I worshipped her, yet hers was a wrongly manifested love, and only made me more eager for that which I never felt expressed. Those are days of childhood, which arise in memory like green islands in a parched desert. I still remember my little spaniel, with which I played the day long, and the exquisite sorrow I felt when my little sister cried as I came from school—'Yip! yip! dead—Yip! dead, and buried under the great apple tree.' I watered his grave with my tears, planted it with violets, and the next year it was my favorite playground, hallowed by sunny memories. Then I thought my sorrow unbearable, but after years brought trials of greater moment. I left home to attend a distant school, and suffered the rude pressure of the jostling world."

One evening, just as the shade of twilight fell, I stood by the school-room window, and looked out on the hurrying crowd in the street. Everything was strange; the future, to me, appeared dark as the gathering gloom. Lonely, homeless, obliged to stand alone, I shrank from the prospect; my courage failed me, and I burst into tears.

The teacher came to me and kindly inquired my trouble, and I frankly confessed. I was heart-homesick, a stranger, a cypher, made to endure, so it appeared to me. I wanted a support. I could not brave life foremost and single-handed. He was a good man. Taking me by the hand, he told me of his trials, and how he conquered and succeeded in inspiring me with cheerful self-reliance.

But a new misfortune came. I fancied that I loved one who came crafty as a fox, treacherous as an hyena. He knew that my weak point was love for travel; that on that altar I would sacrifice my happiness, almost my life. He wedded his love with the gratification of this desire. He had been an extensive traveler, and related the story of his voyages with brilliancy and fascination. Our bridal tour was to be a pilgrimage to the shrines of poetry and art. The Pyramids, which silently and sad watch the march of ages, were first to be reviewed, then followed the sacred city of the Jew, the rock hewn Petra, and the ruins which moulder in the desert; the temples of Greece and Rome; and then the grand scenes of Europe; the awful Alps, with its glaciers, its mountains, lakes, and quiet villages, to float down the Rhine by feudal castles, and a thousand cities; then to cloud-wreathed England, to the shrines of Anglo-Saxon worship, and lastly, to dwell in a fairy cottage among the sublime mountains and lakes of poetic Scotland. Such was the vivid picture he drew; my girlish fancy was enchanted, and I consented to barter my eternal happiness for a few years of travel. It was the only means by which I could gain my purpose; a fearful price it was, but I pledged myself for its payment. Tremblingly awaited its fulfilling. I shuddered when I thought that so soon he would call me his, but I drowned it in visions of travel. The day drew nigh—one sun only intervened—when I was informed of the true character of him I had supposed the soul of honor. I recoiled from him, I detested, I abhorred him! Yet my air-castles were dashed to earth, and my future seemed involved in their ruin. The world laughed, as it always laughs, when one of its members falls. The village gossips chattered like jays in autumn, and not content with the flame the truth kindled, they piled on falsehood after falsehood, until it threatened to devour me. I was represented vile, degraded, a would-be outcast of society. You well know how keenly this bitter frost cut the already torn spirit, and you'll not feel surprised when I tell you that for months I remained completely crushed, heart-broken, sick of life, and seeing no relief but in death."

"Death! hope in death so young!"

"Aye, for when its page is blotted beyond hope of a fair record, of what use is a lingering life of pain? Do you suppose I am like the wretch who prays for life, though it be endured in the foul dungeon, or the fogot's flame? No; I was made for happiness, and if plunged in misery beyond escape, give me death!"

"A mystery you are, Inez."

"You mistake, for my heart is just like every girl's heart."

"But you must tell me how the lily, after being thus trampled, recovered."

"The sequel is more delicate than the chapter I have revealed, and to you, of all others, I had rather not reveal it; but it is brief. I found consolation in writing; poetry and prose appeared in a leading journal under a nom de plume—sometimes under my own signature. Some stanzas I wrote in a very dependent mood, absorbed my melancholy, and when published, brought a letter, from a distant person, who claimed the title of friendship, asking why one so young and advantageously situated, wrote so mournfully? It was a frank letter, and I frankly answered it. I told him I wrote to dispel haunting memories, and give my heart relief. A correspondence grew out of his friendly inquiry, and, before I knew it, I loved the stranger, whom I had never seen, and of whom, beyond his letters, I knew nothing. He asked to visit me, and I consented, and—"

"Ah, with Inez, you speak of our meeting at the brown depot, where you came dressed in a calico riding-dress, and sun-bonnet to match, beneath which your eyes, blue as the sky, sparkled with dew, and in a fit of nervous abstraction you pressed my hand to your bosom, and whispered, 'you're some-'

"Am I not honest; and should you not tell me your history now, which you have refused so long?"

"What care you that I should stir the ashes of consumed fancies?"

"I care, and therefore you must do it!"

"I'd rather suffer those ghosts which once disturbed me, to remain in eternal sleep, but if you desire to see them stalk through the halls of memory, I will evoke them."

"I, too, was misunderstood, just as I believe all children are misunderstood, and to rid myself of annoyance I fled to nature—the depths of the wilderness—where, by the roots of some great tree, or the banks of the stream, I thought long, earnestly, deeply, and held communion with her. Detesting the confinement of the school-room and the dictation of the teachers, I was left free to enjoy my inclinations. So I dreamed eighteen years, when I fell in love with a dream—a school-mate—who, though good, pleasing, handsome, was far below me intellectually. But she was superior to the others, and to bear away the bells of the village was a feat a less impassioned nature than mine would desire. In the full tide of success I said to myself: Hold, what are you thinking of, if you are thinking at all? rather what are you dreaming of? Marriage requires eternal love, to be felicitous; eternal love requires likeness. What properties does your goddess possess that are lasting? Her dark hair will become grey, her eyes will cease to sparkle, her fresh complexion will wrinkle and fallow, her erect form will totter—and when she loses these she will not be like the withered rose, still fragrant, but a chestnut burr, covered with matted forms. What then is to be done, I asked my genius. My manhood is pledged, and there is no escape. I will not be the assassin to draw out her love, and then tear it from the trellis on which my own hand has trained it, to wither in the sun and mildew in the rain. No; but though a black night involves the future, I will plunge off."

"Ha! laughed Destiny in my ear; 'fool, to hold a single word at such value.'"

"A single word, when it bears life or death to one, is of the value of that life."

"Is there no escape?" asked Destiny.

"Is there?" I eagerly cried.

"Make her renounce you!"

"I have it," I replied, and set to work. I did not tell her that I thought we were unlike, but made her feel that we were, by every word and action. Instead of conversing on the common gossip at which she excelled, I confined myself almost exclusively to subjects beyond her reach. She loved jewelry—I detested it; her hair was straight—I fell in love with curls; she desired to dwell in a retired cottage—I to flash in grand society, to travel, and buzz in the throng of fashion. She was abashed at the prospect. The gulf between us became as deep to her as to me, and as full of misery. Just then, as my lucky star would have it, another beau came in, and I politely made my bow with many protestations.

When I went out the calm moon met me, and the stars smiled from their undisturbed thrones. My heart, sustained by the unalterable purpose of reason, revealed itself to the sympathizing heart of nature. A moment of relief, and then the wave of loneliness dashed high over its prostrate hopes. The forest I traversed to reach my home was a desert of solitude; I a wanderer carrying an ocean of sorrow in my breast; for when I found the object of my affections lost forever, I was seized with unutterable sorrow, more deep and poignant than I had previously supposed myself capable of suffering. Life—the beyond—was a fog-enveloped sea, and into its night my bark drifted by inevitable fate, peopled with demons, howling and hissing over its wreck. Ah, thought I, how can a little mortal bear so much? an animalcule tossed by uncontrollable fate; he cannot escape. Life loses its charms; we are bound to a rack of flame, yet live—live to endure—live against hope. My eye fell on a rugged rock by the pasture-side, and I thought how long it had endured, gathering new beauty at every trial. What a satire on my weakness! I looked up among the foresters, grown grey in baffling storm and rain—how insignificant I grew! An owl shouted mockingly, like a fiend exultant over the desolation of despair. Light clouds floated against the stars, flocking the azure of the bediamonded sky, and a zephyr fanned my fevered brow like the mild breath of a ministering angel. Far away on the tree-topped west, the black browed tempest arose, chained with red lightning. Nature sympathized with the storm within me, and her thunder-dogs bayed hoarse and madly as their black car rolled up against the blue sky. I arose strong in resolve, and fixed in purpose, and wended my way homeward solitary but not oppressed."

You know the remainder. When I read your published lines, I felt the breathings of a kindred heart—one in whom I could repose while I gave it protection. I wrote to you that love might respond to the love it unconsciously evoked. Never can I express the intensity of the emotions which rocked my heart as the wind ways the tops of the trees. When your first letter came I dared not tear the envelope, for I knew it contained my doom. I thrust it into my pocket, rushed out of the office, mounted my horse, and only after a mile's gallop did my courage rise sufficiently to venture the hazard. It was a plain letter—a letter which made me feel at home, without endearing terms or compliments, yet it responded to my thoughts like the chiming of the willow, or the inflowing of two drops of water. I was satisfied. The sky cleared—the star of destiny revealed itself.

Afterwards came a miniature answering all my expectations. The high, full brow, the large, blue eye, the expressive, finely-moulded lips, the swelling bust, all, and more than fancy dared idealize, were portrayed. And then came the rich word, on which the destiny of both our lives depended—I love you."

"No more," cried Inez; "I will not listen to your flattery. See, the squirrels are laughing. Let us go."

We went as we came—two children still—wondering why men grow old, women decay, and death claims its own. We went home to our Gothic cottage on the brow of a bluff. Its piazza was supported by columns of cedar, from which the bark had not been removed, around which jessamine and morning glory luxuriantly twined. We passed up the pathway bordered by peonies, pinks, and roses, around which the humming-birds hung like jewels. Ah, happiness! The day was a rosy dream, and the future—we sometimes for a moment caught the roar of the far-off breakers, but they were forgotten in present joy. Thus a year passed, to which I refer with the same feelings Adam must have experienced when he contemplated Eden forever lost.

The cold, bleak, storm-sky of a winter night involved the earth, slumbering beneath its snow-shroud.

"Am I not honest; and should you not tell me your history now, which you have refused so long?"

"What care you that I should stir the ashes of consumed fancies?"

"I care, and therefore you must do it!"

"I'd rather suffer those ghosts which once disturbed me, to remain in eternal sleep, but if you desire to see them stalk through the halls of memory, I will evoke them."

"I, too, was misunderstood, just as I believe all children are misunderstood, and to rid myself of annoyance I fled to nature—the depths of the wilderness—where, by the roots of some great tree, or the banks of the stream, I thought long, earnestly, deeply, and held communion with her. Detesting the confinement of the school-room and the dictation of the teachers, I was left free to enjoy my inclinations. So I dreamed eighteen years, when I fell in love with a dream—a school-mate—who, though good, pleasing, handsome, was far below me intellectually. But she was superior to the others, and to bear away the bells of the village was a feat a less impassioned nature than mine would desire. In the full tide of success I said to myself: Hold, what are you thinking of, if you are thinking at all? rather what are you dreaming of? Marriage requires eternal love, to be felicitous; eternal love requires likeness. What properties does your goddess possess that are lasting? Her dark hair will become grey, her eyes will cease to sparkle, her fresh complexion will wrinkle and fallow, her erect form will totter—and when she loses these she will not be like the withered rose, still fragrant, but a chestnut burr, covered with matted forms. What then is to be done, I asked my genius. My manhood is pledged, and there is no escape. I will not be the assassin to draw out her love, and then tear it from the trellis on which my own hand has trained it, to wither in the sun and mildew in the rain. No; but though a black night involves the future, I will plunge off."

Philadelphia Correspondence.

T. W. HIGGINSON.
We are requested to announce that T. W. Higginson, of
Worcester, will lecture at Newburyport, Sunday, March 30th.

Banner of Light.

enslaved, and more pitifully degraded, than the hu

which attracts the notice and sympathy of the public whenever they come within the range of its influence.

Sunday, Feb 27, 1859.

REPORTED FOR THE HANNOVER ON 11/25/51

do in proportion to your nearness to Him, in holiness, to
and truth. Though one star may differ from another star
in the magnitude of its brightness, each has its place in the
same system of which God puts on every midday's sun he
rolled away—each has its mission to fulfill, and each is re-
sponsible for only that degree entrusted to it.

We place Christ before you only as a man—the best a

future God only knows. We look upward, confiding and

come morning and coffee. Pastry and bread
tion for desert, and the room is fragrant with the aroma
passing back to the dining-room, we find on our way a steam
table, where coffee and tea may be kept hot, and also a heated
cupboard, where dishes are warmed,

But what interests us quite as much as the cooking app

on the floor at the same time. Late in the evening a hat of coin was thrown on the floor, and then were piled up beside the tumbler without noise. The room was well-lit with gas, and the hands of the circle were placed on the

the table. Even the positive members agreed to continue the study, and the group didn't set for more than four years.

both evenings, which will probably be discussed in its
acter, and will the more fully enable our readers to com-
prehend all the principles involved in this truly impor-
tant branch of industry. Notwithstanding the extent of the

In this country at this time, metallurgy may be said to

AFROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, through
D. Siller, Medium, to Jonathan Brigham. 404 pages 8v
\$1.50. Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH
Bromfield street. 4w

be in

h Jos, ph
o. Price
ll, No. 14
fel.5

that the young man's eyes might be opened to see, as he saw, the horses and chariot of fire round about him. So, perhaps, Jesus prayed that the eyes of his disciples might be opened, and their eyes were opened to see spiritual things, and they saw both the exceeding beauty of his spirit, and the attendant spirits that had been his guardians so long, and that were to guide and sustain him. (Mat., ch. 17, v. 2 and 3.) "And his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light; and behold there appeared unto them (Peter, James and John) Moses and Elias talking with him. (Jesus)." They were afraid, and fell on their faces. Jesus came and touched them, and said, "Arise, and be not afraid." They looked up and saw none save Jesus; Jesus says to them, "Tell the vision to no man." Thus it was a vision, and their vision was spiritual, until Jesus touched them. Does not this transfiguration do as much as could be asked to sustain the position assumed in the first place, that spirits attended him, and that those spirits, as according to prophecy they were to be, were Moses and Elias? There are many times that he went away to pray alone, and even all night alone, and do we know how many communions he had with that old marplot lawyer, Moses, and the heavenly, spiritual prophet Elijah? It is well that God had appointed such messengers to assist him to speak as never man spoke.

But who was the angel that strengthened him in the garden while he prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass"? Without doubt the same as had been thus far with him, for when we find him extended on the cross alone at life, (Mat. 27, 26,) Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani." Some of them that stood there, when they heard that, said, "This man calleth for Elias." The rest said, "Let us be let us see whether Elias will come to save him."

Here is a token acknowledgment by the people that there was some mysterious connection between Jesus and Elias held out to them from some source, and that Jesus looked to Elias for strength and power. Can we not presume that Elias was the angel that strengthened him in the garden, and that he was asking aid at this painful hour also as he did there? That these two continued with him, we find, when the women went to embalm his body and found it not. "Behold two men stood by them in shining garments," and they talked with the women. Again at his ascension (Acts, 1, 10) when they looked steadfastly toward heaven, as he went up, behold two men stood by them in white apparel, which said, "Ye men of Galilee," etc.; (spirits can talk with men and women.)

It is a remarkable combination of circumstances that there should be most, if not all of the time, two men or messengers attendant on Jesus through his ministry; and when the names of those messengers were given, they were Moses and Elias.

PROPHECY—NO. 2.

I have in the previous number endeavored to explain the nature and object of prophecy, and its reasonableness with human freedom. I will now, in further pursuance of the subject, examine some of the difficulties which appear to attend it, particularly in reference to the mission of Christ, as the Saviour of the world. The object of the sufferings and death of Christ, I conceive was to excite the sympathy of mankind through all time, and awaken in their hearts gratitude and love towards him, and thus bring into action these powerful emotions in behalf of the religion he came to reveal. It was not in the sense of an expiation, a substitution, a canceling of their sins, as enduring the penalty of the law by him, which otherwise they must have suffered, but as saving them from threatened punishment, by the influence which these sufferings and death would have upon their hearts, which would lead them into such a course of life as would save them from punishment. The Orthodox notion of the atonement I consider a perfect absurdity, and mere nonsense, utterly at war with justice and common sense.

I come now to the difficulty in the case. If these sufferings and death were to be borne by him, as necessary instruments in the propagation of his religion, it became necessary that a train of causes should be put in operation to produce them, and that human beings should be made the agents in accomplishing the work. And it would seem at first sight, that some external control must be brought to bear upon their minds and conduct, in order to compel them to act in such a way as to bring these events to pass, necessary to produce this suffering and death. And that this, in effect, would deprive them of their free agency, and so of their responsibility, being mere passive instruments, and not the subjects of reward or punishment for their conduct.

To this difficulty I will endeavor to give as satisfactory a solution as occurs to my mind. The fact of a new religion being announced to mankind, containing new truths to be embraced, and new duties to be performed, supposes an ignorance at the time among mankind of these truths, and an omission of these duties—supposes a state of ignorance and sin among the race then living. For, if this was not the case, it would not be necessary to introduce a new religion among them containing them. This very fact, then, would make it evident that the new religion must run counter to the opinions, prejudices, and feelings, then prevailing in the world; for it is these very opinions, feelings, and prejudices, it was designed to combat and overcome. Now what is the usual consequence of attacking the opinions and institutions of any age or country, which are deeply rooted and well settled in the habits and affections of the people? It is at once, to produce opposition and persecution of the propagators of them, and to inflame the public rage and hatred against them. And if the interests involved are those of momentous interest, and especially if all their high raised expectations, and ambitious aspirations after rational and temporal aggrandizement are baffled by the success of the new enterprise, the inevitable consequence must be, to draw down upon the authors of the new religion, and even death itself, who at the time prevailed among them. Now, the Christian religion, and the character of the Jews at that time, were precisely adapted to produce the effects which followed its introduction, viz., the sufferings and death of its author, and the persecution of those who assisted him in the work. And it is not necessary to resort to the hypothesis of any external agency being employed by God himself to compel the Jews to persecute and crucify him; for the human will, influenced by the usual motives, and swayed by the usual passions, is sufficient to account for all their conduct. Thus much to show that the Jews were not deprived of their free agency and their accountability.

But it may be objected, even suppose the Jews still noted as free and accountable beings on this occasion, yet place them in a situation where they would become irrational? The reply to this is, there might be no other way to secure the success of the religion of the Christian religion, upon which the welfare of mankind of the existing and all future generations depended, than this very way. And generations depended, than this very way. And further, by the mysterious workings of the human soul, which prompt mankind to vent their indignation and wrath upon their victim up to the time of his death, and the moment afterwards, by a reaction, give place to the most heartfelt pity and sorrow for the suffering. The influence of these last emotions might be secured, to dispose them to receive and embrace the very views which they before treated with scorn and hatred. We see this phenomenon exhibited in relation to convicted criminals, who are sentenced to the gallows. Public reformation will pursue them up to the time that they are convicted. But as soon as this happens, the tide turns, and pity and sympathy take its place. If, then, this is the case in regard to criminals, how much more would it be the case where the sufferer was not only entirely innocent, but also possessed of every virtue and every excellence which could have a hold upon human affection and gratitude, or would be likely to excite their sympathy and regard. So that the very state of feeling that led to the death

of Christ on the part of the Jews, prepared the way, by a reaction, for an opposite state of feeling, which would be disposed to receive him and his religion afterwards, which otherwise, perhaps, might have failed of success, from the apathy and indifference of the public mind respecting it. So true and philosophical is the saying, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

To illustrate this subject: suppose that such a man as the late Dr. Channing were to go to the South, and there address the understanding and consciences of the people upon the subject of slavery. And suppose that he was to do it in the most Christian like, friendly, and courteous manner. From the state of public sentiment and feeling prevailing there upon this subject, it is almost certain that persecution, and probably death, would be the consequence to him. And yet no one would for a moment suppose that the people there would not be acting as free and accountable agents in doing this. And this persecution, and this death, in connection with his character and lectures, might be the means, afterwards, of producing such a reaction in public feeling there, as to produce a tide of sympathy, which would lead to the adoption of his views, and the downfall of slavery. So it was with Christ and the Jews. So wonderfully do men baffle themselves, and the very means they use to destroy, become the means to promote an undertaking.

W. S. A.

VIEWS OF DR. CHILD.

Messrs. Editors.—In the Hashish article, and in his answer to Mr. Mandell, I think Dr. Child has presented glimpses of the grand foundation which supports all Truth. He has represented the only consistent view of the unseen principles that control man, and the only system that will call forth the love of man for man, and a true faith in God. His position spreads the mantle of charity even to the ends of the earth, and in the love that does this is a balm for every wounded breast. A power to make rough paths smooth; to make the wilderness blossom as the rose.

The popular doctrines of the day have failed to secure true faith in the heart of man. Religious doctrines and creeds are so full of inconsistencies that they darken rather than illumine the intellectual and religious mind. The cold theories of rewards and punishments are insufficient to call to action that principle within us which has been beautifully compared to a well of water springing up into everlasting life. The element of true love is the only power that will reach the depths of our inmost souls, warming to action the finer threads of life. As the sun sheds light and warmth upon the bud, unfolding leaf by leaf, until the perfect flower is formed, so shall the light of love, with its genial power, warm the germ of life within us, turning aside one by one each fold of darkness, giving it growth and expansion until it blooms in eternal day.

Truly he who has perfect faith in the One Power that creates and sustains, enjoys a spirit of freedom; the burden of life's conflicting cares is taken from him; he no longer fears the threatening storms incident to life's experiences. He learns that the thunder crash of adversity speaks the wisdom and love of him who rules, as does the softer and more welcome voice of nature's sweeter songs. To him all things are beautiful. In all Nature he discerns evidences of the power he loves to trace. He sees on every leaf and flower the finger prints of the hand that made them. In the murmur of the little rill he hears the song of praise to the "Most High." He sees the smile of joy in rocks and hills, in trees and shrubs. All join in the song. He drinks from the great fountain until his soul, too, blends its voice in the grand chorus of harmony, the anthem, "God is good."

The position Dr. Child has taken, or rather the point of progression to which he has arrived, has called forth opposing views; and yet while I greet his sentiments with great joy, and desire to express my pleasure in reading them, I cannot withhold a suggestion, which is—Dr. Child reminds me of a young and thrifty tree inserted in a rich soil, whose rapid growth naturally subjects it to the cold pruning of its neighbors. So from his standpoint of faith, which gives him such an extended view, it may be that his eager eye catches glimpses of light through which he dimly discerns principles, which, with more light, will appear in their full beauty, and cause him to change his opinions on some minor points. Although the tree is good, and is planted on rich soil, the cultivator—Reason—must prune and arrange. I rejoice that there are those who possess that treasure Christ termed the "pearl of great price"—a treasure rarely found—an inward, central principle, around which all others revolve—faith in God. True faith in God, who is infinite in power, wisdom and love, who knows the end from the beginning, opens the chambers of the soul to a view of the beauty, harmony and completeness of his laws in all conditions of life. His wisdom that is displayed in sustaining innumerable worlds throughout space in perfect order, is not less traceable in the government of man in his daily actions. All is arranged in wisdom, and will ultimately in good.

Although "opposers" with me differ in opinion on some points, I hope we may be able to consider each other's positions with due respect and true charity. F.A.T.H.

FOSTERMOUTH, March 2, 1859.

THE TRANCE.

DEAR BANNER.—I find in your issue of February 26, an attempt of Mr. Sunderland to answer some of my interrogations put forth by me, and it seems as though he would desire some proof of my assertions, or a retraction of what I have said. I must confess that it would be impossible for me to present any other proof than that which I find in my attempt of the 26th, to a reply of mine of January 29, which I think should be sufficient. Hear what Mr. S. says, and then judge whether I am worthy at fault:—"I deny in toto that I ever made any such declaration as 'Inquirer affirms in respect to my will.' Never! Indeed, I always and everywhere affirmed directly the reverse!" And yet he goes on to furnish the very proof of that which he denies, by saying, "Hence it was always my plan in all my lectures, to secure the attendance of one person over whom I could exercise more or less control by my will; and yet I am to believe that I am mistaken, and that I ought to retract what I have said. It is a well known fact that many persons who were entranced in my lectures, went upon the platform, and it was ever understood by his audiences that Mr. S. would then come to come, upon the platform because Mr. S. would then come to come. Did his will operate in the case then? If his will operated in the case then, it would draw them up, to which one of the external senses was that will directed? Now it must be remembered that each subject is seated in the hall, with eyes closed and hearing stopped, and yet they go upon the platform an entire stranger to all others of his subjects, and perform what he wants them to.

Again, he says, "If I entrance a thousand persons in one lecture through the external senses, and have among them one reliable clairvoyant, or one whom I can control without addressing the external senses, why, of course, in controlling that one, I control the whole, because they will act in sympathy with that one."

Now I would inquire how these thousand persons could be operated upon through that one of whom he speaks, when that one is with them? He did not them, or brought in contact with them that they were influenced by his audience from one particular subject; but the personal pronoun I was invariably made use of by Mr. S. as the cause of all these wonderful performances.

Again, he says, "When I announced what I would do beforehand, the patients all heard what I said, and they were addressed through their external sense of hearing." Now, Mr. S., can you tell how your subjects were addressed through the external sense of hearing, when they were unconscious, (as I sense of hearing, when they were unconscious, or any really seeing an inhabitant of the moon, or of any other world, that was hallucination, and nothing else. The ghosts were inside the brain of those who

saw them." For one, I am not willing to accept this explanation, for the simple reason of my unwillingness to fritter away a plain fact. How Mr. S. can cause a person to see a fact, and then assume that it is a fiction, is not so apparent; or, in the second place, how could he cause them to see the spirit of a person whom he never saw, so that it would accord with facts? Again, he says, "There is a heaven-wide difference between Mr. Sunderland, whom you know, and an invisible personage (real or imaginary, you cannot tell which), whom you do not know." I beg to be my own judge in reference to a real or an imaginary thing which I may be supposed to see; and as to the difference which it would make to me, whether I submit myself to the control of Mr. S., or to a spirit.

When I saw Mr. S. for the first time, what did I know of him, or the extent of his power over me, or of my own powers of resistance to the force of his will? And the only thing which Mr. S. offers in explanation of mortals holding a control over mortals, is, that the person exercising such control would be responsible; in what manner Mr. S. does not say, but leaves me to infer that, if injury is caused, he could be compelled to pay a certain sum as an equivalent for such injuries. Again, he says, "If you shut your eyes, and allow your soul to be made a tabernacle of spirits, you may find yourself in bad company before you are aware of it."

Will Mr. S. be so kind as to inform me how I am more liable to come in contact with spirits who I make a tool of me, by giving up my organism to their control, than would be practiced by mortals? Willst under the control of Mr. S., I gave myself into his power, and he assumed and demonstrated before his audience that I was an unconscious subject. Therefore, for the time being, my selfhood was inactive, and could as easily be made a tool of by him, as any spirit could make a tool of me. Again—"Thousands have allowed themselves to be entranced by spirits, to their sorrow afterwards."

Whether this be an assumption on the part of Mr. S., or positive knowledge, it is not so apparent; but I think it would be equally as true to say there are thousands who have allowed themselves to be controlled by pathetisers and mesmerisers, to their sorrow afterwards. There are some ideas in the third proposition, which, on some future occasion, I will attempt to answer. INQUIRER.

Boston, Feb. 23, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GO FEED THE POOR.

BY CORMAC.

The night was cold, and chilly blew the wind;
The seams, and cracks, and many a broken pane;
The wintry blast crept all unawakened through;
And drifting snow, fantastic figures wrought
Upon the floor, and rugged, time-stained walls.
The city slept; all save the sturdy guard,
Who, muffled warm, groined weary through the streets;
Or shelter sought beneath some friendly arch.
Yet hither still the cruel storm raged wild;
And, mocking, howled around those ruined piles,
Where live the poor; God pity them to-night!
The rich man dreams in pleasant, careless ease,
And thinks not then of suffering, or of pain;
He hears the storm; but what of that to him?
He cannot pierce his curtained double walls.
The iron slave beneath his basement floor,
Sends genial warmth o'er all his mansion wide;
The slithering wind but lulls him to repose—
The piercing blast no shivering terror brings.

A dingy house, with cheerless, tattered look,
A narrow court, where nauseous smells arise,
The slithering moss so green and sickly smells,
We turn from them with loathing in our hearts.
The children there no tidings garments wear;
No wholesome food their craving wants supply;
But worn-out rags, and garbage thrown aside,
Are all they have. What wonder that they sin!
A pale, dead form, with tearful, sunken eyes,
Sits shivering there, clothed scant, with embers low;
His fingers stiff, but yet they cannot stop.
For bread must come to feed the starving child.
Is there no help for poverty, struggling pain?
Does God permit his creatures here to starve?
For want of food that rich men throw away?
Ye happy ones, that fortune favors most,
Seek out the poor, your blood to give and counsel give;
Christ said, 'tis best to help the lame and gain;

Correspondence.

THE EXPOSERS AND THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN.

Messrs. Editors.—I have not intruded our matters upon the readers of your valuable sheet, of late, and perhaps it may not be improper to show which way the wind blows in this quarter. While the last few weeks our goodly city was somewhat startled from its quietude by the arrival of the redoubtable Mr. Bly. He proclaimed through his poetry, to the good citizens, that he would prove to them that the manifestations of spirit power, as believed by many of the honest, respectable and capable men and women of this city, are all deceptions; that these people who have made these phenomena their study for years, are dupes of designing tricksters. He drew together quite an audience, some of our best citizens attending his lectures, expecting that he would give them some instruction upon this, to them, intricate subject; but it is a significant fact, that this gentleman has in his train the rabble from the street, those who never enter the circle where spirit-power is manifested, or the lecture-room, where the philosophy of spirit intercourse is given. We also have to complain of the lectures of these itinerant persons, who make pretension of explaining the whole spiritual phenomenon, so as to exclude the possibility of the intervention of those who have passed away from the earth-sphere, while they will not be present at any of the lectures when the philosophy is stated by those who are qualified to present it in its true light, although they are frequently invited to be present to hear. Also, opportunity is frequently given them to join in the private circles of citizens who have the confidence of the community upon all other subjects; still they neglect the opportunity so often given them. We do not willingly charge them with this inconsistency, but it is a notorious fact.

Mr. Bly gave two lectures. Many of our best citizens were very much disgusted with the man, and the manner which he treated the subject, and do not hesitate to say it to those who are interested, or not, in the success of our cause.

One of our oldest and most respected men attempted to ask him a few questions, and instead of giving him his best thoughts, (nay, perhaps I am wrong in saying that, for it may have been the best thoughts the man is capable of giving), in answer, and meeting him with proper courtesy, Mr. Bly treated him with abuse, and did as much as to call him a deceiver; for, although the gentleman stated distinctly that he had no sympathy with that he was attempting to expose, yet Mr. Bly charged him with being a Spiritualist in disguise, attempting to interrupt the proceedings of his lecture, showing very conclusively his want of perception, to say nothing of his honesty of purpose, in attempting to present the truth clearly to the minds of his hearers. This treatment induced the gentleman to state to him what the reason why he made the inquiry was, that he did not wish to be more humbugged by the pretended exposure than he would be by that which he attempted to expose.

Following close upon the heels of Mr. Bly, came another, who claimed to explain the whole matter upon scientific principles, ignoring somewhat the positions of his illustrious predecessor. This candidate for renown was a so-called Doctor Turner, somewhat noted as a Second Advent preacher, from Hartford. The best thing attending this gentleman was, that at his boarding-place there was a spirit medium, and the doctor boasted that he could control this medium by his psychological power, so as to prevent the usual spirit-power from having any effect.

The friends of the medium were anxious to see the doctor fulfill his boast. An hour was appointed, and the doctor commenced his operations. Soon the medium yielded to his power, and he exulted in his success; when lo! he lost his control, and could not regain it; then the spirit proceeded to give him quite a lecture upon the subject. Still, with this phenomena fresh upon his mind, he could continue his lectures, and gave forth the idea that the funeral of Spiritualism would be attended in Huntington Hall the Sunday following, when this knight of mesmerism would officiate.

Some might suppose that, after having such eminent soldiers as Grimes, Bly, and this Dr. Turner, charging into our camp, that we should be nearly annihilated. But we "still live," and the only perceptible effect following these efforts is, that those who are interested in the cause have been strengthened and encouraged, by perceiving how weak and ineffectual our opponents are; and those who are not particularly interested, have been led to inquire if these things are so; and we have no fear for the success of the cause, when men and women are anxious to enter upon a fair and candid investigation of the subject.

I should not have thought the lectures of Mr. Bly worthy of notice, had I not seen, on reading the Christian Freeman, a journal in which are set forth very able principles of liberal Christianity, that the astute editor had copied a long article from a Milford Journal. This editor has previously arrogated to himself the dignity to sit in judgment upon modern Spiritualism, and proclaimed his decision to be, that it is not worthy the attention of Christian men and women. This eminent divine of "half a century's" standing, circulates the slander of this Bly, alias Dr. Bly, with great glee, and gives the doctor the right hand of fellowship very cordially, perhaps desiring that the denomination of which this editor is so conspicuous a representative, could have the privilege and honor of conferring upon this great apostle of truth the title which this divine so graciously appends to his name. While this dictator to all young men who desire to enter his denomination as ministers, and to the Christian world generally, as to what they should accept as coming from the spirit world, is very grateful that such noble men as the Rev. John Pierpont should give his adherence to the cause of modern Spiritualism, and insinuates that this really noble man, who has stood in the front ranks of reform for the last half century, has based his belief in the truth and value of the subject, upon a very weak and unphilosophical investigation of the matter, and hence his testimony is not valuable, is not important, while the testimony of a man, like this exemplary man, Dr. Bly, is very valuable. Surely it appears as though the saying of the master, that they had eyes, yet they see not, is applicable to this pharisee of the nineteenth century. This inflated divine of long standing evidently forgets the "day of small things" with the Universalist denomination, when its advocates labored amid the scoffs and sneers of the religious world, and were much rejoiced when some noble man had the moral courage to boldly step forth from his associates, and avow his belief in the truth in this, then so-called, new philosophy, but which this divine claims to be as old as the promise to Eve in the garden.

Although this stalwart editor has attempted to shut the gates of the celestial city against the entrance of what he conceives to be the vulgar crowd, and would not do so, the position assigned to St. Peter, in the Vision of Judgment, as sentinel at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his paper some time ago; also to pages 125-6 of the memoir of his son, where some special argument is used to prove that another son of his, who "has but little of the marvelous in his mental constitution," had a "perfect and reliable" communication from the spirit world. Now who, but this eminent guardian of the portals of the spirit world, shall say that no one else but members of his own family shall have or are capable of receiving truthful and tangible messages from those who have gone before to the gates of the Vision of Judgment, as sentinels at the gate, so as to be visible only to those who, in his judgment, were proper persons to behold the beauties of the spirit world, he is not able with all his power to accomplish his purpose. I am not over stating in these remarks, and as proof that I am not, any one can peruse the articles upon Modern Spiritualism, prepared by this editor, and published in his

