

Life,—and its Issues.

SPIRITUAL MONTHLY

AND LYCEUM RECORD.

J. H. POWELL, EDITOR.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY AND LYCEUM RECORD is a new and very attractive candidate for public favor, appearing under the editorial auspices of J. H. Powell, whose reputation as a Spiritualistic writer is well and widely known. This monthly is published in Boston, by W. F. Brown & Co., who have done their part in giving it a neat and striking typographical dress. Its contents are such as "The Spiritualism of Dickens," "William Blake," by Howitt, "The Mediums," by J. H. Powell, "Progressive Dottings," "Lyceum Record," and a story by Louisa S. Powell. It promises to be a popular publication in the field of Spiritualism, in which all sincere workers are welcome, and cannot be without their high reward. Success to the new enterprise. — *Banner of Light*, Oct. 15, 1870.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY AND LYCEUM RECORD is the title of a new monthly, edited by J. H. Powell, and published by W. F. Brown & Co., 50 Bromfield Street. Its title indicates its purpose, which is to advocate and discuss the claims of Spiritualism before the public. This, the first number, contains an article going to show that Dickens was a Spiritualist; a memorial of William Blake, by William Howitt; the first chapters of a serial novel, in which the hero is put through an exhausting process of Spiritual manifestations, and which promises to be as entertaining as Howitt's autobiography; an account of seances, with several distinguished mediums who can play the accordion without touching the keys, and make a broom jump over the table by just looking at it; and in addition, a very complete compendium of current news concerning the doings of the Spiritualistic organization. — *Boston Post*, Oct. 10.

SPIRITUAL MONTHLY AND LYCEUM RECORD, — J. H. Powell, editor. We have here the first number of a new magazine which has just been commenced in this city. It looks well, for it is handsomely printed, and it probably will be considered good reading by all

who are interested in "mediums," for there is not much else in it than what relates to this peculiar people, — hence we fail, perhaps to appreciate its merits. The editor, however, notwithstanding his flights of fancy, has had experience in this work-day world, and, when off his hobby, is practical, liberal, and sensible. We notice that his motto — which we rather approve of — is "Life, and its Issues," and this suggests the idea of something useful, sensible, and real, instead of what is fanciful, improbable, and Spiritual. The terms of the "Spiritual Monthly," are \$1.50 per year; single copies 15 cents. Published by W. F. Brown & Co., 50 Bromfield Street — *Boston Investigator*, Oct. 12.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY, published in Boston, J. H. Powell, editor, is a new claimant for public patronage. We have perused the number before us, and found much to interest and awaken thought. It is well and ably edited. \$1.50 a year. — *Cape Ann Advertiser*, Oct. 14.

October brings us the initial number of a new publication, entitled THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY. Good paper, clear type, and an attractive table of contents, will insure it a welcome among Spiritualists. It is edited by J. H. Powell, and published by W. F. Brown & Co. — *The Commonwealth*, Oct. 15.

A NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. A few weeks ago we received from the publishers, W. F. Brown & Co., the prospectus of a Spiritual Monthly. We have now before us a specimen copy of the magazine, edited by Mr. J. H. Powell. It is a handsome monthly publication of forty-eight pages, quite stylish in appearance, and is filled with original matter. From the editor's varied experiences, and his well-known industry, he is peculiarly fitted for a work of this kind. We wish him eminent success. "The Spiritual Monthly and Lyceum Record is only \$1.50 per year. Cheap enough. — *American Spiritualist*, Oct. 22.

The Spiritual Monthly.

VOL. I.... NOVEMBER, 1870.... NO. II.

THE CHRISTIANISM OF DICKENS.

"A loving heart is the truest wisdom."—DICKENS.

WAS Dickens a Christian? Did he embrace with all his soul the doctrines of the Trinity, the Fall, the Atonement, eternal hell for the unregenerate, and endless heaven for the saved through the sacrifice of Christ on the Cross? Neither his life nor his works answer affirmatively. He said little, that we can learn, to warrant the idea that he was Christian in the orthodox sense. Yet in his will, with laudable modesty, he desires an absence of all ostentation at his funeral, and commits his "soul to the mercy of God, through our *Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ*."

The Church is divided on the question. Yet the mention of Jesus Christ in the will gives color to the suspicion of a part of orthodoxy that the great novelist really was at heart a Christian.

We look in vain for the evidence from his works that he embraced orthodox Christianity, but find abundant proofs therein that he was a Humanitarian. His Pecksniffs and Chadbands are flesh-and-blood creations from orthodoxy. Had he possessed a title of the zeal of the sects, the dogmas of orthodox Christianity would blaze upon almost every page of his marvelous works.

Dickens could only have been sectarian at the expense of humanity. If he deemed sectarian dogmas necessary to the world's salvation, he was recreant to his creed by adhering to Humanity.

We have not the faintest belief that Dickens regarded Christianity in the light of the dogmatists. True, he did not feel called upon to wage a war against theology, like Thomas Paine, yet he evidently despised cant, and assumed piety in the name of Christ, as heartily as did the author of "*The Age of Reason*."

Multitudes of advanced thinkers hold by Humanitarian principles

and yet pass for Christians, taking no trouble to be martyred by undeceiving the public. They manage to glide along placidly. How they do it with an easy conscience we are at a loss to realize, but willing to allow that they are not, in the strict sense, Christians; and to the degree they fail in orthodox Christianity do they grow into Humanitarianism. It may be that Dickens was of this character. It is certain that he was not a fanatic on creeds, and the fact that he writes himself a believer in the Lord Jesus by no means proves that he endorsed the orthodox view of Jesus; yet it argues that, in some sense, he regarded Jesus as having power over his spirit.

We care not what he believed, being satisfied with what he wrote, but when pulpiteers stigmatize him on the one hand as an infidel, doomed to the flames of hell, and on the other as an orthodox Christian, we feel called upon to claim him as a Humanitarian, which is infinitely better than being a mere sectarian. Rob Dickens of his alleged Christianity, you leave him his humanity; rob him of humanity and leave him Christianity, — alas! poor Dickens!

Christianity and humanity cannot harmonize, if the dogmas of the Trinity, the Fall, and the Vicarious Sacrifice are not sacrificed. We have no word against the truth, only error, of the Bible. What Jesus said that is inherently pure, we regard as an indispensable part of the vocabulary of life.

Christians will not assert that there could be any Christianity before Christ; if so, Christ could not be the Founder. We assert that Humanity embraces all that is good in the Christian system, and being unsectarian, is the grandest and most practical religion possible. A writer in 'Appleton's Journal,' on the agitated question of the Christianity of Dickens, says: —

"Don't let us for a moment assume that his Humanitarianism is or can be a substitute for Christianity, or that it, except in an imperfect and incomplete way, represents Christianity."

Thus the universal is characterized as less than the local; a common mistake of theologians. The writer in question favors Dickens, but does not "assume that his Humanitarianism is a substitute for Christianity." Yet Humanity is broader than all the "isms," and it is, moreover, not deficient in any of their better precepts.

The Christian devoid of Humanitarianism, would be a sorry specimen of the *genus homo*; but the Humanitarian devoid of Christianity, like Dickens, according to the writer in 'Appleton's Journal,' is not altogether a man to kick overboard. The New Command-

ment and the Golden Rule lose none of their virtue when free from orthodox dogma; on the contrary, they exert a more vitalizing power.

What does it matter, Pagan, Christian, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Brahmin, or infidel, so that the life of the man accord with divine principles? Names are made the synonyms of sect, and society learns aptly to designate and denounce accordingly. The true philosopher will be unbiased by sectional names, and look always to the life of a man, rather than to his creed.

“He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”

Humanity cannot be tortured into a sect. It is broad as the universe of soul. It is crowned by the hand of justice and robed by honesty. It walks forth radiant with happiness, and is attended by the presence of love.

Eighteen centuries of so-termed Christianity has utterly and ridiculously failed to regenerate the world. War and wrong still stalk abroad, making earth hideous with their hellish riot.

Is vice less potent than it was before the dawn of Christianity? Are men and women more loving and happy than they were in those pagan times? We cannot give affirmative replies. The sects may; they are prone to take credit to themselves for all the good there is in existence, and to hand the evil over to the devil. Devil forgive them. Nevertheless, the world is convulsed with war, and *Christians* take sides for kingly aggrandizement, and with pious lips declare that all men are brethren. God help them to outgrow the hypocrisy.

“Some one has blundered.” Was it Dickens, in closing his earthly life with the name of Jesus Christ, though he used it sparingly in his works, and did not live in harmony with orthodoxy? Perhaps; but the evils we deplore existed long before Dickens came on the life-stage. *He* was but an expression of the existing state of theology.

We do not desire to exalt Dickens in the realm of purity above the ordinary respectable members of society. He had faults,—so have we all. He also had virtues; God help us if we have none. But it is good for mankind that he was not a Christian; although it would have been better for him had he practised more the better precepts taught by Jesus. Let us be understood.

The commonly accepted definition of Christianity involves a belief in the dogmas alluded to; take the dogmas away and stickle for a defini-

tion that holds only the moral excellencies of the man Jesus, and a faith in God and immortality. We have no objection, but must contend that such a revised definition is not according to the gospels.

That Dickens should call himself a Christian, under the impression that Christianity is the *summum bonum* of purity, is feasible enough; but we have not the shadow of proof that he was a Christian *a la* orthodoxy.

Thus far we have treated the subject from the dogmatic and absurd side. There is another side resting upon spirit-action under the dominion of natural law.

The sects have mostly grown too gross to see it. Hence they cling to rituals and ceremonies that crowd out the spiritual. Spiritual phenomena are inscribed on almost every page of the Bible. Christ commenced his career under the ministration of angels, and went forth a medium on his spiritually delegated mission. It is not possible to be a true follower of Christ, and ignore the so-termed miraculous. Yet multitudes, yecept Christians, esteem their infidelity in this direction their chief virtue.

It is high time that Christendom recast its articles of belief, or revised its name. Christianity is a misnomer to the sects.

We have no idea that names can benefit souls.

“A rose by any other *name* would smell as sweet.”

Thinkers cannot follow the light of reason and cling to the name of Christian, unless they realize the action of spirit upon spirit, as Christ did; then the absurdities of dogmatism will meet them which they will find it hard to expunge from the gospels. We see not how the dogmatic and proscriptive part of the Christian system can coalesce with progress. This may be the result of our short-sightedness; if so, let us speedily know it.

True, the Christian system, as presented in the New Testament, is to a great extent spiritual, for which it is indebted to the spirit-world, and not merely to Christ and his apostles. We, too, feel the action of the spirit-world in our earth-concerns, and not only we, but all mankind in or out of their theological grooves.

Spiritualism is humanitarian in sentiment, and therefore universal in its influence. It is a fountain from which radiate streams of perennial freshness. It knows no distinction of creed, caste, or clime. All are the children of one common Father. He is beneficent to all. We may change, — not He. His love is exhaustless; free alike to Pagan, Turk, Christian, Infidel, or Spiritualist.

In so far as Dickens gave his life to progress, he worked for mankind, and hence, for God. That he was not a Christian is no evidence that he was depraved, nor yet that he was perfect.

THE CASE OF SCIENTIFIC MEN, AND MEN OF MODERN CHURCHES.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

You may as reasonably expect to thrust a cannon-ball into the muzzle of a musket as to make a little-minded man comprehend either the practicability or the utility of a great object. — *Bishop Watson*.

THE difficulty and almost impossibility of modern men of science and theology receiving the power of faith in the invisible, is precisely that in which all civilized men stand as compared with savages. Civilized men have purchased their civilization by the loss of various striking instincts and faculties which savages possess. The savage has a sharpness of vision which enables him to trace impressions of men and beasts on the ground, and amongst the boughs of the forest, where a civilized man can see nothing. He can see objects at a distance that are hopelessly lost to the most quick and strong-sighted civilized man. He can hear sounds that tell him of approaching tempests or enemies, and scents odors, all of which are lost to the man of culture. He has quick impressions of coming events that obstruct our duller senses, yet verify themselves unerringly where to us all is blank.

This is the case of the men of science and of modern theology as it regards belief in the presence and operation of invisible power; in the continuance of those higher operations of nature which are miscalled miracles. His educational skepticism, imbibed, though often unknowingly, from the professed atheistic and material philosophers, has utterly choked the native instinct of spiritual consciousness, the native faculty of faith. It is as completely annihilated as the instincts and the acuteness of sense which the savage has preserved. He can no more perceive the existence of spiritual powers, and the manifestations of spiritual action, than he could perceive the trace of a flying foot on the hard ground, or the turning of a leaf, where the savage will follow unerringly, unhesitatingly. His life may depend on the possibility of thus following a trail, no matter if he has it not, the native, necessary sense, cannot

revive it in him, and he must perish if some child of nature, with senses undimmed and instincts unquenched, were not at hand to aid him.

The case, not of individuals but of whole masses of people, is exactly parallel. As civilization has not affected merely here and there a man, but has spread this obtuseness of sense through all civilized society; has made us all purblind, deaf, and senseless, to a certain degree, so has the leaven of unbelief deadened the power and faculty in society at large. The Churches are hardly aware that they are, while cherishing an orthodox abhorrence of Hobbs, Toland, Voltaire, Volney and others, now thoroughly contaminated by their spirit, which has been poured into them through Paulus and Strauss, and the commentators of the school which these disciples of our earlier Infidels have created. The scientific men have absorbed this view of unbelief in a more direct and conscious manner, and it has so utterly killed in them the fine life, the spiritual nerve which connects us with the inner, immaterial universe, that nothing can ever restore it in the mass of them. They must go on into those regions of spirit where they must, through the shock of a new birth, regain the sentient power of the soul, or they must wander on their way spiritual cripples and idiots, a spectacle to men and to angels. There their material existence, their material tools and appliances, their telescopes and microscopes, their crucibles and dissecting knives will be wanting, and if they cannot work with spiritual eyesight and spiritual apparatus, they must exist in a condition of spiritual impotence, like the deaf and dumb or paralytic here.

Spiritualism, in the meantime, will suffer no loss, either from their deadness or their opposition. It will grow exactly as Christianity grew, by reaching and quickening more undamaged natures. It will grow exactly as it has grown through the last twenty-two years, expanding through a continual course of resistance, scorn, and malevolence, into vigorous millions, just as if no such dead-alive opponents existed. It is the case of Christ's parable of the sower. The men of science and men of school theology are the stony ground, and the ground having but little earth, and the ground choked with the thorns of materialism; the seed, however, falls not on them alone, but on the good ground, and brings forth its hundred, sixty, and thirty-fold. Regions are these so vast that they are like the new countries, into which the healthy sons of labor are pouring by hundreds of thousands annually, to flourish into mightier nations than the old ones.

Hudibras, that celebrated hero of the burlesque, had far more sense than we have. He used but one spur,—

“As wisely knowing could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other side would budge, of course.”

More fortunate than Hudibras, we need not even one spur. The steed of the spirit is not merely in motion but far on his way. The one side of reasonable and credible evidence is in full trot, and the whole question must inevitably follow. For, after all, it is the evidence of numbers, and not the lack of eyes or ears in any individual, that determines the existence of anything. A light, a greenness is passing over the earth, that without any tending or watering on our part, is every day astonishing us by outbursts of fresh life and beauty, here! there! yonder! over a thousand hills and plains the larks of hope are rejoicing in the sky; the sun rides out royally in his strength, and the harvests of eternity are waving in the winds like an ocean.

THE MEDIUMS.

BY J. H. POWELL.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE IMPERATIVES.

“Well, Reuben, how do you proceed with the ‘Cruiser’?” said Mr. Humphrey, as he entered his office in the morning, and saw the foreman awaiting his arrival.

“I am sorry to say, sir,” replied Rueben, “that I was unable to get together sufficient men to undertake the job last night. However, I saw Mr. Sinclair, and made the difficulties plain to him, and he has consented to allow us to push on with the repairs to-day.”

“So far good; when do you commence?”

“I have despatched the men already, with what suitable boards I could find. We shall require some of the timber I ordered yesterday.”

“When do you suppose,” inquired Mr. Humphrey, remembering his forgetting to forward the cheque, “you will be actually at a stand-still for it?”

“I should say the day after to-morrow, at the latest, sir.”

There was just time to get the timber into the yard, providing everything went on well. But to Mr. Humphrey's mind there appeared a number of hindrances which might intervene. He had,

it is true, never before had cause to fear a delay; but from the simple fact that he had forgotten to send off the cheque, he entertained a presentiment which he could not subdue.

"I am sadly afraid, Reuben, we shall be fast for that timber for some few hours, or perhaps a full day, for I have actually forgotten to send the cheque for the last lot we had."

"But, sir, you never need trouble yourself about that, I should think; the Timsons people have too much confidence in you to delay for a single hour."

"Be that as it may, Reuben, I cannot resist the feeling that from some cause at present not distinct to me, the Timsons *will* delay. It will, therefore, be necessary to secure yourself against the possibility of such a thing delaying the completion of the "Cruiser." You know I would not, under any circumstances, have you commence the repairs, without you can get them completed in the specified time."

"Well, Sir, if you have any apprehensions, let me go at once to Mr. Thomson, who is at present not over busy, and beg the loan of a few boards," said Reuben, with a dutiful desire to make Mr. Humphrey's fears vanish.

"A lucky thought! if you can manage that, we shall be able to proceed with satisfaction."

Reuben started at once to Mr. Thomson, a neighboring shipwright, and soon returned with the intelligence that he would be only too pleased to accommodate them.

The foreman was instructed to do his utmost to pull up for lost time, and Mr. Humphrey was once more alone. He ruminated on the mysterious spirit-messages of the over night, but did not this time forget to attend to the ordinary business correspondence. He sent off the necessary cheque to Timsons, the timber merchants, and desired them to lose no time in attending to his order. Having satisfied himself that he had no further urgent business matters to distract his attention, he thought he would ride over to Shirley and give Mr. Peerless an account of the marvelous doings in the night.

Mr. Peerless occupied a neat little villa in the centre of a pleasant little shrubbery, in the locality of Shirley, about two miles from Southampton. He was tolerably well to do, having fairly got through all his original embarrassments. He had earned himself a considerable share of support, and was looked up to as a man of position. He never forgot that Mr. Humphrey had saved him from

utter ruin, besides giving him the means of a new start in the world.

There was another being in Shirley besides Mr. Peerless who had a living consciousness of Mr. Humphrey's original kindness, and that was the mother of his translated wife.

Mrs. Peerless was quite a model, carved with more skill and accuracy of detail than her husband. He was bluff, ruddy, merry and excitable. She, on the contrary, was sedate, delicate, thoughtful, and sustained. His features were bold, without uniformity, as if intended by nature to resemble his character: her's were regular but not imposing, in keeping with her mind which was imaginative and free from the common dogmatisms of her sex.

Mr. and Mrs. Peerless had held several serious conversations on the subject of Mr. Humphrey's sanity, but the lady did not eagerly admit her husband's conclusions. She had always looked upon her daughter's husband as being a consistent and good Christian, and a man of extreme kindness of heart and solid soberness of mind. She did not directly tell Mr. Peerless that she conceived an idea that he was mistaken, because to have done so would have had only the effect of making him cross; it being a settled habit with him always to stick to his own opinion because it was his own, with good grace, in the presence of friends and neighbors; but to assume authority with his wife. It must not be supposed that Mr. Peerless was an unkind husband; not he indeed! He only settled little differences of opinion between them by showing undue excitement. Besides, Mrs. Peerless was a wise wife; she understood her husband's weak points, and being herself naturally retired in disposition, she felt little annoyance at letting him have the last word. It was on account of her own judicious and gentle nature that the couple lived together harmoniously. Mr. Peerless imagined to himself that his wife was quite a convert to his way of settling the matter of his son-in-law's fearful delusion; but it was not so. She secretly nursed the idea that there must be more than people were willing to admit in the strange, unearthly accounts which had come to her hearing.

It was a quiet spot she lived in, and she herself was a quiet being. She mixed little in society, and therefore had little opportunities for testing common facts which occurred out of her own sphere. Yet she generally found scope for study, and theme for intellectual enjoyment. She delighted to watch the progress of the flowers, and the changing hues of the various shrubs in the garden. She would

spend hours together, when the weather was fine enough, listening to the wild birds singing, and studying the thousand diversified objects which met her eye in that little hermitage of natural beauties. Mrs. Peerless had a faculty of appreciation which she did not well know how to describe. Hers was a nature capable of much intense, silent enjoyment, but scarcely capable of giving out enjoyment to others. She was one of those rare beings you must live long with to understand, and the more you comprehend, the more you like.

Since the death of Emily, her daughter, the mother had concentrated her gentle and clinging affections within compass of her garden and her choice books. She knew that life's bitterest dregs are often concealed in its sweetest cup, and, being of a philosophical turn of thought, she could scarcely be said to be surprised when the realities of trouble left their marks after having, spectre-like, haunted the chambers of her soul. Her child's illness was not of sudden but of gradual growth. It prognosticated its own climax for years, therefore the mother only realized an expectant pang when she had news of her daughter's death. Of course she mourned, and had sleepless nights and saddened days, hugging her own deep grief, like another child, to her breast. As for Mr. Peerless, he never knew half the silent anguish which fell to the lot of his wife. But time, philosophy, and sweet religion, had a soothing influence over her heart and mind, and she grew to regard the death of her daughter as a blessing. It is one of the heaviest trials the human heart can know to be doomed to separate from its treasured idols; yet, sooner or late, we all have to learn the dread lesson of separation. Those only are the best prepared to endure the attendant sorrows who have learned aright the lessons of faith and trust, which impart strength to the soul in its great desolation. To say that Mrs. Peerless did not suffer intensely when she realized the stern fact that her Emily had gone hence, would be to say she was not human. But she was so far under the power of philosophic, religious reasonings, as to cause the wound inflicted by death to bear the probe of the healer.

After the first severe struggles with her grief had subsided, and prayer and thankfulness had begun to make the loss tolerable, Mrs. Peerless, with the certainty of conviction that Emily was in a better and holier sphere than this, allowed her thoughts to return to her favorite flowers and books, never failing to find in them refined pleasures. Had Mrs. Peerless in her early days been educated for

a painter, there is little doubt she would have shone in that profession, for she displayed a critical discrimination in her passion for the small, natural objects, which, like flowers, crowned beauty queen in every spot of creation. But fate had willed it otherwise. She was wedded to Mr. Peerless, who could be said only to regard with great delight his *own* performances, and they were mostly of a gigantic character. The mother of Emily being naturally retired, would have been a very unhappy woman had not her enjoyments proceeded from within herself, rather than from the praise or appreciation of others.

Thus, in her case, we see how wonderfully nature compensates her own apparent contradictions. She turns out potters for potteries, and gives the genius necessary to model the statuary of art. Mrs. Peerless was endowed with a nature neither obtrusive nor peevish; she was adapted for her position, and filled it with exemplary devotion.

Mr. Humphrey was fortunate in finding Mr. Peerless at home, and on entering was most cordially received, both by him and his wife. After the ordinary commonplaces were disposed of, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Humphrey, he gave a detailed account of the extraordinary incidents of the over-night. While he was speaking, Mr. Peerless's face assumed its original bluff, incredulous contortions, while Mrs. Peerless listened without a smile, yet with eager attention.

"Now, now, Charles!" began Mr. Peerless, "I thought you were a man of strong mind, and incapable of giving heed to such superstitious nonsense."

"I do not suppose my mind is any weaker for having discovered some new facts which were not of my philosophy before."

"On the contrary," said Mrs. Peerless, "it is evidence of its strength."

"Only old women, with nerves like electrical wires constantly at work, place any reliance on the thousand-and-one trumpery ghost tales you hear; for my part I should think I had taken leave of my senses were I to heed them;" and Mr. Peerless gave a broad-toned chuckle with the best possible good-nature.

"By what line of reasoning, Mr. Peerless, do you establish the conviction that *you* have not taken leave of your proper senses, by ignoring the study of spiritual phenomena?" inquired the shipwright.

"Oh! oh!" replied Mr. Peerless, with another laugh, "you see

my opinions are founded upon the opinions of universal experience, and must be sane; yours are only accepted by a few, and must be wrong."

"Here I must beg permission to differ from you. I find in all ages, among the learned and the illiterate, the majority of mankind have been believers in supra-mundane or spiritual realities. There have, it is true, been a thousand-and-one different modes or ways of putting the question forward, but the absolute idea of spirit has been almost universally accepted."

"And do we not read, added Mrs. Peerless, "in the sacred writings both of the Old and New Testaments, that spiritual visitations were of common recurrence?"

"I cannot give in to either of you; have *I* not told you that *my* opinions are the opinions of the majority of people? What more do you want? There can be no such things as ghosts, only in imaginations, conjured up in the senseless brains of poets and old women! And *I* am truly surprised to think that Charles should so far allow himself to be deluded into accepting a single fact in their favor. But I suppose it is grief for our child's death has turned his brain."

Mr. Humphrey looked a little awry as he heard his father-in-law's last words, — he began to see that his position was not an easy one, if his sanity were to be called in question. He turned to Mrs. Peerless, —

"Well, mother, just look me full in the face, question and cross-question me, and then say if you think I am mad."

"La! nonsense, Charles!" exclaimed Mrs. Peerless; "you never since I first knew you, appeared more in your right mind than now. Peerless ought to apologise to you; indeed he ought."

"Why, what for?" ejaculated Peerless; "I know Charles is sane enough on all subjects connected with material things, but I *must* hold by *my* opinion, that in spiritual matters, owing to grief for his widowhood, he is not quite so fortunate." And while he spoke he gave an extra full-faced laugh.

It was Mr. Peerless's jolly, good-natured, bluff manner of holding fast to his imperatives that relieved them of half their offensiveness. Mrs. Peerless knew her son-in-law's disposition too well to fear that they could offend him; yet she could not resist telling her husband that he was out of place in condemning authoritatively a belief he had never taken the trouble to examine. He only retorted with his usual laugh, emphasizing the pronoun, "*I* am satisfied *my* opinion

is the legitimate one, therefore to trouble about examination is a useless waste of time."

CHAPTER V.

CONFIDENCE.

Mr. Humphrey's quiet life had passed mostly in the home-circle. He was altogether careless of public applause, and not much disposed for private gossip. His habit was to be as much as possible at home, and a great deal by himself. Had he received no communication from the invisible world, it is probable that his life would have closed as it opened, almost unobserved. But destiny was behind pushing him, much as he shrunk from it, on to the platform of Reform. Day by day he recalled the words of the spirit-message bidding him devote his life to the spread of Spiritualism, and he thought often of the spirit-sign. Just as he was in fancy engaged in the great work to which he was called, he would see before him difficulties apparently insurmountable. Although strong in conviction and valiant of heart, he could not fail to realize that he must fight his way through flanks of opposition almost alone. Yet the knowledge of the perpetual presence of his angel guides was cheering to him.

He now felt the need of some friendly coadjutor, but could think of no one whose views were in unison with his own, and who would be likely to share the odium of public ire and private contumely, which the more he thought the more he felt to be impending.

It is all very well, mused Mr. Humphrey, to retire to one's privacy and realize the blessedness of spirit-communion, and when one has nothing to think of but ordinary experiences; but vastly different to leave one's accustomed quietude to propound doctrines which are not readily expounded to the thoughtless, and are obnoxious to the foremost thinkers. Then the opinion of Mr. Peerless as to his sanity was uppermost in his mind, causing him to argue to himself that if a relative took him to be mad, there was no reasonable expectation that strangers would not believe him so. He had penetration enough to perceive that the mere mention of the facts of spirit-presence which had taken place in his own experience would necessitate rumors of the kind. This was his one great fear, because if that did not exist, there would be a chance of his own testimony being taken by the majority of those who knew him; he had other experience, later on, which put a different light in his mind. There was, however, the one ardent longing for some friend to consult and

work with. Mr. Humphrey thought of every person he knew, both in and out of Southampton, and could think of no one likely to treat the subject fairly. At last he decided to seek no other than the aid of the Holy Spirit.

It is desolation itself to work in a world of wrong-doing, with no companion or fellow-laborer. Mr. Humphrey felt this, but he remembered that history had its long list of isolated heroes who had, in all ranks, conquered the foes of ignorance and prejudice, making for themselves, by the simple influence of their great wills, glorious destinies. These heroes were *solitaires*, because of their own elevation above the multitude. Men may walk side by side over the rough and thorny path of being, and only recognize each other by comparisons, bringing body to body in upright positions; but there can be no real companionship without soul-fellowship. The gods, like the stars, live in atmospheres of their own. A train of thought similar to this kept Mr. Humphrey's mind employed, and had the effect of convincing him that if he entered on his task alone he would not be the first hero of the kind, the world has known, by many thousands.

It is remarkable how man will reason until his convictions accord with bosom intentions. When once the heart is earnestly set upon a given task, the head involuntarily goes to work to prove it the most easy of accomplishment, and the most sensible thing in the world. Mr. Humphrey instinctively felt it to be his duty to act upon the injunctions of the spirits, and instead of waiting to reason on the wisdom or folly of allowing himself to follow their strange instructions, he reasoned himself into obedience with ease. His heart was made captive by spiritual influences, and nothing was more likely than that his head should nod assent.

The great difficulty now was to decide upon the best plan of operations. He was fully prepared for action, but he was too cautious to act without legitimate and wise consideration.

The "Cruiser" was under weigh, but she had been delayed a day over her time. It happened, as misfortune would have it, that 'Timsons' traveller, the night he should have mailed the order he received from Reuben, was taken ill, and in the excitement which prevailed, forgot all business matters. The consequence was that not only was Mr. Humphrey disappointed, but one or two other shipping-firms as well. Then, as if to make disappointment doubly irksome, Mr. Thomson discovered that he could not comply with his neighbor's request, being informed by his own foreman that the quantity

of timbers required would place them in jeopardy, since they were hourly in expectation of the arrival of ships for repair.

When Reuben learned this, Mr. Humphrey was at Shirley, but the foreman did not know it. He was, in consequence, in sad trouble, because he understood thoroughly his master's business promptitude. He did not allow time to be lost, but immediately sent a telegram to Timsons. The result proved his sagacity, for the timbers were despatched at once, yet the delay caused the "Cruiser" to be kept in dock a day beyond her time.

Mr. Humphrey narrowly escaped a great sacrifice of money for his blunder, but "a miss was as good as a mile" in this case. The proprietors of the "Cruiser," although indignant, consented to accept an apology, and the matter ended.

Some men require many lessons, many times repeated, before they learn their import and profit from them. This was not the case with Mr. Humphrey; he wisely made his experience ward off future blunders.

Reuben Welch, the foreman, had been in his service for more than ten years, and during the whole time had always proved himself trustworthy and attentive to his duties. His employer had long esteemed his services, and had often displayed his appreciation of them by small presents, which Reuben valued above price, for he had a heart in the right place. It occurred to the shipwright that Reuben would be able to carry on the firm alone if he were made conversant with some special matters. This plan would give Mr. Humphrey freedom for the work which his spirit-friends had marked out for him.

"Reuben," commenced the employer, "I shall possibly be away from the office for days, and maybe weeks, at a time."

The foreman opened his eyes wide.

"Indeed, sir, I shall be sorry if you are."

"There is no necessity to disguise matters from you, Reuben. I have, for some time past, had evidences that our spirits can, under peculiar conditions, return to earth after they have left the body."

"You surprise me," exclaimed Reuben; "I have always been taught to believe that death carries the spirit away from earth, and that it goes either to Hell or Heaven, to await the final judgment. If that be so, sir, pray how can you believe what you say?"

"Reuben, listen! Theology has much to answer for," said the employer, kindly; "the teachings of the sects have cramped the human soul and surfeited it with dogmatism. There is a thick

crust to our religious faith, and we fail to see the spiritual realities around and about us, because we have been blinded by prejudice and fanaticism."

Reuben listened reverentially; he quite forbore to question, because he felt his own intellectual littleness, but he was, nevertheless, sorely puzzled to understand fully the meaning of Mr. Humphrey's remarks. It is true the foreman had paid little attention to the subject, and was of all men the least disposed to torture his brain with conflicting opinions, which, in his judgment, could be productive of little good. He was an honest, hard-working shipwright; a very plain, sensible man, but his vocation had not placed him in the way of theological or technical studies. He entertained a high opinion of Mr. Humphrey's integrity and intellectual powers. It was, on most topics, enough for him to allow his employer to think for him, because he had not formed the habit of thinking for himself. Reuben was one of those easy-going people who trouble themselves little about the metre of mental progress. "Ignorance" was indeed "bliss" to him. Mr. Humphrey might fail to convince him of the realities of spirit-power, but he could not fail in reposing trust in him.

No one appreciated Reuben like his employer, and the foreman knew it, and was gratified and grateful. Mr. Humphrey had never shown that coldness towards Reuben which belongs to the ice of position, and so often freezes up affection between employer and *employee*, congealing the warm blood of the rich in the presence of the poor. The shipwright was the same in his dealings with his friends, equals, or servants. Thus he won not only respect but affection, and those who were most beneath him in position had the most convincing proof of his goodness.

It was not very strange to Reuben that Mr. Humphrey should converse with him, but there was novelty in the subject he chose, — novelty of the most startling character. Mr. Humphrey saw the respectful attention paid by his foreman as he spoke, and was resolved to give him the principal facts in his experience. In doing so, he thought he would, by way of preliminary, ascertain Reuben's opinion of his sanity.

"Before I proceed to give you the facts upon which I base my convictions, will you speak freely, and say whether you do not think I am mad."

"Mad, sir, mad! How can you ask me such a question?" exclaimed Reuben, with a stare of amazement, which gave more evi-

dence of bewilderment that his features had before assumed, "I should say I was mad myself to think so."

Mr. Humphrey smiled. "Now, Reuben, we understand each other; when I have done, I shall be pleased to hear your opinion on what I shall tell you. I merely asked you the question to convince myself that I should not be talking uselessly. I am confident, from what I know of human nature, that I shall be pronounced insane, by those who do not know me, and probably by some who do. But I must not allow such mad remarks to disturb me."

"Certainly not, sir."

The employer gave briefly a correct statement of the spiritual visitations he had received from his wife, and a detailed account of the mysterious spirit-writing. When he had finished he looked into Reuben's eyes, but they were so widely distended, and there was such an air of absolute anguish in the expression of that honest man's features, that Mr. Humphrey, in spite of the sacred character of his words, was irrepressibly forced to laugh aloud, saying, "Tut, Reuben, don't look so woefully horrified, there are no ghosts here."

Reuben looked about him cautiously, as if he were not quite satisfied of that. After a lapse of a few minutes, his face regained its wonted expression, and, on being requested to give his opinion on the marvels he had heard, he said, "Master, I am almost dumb with surprise; and yet, in spite of the seeming improbabilities of the matter, I cannot but believe all you say you have seen was real; but it is such a horrible thing to talk to spirits, that it frightens me to think of it;" and while he spoke he reflected on the wonderful nerves which his employer must possess, to be able to speak upon the subject with such coolness, and he ardently longed for a state of utter thoughtlessness.

"Now we will come to the question I have to consider," said Mr. Humphrey, in his usual kindness of tone. "You have hitherto been faithful to me, Reuben, and I doubt not will continue to be so; therefore I propose to entrust you with the management of the firm whilst I am fulfilling other more important, because spiritual, duties."

The color came to Reuben's face, the effect of the unlooked-for confidence which the shipwright placed in him. He said little, because he was too full of gratitude. Mr. Humphrey saw at a glance that he had only to make his own conditions with the foreman, and all would be religiously attended to. Reuben was one of those men who value the motive, if it be a good one, which accom-

panies the bestowal of a gift, more than the gift itself. He was rough in his outward manners, but natural and good. There was no meaningless flattery in his words when he did speak, but a simple eloquence which went home to Mr. Humphrey's heart.

"Since you have bestowed on me, sir, this proof of your kindness, in such a frank and free manner, I can but say that I can only be as I have been since I first came to you, faithful and diligent. You need not have any apprehensions that the business will suffer materially in your absence; but I would much rather see you daily in your office, master. There now, you have my heart in your hand." Reuben ceased with a heaving of the bosom, and a trembling of the lip. He then went to his duties.

Mr. Humphrey felt like a prisoner released from his fetters, who for the first time feels his feet on free ground. The fetters of business, to speak figuratively, had fallen, as it were, suddenly from him and he was a free man. All he needed was to settle a few necessary matters before leaving his business in the care of Reuben, then he would put himself in the way of testing further the reality of spirit phenomena, and do his best to bring conviction of their existence to the minds of mankind. "All things work together for good," he mentally exclaimed, as he thought of the incidents of the past few weeks.

He sat musing in silence for an hour or two, marveling on the wonderful workings of God, and the mysterious manner in which mere human hopes and plans are either sustained or shattered. Yet his reflections were intruded upon by thoughts of the spirit-sign which had been given him as the solemn assurance that in fulfilling the injunctions of the spirits he would be obedient to the good and not to the evil.

He was interrupted by the presence of Margaret, his house-servant. She came to inform her master that a gentleman was at the house. She handed him a card, which Mr. Humphrey no sooner read than he started from his seat in haste, leaving her to follow at her own pace, and was not very long in reaching his villa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"BUT perhaps it may be said that mere unaccountable rappings, even though somewhat intelligent, are no great matter. And they are not any great thing for a child learning the alphabet, it is true; but they become of infinite importance when by dominant science they are pronounced impossible. A scientific impossibility proved to be true is a wonderful thing; and so wonderful is it, that under no magnifying-glass can it be made to seem too wonderful.—*Mountford.*

THE SKEPTIC.

BY J. H. POWELL.

His brow was furrowed by the plow of Time;
 His eye set firm, with purpose resolute;
 His grey, thin hair commended him to youth;
 His form, bowed graveward, told the tale of age.
 Hope faded with his youth, and left him woes
 Full-fledged, like birds, to fly, and flying, feed
 Upon his aspirations, — joys.

At sea,
 Awreck and hopeless of escape, he yields
 Reluctantly to doom, drifting towards death,
 'Troubled within, like the mad sea without.
 Bright retrospective visions reign anon, —
 The blessed beacons of eternal law,
 Preserving acts oblivion might not shield.
 The skeptic, in review, saw epochs glide
 In panoramic pictures, 'till he lost
 Almost his sense of age, and seemed to breathe
 The atmosphere of youth, forgetful quite
 Of all the after episodes wherein
 Revolved the schemes of thought by riper years
 Inspired, — majestic plans, in promise rich,
 That shone and burst like bubbles at his feet;
 Epochs, like seasons, bearing balm and blight, —
 Epochs, full-rounded, ruddy, all divine,
 Tho' not by him in blindness so esteemed,
 'Till all his history in one picture played.
 He saw what ne'er before had met his eye,
 Though all he saw formed part of his own life.
 A path now opens, leading to rich scenes,
 Where tempting fruits excite the traveler's taste;
 He plucks and eats, and presses on allured;
 Deems wisdom less than folly, — God, than man.

We pluck the core from joy, and feel the smart
 From thorns concealed in flowers, and still renew
 The old, old song, reset to joy and pain.

Aged, yet strong, the skeptic, daring death
 In presence of passed mingled joy and woe,
 Restored by memory, Crusoe-like, alone,
 Counts and recounts the wealth he might have clutched
 From Fortunatus.

Vain, all vain his life,
 Chasing receding phantoms of the brain!
 He mused, — melancholy wreck of Time!

"Life is the bankrupt's plea, the miser's hoard,
Suns, systems, Nature's breathing, dying tenants
In earth, air, water, all betray the soul,
Or what is called the soul, in man.

I live

A failure in the plan of life. To me
All outer forms are naught, since I am dust,
I, the proud masterpiece of God!

My head

Uncovered, with its subtle brain, is worth
Its weight in loam, — no more.

Hence, vaunted knowledge!

Historic lore! proud science, linked to worlds,
Is mine; terrestrial and stellar orbs
Exist for me. Immortal Kant, Humboldt,
Far-seeing Newton, Bacon, prince of Thought!
No vested right to Nature's walks can claim.
All sages, seers, divinest poets, share
With *me* the marvelous wealth of all the worlds.
I am as great and yet as small as they,
Resolved at length to dust.

We all are loam!

Jupiter, Venus, Mars, the milky-way
And all the thronging stars, — the opaque Night
Shall curtain all, and all be lost in night.
Continents, cataracts, and mountains huge,
Vesuvius, lava-tongued, while spitting fire,
Like Pompeii shall fall, and own the might
Of dust, the common fate of all."

He saw

Dust in the stars, the sea, the snow-capped hills;
Dust in the lore of sages, — Shakespeare's mind;
Dust in all science, wisdom, love;
God and his angels naught but myths of mind
All framed of dust.

Both desolate and strong,

He fought with death upon that barren coast,
Where chance, or fate, had borne him on a wave, —
Fought for reprieve from the sure fate of dust.

"I have been true," he cried, "what need I fear?
A truthful life is more than faith in Heaven,
In Pagan or in Christian gods. No proof
Have I of such. The wondrous knowledge give,
All ye who rear to Chrishna — God — proud temples,
That God is not a phantom of your brains,
And Christ a dust automaton. I'd know
If God exist, and all the worlds of life,
Minute and mighty, more than dust retain
To praise their Maker.

Silence, mine, — faith, yours ;
 Ye worship myths and idolize a lie !
 If God be God, let him make me his friend ;
 If God be God, why hide himself in cloud ?
 If God be God, I am his toy of dust,
 And ye are fools to plague him with your prayers ! ”

He fought with death, conscious of failing powers ;
 At length exhausted nature craved for rest.
 He slept and dreamed.

An angel, from the spheres,
 Stood near.

“ I know that face,” he said, and rubbed
 His eyes to strengthen sight. “ It is dear mother ! ”
 She looked real as life. The skeptic sighed,
 Not thinking he but dreamed. She uttered words
 That fell like heavenly music on his ear : —
 “ My son, you have world-knowledge gleaned from tomes,
 And own a brain of philosophic mould ;
 But there’s a knowledge higher than book-lore, —
 The knowledge and philosophy of Life.
 You seek for God and Heaven in outer things,
 Instead of your own soul. Be wise and seek
 Immortal Truth, which owns no lease of dust,
 But looks divinely from the eye of God.
 I am your mother, freed from clay. Be wise,
 Look beyond death to life within the spheres,
 Immortal Life for man. Behold the reign
 Of peace, good will and joy which man desires
 When Heaven and earth join hands. Behold the sway
 Of Love supreme, defying death and time, —
 For justice pure, God’s shield and man’s sure hope,
 Right triumphant.”

The dreamer sighed, and said : —
 “ Thy words, my mother, cut like swords of flame,
 Defending faith from Doubt’s hope-killing brood.
 New light breaks in upon my mind. I see
 God in his work, — Life endless and sublime.”

The dream receded.

On the desert coast
 The lone one lay, perplexed, half-pleased, half-sad ;
 Awoke to feel a keen, true sense of Love ;
 Recalled his dream, — his mother, her sweet words.
 All wrought within the man a change. He saw
 Life in the ocean, breeze, bird, flower, and beast ;
 Life in the sun, star, mountain, — life in man :
 Life, king ; Love, lord ; God, good.

Come, grim old Death,
 Servant of Life, fling the unerring dart !
 You cannot pierce man’s *soul*, only the fleshy part.

SITTINGS WITH MEDIUMS.

DR. BUFFUM AND MRS. C. M. SMITH.

ON Wednesday, Sept. 21st., we attended a second *seance*, given by Dr. Buffum and Mrs. C. M. Smith, at 54 Hudson Street, Boston.

Several of the company evinced medium-power, but the tests, as far as we could learn, were given through Dr. Buffum and Mrs. Smith. There was, as generally occurs at sittings of this character, a good deal that we could not place to the credit of extraneous spirit power, but nothing that gave us reason to conclude that the mediums were not *bona fide*.

If the persons present were not in collusion, which we have no reason to suspect, but which skeptics would scarcely fail to imply to rid their minds of the difficulties involved in a knowledge of the facts and a retention of doubt, some of the manifestations rank these mediums with the foremost. We cannot remember half the astounding tests of the evening, but here are those we reserved.

Dr. Buffum described a spirit, who, while in the form, had his head cut off on the railroad track by an engine, the body being dragged by it some miles. He gave a Christian name. Miss Chase identified the spirit as her brother, who, she said, met his death in the manner mentioned.

Mrs. Smith gave the most tests. She personated a man choking, and called out, "Joseph, does any one know Joseph?" A lady present, said, "Yes; it is the name of a cousin of mine," and took the medium's hand. In a brief space the medium said, "William, William, your father is here; he was drowned." The lady returned to her seat, saying, "That is the only test I ever got." On inquiring, we ascertained from her that the names were correct: her cousin Joseph was choked to death; her father's name was William, and he was drowned.

A test from Mrs. Smith was also given to Mrs. E. Hayley. A spirit, purporting to be Miss Nancy Henshaw, called herself Aunt Nancy, and then gave the name in full. A spirit, Laura Henshaw, came, and said that she passed away about three years ago. These spirits, Mrs. Hayley says, were playmates when they were together on earth. Next, in order, the lady's husband came and greeted her, giving his name in full. Then came her father and several other spirits, all of whom she recognized.

MRS. E. L. NEWELL.

On the 29th day of Sept. we went to No. 10, Chapman Street, Boston, and there learned that sittings were conducted on Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday evenings, and on Thursday afternoons, free to the poor, the principal medium being Mrs. Newell. Miss Grosvenor, the lady that rents the house, devotes herself to magnetic manifestations, and is always there ready to aid the sick to the best of her ability. May all such be gratified at work accomplished.

Miss Pilbrook, a lady residing in the same house, kindly invited us into her room, and before introducing Mrs. Newell, proposed writing the name of a mutual friend, much esteemed by us both, who has only recently passed from earth, hoping that the medium might give us his name and some further evidence of her mediumship. We will not now publish the name but put the letter B—— in its place.

When Mrs. Newell came into the room we were soon in conversation, and elicited the following from her own lips. She was first influenced by spirits out of the form about three years ago. When entranced she is mostly unconscious.

Her phases of mediumship are varied, — business, test, clairvoyant, speaking and healing. We inquired if she could give us any reliable cases of cure. She mentioned John Hayford, of Walpole, Mass., who was so badly afflicted with asthma, that he had not for six months been able to lie upon the bed. He was cured by her in two magnetic treatments, and has expressed his desire to publish, under his signature, the account of his extraordinary cure. This patient came to her last winter, and has had no return of the disease.

Presently Miss Pilbrook placed the written name of B—— in the hand of Mrs. Newell. She was soon entranced, but laid it on one side, saying that she might be able to do something with it anon.

A description was then given through her of our social prospects, but these matters don't concern our readers. "A spirit named *William* is here, also a spirit boy, who seems to be drawn close to you, and to hold you in affectionate regard."

"What is the name of the spirit boy?"

Here a continued ringing of the dinner-bell caused Miss Pilbrook to go to the door, which disturbed the influence, and we did not then get an answer to our question.

A new influence got control and addressed Miss Pilbrook as sister. She said, "Give your name."

"Hi — Hi — Hiram."

"Right."

"Father is here, but he does not come to control the medium."

"What is his name?"

"He — He — Heman. He is just as positive as ever."

Miss Pilbrook declared that the character of the spirit alluded to was more than ordinarily positive, and that the name, by the way, a singular one, was correctly given.

Next came a discourse purporting to be from the spirit of John Pierpont.

"Do you desire to ask any questions?" addressing us.

"Yes; who is the William you spoke of, and who the spirit boy?"

"William seems to be a brother of yours."

"We *have* a brother William, but do not know that he is in spirit-life."

"The spirit boy keeps close to you."

"What is his name? We have no knowledge of any spirit of the kind?"

The medium wrote with her finger the name "Harry." It may be a coincidence, as our wise opponents sometimes say, but we recollected a little boy, Harry, that was related to one very near to us, who used to charm us with his genial prattle, and who left the sunshine and flowers of earth for the more beautiful ones of Spirit Land at the early age of ten years.

"Now try, please, if you can, to get *en rapport* with the spirit we called for at first."

The medium took the piece of paper with B——'s name upon it. After a few seconds, she said: —

"The spirit you desire to communicate with has not long left the body?"

"Right."

"He was a public speaker!"

"True."

"He was on the intellectual plane, — high forehead. He spoke by a divine power. You were fellow-laborers in the same cause. He will soon be able to communicate better."

"Can you give his name?"

"Not now."

A warm grasp of the hand made us feel as if B—— had hold of it.

"When I first speak to you I will give you what is Christianity."

Thus closed the sitting. The description of B—— was perfect.

If we obtain the name or anything further from B——, either through Mrs. Newell or any other medium, we shall report accordingly.

CHARLES H. FOSTER.

There resides in the vicinity of Boston a gentleman with whom we are on friendly terms. He has given his attention to Spiritualism for the past five or six years, and we think has an experience with mediums that few can obtain. He is still an earnest investigator, cautious at all times not to give leading questions to mediums or to hastily accept any of the numerous theses put forth by ingenious persons, as a solution of the *modus operandi* of the facts. Frequent have been our conversations, always earnest, and we confess that our friend, whom we will call Mr. J——, as his name is not at our disposal, has at times maintained an inexplicable doubt, even in view of tests that would take captive the conviction of multitudes of hard skeptics. He has, during the past five years, sought and obtained some strange and beautiful evidences that his wife, who left the form when their two children were at an age to need a mother's loving care, still lives and loves them all, with a more hallowed and holy affection.

When Mrs. J—— lay in her coffin, a clay house without a tenant, a strange fancy caused Mr. J—— to cut off a portion of his own hair and a portion of that of both the children, and making them into separate locks, place them as a last *souvenir* on the bosom of the corpse.

In due time came the funeral; then followed the bustle of business in unison with the flight of Time.

Mr. J—— heard of Charles H. Foster, whose medium powers are acknowledged marvelous on all hands. He was giving *seances* in Boston.

Mr. J—— sat with Mr. Foster, and was astonished to see, on the medium's arm, in scarlet letters, the name "Olive," his wife's Christian name. Presently through Mr. Foster's hand was written,—

"Oh, I am so glad to meet you, and tell you of my happy life, and the joy that I have found in coming to you. Go on, and I still will be by your side to guide you in your earthly home, and at last to take you to my home of rest and happiness. The great light shall break in and give you strength to perform your mission on this earth. Go on, and all shall be well with you, and many things shall be revealed to you that shall be for your good and for your happiness."

Next, another influence gave the name Samuel Smith, and, addressing Mr. J——, said, —

“When I was here I was an unbeliever in the immortality of the soul, but I now believe everything that was said on that subject by my friends.”

Mr. J—— was not a little surprised. Samuel Smith, who was, when in the form, a collector, well known in Boston, had often reiterated his doubts of the immortality of the soul.

At a subsequent sitting, Mr. J——, who had often wondered that no allusion was ever made by mediums, or through them, to the circumstance we have mentioned of the locks of hair, hinted to Mr. Foster that he wanted a test in a certain way but had never got it.

He was told to go to another table from the one at which they sat, and write the test he required on a piece of paper. Mr. J—— accordingly took twelve pieces of paper, wrote the desired test on only one piece, made the whole into pellets, and placed them, mixed up, into Mr. Foster's hand. They sat at the table; the medium at one end, Mr. J—— at the other.

Mr. Foster placed his hand with the twelve pellets under the table, telling Mr. J—— to place one of his hands in the same manner at his end of the table.

Presently our friend felt one of the pellets dropped into his hand, and was about to open it, but Mr. Foster bade him forbear for a few minutes, and, taking a pencil, he soon traced, or was made to trace, a coffin with a corpse, and three locks of hair upon it. As soon as permitted, Mr. J—— opened the pellet and beheld his own writing upon it.

At one other sitting, Mr. Foster told Mr. J—— to place a pocket-handkerchief and a piece of pencil at his feet, out of the possible reach of the medium. When the handkerchief was picked up, there was written upon it the full name of Mr. J——'s wife.

We were shown the handkerchief and the piece of pencil, both of which Mr. J—— keeps amongst the sacred relics of his home, and nothing, we suppose, would ever cause him to part with them.

Mr. J—— may doubt and dispute, but he cannot get away from these evidences, nor do we suppose that he has any desire.

TASSO, on being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy, said, “I wish not to plunder him, but there are things I wish to take from him, — not his honor, his wealth, or his life, but his ill-will.”

THE SPIRITUALISM OF SHAKESPEARE.

MISS GLYN'S "HAMLET."

SHAKESPEARE "held the mirror up to Nature" not merely for his own day and generation. His works reveal to the student ever-fresh wonders in the realm of intellect and poesy. Scholars may dispute his great claims to the world's love and admiration, but they will ever find it difficult to strike a vein of intellectual ore which has not already been struck by the Bard of Avon.

The deeply-troubled, philosophical Hamlet, we think, is justly considered the master-touch of Shakespeare, whose brush was ever obedient to Nature. Volumes might be written in support of this position. Shakespeare's highest creations embody spiritual entities, and the *dramatis personæ* of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" owe indebtedness to ghosts.

Miss Glyn's Skakespearian readings in Boston awaken in us profound reflections of the spiritual character of Shakespeare's marvelous muse.

Her reading of "Hamlet" gave us inexpressible pleasure. "Words, words, words," of ours are poor in comparison with the artistic, natural skill of Miss Glyn. She made "Hamlet" real to the mental eye, as she herself was to the physical eye.

Hamlet, when he first sees the ghost of his father, gives voice to the too common Pagan notion that spirits are with their bodies in the grave:—

"But tell

Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath ope'd its ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again?"

Later in the play, in the Soliloquy, the young Prince of Denmark equipped at the time with the armor of his intent to revenge the foul murder of his father, in obedience to his will, inconsistently speaks of,—

"The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns."

The plot of the entire play rests upon the information imparted to Hamlet by his father's spirit. Hamlet's assumed madness, which Polonius discovered to be possessed of "method," everything he said or did, were links in the chain of his tremendous purpose, nurtured and sustained throughout by the promptings of the ghost. It is

hard to conjecture how Hamlet, under such circumstances, could imagine that no traveler returns from the land of the immortals.

In the early part of the play the apparition is visible not only to Hamlet but also to Horatio and Marcellus, and was first seen by the two latter.

In the scene in the Queen's apartment the ghost again appears and speaks to the surprised Hamlet:—

“Do not forget: this visitation is but to whet
Thy almost blunted purpose.”

The Queen does not see the ghost, and supposes that Hamlet but holds intercourse with the “incorporal air.”

“This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.”

Hamlet replies:—

“Bring me to the test
And I the matter will reword, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for the love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks.”

Remove the ghost from “Hamlet,” the whole play would drop into mere fragments. To obtain unity, Shakespeare availed himself of the spiritual, and thereby illustrated in abundant instances the truth that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our materialistic philosophy.

DEAFNESS CURED BY SPIRIT-POWER.

At Temple Hall, Boston, at the moving *seance*, Sunday, Oct. 9th, by request of the president, Mr. C. N. Huggins, Mr. O. T. Brading, residing at 70 Chapman Street, Chelsea, gave public testimony to the fact that he was cured of deafness of forty years standing by attending a spirit-circle. The name of the medium being called for, Mr. Huggins said it was Mrs. Carlisle of Charlestown, through whose instrumentality the man was cured.

In order to test this matter further, we took occasion to converse with Mr. Brading, and gleaned these particulars. Two months ago he was an utter unbeliever in Spiritualism, but was persuaded to go to Mrs. Carlisle's public circle. Whilst there, the medium, in the entranced state, approached him and began to magnetise him about the ear and head. The effect was magical. For forty years he had

been "deaf as a post," and after one treatment was enabled to hear. Gratified beyond words to express, he paid, in all, some five or six visits to Mrs. Carlisle, receiving additional benefit each time. He can now hear a whisper, and realizes life to be a great blessing. He went to the *seance* a stranger; the medium did not know him, and nothing was said by him of his deafness to her.

We are glad to record this case: it adds another to the multitude of cures effected through the aid of mediumship. Mr. Brading is a man, we believe, well known. Persons desirous of ascertaining the truth of the statements here put forth, can do so by seeing him and others who knew him to be deaf.

Mr. Brading may not be able to write a dissertation on the classics, but he can say, "*This I know, whereas I was deaf, now I hear.*"

PROGRESSIVE DOTTINGS.

EQUAL Rights is the logic of Justice. From the moment we began to reflect on the laws of social life, we have felt an intuitive regard for the principle involved in the woman question.

No doubt much of the talk from the platform has been extravagant on this question, but we venture to assert that the extravagance of utterance, on the part of the wildest female champion of her sex, has scarcely begun to approach in magnitude the extravagance of the logic of the male portion of society against the female. There can be no real freedom for man at the expense of woman. Never was a greater mistake on the part of politicians, and especially on that of reformers, than to assume that woman is inferior to man.

We have yet to hear the first argument founded on justice against the elevation of woman to an equal status with man. Arguments founded on educational prejudices *ad infinitum*, we are aware, have been the stock commodity of the press and the pulpit. But the logic of the whole question may be given *paucis verbis*, and we venture to assert that no word-juggler can make it anything else than *justice for woman*.

We do not attach the great importance to women voting, especially at the poles, which institution we hope will soon become obsolete, that many of the ardent advocates of the Woman Suffrage Movement do; but we see injustice in her disfranchisement, and cry "Shame!" It is a question for the future as to the *use* women will make of their votes when they are free to vote; the duty of the

hour is to strike off their fetters, and recognize them as equals in the eye of the law.

The late Woman's Convention attracted large audiences at the Tremont Temple. For a short time we listened to speeches from members of both sexes, and could not help admiring the argumentative skill of the ladies, who would no doubt do credit to the senate, should they ever be called upon to represent constituencies therein. Lucy Stone Blackwell said that she was prepared to throw the weight of her vote in the scale in favor of either of the great Political Parties which would go in for Woman Suffrage. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, in an interesting and effective speech, virtually said, "Amen," to Mrs. Blackwell.

The name of Wendell Phillips was handled tenderly, and words were charmed into arrangement to speak his great merits. He was the fittest man to be nominated by that convention as governor for Massachusetts. He had won the right to that nomination, but it would not be wise to give him the support of that convention: better wait and see which Political Party sided with woman, then it would be time to discuss the nomination of Mr. Phillips. Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan spoke a few words denouncing the position thus maintained as a descent to the tricks of party, and unworthy the leading women of the movement.

Mr. Stephen Foster delivered a telling and somewhat harsh speech in favor of Mr. Phillips as the God-elected instead of man-elected governor, and must have riled the tender souls of the good women who had taken their stand on grounds of polity.

We think, with Mrs. Tappan and Mr. Foster, that Mr. Phillips should have received the hearty support of the Convention, irrespective of all party considerations. He has won the affections of the great Liberal body, through long years of devotion to principle, and anything like truckling to party for the sake of quicker emancipation is beneath the dignity either of true men or true women.

We want to see reformers take sides, like Garrison, Phillips, and others, on the anti-slavery question; viz., "unconditional emancipation," and, taking their stand, fight it out on moral grounds, no matter how long the battle shall last.

We are quite willing to believe that the ladies thought they would best serve themselves by waiting to see which party would work for them. We would like to record that they took higher ground, and resolved to nominate their tried and true men, whether success crowned them or not, rather than accept support from any party at the slightest sacrifice of principle.

No Great Work can be accomplished without great and self-sacrificing leaders. Such exist in the woman movement, but the representative women on this occasion certainly let their heart-promptings go to the — so that their heads might win an unworthy triumph. But it would not surprise us to hear that some *male serpent* enticed them into the snare, — God help him if he did. The women, God bless them, are forgiven already.

Picking up an old number of "The Woman's Journal," published in Boston, we read with considerable pleasure a speech on the "Woman Question," delivered by George William Curtis, at Steinway Hall, New York. This is talk spiced with learning, logic, and common sense. It is good to live in an age and country where such outspoken utterances are acceptable. We are tempted to extract the following: —

"I say that the movement is a plea for justice, and I assert that the equal rights of women, not as citizens, but as human beings, have never been acknowledged. There is no audacity so insolent, no tyranny so wandering, no inhumanity so revolting, as the spirit which says to any human being, or to any class of human beings, 'You shall be developed just as far as we choose, and as fast as we choose, and your mental and moral life shall be subject to our pleasure!' and, as Mrs. Howe has said, this is always what men have said to women.

"Gibbon, certainly as profound a student of the history of the race as any that we know, says distinctly, 'that the wisest or the strongest of the sexes has always usurped the cares and duties of the state, and has confined the other to the cares and pleasures of domestic life. And Montaigne, the shrewdest and most passionless of the observers and critics of society, says, 'Women are not at all to blame when they refuse the rules of life that are introduced into the world, forasmuch as the men made them without their consent.'

"This is true of every condition of society and every period. Edward Lear, the artist, traveling in Greece, says, 'that he was one day jogging along with an Albanian peasant, who said to him, Women are really better than donkeys for carrying burdens, but not so good as mules.' This was the honest opinion of barbarism, — the honest feeling of Greece to-day.

"You say that the peasant was uncivilized. Very well. Go back to the age of Pericles; it is the high noon of Greek civilization. It is Athens, — 'The eye of Greece — mother of art.' There stands the great orator — himself incarnate Greece — speaking the oration over the Peloponnesian dead. 'The greatest glory of woman,' he said, 'is to be the least talked of among men;' so said Pericles, when he lived. Had Pericles lived to-day he would have agreed that to be talked of among men as Miss Martineau and Florence Nightingale are, as Mrs. Somerville and Maria Mitchell are, is as great a glory as to be the mother of the Gracchii. [Applause.] Women in Greece, the mothers of Greece, were an inferior and degraded class. And Grote sums up their whole condition when he says, 'Everything which concerned their lives, their happiness, or their rights, was determined for them by male relatives, and they seem to have been destitute of all mental culture and refinement.'

"These were the old Greeks. Will you have Rome? The chief monument of Roman civilization is its law, — which underlies our own; and Buckle quotes the great commentator on that law as saying that it was the distinction of the Roman law that it treated women not as persons, but as things. Or go to the most ancient civilization; to China, which was old when Greece and Rome were young. The famous French Jesuit missionary, Abbe Huc, mentions one of the most tragical facts recorded — that there is in China a class of women who hold that if they are only true to certain bonds during this life, they shall, as a reward, change their form after death and return to earth as men. This distinguished traveler also says that he was one day talking with a certain Master Ting, a very shrewd Chinaman, whom he was endeavoring to convert. 'But,' said Ting, 'what is the special object of your preaching Christianity?' 'Why, to convert you, and save your soul,' said the Abbe. 'Well, then, why do you try to convert the women?' asked Master Ting. 'To save their souls,' said the missionary. 'But women have no souls,' said Master Ting; 'you can't expect to make Christians of women,' — and he was so delighted with the idea that he went out shouting, 'Hi! hi! now I shall go home, and tell my wife she has a soul, and I guess she will laugh as loudly as I do!'" [Laughter.]

Numbers of the *elite* are out of tune with Wendell Phillips for expressing views on the unequal distribution of property, not after their fashion. Mr. Phillips thinks that "honesty and industry do not necessarily achieve means of subsistence for the honest and industrious in the decline of life." He that hath eyes to see cannot fail to say, "Amen" to this, and all honest men must feel grateful to Mr. Phillips for his direct, outspoken utterances. The subject mooted here is one of vast importance. We allude to it as marking another sign on the great dial of progress.

THE Music Hall Sunday Lectures under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, commenced October 2d. A large audience greeted Prof. William Denton, and listened to one of his radical lectures on "Growth and Creation." His positions were scientifically sustained but not wholly appreciated by many who have not thought after his manner. It is good to have men on the platform who are ready to "go to the devil" for the sake of truth. People may dissent from Prof. Denton, but they flock in large numbers, nevertheless, to hear him, no matter where he lectures or on what subject. His lecture on "The Philosophy of Death," on Sunday, Oct. 9th, was listened to with breathless eagerness by some two thousand persons.

In the evening a large audience assembled at Granite Hall, Chelsea, under the auspices of the Associated Spiritualists of that place, to learn "The Way to be Happy," from Prof. Wm. Denton. Failing to hear him at Music Hall, we were more fortunate here.

Mr. B. T. Martin acted as chairman. The music was excellent,

and the very atmosphere full of the magnetism of sympathy. The lecturer said:—

“The strongest and most universal desire is for happiness. We are all ships upon life’s ocean; for happiness we trim our sails, look forward with longing eyes, and erect beacons for the voyages.

“How few there are who gain happiness! How many that voyage out with false charts!

“Notwithstanding the innumerable obstacles in the way, I look over the earth and conclude that men may have a reasonable share of happiness.

“Human beings might have lived without the beautiful flowers of the earth, as Mary Howitt had poetically expressed it. But flowers and all beautiful things existed to render man happy.

“Happiness! The rivers chant it as they flow. The birds sing it as they fly.

“Why are there so many miserable folks in the world? One of the mistakes is to suppose that any one thing will make us happy. I have no pill to-night, — no magical drops that you can swallow — which will give you happiness.

“Another common mistake, especially in America, is to suppose that the way to be happy is to be rich. You can get rich if you can pay the price. (The lecturer here illustrated the idea by painting a word-picture of a man devoted to greed, and showed how far each additional favor of fortune led from happiness.) One of the hard things to a man of greed is to get it out of his head that riches can bring him happiness. I have no word to say in praise of poverty, but better poverty than mean-spiritedness. All that is wanted to make us happy, says my Orthodox brother, is religion.

“ ’Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
’Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die.’

Religion will not render us happy any more than wealth. I allude, of course, to what the Orthodox call religion. Religion is talked about as a thing to be got, as if it was something you could put in your pocket, which would fall through a hole and you would lose it.

“The man who gets religion in a revival to-day, is happy, I know, for the time. I speak from experience, for I have gone through it; but when the excitement is over, he is more unhappy than before, and can only get a renewal of happiness through another revival. All unnatural excitements are followed by unnatural depressions.

“Next, — health. A sick man cannot be happy. Another necessity to happiness is air; another, sunshine. A tadpole brought up in the darkness never grows into a frog.

“Then to be happy we must attend to eating and drinking properly. Much of disease results from inattention to the rules of diatetics. If I were asked to give you a prayer, it would be this; — ‘From pickles, pies, cakes, and preserves, good Lord, deliver us!’

“Again, to be happy, abstain from all intoxicating drinks, — from hard cider to brandy; from all nasty tobacco in any shape. You should be clean. No man can be, and chew tobacco. When a tobacco-chewer kisses his child he imparts to it poisonous breath. Live so that your soul will not be ashamed of your body.

"But health is not every thing; to be happy I must be free, — have the right to go where and do what I please, providing that I do not encroach upon the rights of others; have the right to investigate all subjects, no matter how high or how low they may be. Give a devil freedom and there is no throne in the Heavens that he may not surmount in the eternities.

"We must be true to ourselves and possess a good conscience if we would be happy. How can a man be happy when his soul strikes him on the face, and cries, 'Villain!' (Mr. Denton made here a pointed allusion to the Emperor Napoleon, stating that he was now expiating his offences in the past, etc.)

"To be happy, we must heed the guide within.


"Give me honest. 'Find thy work and do it,' says Carlisle. There is bliss everywhere. You may run after your shadow but you will never overtake it; but go about your business and your shadow will follow.

"The way to be happy is to make others happy, to have congenial companionship, and last, but not least, to realize rational views of death and of a future life."

"The Boston Journal" in "Current Notes," speaking of Prof. Denton, at Music Hall, says, "Others well versed in this growing heresy follow in regular succession." This is cool, but a great admission. The adjective is in our favor. If the "heresy" of Spiritualism be growing, the sham orthodox cant or amalgamated heresies represented by the "Journal" must become crippled, and, like the crab, go backwards.

A large audience listened to Mrs. French on Sunday evening, Oct. 16th, at Temple Hall, Boston. She spoke with "power," and said many good things. We have not space to do justice to her lecture. She has considerable ability and rare psychologic force.

"The irreconcilable records," by William Denton, is a scientific pill that Orthodoxy will sicken at.

 We shall respond to a call to lecture at Newburyport, and in other places when required. Our terms will involve no society in ruin.

A "GRAPHIC" CRITIC.

A CRITIC in "The Graphic" has dipped his pen in ink to review Emma Hardinge's "Modern American Spiritualism." He doubtless esteems his critique clever. At any rate, we should pronounce it such, were it not stale and unprofitable as a digest of the subject. In our first experiences "the opposition" offered the same kind of argument, if argument it can justly be called, to extinguish the light of Spiritualism. But the *argumentum ad absurdum*, then as now, was ridiculously applied.

Our "Graphic" critic is a gentleman, which is more than can be said for all "who take up arms" against us.

"That the large majority of the believers in Spiritualism are perfectly honest, cannot, we think, be seriously denied." This admission scarcely rests pleasantly upon the palate than we are told that "those who are capable of sifting testimony and of distinguishing between the hallucination of their own fancy and actual external phenomena are very few," and further that "there is not the slightest shadow of proof that these marvelous accounts have ever been accepted by any one person who possessed this critical gift."

What shall we say to this? What can be said other than to submit that the task is difficult to prove the possession of "this critical gift" by the Howitts, Owens, De Morgans, Wallaces, Varleys, Edmonds, Hares, and a long list of others, equal to them in mental calibre. But then it is a source of comfort to know that we are in the same perplexity, only a little intensified, to prove it in our "Graphic" critic.

It really is amusing to mark the twists and turns and many inventions of men who find it in their way to offer views anti to fact, and sequentially, to science.

It would not be possible for critics to abide by the "sifted testimony" of Emma Hardinge's book, and write such twaddle as they do against Spiritualism.

"All mediumship is unreliable." This admission by Emma Hardinge is lifted out of its place, and presented, we suppose, as one of the "incoherent rhapsodies" of the book. What could our critic say if it were not for isolated passages which give color to suspicion of dishonesty, or at least, folly?

"No medium can be sure that he possesses mediumship, that the phenomena he produces are not illusions of his own diseased brain." Thus Emma Hardinge gives our critic ammunition which he uses, poor man! to the best of his ability. What of the facts which are aggregated in the book? Not a word. The facts which can only be obtained through mediumship? Humbugs are out of court; mediums cannot use their medium-powers to humbug. No mediumship is needed for humbug. Mediumship is unreliable in the sense that critics are; i. e., imperfect and progressive. Yet good things belong to mediumship, and *vice versa*, the same of critics. The unreliableness of mediums, therefore, is no argument against the fact of mediumship or evidence that mediums are humbugs.

Our "Graphic" critic has caught the contagious illogic of the

earliest opponents. "As to the fact that many intelligent persons, both here and in America (not intelligent enough, surely, to sift testimony,) place implicit faith in the reality of these communications from the unseen world, it is no more surprising than the fact that many intelligent people believe in the reality of the miracles of La Salette, and the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and in the legends of the Middle Ages and of the East; or than the fact that Jupiter and Juno, Venus and Mars, and the rest of the classical deities, were once held to be really existing personages by nearly the whole of the most critical and accomplished race that ever lived in the world."

If this is graphic it is very stale and absurdly inefficient. Spiritualists have quite as little to do with superstitions as learned critics, and fairly ask for argument or silence on their part. The blood of St. Januarius has almost as much to do with this question as the blood of Jesus with the spiritual cleansing of the human family, notwithstanding Christian critics' assertions to the contrary.

Besides, there are no *living witnesses* to swear that the blood of St. Januarius *did* liquify, although many things are related in the Bible, and reported in modern circles quite as marvelous, which, taken all together or assorted, may find believers without a vast violation of "the proprieties" causing commotion. How stands it with Modern Spiritualism? Millions of "intelligent" and "perfectly honest" witnesses are ready to testify to the reality of the phenomena clearly and definitely detailed in "Modern American Spiritualism." Instead of introducing stale accounts of superstitions and alleged miracles as argument against modern spiritual phenomena, it would better serve the cause of truth to discover what there is of fact and philosophy in "modern manifestations," then, perhaps, an argument may be obtained in favor of some, if not all historic accounts of similar phenomena. At any rate, we contend that our "Graphic" critic has copied from opponents to poor advantage, since all he has said against modern Spiritualism cuts down ancient Spiritualism with the same hand. Perhaps he is aware of this, and prides himself as a member of that school of materialism, which finds its chief delight in the vain attempt to exclude spirit from the universe.

"I AM acquainted with no people, either civilized or savage, learned or ignorant, which does not believe in the prediction of future events by a few individuals who understand and are able to foresee the future. — *Cicero*.

The Lyceum Record.

LOTTIE AND LUCY ; OR LIFE-EPIISODE.

BY LOUISA S. POWELL.

CHAPTER III. — THE MESSENGER.

BEFORE Lucy reached home she was met by one of her sisters, who looked pale and frightened.

“O, Lucy! Lucy! wherever have you been so long? Mother” — here the child could say no more, for some time dumb with the trouble that agitated her.

Lucy stayed not to hear more, but, carrying Ellie, ran as fast as she could until she reached her mother's bedside. Alas! what did she witness?

“Mother, mother! Oh, mother! speak one word to me; tell me that you forgive me,” cried Lucy in agony.

But not one word, not even a look of recognition, — only a faint moan, and a restless tossing about the arms and head. Presently the arms were raised, the hands pressed together as though in supplication, and the eyes fixed on vacancy. Presently she cried in beseeching tones, “O, Maria, Maria! O, Maria, Maria!”

Lucy was speechless with astonishment, for she well remembered how many times her mother had talked about a much-loved sister, named Maria, who had passed away many years before, and Mrs. Dale had often said that the death of her sister was her first grief, and that for a long time her own life was despaired of through excessive sorrow for the loved one, whom she thought Death, like a cruel monster, had cut down, never to be restored in this life and perhaps the next.

Had she but realized the divine truth of Spiritualism, her deep grief would have soon changed to unspeakable joy. She would have known that the beloved one was not lost, but gone before. Lucy did not for an instant doubt that her dying parent saw the spirit of her sister Maria.

Soon after Lucy had started with Lottie, Mrs. Dale was seized with convulsions which frightened the children very much. Mr. Dale was unable to render the slightest aid as he lay paralyzed upon another bed. There was no one at hand to lift the poor woman's head up, and render the kind service which mortals under such saddening circumstances can administer.

Not knowing what to do for the best, the oldest of the children, Susie, went for Mrs. Abbot, who bade her go in search of Lucy, while she herself went to Mrs. Dale.

The dying mother lingered several weeks, but reason had forsaken her throne. She knew no one, — talked strange things, but all her talk was of and with the beloved ones that had crossed the River many years. At last her voice failed, and also her remaining strength. She gradually became weaker and weaker until she could neither move nor speak, or make the faintest noise. And so Lucy's mother passed quietly, — so quietly and peacefully did she glide, not from life to death, but from darkness into light; and those who watched her knew not when the angels bore her home.

Poor Lucy's grief was distressing; for a time it seemed as if it would crush her very life out. Often would she cry in agony, —

"Mother, forgive me! I did not mean to be cruel. Oh, come back, mother! let me feel your soft and gentle touch once more."

Care and anxiety had played havoc upon Lucy's gentle spirit. She went to bed sorrowful and troubled, and lay awake for a long time after her sisters had gone to sleep. She was in deep thought, when, in a moment, a hand, soft and gentle, was laid upon her forehead. She knew the touch; it brought new life. Then she felt that her mother had forgiven her, and loved her still, or she would not leave her home with the angels to come back to her.

Away with the dismal theology which would teach a poor heart-broken child to believe that her mother is dead, either consigned to a selfish heaven with still more selfish saints, or to the pangs of a never ceasing hell in company with devils.

Such was the theology instilled into Lucy, but she did not digest it. She felt sure that her mother whom she loved, and who loved her in return, was not walled out from the universe of mortals, God be praised.

She felt quite sure that her mother was a good woman, and was where good spirits go; and she felt too that God, being a God of love, would not bear a mother from her children, thus cutting her off from the beautiful mission of bringing guidance and comfort to them as they thread the winding paths below.

CHAPTER IV. — A FRIEND IN NEED.

Mr. Dale was much shocked and grieved at the death of his wife, and in such a feeble state himself, that it caused alarm lest he too should be carried away to the angels. His heart smote him terribly,

for he knew how patient and forbearing his wife had been through all their struggles. He remembered, too, how earnestly and oft she had pleaded for him to forsake his one besetting sin; how she depicted the consequences, — sorrow and poverty. All now came home to him with heartfelt reality. He felt that he was the cause of the trouble that had befallen them. He knew that it was his conduct alone that had made his children motherless beggars, and himself so feeble. He thought of Lucy, so young in years, yet an aged woman in grief and anxiety. Then he thought of the other children, all needing parental care. He appreciated Lucy, who did more than he expected, poor girl, towards making them comfortable — happiness was out of the question. How his heart ached as he reflected on her neglected education. In the extremity of his grief he bowed his head and groaned.

A rap at the door startled him. The clergyman of the village, the Rev. Thomas Flint, came in, much to the surprise of Mr. Dale, who did not forget the reverend gentleman's past overbearing conduct towards him. The clergyman had not been "the god" of the village more than two years. He was dogmatic, and, as a result, bigoted. His Church, he supposed, was the only true Church of Christ. Dissenters were not to be tolerated; they accumulated to his certain trouble. He knew nothing of the Dales except that they were poor, and he did not trouble himself to learn their former history. The Dales, being strict Baptists, refused to attend the Episcopal Church, at which Mr. Flint officiated, which "impudence," as the clergyman expressed it, "was too bold to be looked over." The *idea* of setting his authority at defiance was more than he could bear. *He*, chosen by God to rule the village, — the richest man in the village, who lived in the grandest house, and had a host of servants at his beck and call, — to be told by such a poor, miserable man as Mr. Dale, who had not a penny to help himself, "To mind his own business and let him attend to his, as he did not care a fig for him, with all his consequence."

The Rev. Thomas Flint saw that Mr. Dale, though poor, had great influence with most of the people, and wondered much at it. He would not have wondered, however, if he had lived as long in the village as the Dales, who were loved and respected for many a kindly deed.

At a time when a neighbor's child was sick, or any one in trouble, Mr. Dale was rarely far off. He loved to render assistance, and never bargained for the gratitude that was nurtured in many a

breast. Money was no object to Mr. Dale. He would have given his heart's blood to one in distress, if it had been possible. Alas! poor man, he was too generous. Selfishness occupied but a small space in him. He was confiding and honest, and knew not, until experience taught him, that human wolves go about in sheep's clothing. And now, in his dire distress, his bitterest enemy stood before him. His first impulse was to bid him depart, for he thought that the clergyman had come to gloat over his distresses; but to his astonishment, "the servant of God" came forward with extended hand, and voice and manner subdued.

"Mr. Dale, I am truly grieved for you. Will you forgive my former harshness, and think of me only as a brother, desirous of helping you all he can? I have only this day learned your history. Believe me, my heart is with you. Oh, why did I not know more of your sorrows? I could, at least, have made *her* path to the grave less gloomy. But it is not now too late to do good. Be comforted; the blow is struck and cannot now be averted. Do not be distressed about anything. I will undertake to arrange the funeral in the most respectable manner. Here is money for your present necessities. Only tell me where you wish to have her laid, and I will see to everything. Grieve not as a man without hope, for we know our sister doeth well."

So astonished was Mr. Dale that he could only stretch forth his hand. Grief and surprise had momentarily paralyzed him. The clergyman went out.

Presently Lucy entered the room to find her father stretched senseless on the floor. The agonized girl thought that he was dead. She cried,—

"O, God, take me too!" and thinking of her brothers and sisters, exclaimed in terror, "No! no! spare me for their sakes."

Mr. Dale opened his eyes, and assisted by the joyful Lucy, sat in his comfortable arm-chair. "Where am I?" he exclaimed feebly, as if unconscious.

"Here, at home, father, with Lucy and the children."

He soon recovered.

"Lucy, I have something to tell you; but first give me some water, for I am almost choked. Dear child, don't look so scared,—this time it is good news."

Lucy ran and brought him a tumbler of water. He sipped, and handing it back to her said, "Poor darling! my pet and pride, you look sad and care-worn. There, there,—rest your tired head upon

me. I know how hard it is for one so young to have so many cares." He wiped her eyes with her apron. "Lucy! Lucy! you must not take on so. Such heart-rending sobs I cannot bear to hear. O, God!" he groaned, in continuation, "my punishment is a burden too heavy for me."

Lucy essayed to speak, but could only sob, "Mother!"

Presently her grief grew more calm, and she told her father about going with Lottie, unknown to her mother.

"My disobedience, father, was sorely punished, for on my return home mother did not know me, and could not speak a word to say that she forgave me. Oh, that I had not gone! I shall never more be happy," and she cried as if her heart would break.

"Nonsense, Lucy; your mother knew your love and your worth, and knew also that if you went for a walk it was with a good intention: so don't fret any more, that's a dear. Only think, if you fret so you'll be sick, then what will your baby, Ellie, do, and the rest? I wish I was strong and well, I would begin life anew and make you happy, Lucy. I want to tell you something. Flint has been here."

"O, Father!" interrupted Lucy, "he had no business to come to insult you just now. That is what made you faint. I wish I had been here instead of you. You are too weak to be excited by him."

"No, no, Lucy, it is you that get excited. He came as a friend and brother."

In a few words Lucy was made acquainted with what passed between her father and the clergyman. She thought, however, that her father had misunderstood him, as she could not bring herself to regard any kindness from the Rev. Thomas Flint as being righteously intentioned. She knew how often he had insulted her parents, not only privately, but in his pulpit, denouncing them as "*dissenters*," and had complained of the children, because they did not attend Church, Sabbath School, or make obeisance to him in the street. Many times had she seen her mother in tears at his conduct. No wonder that she now doubted his sincerity, although she was unable to fathom the object which she felt sure was the motive-spring to the Rev. gentleman's present benevolence. Seeing that her father felt pleased, and fearing to burden him with any additional trouble she did not speak her thoughts aloud, but resolved to be on the alert.

The Rev. Thomas Flint was true to his word, and as kind and considerate as it was possible for any one to be. He raised a sub-

scription. Money came in from far and near. Everything was as it ought to be. Mrs. Dale's coffin was as costly as if it had been made for the reverend gentleman himself. Mourning of the best quality was provided for the family. Wood and coal was sent in from unknown friends.

The reverend gentleman desired Lucy to send to the rectory for everything her father wanted in the way of delicacies.

Time passed. Mr. Dale gradually grew worse in mind and body. It took nearly all of Lucy's time to attend to him. Night and day she watched and waited upon him. Nine weary nights and days she tended him without once lying down or sleeping, only as she would, sometimes, sitting in her chair beside the bed. Her sisters were too young to watch for her; besides, her father never seemed happy unless she could be with him. If she left him only for a few minutes, he would ask for her, and fret until she was again by his side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LYCEUM INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGEPORT. — The numbers are not near so large in this Lyceum as we could wish. Still, there is no reason for despondency. We were present at one of the sessions, and gladdened at the life manifested by those who took part in the exercises. The calisthenics and marches deserve the highest commendation. Many of the declamations of the children were pleasing and satisfactory.

Floe Bullard, a mere babe, sang with considerable feeling, "Put Me in my Little Bed." Short speeches were delivered by Dr. Currier, John William Day, and J. H. Powell. The subject for discussion, "Is God Progressive?" was generally thought to be not the most practical one that could have been chosen; still, some interesting remarks were elicited from members of groups and others.

CHARLESTOWN. — The Lyceum assembled on Sunday, Oct. 16th, and commenced labors for the season. The attendance of children was small; visitors, comparatively large. The marching, calisthenics and general exercises went off well. The present conductor, Mr. Fisher, seems in his element. Doubtless, the number of children will increase. The library contains two hundred and seventy volumes.

DIALOGUE.

BY D. N. FORD.

Mother and daughter seated; the child at the feet of the mother.

Fanny. Mother?

Mother. Well, Fanny.

Fanny. Do cats have souls?

Mother. Why, what makes you ask such a question?

Fanny. I will tell you, mother. If all creatures have spirits, of course cats have.

Mother. Why, what do you mean? You talk strangely to-day.

Fanny. I don't know; but ever since I got up this morning something has seemed to be near me and talking in my ear.

Mother. Well, what has that to do with cats and their souls?

Fanny. I don't know, but it seems to me that if all creatures have souls then they never die, for my teacher says that spirit is a part of God, and then they can never die, for God can never die, you know.

Mother. Well, you may be right, but it is of little consequence to us what becomes of dogs and cats at death.

Fanny. I can't help thinking about it.

Mother. Think of yourself, my child, and what is to become of you when you shuffle off your mortal coil.

Fanny. Mortal coil, — what is that?

Mother. Why, the cares of this life.

Fanny. What do you mean by shuffle?

Mother. To shuffle off the mortal coil is to die, or, to speak properly, to lay the body down and with it life's troubles, but the spirit goes to God who gave it.

Fanny. Did God give me my spirit, mother?

Mother. Yes, Fanny.

Fanny. Who to?

Mother. To the world.

Fanny. And who gave me my body?

Mother. Your heavenly Father.

Fanny. God?

Mother. Yes.

Fanny. And why does he not take my body too, if he gave both?

Mother. He does, my child; but the spirit ascends, while the body is laid away.

Fanny. And the spirit, then, has no body?

Mother. Yes; the spirit has a body, but it is finer to suit the spirit in its new life.

Fanny. And does God give the spirit that body too?

Mother. Yes, darling.

Fanny. Where does he keep all the bodies? He must have them on hand, and then pick them out.

Mother. Why so?

Fanny. Why, he must have to pick them out, such and such ones to give to you to take care of, children that look like their fathers and mothers.

Mother (Aside.) I never thought of that. Well, I suppose so. How she goes on.

Fanny. Does the body get lonesome lying in the ground while the spirit has gone away?

Mother. No; there is nothing in the body to be lonesome when the spirit has fled. The soul, the part that thinks, is the part that feels. The body is but clay and does not enjoy or suffer. When the spirit leaves, the body goes back to the elements of which it is composed.

Fanny. And never lives again?

Mother. Never lives again as your body. It takes other forms. It may appear in a beautiful flower, give nourishment or furnish material for a green tree to delight the eye or give fruit to please the palate. There are a thousand ways in which the elements of your body may appear after your soul has left it.

Fanny. Why would n't it do for some other spirit?

Mother. If it is unfit for one spirit it surely is for another.

Fanny. Does the spirit truly live forever?

Mother. Yes; it never can die, for as a part of God it must in that respect be like him.

Fanny. How can God give a part of himself away?

Mother. I cannot tell you. The ways of God are past finding out.

Fanny. Don't you really know? My teacher answers all our questions.

Mother. Did she ever answer you that?

Fanny. No; but I will ask her next Sunday.

Mother. And I hope you will remember every word of her reply, for your mother would be glad to know.

Fanny. Do people ever see spirits?

Mother. I believe they do. I never was fortunate enough to see one yet.

Fanny. Then they must have bodies like ours.

Mother. Who must?

Fanny. The spirits.

Mother. Why so?

Fanny. You said the spirit was like God, and God can't be seen.

Mother. Some people have what is termed second-sight; that is, the spirit-eye is open so as to perceive spiritual things.

Fanny. Then they have two kinds of eyes?

Mother. Yes; the same as you have. Back of your eyes which I am now looking at, are the spiritual eyes which, under some conditions of the body, can perceive what at other times they cannot. When the person has been a long time sick the spiritual sight is clearer, for the body is nearer what is termed death, at which time the spirit eye is fully open. Many times, when on the death-bed, people see those who have gone before them and speak of them. It is because, as I have said, the physical is losing hold while the spiritual is getting developed. Do you understand?

Fanny. Pretty well; but you use such long words, that " —

Mother. I know it, dear. It is much more difficult to talk so as to be understood by children than by grown-up people.

Fanny. Why, mother?

Mother. Because in talking to children we have to use language that is simpler, and it is hard to use small words, because they don't always express, or we can't put them together so they will, all we desire to say. Don't you see?

Fanny. I don't know as I do; but don't you understand me, mother?

Mother. Yes, dear.

Fanny. Well, you know more than I do.

Mother. Well, you know, Fanny, that your ideas are simple, although I must

confess that you ask questions that I cannot answer. But you spoke of hearing some one talking in your ear all day. What did you mean?

Fanny. Why, that I heard as plainly as I heard you now.

Mother. Who does it sound like?

Fanny. Like a little girl.

Mother. What does she say?

Fanny. Why not much, only to call my name and say, "I am right here with you, Fanny."

Mother. Do you ever see them?

Fanny. No, — yes, I do sometimes, but it is most always when I first wake up in the morning.

Mother. Do they stay long then when you are looking at them?

Fanny. Only a minute or two; I hear them speak so I know I really see them. Isn't it funny? Don't you ever see them, mother?

Mother. No, my child. I suppose I am too gross, have been so long in the world, and have become so tainted by contact with its impurities, that pure spirits can not come to me. You are young and innocent now, and for that reason they can present themselves to you.

Fanny. Did you ever see them when you was a little girl?

Mother. Not as I can remember.

Fanny. Was n't you as good as I am, mother?

Mother. I presume so.

Fanny. Why could you not see them then as well as I?

Mother. I cannot tell you why, my dear; that is one of the questions I am unable to answer. Perhaps we have talked enough on this subject for one day. To-morrow we will resume it, that is, if we both are in the mood.

Fanny. Shall I go now?

Mother. If you wish to; but let your thoughts run on some other subject the rest of the day. I was five years older when I first began to think of these things. (*Exit Fanny.*)

(*Enter Miss Dogma.*)

Miss D. All alone?

Mrs. Thinkwell. At present, yes. Fanny has just gone out. She is company enough for one person.

Miss D. How so?

Mrs. T. Why she has set me to thinking, Miss Dogma.

Miss D. What! that child? explain.

Mrs. T. She has been asking me questions that, for the life of me, I can't answer.

Miss D. Wise beyond her years, of course, as all children are, at least, in the estimation of their mothers.

Mrs. T. No, Miss Dogma. I think I know what she is, if I am her mother.

Miss D. You are one out of a thousand, then. I never saw a mother yet who did not think her child was perfection, particularly if it was her only one.

Mrs. T. You never had a child, I believe?

Miss D. No; and what is more, I don't want any.

Mrs. T. You perhaps are incapable of judging of these things.

Miss D. Perhaps I am; but what is it that your little one has been saying that has so surprised her mamma.

Mrs. T. If you will not indulge in unmeaning expressions and talk fairly, I will tell you, for I believe in honesty of speech, Miss Dogma.

Miss D. So do I, Mrs. Thinkwell, and if you will confide in me, I think you will find your confidence is not misplaced.

Mrs. T. It is nothing that particularly requires confidence; nothing that I would not be willing to have proclaimed from the house-tops.

Miss D. Well.

Mrs. T. Do you ever think of what you hereafter may be?

Miss D. Well, I think I do as much as the average of people.

Mrs. T. Well, what would you think if a ten year old child should ask you if cats had souls?

Miss D. I should think she was asking a very foolish question, and would tell her she would do well to go to bed.

Mrs. T. Well, I do not believe in treating children in such a slighting way.

Miss D. I suppose you entered into a long conversation with her, as though she were an adult, and appealed to her understanding.

Mrs. T. I did precisely.

Miss D. I thought as much.

Mrs. T. You would have told her to go to bed, you say?

Miss D. Yes, if it was her bed-time.

Mrs. T. And dismiss the subject from your mind?

Miss D. As one unworthy my consideration.

Mrs. T. Profound woman.

Miss D. You think so?

Mrs. T. That you are profound? no; I spoke ironically. A person who has arrived at your years in life ought to treat subjects of this nature with some show of respect.

Miss D. I have found all I have sought for, that pertains to the future, and am ready, with my lamp trimmed, when my Lord shall call.

Mrs. T. Fortunate woman! you have no more to do in this life; your duties are all performed, — you now wait for your reward.

Miss D. Yes, I am prepared.

Mrs. T. Well, I congratulate you on your easy manner of arriving at the kingdom. I find work, work, work, with a happy heart beating in my bosom, for in laboring for my Master, I find pleasure and profit as well. We will talk no more about this to-day, for I have duties before me which will not admit of it, but at any future time when you may see fit to give me a call, we will converse kindly together on this, to me, engrossing topic. Good morning, Miss Dogma.

Miss D. Good morning. You are a strange woman, and though we do not agree, I cannot but believe you are honest.

Mrs. T. Very well. Good morning.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

BY MEMBERS OF THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

MERCANTILE HALL, Boston, Sunday, October, 2d, 1870.

TEMPLE GROUP. Short essays were read on the following subjects; "Every man is the architect of his own fortune," "Company," "Spirit Communion," "What is Disease?" and "What is Faith?"

BANNER GROUP. What principle should we love best, and what should be the rule of our life?

By W. S. French.—The last commandment as given by our Saviour, if taken in all its meanings, is rule and precept enough for anybody: "Love one another, even as I have loved ye."

SHORE GROUP. What and where is Heaven?

By Frankie Harvey. Heaven is not a place, but a condition. Where we are happy, there is Heaven.

By Edith Louise Harvey.—Heaven is happiness. "The kingdom of Heaven is within you."

By Cora Stone.—Heaven is what we make it. It is the abode of the angels, a haven of rest. We must, if we would enjoy its radiance, be faithful and dilligent. We must ever be ready to do good and make our lives pure.

By Dora White.—Heaven is where we are all united and joined together in harmony. Heaven is where there is love and peace. Heaven is where we meet and converse with the loved friends who have passed beyond. We can make our own Heaven. I would ever live so that I can always enjoy it.

By Carrie Shelhamer. Christ says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." And, again, he says, "Except ye become as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of Heaven. Now, I believe, Heaven is here in the Lyceum. What is more pure than the influence of children, united together in harmony, at work for the good angels who surround us and bring us so many blessings? Yes, the kingdom of Heaven is the child-like heart; and we find a good portion of it here. May this Lyceum ever of such partake.

By Maria Adams.—Heaven is at home, or any place where there is peace or harmony. I do not think we need to wait till we pass over, to find Heaven. I believe we should do the best we can in this life; then we shall make a Heaven here, to carry with us when we pass over, which no one can take from us.

By Florence Thayer.—Heaven is happiness, harmony and bliss. Wherever are these three dwelling side by side, there is Heaven.

BEACON GROUP. What occupation would you like best to follow in life, and why?

By Herman Chubbuck.—I would like to be a carpenter, because he is useful, healthy, and good in all places.

By Ida Benson.—I would like to be a teacher, because I have a taste for it.

By Elmer Randall.—I would like to be a farmer, because I would like to plow and plant.

By Edwin ———. —I would like to be a sailor, because I like to be upon the water.

GROTTO GROUP.—Which of the seasons do you love?

By Florence Collier.—I love Spring; for I love to go to the hillside, where the leaf is bursting into bud. The flower, long since crushed out of life, bursts out anew with beauty and fragrance. The birds, the running brooks, all tell of the springtime of life.

By Julia Abbott. I love summer, for it is a time of sunshine and shower, when man goes forth and prepares the earth, to plant his seed and sow his grain. He watches with a careful eye as the seed bursts into life, and soon his labor is crowned with success, — the fruit and grain appear for the coming autumn.

By Etta Bragdon.—I love Autumn. It is the harvest of the summer months. Man hath sown the seed that hath ripened into fruit and grain for the coming

winter. Then with a careful eye he scans his fields and orchards, that nothing may be lost. His heart goes out to God, for what he has received from the Garden of Nature.

RIVER GROUP. What sound do I love best?

By Bertie Lovejoy. — My mother's voice.

October, 16, 1870.

TEMPLE GROUP. Essays were read on the subjects, "Influences," "Inspiration of Poetry," and "God and Christian Religion in the Constitution of the United States."

UNION GROUP. The subjects considered were, "Heaven is Around, Within, and Above us," and "Self-Respect."

BANNER GROUP. Do spirits ever peril their moral status by descending into our atmosphere?

By W. S. French. — I think not; for, if they did, I do not think they would be allowed to come back to us. If it were to lower their morals, I think it would be against the laws of Heaven to let them return. In fact, I think that they themselves would not wish to do so, if such were the case. The question may be asked, "Can the state of morals be lowered in Heaven, instead of advanced?" I say, No; because the law of Heaven is progression. When we cross the River, we can see our faults, and are not surrounded by spirits of lower morals to drag us down, but by those who are in a higher state of development, — helping us up, instead of dragging us down.

EXCELSIOR GROUP. Where is God?

By Emma Chase. — God has no locality. His presence fills the whole universe. Far off, in the realms of space, — which human eye has never fathomed, which ever human thought fails to reach, — is the Divine Presence recognized, in all the power and glory of the Creator's works, as much as it is on this little *ball* of ours.

By Thomas Chase. What are we taught at the Lyceum? We are taught the grand doctrine of progression; whereby we learn that, as the soul of man is an emanation from the germ of the great *First Cause*, so its destiny is to return to the source from which it sprang.

Mrs. S. E. Perry, the Leader, read an essay on the subject, "Must man die?"

MOUNTAIN GROUP. The beauties of Truth.

By Frederica Peel. — The boy or girl that always tells the truth, is sure of the love of his father and mother; for they can always trust him. But he who does not tell the truth, is not loved by any one. Truth is the most beautiful thing we can possess.

By Annie Peel. — This trait, simple as it seems, is one of the most important of the number we possess. We feel its benefit as soon as we can talk; and it accompanies us throughout our lives. It is the test by which we are judged. A person who does not tell the truth, is never trusted, and is always despised and feared, — continually in trouble with his friends and neighbors, and shunned by all straight-forward and upright people; whilst the truthful person is respected and trusted, — his word is never doubted, and his presence is always welcome. Truth is the foundation of happiness, and the stepping-stone to Heaven.

SHORE GROUP. What benefit do we receive in coming to the Lyceum?

By Lulu Harvey. — We are taught to live right, to love one another, and to do all the good we can.

By Dora White. — We are taught the true religion; which, we believe, will make us happier children, and better men and women.

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