

THE
HAUNTED CHURCH,

OR

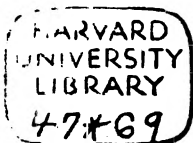
THE LITTLE ORGAN GIRL.

"God our Father,"
and
"Christ our Saviour."

BY ELIZABETH DOTEN.

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P R E F A C E .

MY YOUNG FRIENDS :

Out of an abundance of sunshine that has stolen in upon my lonely hours, has this simple story been written, and if it imparts to your hearts, one half of the warmth and happiness it has to mine, I shall be greatly rejoiced.

Even now, as faithful as the dove to her resting place, "the little Organ Girl" may be seen in the gallery of the old Church, every Sabbath. Should you ever come to know her and love her as I do, she will play for you some of her sweetest songs, and out of the fullness of her heart she will tell you to do good always, even in the simplest things, and in the midst of sorrow and temptation to

"Bear up, bear on—the end shall tell
Our dear Lord ordereth all things well."

Now I leave you to become acquainted with her through these pages, and as a slight acknowledgment of favors, received from the gentle young heart that has long been my study, I dedicate them most affectionately to my little niece—**MARTHA.**

PLYMOUTH, DEC. 5th, 1851.

THE HAUNTED CHURCH,

OR

THE LITTLE ORGAN GIRL.

All alone in the solemn gloom of the old church, sat Lyra Lindsey, the little organ girl. With no teacher save her own soul's inspiration, and none but the invisible spirits near to catch her sweet accords and harmonies of sound, her small fingers trod out the mysterious measures of music, and filled the whole house with a triumphant song of joy. It was a Christmas anthem that she played, for that blessed anniversary—welcome to men and angels, was near at hand, and it was deemed fitting that in all the churches throughout Christendom, it should be hailed with songs of joy and

gladness. Ever timid and distrustful of herself, Lyra seldom allowed her voice to be heard in the presence of the Chorister and his little band of singers, but now she was alone, she poured forth her soul in the sacred melody, and the organ gave back a response, in loud swelling tones, as she sang,

“Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.”

Next followed a chorus of triumphant hallelujahs—now rising solemn and grand, and then mingling and blending together in quickened measure and lofty strains, till the wide arched roof gave back such a multitude of wonderful echoes, that the child herself stopped to listen. Then it was, for the first time, that she became conscious of the chill that was creeping over her, and wrapping her warm shawl closely about her, she turned and gazed into the body of the church.

She was the child of a widow, with an older sister and a younger brother. Sorrow, and trouble, and early care, had made them unlike

other children, and bound their hearts closely together. From early morning till late at night, they labored together, and Lyra's needle oft did much towards earning their daily bread. But alas for the poor child! in the midst of her daily toil, her heart was wandering 'mid scenes bright as fairy land. There, in this world of her creation, she was no longer the weak, timid child, but a noble, high minded woman, moving in a path of light, with a rich gift of poetry and music gushing from her lips like a fountain, and winning the love and admiration of human hearts by the magic of her wonderful powers. Then she delighted to bless the despised and forsaken of earth, and to scatter her wealth with an unsparing hand to the poor and destitute. But in a moment the vision fled, and the only relic left of the splendid dream, was the fallen castle and the echoes of heavenly music that lingered about the ruins. She felt that her powers were limited—she might not be a Consuelo or a Jenny Lind, and conscious of her weakness, she shut up her heart from curious

eyes, and turned with childlike confidence to the Father of all.

But now as she sat alone in the solemn gloom of the old church, with the echoes of those triumphant hallelujahs sounding through the lonely space, and her heart thrilling with the sacred melody, every thought and feeling of her soul seemed to be centered with an intense longing upon this one great desire—to pour out the strength and harmony which she felt conscious were slumbering within her, into the great Heart of the Universe, and to hear a glad response coming up from human lips, bearing witness to God and angels that she had not lived in vain. But alas! how weak was she! How more than idle were such dreams! and she wept sorrowful, despairing tears. The church wherein she sat, was built upon the ancient burial ground of the pilgrims, and overlooked “the bay where the May Flower lay,” and the “breaking waves that dashed high on the stern and rock bound coast.” Here an humble but faithful band—professing

sentiments which the stern puritan fathers had never dreamed of—met and worshipped every Sabbath. They loved God because he first loved them, and they took an honest pride in beautifying his temple, till it called forth the praise and admiration of all who came beneath its roof. The rich paintings in fresco upon the walls, told that not only the hand of the workman, but the soul of the artist had been there, and many a thoughtful heart that looked up in mute wonder to the pillared gleams along the walls, and the vine with its full clusters, so much like the reality, that adorned the arched roof, felt conscious that it was a written prayer—a silent acknowledgement of the wisdom and goodness of God, who had set the lights and shadows in the life of man, as beautifully and harmoniously as he had upon the face of Nature. But more eloquent than all was the cross upon the altar, in the pillared recess. There it stood, limned out in faultless proportions, a silent teacher in itself, and pointing with its outstretched arms to the white tablets that gleamed from the

wall on either side, bearing the inscriptions in golden letters, "God our Father," and "Christ our Saviour."

Sabbath after Sabbath many wandering eyes in the congregation were turned carelessly upon these words, but it was only to "the pure in heart, who see God," that they came with all their depth and fullness of meaning. Yet, at this time, as the weeping child gazed upon them, these words, borne on the converging rays of light, seemed to be traced as with the point of a diamond upon her heart, and though no sound was heard save the ticking of the old clock, beating the slow march of Time to Eternity, still she trembled at the mysterious voices of the spirits that surrounded her. Again she turned her eyes to the cross, and lo! from the dim light, the pale face of the crucified Redeemer, filled with sorrow and suffering, yet beaming with love and forgiveness, looked forth upon her. At the same time, the organ, untouched by mortal hands, sent forth a low, sad wailing, like a voice of lamentation for

the sin-stricken world, and mourning Universe. Without will or action of her own, the child's voice joined in the sad strain, and falling upon her knees, she wept in bitter agony. "If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me," said a voice, and immediately the face vanished, but standing beside the communion table, clothed in heavenly brightness, she again beheld the Son of God. The table was set with the vessels of the service, and as he looked up to Heaven, he blest and brake, and poured the wine into the cups. "Come," he cried, "for all things are now ready." Then the sound of many footsteps was heard, like the gathering of a great multitude. All along the dim lighted aisles, and from above, and hovering on every side, came blessed angel spirits, and gathered in the body of the church, before the communion table. Then the organ gave forth its sweetest strains, and the voices of the seraphim and cherubim, joined in such a rapturous song of holy peace and love, that the child forgot all beside, and urged by an

irresistible impulse, in an instant she stood by the table also. She who could not bear the steady gaze of a human eye, now stood without fear in the presence of Christ and his angels. Her heart was opened, her lips quivered, and her whole soul gushed forth. "Hear me," she cried, "oh Christ, my Saviour! I am a weak, erring, sinful child, but since I came forth a living soul from the hand of God our Father, I have not ceased to strive after the highest good; but, alas! there is nothing that such a child as I can do, to serve Thee and the Father. Oh, I might die, and the world would not know that I had ceased to be! Take me away then, blessed Jesus! Let me dwell with thee, for since I have seen thee and thy glory, and heard the songs of the kingdom, I seek for greatness and joy in the world no longer." Then the angels smiled, and the Lord of Love drew her tenderly to his bosom. "Dear lamb," he said, "I may not take thee out of the world, but I will save thee from the evil that is in the world. Thou shalt drink of the cup that I drink of, and

be baptised with the baptism that I am baptised with, and because thou art weak and small, I will bestow on thee the gift of love, than which, there is no higher in earth or Heaven." Then he took the cup from the table, and gave her to drink, and laid his hand, wet with the baptismal waters, upon her forehead.

In an instant, Life, and Light, and Energy, kindled in her soul. She was willing to bear the cross, and wear the crown of thorns, and walk through shame to glory; for she saw the world no longer as it seems, but as it really is, and divine compassion and holy love filled her heart, for all of its sinful and suffering children. "Let me go," said the child, "and bear this blessing to the world, and not till I have learned to live and love truly, will I pray that I may die." "Go," replied Jesus, "and the blessing of Him who clothes the lilies of the field, and heeds the sparrow when it falls, shall be with thee." Then the angel spirits raised their shining hands, and pointing to the tablets, they cried with one voice,

“forget not the watch-words which are known in Earth and Heaven, and throughout the wide Universe—‘God our Father’ and ‘Christ our Saviour.’ In the time of sorrow, when mortal help faileth, if thou dost breathe these words in the depths of a trusting spirit, all Heaven shall be near to aid thee.” Scarce had the voices ceased speaking, when all had vanished—the church, and the angels, with the blest Redeemer; and Lyra stood alone upon the great Way of Life—a gentle, timid child; without Wealth, or Power, or Fame, but like our first parents when they went forth from Eden,

“The world was all before her, where to choose
Her place of rest, and Providence her guide.”

CHAPTER II.

It was Christmas Eve, and Lyra was no longer the little organ girl, in the church, but a pitying spirit, wandering over the whole earth ; comforting and consoling human hearts with her blessed gift of love. Many a home would have been gladly opened to this strange child, and many a band of little ones would have welcomed her to the cheerful hearth-stone ; but alone she wandered, while the winter winds whistled sharply through the leafless branches, and the clear, bright stars, looked down upon her from the midst of Heaven. But though the winter winds were chill, and the cold gleaming stars were very unsocial companions, yet Lyra was as glad and happy as if surrounded by eternal summer, and

as she hastened onward, she still sang, unconsciously to herself,

“Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies.”

Thus she continued, till, 'ere long, like the child in the story, “she went and went, till she came to a little red house.” It was a good old-fashioned homestead by the roadside, near, and around which, were cornfields, and meadows, and orchards, and great barns that seemed to be almost bursting with their stores of wealth. A light, bright as day, shone from the windows of the spacious old kitchen, and sounds of merriment mingled with happy young voices, came to Lyra's ear as she stopped to listen. With light footsteps she crept close beneath the sheltering eaves, and putting aside the branches of the vine from the window, she looked in upon the scene. The great logs of oak and maple blazed like a conflagration in the wide-mouthed fireplace, near which sat an aged grandmother, who had laid aside her knitting, and leaned thoughtfully upon her crutch

as she gazed at a group of children, who were dancing like fairy elves around the great Christmas tree in the centre of the room. In one corner, near the silent spinning-wheel, sat the good father and mother with two maiden aunts and an uncle, who were all listening with wonder and delight to the eldest son, as he drew forth such lively strains from his violin they could scarce keep their seats. Lyra looked and listened for a time, and then pulling at the latch-string, she entered and knocked at the inner door. It was quickly opened, and a cry of welcome was heard, for she was a well known favorite. "Oh, Lyra! Lyra!" they exclaimed, "where have you been so long? and what have you been doing? They led her forward to the Tree, and as she threw back her hood the light shone full upon her face. Then they were conscious of a feeling they had never experienced before in her presence, for there was such a saintly expression to her countenance, and a light so divine beamed from her eyes as she looked tenderly upon them, that they could only gaze at

her in wonder. "Oh, how beautiful she has grown," said the oldest girl. "She looks like the white lilies in the garden, when the moon shines on them. Tell us, Lyra; what has altered you so?" "I have been talking with Christ Jesus and his angels," she replied, "and now I do not feel like my former self, but I seem to be walking in the midst of Heaven with blessed spirits all around me." "Oh tell us, then! tell us all about them!" said the children earnestly, and as she took her seat they gathered close around her. All things beside were forgotten, and the generous old Christmas Tree stretched out his inviting arms, loaded with playthings and sweetmeats, in vain. Then, in a sweet low voice, she told them of the dear babe in Bethlehem, cradled in a manger; of the star in the East, and the angels who sang of his birth to the shepherds of the plain. And as she won the children's hearts into her heart, and their souls into her soul, in glowing words she placed before their minds sweet, touching, beautiful pictures of his life and ministry—

his wonderful escape into Egypt—the grave old Doctors in the temple—his triumph in the wilderness—the hills and gardens and groves of Palestine, and the sea side where he taught the multitude. So real, so present did it seem to their minds, that they wept with Jesus at the tomb of Lazarus, and looked sorrowfully upon Peter when he denied his Master, and when “Satan entered into the heart of Judas,” they longed to raise their imploring voices and call him back from his deed of sin and shame. But oh! when, with trembling voice and tearful eyes she pointed them to the Cross on Calvary, and told of his dying agony and unfailing love, the nails seemed to pierce their hands also, and they felt that they were suffering with him.

But soon all was changed; and with a cheerful voice she told of his glorious resurrection, and how, through the long ages that had intervened, and through the Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death, he had left behind him a bright, gleaming pathway of light, leading up into the paradise of

God, over which all the nations of the world should walk, till they all met at length as one great family in Heaven, and God should be the Father, and Christ the Saviour of all. Then, with faces glowing with hope and triumphant gladness, the children lifted their hands and cried; "Oh Christ our Saviour! bring us up unto thee!" Thus she left them, and when they joined again in their sports, they danced with a lighter step and gentler grace, and sung their Christmas hymns more sweetly and tenderly than before, for a new interest and deeper meaning had been given to this joyous festival, which had once been to them only an occasion of noisy sport and idle merriment. As the aged woman still sat leaning on her crutch by the fireside, Lyra drew near her, and clasping her hand warmly, she said, "Well, good grandmother, how is it with you to-night? Does it not almost make you feel young again, to see these little ones so happy?" "Young again!" said the old woman mournfully, "Do not talk to me of youth and happiness. Oh! on

such a night, the grave seems darker and deeper than ever, and all is mist and shadow beyond it. Ah! if I could but escape it, and become a child again! You who have talked with Christ and his angels, and bathed your face in the sunshine of Heaven—can you not tell me what will bring back youth and strength and beauty?”

“No: not to this perishing, mortal body, but there is a youth for the soul.” “Soul! Soul!” murmured the old woman. “Ah, yes! I had once, but I lost it long ago, and now I must go down to the dust, and never, never live again.” “Oh no! not so, dear grandmother, this old, worn out garment of the flesh that you now wear, shall be given back to Mother Nature who lent it to you, but the precious spirit cradled within, will lie like a new-born infant in the hand of God our Father. It will be nourished and cherished by the angels of Heaven—led tenderly and carefully in the Way of Life, and taught to *know God* even as *we* are known of *Him* here.” “Ah, that is wonderful! very wonderful! Tell me more,”

and she grasped Lyra firmly by the arm as if she was afraid she would vanish. "Nor would you wish, grandmother, to become a child again, could you know how much more blessed it is to be born into the heavenly kingdom than the earthly. It is like waking up from a feverish and troubled dream. Such an one as oft comes to us in the night, when we find ourselves before a gazing multitude, clad in filthiness and rags; or walking through strange places where the earth continually fails beneath our footsteps—pursued by Phantoms and Furies, till at length one grim and ghostly spectre, from whom we have vainly attempted to flee, aims at us a fatal blow. Then we cry aloud, and springing from our pillows, we hear the singing of the early birds, and see the calm, clear light of another day smiling upon us. Oh! do we not rejoice that the dream has passed, and thank God that we are the children of Light, rather than of Darkness?"

She ceased speaking, but the aged woman still kept her eyes fixed steadily upon her countenance,

as if she was reading there a confirmation of the words she had spoken. "It is all true," she said, at last, "God knows what is best. Let his will be done." The frosts that had gathered round her heart in this winter of her old age, melted away in warm tears, and gladdened by the hopes of Eternal Youth, she clasped her hands quietly upon her bosom, and exclaimed with all the love and confidence of a happy child, "God is our *Father !*"

Then Lyra saw the good seed had taken root in the hearts of the aged woman and the little children, and rejoicing in the triumph of her gift of love, she hastened forth once more.

CHAPTER III.

Hurrying through the streets of a great city, she came next to "the home of a widow ; a home but in name." There sat the widow, sewing busily by the dim, flickering light of an almost wasted candle, but she often stopped to wipe the tears from her eyes, and to gaze upon the four little ones who were drawn close together about the fire, which was smouldering upon the hearth. Suspended from the crane by long strings, were five large apples, which the children watched with delighted eyes as they slowly turned and roasted in the flames that ascended from the bits of chip and coal they had gathered in the streets that day. None but those who have been denied every luxury, can tell how very precious these apples were to the little children. This was their Christmas celebration. With the faintest

of hopes that old Santa Claus might pay them a visit, they had hung up their stockings the night before, in the chimney corner; and lo! in the morning each contained a rosy apple, which seemed bigger and more wonderful than any thing of the kind they had ever seen before. But, alas for the benevolence of the old Saint! they were indeed purchased with the "widow's mites," and she was obliged to live more meagerly and work more industriously that day, in order to make up for this extra expenditure.

"Don't you call this having a good time?" said one of the children. "I think this is the best Christmas we have had yet." "Yes," replied the eldest boy, "this is a pretty good time, but I know where they are having a great deal better. As I was running across the fields to-night, just before I crossed the bridge that leads into the city, I heard a great noise of music and dancing. I looked over to David Anderson's house, and it was all lit up like a church. I crept close under the window, and looked in.

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There was David, and Andrew, and Jenny Anderson, with a whole troop of neighbors' children dancing like crazy creatures round a great Christmas Tree; and oh! could you have only seen the beautiful things on that tree, you would not sleep for a month, from thinking of them. There were books, and dolls, and baskets of fruit and confectionary, that looked so nice and tempting, my mouth watered, and I could scarce keep from crying at sight of them. Then I thought of mother and all of you at home, and how little we could have to make us happy, till such great, black, wicked thoughts crowded into my heart, that I had to run with all my might to get away from them."

"How I do wish we could have a Christmas Tree, and a plenty of money," replied the other with a sigh. "Then I would hang a great warm shawl on it for mother, and a pair of stout boots for you, Johnny, and a nice cloak and a basket with two white, live rabbits in it for Nelly." "Oh! how I wish we could," exclaimed Nelly.

“Then, besides all the rest, on the very top should be a great basket of bread and meat, and ginger-bread and cheese, so that when we got tired, we could sit down and eat as much as we pleased, without feeling afraid it would be all gone.” Thus they went on till they became so deeply absorbed in the contemplation of their imaginary Christmas Tree, that their apples were entirely forgotten, when, in an unlucky moment, the flames burnt off the strings, and tumbled three of them into the ashes. As Lyra stood without, and gazed in through the broken panes of glass, her heart was filled with love and pity. She longed to be some good and benevolent fairy, that she might relieve the poor widow at once, and grant the wildest desires of the little ones. But when she thought how limited were her powers, and how little could be done without that mighty, all-prevailing servant—Money—she could not refrain from weeping.

It was only for a moment, and then, like a clear ray of morning light, it flashed upon her

mind that in her bosom she bore the rich gift of Love. Could she not impart from it to others, and through them accomplish the good she so earnestly desired? She did not stop to think a moment, but filled with glad hopes she hastened away.

Among the splendid mansions of the wealthy in this city, stood an aristocratic looking old brick house. Here, in the cheerful light of the spacious drawing room, on this chilly winter eve, sat old Stephen Grimes, the rich and childless merchant. The fire burned brightly in the grate, and though his feet, which rested on the fender, were warm, and his face glowed in the red light, yet his heart was very cold. He was musing deeply, and as he gazed gloomily into the fire, he muttered to himself, "Ah! and what does it all come to at last? Why, just this—that not a tear will be shed for me when I am gone. They will riot over my grave in idleness and extravagance, and not bestow one grateful thought upon the poor slave who has toiled and worn away his life for

them. Oh, I would to God!" he exclaimed earnestly, "that the whole was in the bottom of the ocean, and I a beggar boy in the streets. Then I would begin life anew, and live to be loved." A light step was heard. He turned his head, and a fair girl, with large, dark eyes, stood near him. "Good evening, Mr. Grimes!" said she, "I thought as I was passing by, I would just look in upon you, and wish you a merry Christmas."

"Many thanks!" said the old man, as he took her by the hand; "you are a good girl, Lyra, and I wish I had as warm and true a heart beating in my bosom as you have. I was just thinking that there was not a soul in this wide world who loved me or cared for me. Then I thought of the merry Christmas nights I used to spend under my old father's roof when a child; when I rode my grandfather's cane, or sat upon the knee of my great aunt to listen to her wonderful stories, or parched corn on the old hearth-stone. Those were blessed days, and I have never seen the like since. While I was thinking of this, I lifted my

eyes to the mirror upon the chimney-piece, and there I was reflected, a hard-featured, gray-haired old man. I wondered what I had been doing all this long, long time, from childhood to old age. I knew I had given myself, soul and body, to getting money, money, *money*! And I have got what I toiled for, but am I happy? No: no! I go along the streets and I meet men with their wives leaning upon their arms, and leading their little children by the hand. They look cheerful and happy. Then I look about me and find that I am alone in this great world, where there is so much love, and I wonder why none comes to me, and no one cries, 'God bless you!' Oh, I tell you Lyra, my good girl, I have thought more to-night than I have before for twenty years, and you have come like a blessed angel, at just the right moment. Sit down now, and let me ask you, how would you like to become the adopted daughter of old Stephen Grimes? To live in luxury and splendor, and inherit all his wealth when he dies? Ay! think of *that*, girl! How would you like it?"

A flush of excitement passed over Lyra's calm, sweet face, but it was only for a moment; then she laid her hand gently on the old man's shoulder, and with tears standing in her large dark eyes, she answered, "I am a poor, weak child, and the world has many temptations for me, but I could not long be happy to live thus, for I am consecrated unto a holy purpose, and I must make it my meat and my drink to do the will of my Father in Heaven. Had I your wealth I should scatter it abroad among the suffering children of God, and be the same poor, wandering Lyra, that I am now." "And where would you find your reward?"

"In the approval of the Spirit within me, and the blessings and prayers of grateful hearts. I, like yourself, am alone in the world; and yet, I am *not* alone, for constantly before me walks my Guide and Teacher, leading the way to Eternal Life. 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but He had not where to lay his head,' and while I follow in his footsteps I

must share his fortunes." "Yes but hear me, dear child! would it not be a great blessing to have this wealth to aid the poor and unfortunate?"

"Truly it would, Mr. Grimes, but I can go the world over, with only the loving, earnest Spirit of our God in my heart, and be as good and faithful a friend to the poor as if I had the wealth of the Indies. There is a wise thoughtfulness, and a deep sympathy and love, that is dearer than the richest gifts to their crushed and broken spirits. How may I win the poor unless I become like them? and while I have a warm heart and words upon my lips, I will plead for them—oh, so earnestly! even as I do to-night. Talk not to me of living in luxury and splendor, I who am so free and happy. It would be like caging the wandering bird that soars far up in the still blue heaven, forever warbling songs of joy in the midst of the spirits of Light and Love. But rather let me ask for those who are suffering even now; and oh! if Christ our Saviour has laid his holy hands upon your heart this night, do not linger

a moment, but go forth and 'visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction,' and return not, unless you bear their blessings with you. "Aye, child! child! you are full of strange fancies!" "No! no! my own good friend, it is *not* a fancy. Is not God the Father, and Christ the Saviour of all? and therefore is there not one common tie of love and sympathy to bind us to each other? And if one of this great human family suffer, shall not all suffer alike with him? Yet, what is more than all this, let me tell you now. It is true that we brought nothing into the world, but is it true in the same manner, that we shall carry nothing out? Will not the influence of kindly thoughts and righteous deeds, done in this world, encircle us like a halo of glory, and be the most beautiful garments in which we can appear before God and his angels? Aye! and if this be so—and who shall say that it is not? — will it not be well for us to 'sell all that we have, and give to the poor,' that we may fold these robes of light about us, and go up with serene countenances into the pres-

ence of the Great Eternal?" "Hold! hold! child! it is enough!" said the old man, as he wiped the tears from his furrowed cheeks. "Is it possible that I have lived so long, to learn these things at last, from a little child? But thank God! it is not too late. I feel the warm blood gushing through my heart as it did long, long ago, and a new life is kindling within me. Let me do good this very night, that I may know if it is indeed 'more blessed to give than to receive'" "Come with me," said Lyra, and hand in hand they went forth from the cheerful fireside, into the cold and darkness.

That night the poor widow's pillow was wet with tears of gratitude, and the hearts of her little ones beat with as wild a joy, as if the stars had heard their cries and showered down gifts upon them. But old Stephen Grimes walked in heavenly places, and saw angels in his dreams.

CHAPTER IV.

It was late at night when Lyra left the now happy home of the poor widow. She wrapped her shawl closely about her, and with a quickened step she traversed the dimly lighted streets of that portion of the city. There was something terrible in the silence around, and had it not been for the warm, glad heart within her, she would have trembled at her loneliness. Suddenly such a wild, unearthly cry fell upon her ear, that she started back in horror, and the next moment a woman partly dressed, with her face covered with blood, rushed from a cellar near by, and gazed wildly around her.

“ Oh, in the name of the merciful God !” she exclaimed, “ come and help me ! My husband is a raving madman ! He will murder us all !” and without waiting for a reply, she dragged

Lyra down the steps, into the wretched apartment below. Never before had she witnessed such a scene of human misery. The misty light that beamed from an old ship-lantern which hung against the wall, revealed all the horrors of this gloomy den. Upon a heap of rags and straw in one corner, lay a wretched victim of intemperance. With teeth set and wildly staring eyes, he gazed into the room as if he expected the approach of an enemy, while the pale and horror stricken faces of his guilty associates and companions in wretchedness, who had been called together by his cries, peered forth upon him from behind the broken furniture and the dark corners of the room.

"Be off, be off!" he shouted, as he sprang up and brandished part of a chair. "If you come near me, I will kill you! Ha, ha! the fiends are upon me again!" and he beat about him with terrible oaths and imprecations.

"What shall I do! oh, what shall I do!" sobbed the wretched wife, as she clung closely to

Lyra. "I have tried to still him, but oh, my head, my head!" and throwing back the clotted and tangled hair from her forehead, she displayed a deep gash, from which the blood was flowing freely.

"Help! help!" he shouted again, "will you stand there and see me murdered? They are tearing the flesh from my bones! My heart is on fire? Oh, God, what misery!" and he beat the air more furiously than before.

"Now may God help me," fervently exclaimed Lyra. As if moved by an impulse she could not resist, she stepped forward, and laying her hand gently, but firmly upon his arm, she looked steadily into his face.

"Be off," he cried, as he flourished his weapon above her head. "Who are you? and why have you come to torment me?"

"I have not come to torment you," she answered calmly, "but to help you—to see what I can do for you."

"Be quick! take off these vipers, then! Here,

don't you see them? all around my hands and arms and neck. And there! look there!" he cried with an expression of horror, as he pointed with his trembling hand into the thick darkness, "there is Satan himself." He gazed a moment, then, with a wild shriek, and every limb convulsed with terror, he drew up the wretched coverlet, and dashed beneath it, gazing fiercely from the top, while the veins in his forehead were swelled almost to bursting with his agony.

"Go, go," said Lyra in a firm tone, as she waved her hands towards the darkness. "In the name of Jesus I bid you vanish. See! how they fly! I knew they would go if I bade them. Do not be afraid, they shall not harm you while I am here."

"Tell them again, again!" cried the sufferer. Ha! they are afraid of you!" and he burst into a loud, wild laugh. "They are gone, but oh, my head is on fire. It is melting away like lead. Hold off your hands and pour water upon me!" and he beat his head violently against the wall.

Lyra laid her soft, cool hands upon his head, and in an instant caught a thrill of the terrible strife that was going on beneath them. Every pulse was throbbing wildly, and the hot blood was leaping through the veins like liquid fire, and, as she gazed upon those staring eyes and that distorted countenance, so unlike the beautiful and perfect creations of God, she thought with wonder of the time when he lay, an innocent, helpless child, on his mother's bosom. Such love and pity as the angels feel when they gaze upon poor, suffering human nature, filled her heart. She wept, and the blessed drops fell upon his face like rain. "There is a magic in each tear such kindly spirits shed for man," and as he lay with his eyes fixed steadily upon her countenance, she became conscious of a power she had never known before. She was no longer herself, but the Father of All was working in and through her to bestow a blessing of healing upon his suffering and sinful child. Her faith was as clear as the morning light, and the words of prayer were upon her

lips. Thoughts which could only have found birth in such an hour, flowed in upon her heart and gushed out in speech. The silence indeed was terrible, but more fearful yet, not only to herself, but to those that heard her, was the sound of that voice, coming up from the depths of her being, without the effort or strength of her own will.

“There, there,” said the sufferer in a low tone, “they are all gone now, thank God! Sing to me now, sing to me as my mother used to, when I was a child, and I shall soon fall asleep.” Not since she had played upon the organ in the old church, had Lyra attempted to sing. Her voice was so weak and low, and expressed so feebly the harmony within her, that she had given up in despair, and resolved not to attempt that which she was so incapable of performing. But unknown to herself, in the course of those years, her voice had gathered strength, and now as she sung one of the songs of her childhood, she wondered at its power and sweetness. She felt that the

hand of God was indeed upon her, and her soul for the first time found free utterance. Her heart beat wildly, and she trembled with excitement, yet still from her lips gushed forth that heavenly music, in strains so sweet and melting, yet so perfect in harmony, that even the angels might well have stopped to listen. As David charmed the evil spirits from Saul, so now did they flee from that holy sound, and ere many minutes the poor sufferer lay in a deep and quiet sleep.

Lyra gradually lowered her voice until she ceased singing, and turned away, when to her astonishment she found herself surrounded by a group of miserable beings, male and female. Some were kneeling upon the floor, and others sat with their faces bowed upon their hands in profound silence.

“God bless you!” exclaimed a rough looking old sailor, as he grasped her by the hand. “You have touched a heart that was so hard and cold, that I thought it was dead; but thank God, I know there is some life in me yet, and I can say

for myself and those around me, that if we could always have such a pilot as you, my sweet angel, we should steer clear of the rocks and quicksands of destruction, and anchor safe at last in sight of home."

"Look here," said a pale, wretched looking woman, as she threw aside the blanket that covered the face of her child. "Do you see this little one? It is the child of sin and sorrow; it was born in the midst of sin and pollution; but God only knows how I could have helped it. I had no home to shelter me, no mother to care for me in my childhood, but I was driven hither and thither by the pitiless, unfeeling world, till I found there was no refuge for me but in sin or death, and then I went on step by step, till I became a lost, fallen, degraded wretch, as the City Watch, the Police Court, and the House of Correction can testify. Oh, the world has not treated me right. It drove me to destruction and then trampled on me when I fell. And yet I am not wholly lost, for I feel this night—although this

child is the only frail thing that keeps me from sinking forever into the gulf of despair—yet I would rather cast her into the depths of the sea, than let her live to suffer and sin as I have done. Take her, in the name of a merciful God, and save *her* if you cannot save *me*.”

She laid the child in Lyra's arms. It was slumbering sweetly, but as it felt the movement it gently opened its eyes and glanced up in her face, then it closed them again, and nestled fondly in her bosom.

“Will you not speak one word to me, dear lady?” said a weak voice, and as she turned in the direction from which it came, a tall, sickly looking boy about twelve years of age, crept forth from the corner where he had been lying. There was a look of intelligence in his large dark eyes and full forehead, and a gentleness in his voice seldom heard in these haunts of vice. “I know,” said he, “I am not fit to come near you, for everybody calls me a rogue and a rascal, and so I am; but if I didn't lie, and steal, I should starve.

Now that I am too sick to take care of myself, these people do all they can for me. I tell you what, they ain't so bad as they seem to be, and though all of 'em live by hook and crook, yet in the main I think they are better than some folks as call themselves Christians. Hannah Smith gave me half of her supper to-night, and made up a little bed in the corner for me. I couldn't help crying when I laid down, thinking how good she was to me, when she had no reason to be, and when I woke up and heard you talk to poor Mr. Smith and sing so, I thought you must be an angel, come right from heaven to bless and comfort us all ; so speak one kind word to me, dear lady, for though I am a wicked child, yet our Lord knows I don't want to be."

"My poor boy!" said Lyra, bursting into tears, "I wish I had money to give you, but I am poor like yourself, and only have what the world pleases to spare me."

"Then you are just the one," said the old sailor, "you know how to pity us, and you can counsel

us. Judy Allerton you take your baby again, and you, Hannah Smith, roll another log into the fire and brush up the hearth; then, while John is asleep, we'll lay our hearts and heads together to take an observation. Who knows but the Sun of Righteousness may arise for us with healing in his wings, and we shall yet be able to find our way out of the fogs and breakers, into clear sunshine and smooth seas."

"Do not leave us," said the sick child, who still held her by the hand. "People give us money sometimes, to get rid of us, but there are few who love us and speak kindly as you do."

"Aye! don't bear away as yet, sweet lady," continued the old sailor earnestly, "but give us a few more of those blessed words, for they are as rare and precious to us as pearls from the ocean, and mayhap they will prove of more value than all the treasures in the depths of the sea. There's a glorious flood of light streaming into my heart just now, and I want to work while it lasts."

The fire began to blaze and burn upon the

hearth, and without any hesitation Lyra stepped forward and joined the group around it. As the light shone upon their faces, and revealed their features, marked by passion and crime, she shuddered and wondered at herself, a weak, defenceless child, standing thus in their midst, fearless and unharmed. She felt like the prophet when cast into the den of lions, but she knew the Lord withheld them, and her feet had been guided hither by an invisible spirit, to aid and comfort them. With a cheerful voice and pleasant words she spoke to them. She did not tell them of high spiritual duties they could not understand or practice, but she pointed out a plain and easy path for them. She told them of faith, hope, and patience, and the "charity that suffereth long and is kind." Their interests, their hopes and fears were all her own. She questioned and advised them like a loving sister, and poured out the sunshine in her heart upon them without measure. The hours passed by unheeded, as they talked and laid open their over-burdened hearts before

her. Prayers and blessings and glad hopes and holy resolutions for the future, were mingled in their speech, and before they parted, the old sailor had laid the temperance pledge upon the table with every name signed to it, from the sufferer who crept feebly from his couch, and wrote with a trembling hand, to the pale, sick boy in the corner.

The early grey of a winter's morning gleamed in the eastern sky, when she went forth once more into the cold frosty air. She was weak and exhausted from want of sleep, and every pulse was throbbing with excitement. But no real harm can happen to such—"they can run and not be weary, they can walk and not faint, for He hath given his angels charge concerning them."

CHAPTER V.

The years passed on, and Lyra became a woman. A solemn beauty spread itself over her countenance, and there was such a free, loving grace and childlike innocence in every act, that she won the hearts of all who knew her. The wonderful gift that had first revealed itself to her in the home of the poor sufferer on that eventful Christmas Eve, was still hers. Her voice increased in power and sweetness, till all who heard her were filled with wonder and admiration. The world flattered and caressed her, and the proud and wealthy welcomed her to their homes. Drop by drop a sweet but subtle poison was distilled in her pure, young heart, that crept and burned through every vein like a fiery serpent, and filled her with restlessness and sorrow. She struggled hard and long against it, but still sought

the presence of the tempter. In her gayest hours, amid the brightest scenes, she felt the hands of unseen angels leading her away, and when the crowd were loudest in their praise, she heard sorrowful voices calling her back to the humility and simplicity of her early consecration. She wept, and the world wondered that one so good, so beautiful and gifted, should be so sorrowful, but her heart "knew its own bitterness." At length her soul gathered strength; she threw aside the rich garments with which wealth and fashion had adorned her, and came to the home of her childhood, with a sadder but wiser heart than when she left it. She hushed the yearnings of the spirit within her and bowed her mind once more to the humble employments of daily life. And in this she found she was not alone. In her absence another hand had sowed the good seed, and watered the barren soil in the hearts of the sorrowful and unfortunate. David Anderson, the companion of her early years, was now a thoughtful, earnest young man. He was a minister of



the Gospel, and in his nobility and strength of soul, disdaining all the outward forms and fashions that limit the action of a great and expanding mind, he came forth in a plain garb, with simple speech, as did Jesus and the apostles of old. The world recognized in him one of its ruling spirits, and did him reverence, and the poor and forsaken looked up to him as a friend and protector.

He often met with Lyra as she went forth on her labors of love, and her meek face and gentle voice won his heart. They had one faith, one hope and one purpose in life. They talked and read and walked together and sang till their hearts as well as their voices were mingled in one. Whole days were spent together in wandering through the still woods and over the sunny hills, or they would sit down in the shade of the trees beside some brook, and David would read with an earnestness and enthusiasm peculiar to him, from the most sublime lays and teachings of the old poets and philosophers. At other times he would read to her of Jenny Lind, the sweet

Nightingale, who ravished all hearts with her delightful songs, and of Consuelo, the far famed singer of Venice, who was at first a poor wandering gipsy girl, and at last became the favorite of kings and princes, and the wonder and admiration of all. Then David would throw aside his

book, and laying back his head upon the soft green grass, he would listen to the enchanting strains of Lyra's voice, as she breathed forth some witching melody, as sweet and clear as a summer bird, till his whole soul was lost in a heaven of love. Then he would beseech her earnestly to lay aside the thought of all other things and give herself entirely to the cultivation of her wonderful talent, that the world might learn to know and prize her, even as he did. She listened to him till she caught the influence of his spirit, and so intense did her desire become, that she felt that she could sacrifice all things beside, if she could attain to this one grand object. God and Heaven and the wide world around her were forgotten, and she only sought for the pathway

over which her aspiring soul could walk to its destined aim.

The time for the annual meeting of all those who loved and cherished the faith which she herself professed, was fast approaching, and it was expected that a great number of the brethren and friends from abroad would come to this place, hallowed by the footsteps of the pilgrims, to lift up their voices in praise and thanksgiving where their fathers had worshipped before them. Lyra determined to pour forth her whole soul on this occasion. Great care had been taken in the selection of the pieces, and there were many beautiful solos, in which Lyra's voice would be heard alone.

At length the long expected time arrived, and the church was filled to overflowing. It was the close of the morning service, and all the congregation arose with their faces turned towards the gallery, to hear the concluding hymn. It commenced with the words—

“ Father of Mercies! Fountain of Goodness!
Lord, we adore thee, and worship thy name.”

First came the prelude, and then Lyra's voice was heard, rising solemn and sweet, and floating away in the wide arch, like the song of a spirit. Not a breath or sound was heard, save that one calm voice, breathing forth a hymn of praise and love, in such clear, fervent tones, that those who listened almost expected to hear the Invisible Spirit answer its call. Heads were bowed, eyes were moistened, and hearts thrilled with rapture, and when it was ended, and Lyra sank into her seat, she felt that she had accomplished all that she wished.

As she turned to leave the gallery she was met by a stranger, who extended his hand to her.

"Pardon me, sweet lady," he said, "for addressing you thus, but I am in raptures with your wonderful voice, and could not leave without speaking to you. Do you know what a rare gift you possess, and that if it was rightly cultivated and employed, it would win you fame and wealth untold?"

"I know," replied Lyra earnestly, "that down

deep in my heart is a voice full of sweetness and harmony that has not yet found utterance, and I fear never will, for I am a poor girl, and have no one to assist me. I would willingly do all I could to bring out this strength that lies within me, but as it is, I must hush my aspirations, and make myself contented." . .

"Not so," said the stranger. "I have long been a teacher of music in the city, and have had many fine voices under my care, but none that would begin to compare with yours, and I know that could I have you with me but a twelvemonth, America might yet produce as sweet a singer as Sweden or Ireland. Think of it, lady, and determine to accept my offer, for I promise you that I will educate you thoroughly in all the mysteries and difficulties of the art, and ask no recompense for my labor until you are able to bestow it upon me by the exercise of your talent. I do not ask you to decide now, but I leave you to think of it, and the next time we meet let me know."

He bade her good morning, and left her.

"Now," exclaimed Lyra, as she clasped her hands in rapture, "the way is open before me, and I will not hesitate." She did not meet the stranger the next day, as she expected, but it was not long before she received a letter from him, urging her to come to the city as soon as possible. She hurried with the letter to David, and his joy was as sincere as her own. He was grieved at the thought of parting with one who had so long been his nearest friend and companion, but he felt that her success was the dearest wish of his heart, and bidding her an affectionate farewell, he saw her depart without any misgivings for the future.

CHAPTER VI.

Now then, the way looked bright before her, and it was not long before her whole soul was absorbed in the study of that art which she had loved so long. Alas for one who thinks that life can be given to one grand attainment alone, when God has so manifestly made us for many. They lose sight of the holiest part of their natures, by thinking thus, and forget that "*charity*," without which "they are nothing." As well might they reason because the stars are very beautiful, God should make nothing but stars, as to say since one gift sheds brightness and glory upon the soul, it should seek for nothing more.

But Lyra did not stop to reason. Her old temptations were again before her. Unconsciously her frail bark was floating once more on the treacherous waters of public favor. She listened to the

syren voice that lured her on, and did not dream of danger. The days and months passed by unheeded, as new scenes were opening before her, and she was constantly gathering new homes. Old memories and early associations were forgotten in this bewildering change. At first she had received many letters from David, full of affection and words of encouragement, and she had answered them, but at length, when her numerous engagements crowded in upon her, and her time was wholly occupied, she had neglected to do so, and then she heard from him no longer, for though he had a faithful and earnest soul, he possessed too much manly spirit and resolution, to ask again for that, which was taken so unkindly from him.

After long and patient study, she received a brilliant and highly advantageous offer for her services in one of the theatres of the city. Once she would have shrunk back in indignation from the idea of appearing thus before the public, but now she had gone on so gradually, step by step, from her childlike innocence, that it did not ap-

pear so repulsive to her, and after some persuasion she accepted it. A new course of studies was before her, and new objects engaged her attention. Long and careful preparation was necessary, but at length she gave satisfaction and was pronounced perfect.

The piece in which she was to make her first appearance before the public, she had chosen herself. It was "King Rene's Daughter;" and she had taken the part of "Iolanthe." As she walked through the city the preceding day, and saw the bills announcing the evening's entertainment, in staring capitals, her heart throbbed with pride, at what would once have kindled a blush of shame upon her cheek, for she knew that the mere announcement of her name was sufficient to call together a crowd of eager listeners.

The evening came, and the brilliantly lighted theatre was crowded to its utmost capacity. The curtain rose, and the long expected favorite was greeted with a shout of applause. She felt that she was moving in a new and wondrous element,

and the part which she had chosen was well suited to her natural earnestness, and simple, unaffected action. All things passed on smoothly, until she came to the garden scene, where she met with Tristan and Geoffrey of Orange. With her head bent gracefully forward, and an expression of rapt attention on her sweet countenance, she listened while Tristan sang his song. He ended, and she stood for a few moments with her hand placed thoughtfully upon her forehead. "Lend me the cithern," said she. She took the instrument, and touching it with a practised hand, she lifted up her beautiful eyes, which all were to imagine as sightless, and perhaps it would have been well for her at that moment if they had really been so—she commenced singing—

"Highly be honored the stranger guest,"—when lo! from amid the vast crowd who were breathless with attention, she saw the pale, sorrowful face of David Anderson, looking down with love and pity upon her. That look pierced to her very soul, and the past rushed in upon her

like a flood. She forgot who and where she was. She could no longer imagine herself the daughter of the King of Provence, in the sunny vale of Vacluse; for she was Lyra Lindsey once more, wandering over the green hills and by the still waters of her own native land. She tried to recover herself, but she knew not whether she was singing a "Gipsy Carol" or an "Evening Song to the Virgin." The blood rushed to her face, her hand trembled, and the instrument fell at her feet. Her pretended lover gazed upon her in anger and astonishment, and she heard a low voice prompting her. Once more she attempted to commence, but at the first word her voice came forth so harsh and discordant, that she was frightened, and bursting into a passionate flood of tears, she darted from the stage.

"What in the name of all that is good and great has possessed you!" exclaimed the excited manager. "You have ruined all by your folly."

"Do not speak to me! Do not say one word!" cried Lyra, "or I shall kill myself with vexa-

tion." She grasped her shawl, and, wrapping it around her, without stopping a moment she hurried through the lonely streets of the city till she reached her own lodgings. Weeks passed on, and she was raving in the delirium of a fever. Those who had witnessed her failure, pitied more than they blamed her, and owing to the kindness and care of her many faithful friends, after a long and tedious illness, she slowly recovered. But with her health her voice did not return to her. She had indeed lost the blessed gift which she had used for unholy purposes. No longer sought after by those whom she had once charmed and delighted, and dreading to return again to her home, from which she had gone forth with such brilliant prospects, she felt that she was at variance with herself and all the world. Poverty, her old friend, returned to her once more. She wandered about the city in search of employment, but not meeting with any success, she resolved to turn her face homeward.

It was the evening of a warm spring day when

she reached the home of her childhood. Fair maidens leaning upon the arms of their loved ones were taking their accustomed walk to the old spring. The robin was singing in the tops of the elm trees, and "the lingering ray of departing day" rested, like a mantle of beauty upon the ancient burying-ground. A glad and happy sense of home and the innocent pleasures of childhood came over her, and as she walked slowly along, the bell of her own loved church rang out a loud peal, as if it was calling her again to its portals. She willingly turned her feet into the accustomed way, and unknown by all she entered the church. Though many years had passed, yet time had wrought no great changes here. There still was the cross upon the altar, and the tablets bearing those blessed inscriptions, "God our Father," and "Christ our Saviour." The same chorister, ever faithful and kind, looked down from his exalted position, and the good pastor, now a grey-haired but upright old man, still spoke with all the persuasion and earnestness of his earlier days.

With a heart filled with peaceful emotions, Lyra listened to the choir as they sang the old, familiar hymns, and received every word that came from the lips of the preacher, like drops of healing balm. The discourse was hardly ended, when she heard the sounds of many footsteps, and turning her head she saw a bridal party entering the church.

One glance told all. First came David Anderson with Nelly Grey, the daughter of the poor widow whom she had befriended on Christmas Eve—and next to them was old Stephen Grimes—who was now the father-in-law of Nelly Grey, with the widow that was, leaning upon his arm, and followed by the other members of the family. A faint moan that seemed to come from a breaking heart, burst from Lyra's lips. Unobserved she sank upon the floor, and stifled her sobs in the cushions. Every word that was spoken, fell upon her ear like the sound of a trumpet. She heard the clear, manly voice of David Anderson, promising to love, honor, and cherish the gentle,

true-hearted being who stood by his side. She heard the blessing that was pronounced upon their union, and the footsteps of the congregation as they passed from the church. She was alone ! all, all alone ! Not one pitying soul stayed to witness her agony. She felt as though the life-blood had fled from her heart, and was dropping from her fingers ends. " Oh, God !" she exclaimed, " thou art just, and I must eat the bitter fruit of my own doings. I gave myself and all my powers in holy consecration to thee, when a child, but the world lured me away. It flattered, deceived and left me. Now with a broken and contrite spirit I come again to thee. Oh, hear my cry ! for I seek not the love and confidence of the Father, but I pray rather for the mercy of a pitying God." She went and stood again by the communion table, where once, in all the warmth of early affection, she had laid down her gift of love at the feet of the Saviour. With hands clasped and eyes raised to the cross above the altar, in an agony of prayer, she besought those blessed spir-

its to return to her, but no voice replied. She felt that she was indeed "without hope and without God in the world," and falling with her face downward upon the table, her whole frame shook with the violence of her emotions. But the storm of passion was soon spent ; then faint and weak as a child, she knelt down upon the floor, murmuring in a low, fervent tone, "Oh God, our Father ! oh Christ, our Saviour !" Scarcely had she spoken, when a gentle voice replied, "Lo ! I am with thee," and lifting up her eyes, she saw that same calm, serene countenance, looking down upon her with ineffable love and tenderness.

"Oh Jesus !" she cried, "hast thou heard me ? I have no need to tell thee of my wanderings, for although I have forgotten thee, yet I know thou hast ever been mindful of me. In thine infinite mercy receive me once more, and lead me like a little child, for the world is too powerful for me."

"Fear not !" replied Jesus, "for I have overcome the world. I have suffered mortal weakness, and been tempted in all points even as thou

hast, and therefore I know well how to pity and forgive. All must learn before they understand, and every one that has passed from grace to glory, has learned this same lesson of their own weakness, before they turned with childlike confidence to the power of God. Even now thou art nearer the kingdom, than when thou stoodst before me an untried, untempted child, for sin lies not in falling but rather in ceasing to strive. Sister! our Father loves thee, and how shall I condemn thee? Go, and sin no more."

CHAPTER VIII.

Purified and strengthened by the fires of affliction, Lyra went forth once more, with higher aims and holier purposes. The world could not deceive her again, and when it strove to do so in vain, it persecuted and despised her. But she feared its frowns less than its flatteries. She returned blessing for cursing, and lifting up her crucified affections to view, the meek and saintly spirits of earth followed after her and did her reverence.

The world is not so wise as it will be, when some self-sacrificing, purified soul, has lifted the veil of sensuality and sin, and revealed to men how closely the spiritual world is mingled with the earthly, and how often we walk with "angels unawares," but after long and patient labor, Lyra

came to know all this sin and sorrow and death were all changed to her, for she saw them no longer as ministers of evil, but as servants of God to do his will. She saw his holy spirits teaching and preaching all over the wide earth—now speaking out in fearful tones of warning and rebuke, in the palaces of kings and rulers, and then mingling their holy voices in the vesper hymn at the poor man's fireside. The world knew them not, but she knew them, and felt herself strengthened by communion with such angelic natures. Through them her eyes were opened, and she saw no longer "through a glass darkly." The wide heavens and the earth to her were filled with visions of beauty and songs of harmony. The stars far away in the great firmament, the dew-drops trembling in the cups of the flowers, the song of the summer birds, and the sighing of the evening wind were unveiled mysteries and voices of meaning to her, which filled her soul with a holier and deeper inspiration. So meek and gentle was

she, that the world feared her not, and thus with a winning, resistless love, she drew near, and laying her head tenderly upon the bosom of humanity, she caught the throbbings of the great heart beneath. Then she knew that God was there also, and that all these conflicting elements would unite and mingle, till the whole universe should become a temple of God, and all the works of men a hymn of praise to his name. Her whole soul was filled with divine harmony, and like the voice of the nightingale that thrills all hearts with a kindred melody, so light and love were felt in her presence like the warm summer sunshine, and stony hearts were melted, and unsanctified souls worshipped God, they knew not why. The halls of fashion, with their gay assemblies, lost the sound of that sweet voice, but it was heard in the lowly dwellings of earth's sorrowful children, or breathed out in a tender lullaby by the cradle of David Anderson's first-born.

Thus she went on her way rejoicing, till she

came at length to the borders of a mighty sea. The day had folded her beautiful wings, and the cold, solemn face of night looked down upon her from above. The waters, driven by the chilly evening winds, moaned heavily upon the rocky shore, and the clouds gathered thick and dark, shutting out the cheerful light of the stars. Weary and faint with travel, Lyra climbed up the steep rocks and gazed down upon the troubled waves. Heaving and boiling and dashing against the rock, they lifted up their foamy arms, and seemed to call upon her with human voices. Then, as the night gathered deeper and darker, she saw that she stood like a beacon on that lonely shore, and a light was gleaming from her far over the watery waste. The storm-winds blew, and the waters roared, and again she heard that wailing sound. She listened intently, and heard the waves repeating with one voice, "Lost! lost! lost!"

"What is it," she cried, "that ye have lost, oh ye foamy waves! that ye beat and dash forever

on this solitary shore? Say—for I have travelled the wide world over, and seen many wonderful things both in Heaven and in Earth. Mayhap I can tell you where it may be found.”

“We are *all* lost,” replied the waves. “We are countless generations beating on the shores of time. We know not from whence we came or whither we go. The storms beat upon us, and the invisible powers above draw us hither and thither in mighty tides and we cannot resist them. But every drop that swells these waters is a human soul, and every soul has an undying aspiration after a higher and happier life. Now the red light has faded and darkness falls; what shall save us in the midnight! We are lost! lost! lost!” Then was heard a mingled sound of sobs and moans and sorrowful wailings, such as old mythology tells us comes up from the fiery pit.

“Ye are *not* lost!” replied Lyra, “for God is the Father of all. From Him ye came, and to Him ye will return. His almighty power sways

the tide of human events, and the storm and tempests do his will, but not one drop is lost, for each is more precious in his sight than pearls of great price."

For a moment all was still, and then the waves rushed on again with that same wailing sound, "we are lost! lost! lost! God is indeed our Father, but how are we fallen! Lo! in our midst are slimy monsters—hydras and serpents, dragons and leviathans. They drink up our waters—our human souls, and they tell us because we have fallen from God, we are henceforth doomed to destruction, and 'ere long the fiery gulph will open beneath us, into which we shall sink and be lost! lost forever."

"God is the Father, and Christ the Saviour of all," replied Lyra. "The storm and darkness will pass, and the Sun of Righteousness himself shall arise, and shine upon this world of waters. 'If he be lifted up from the earth he will draw all men unto him,' and thus human souls shall be

rising, ever rising, like mists from the bosom of the great deep."

The waters rolled on with a louder moan, and the night frowned darker and deeper. A pale, blue light glimmered over the foamy waves, and out of their troubled depths rose huge and frightful monsters—dragons with scaly fronts and furious eyes, serpents and leviathans, lashing the deep into foam of fire with their huge tails, and rushing upon her with open jaws. A hollow moaning filled the air, and "deep called unto deep with the noise of water-spouts."

There on the lone rock of the sea stood that frail woman, the only thing of love and light in the midst of all that desolation, yet still the light from within beamed out pure and bright through the darkness, and the watchword of the angels was upon her lips.

"Oh God, our Father! Christ, our Saviour!" she exclaimed. In an instant the sea grew calm. Howling with disappointment the monsters fled

back to their gloomy caverns, and over the prostrate waves walked the blessed Son of God.

“Lo! it is I!—be not afraid,” he said, as he stood on the rock beside her. “I have prepared a place for thee, that where I and my loved ones are, there thou mayest be also.”

The night rolled up her dark curtain and fled away, and Lyra, raising her eyes, beheld the stars like angels looking down upon her. She saw that she was in “the temple not made with hands,” and instead of the stormy waves beneath her, was a sea of upturned faces, radiant with joy, and glowing with beauty in the serene light that fell upon them from above. There, upon the altar, was the cross—that emblem of “Love stronger than Death,” and there too, were the tablets, bearing those holy names which are repeated by the angels in Heaven, and echoed with prayers and blessings from the earth.

As she gazed, those spirit voices which she had once heard in the old church, sounded again

in her ears. Then there came a burst of triumphant hallelujahs from that mighty throng, swelling up in a full tide of harmony to the Eternal Throne, like the sound of many waters. So full, so overpowering was it, that her mortal senses failed before it. All things fled like a vision, and opening her eyes, she still found herself sitting in the old church, while the last rays of the setting sun were streaming in through the windows, upon the tablets with their golden inscriptions, and the cross that stood upon the altar.

Now, was it wonderful that she should have been haunted with such visions, as she sat alone in the old church, with the echoes of those hallelujahs floating around her, and such high aspirations for the future in her heart? Aye! if any one thinks so let him come to old Plymouth—let him go reverently and alone into the church, and there, in the gloom and silence of the place, lift up his voice and call earnestly upon God the Father and Christ the Saviour of all. Let him pray fer-

vently, tearfully, with the simple words of a little child, and then if no light from Heaven beams in upon him, and no answer is heard in the holy places of his heart, let him go forth and "shake off the dust from his feet" as a testimony against that temple, for God and his angels have forsaken it.