

THE
FAITHLESS **G**UARDIAN;
OR,

OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE LIGHT.

A Story of Struggles, Trials, Doubts, and Triumphs.

By J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE CUPS," "THE UNKNOWN," "ESTELLE GRAHAM; A PRIZE
STORY," "WOMAN'S LOVE," "PRIDE AND PASSION," "ADOWN THE
TIDE," "DEEP WATERS," "GUARDIAN ANGELS," ETC.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM WHITE AND COMPANY,
158 WASHINGTON STREET.
NEW YORK:—THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, AGENTS,
119 NASSAU STREET.
1870.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by
J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Boston:
Stereotyped and Printed by William White & Co.

Coutworth

*William F. Roberts
Boston Mass.
1875.*

To
MR. & MRS. EVI S. DREW,
DEERFIELD, MICH.,

I Dedicate This Volume,

AS A TOKEN OF THE SINCERE RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP I FEEL FOR THEM.
MAY THE ANGEL WORLD EVER BLESS THEM, AND SHIELD THEM FROM
EARTH'S TROUBLES, AND AT LAST LEAD THEM HOME TO
PERFECT JOY AND HAPPINESS!

J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

PREFACE.

It has been said that no book is complete without a preface; and yet I have but little to say in introducing to the public my unpretentious story. I have written as I have been impelled to write by influences that I could not resist; and if any of my readers find aught in these pages which fails to meet their views, or awakens not the consciousness of truth, I do not ask them to accept those ideas or theories as their own: but I do trust that all will find something in this story which may prove instructive as well as entertaining, and the little seeds my pen has sown grow into hardy plants, and bring forth, in the future, bright blossoms of truth.

J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

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THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

CHAPTER I.

KATY'S VISIT TO DR. GRAHAM'S OFFICE.

"He sat in the fading light of day,
For the sun had gone from the west away,
And watched the smoke as it curled above
His head, and dreamed of bliss and love."

"There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy." — WASHINGTON IRVING.

THERE is not in all New England a prettier village than Glenville, with its neat white cottages, beautiful shade-trees, and well-graded streets. The village is composed of about two hundred dwellings, three churches, and several stores where one can purchase almost any article, from a silk dress-pattern to a stick of peppermint candy, or from a stick of peppermint candy to a silk dress-pattern. The people of Glenville are — and were at the time of our story — an honest, warm-hearted, hard-working class of people.

'Twas late in the afternoon, near the "shut of day." Dr. Graham sat in his office, thinking. He occupied an arm-chair, his feet resting, in true New-England

style, upon the mantle-piece; his eyes lazily followed the wreaths of smoke that issued from his mouth after each whiff of his fragrant Havana. The smoke-wreaths curled above his head, and assumed many fantastic shapes. Now, Dr. Graham was something of a dreamer; and in the smoke-clouds he saw many a vision; which, like dreams of future glory, soon passed into air.

Dr. Graham was by no means a staid, elderly gentleman, as some invariably suppose a physician figuring in a story must be: oh, no! he was something of an exquisite. Certain I am that no young gent in Glenville so carefully cultivated a mustache, so tenderly and complaisantly stroked his side-whiskers, so assiduously endeavored to make his hair assume something of the appearance of being curly: and yet he was not really vain.

He was, perhaps, two-and-twenty. He had, about six months previous to his introduction to the reader, become an inhabitant of Glenville, and hung his "shingle" beside the door of the office where we now find him so comfortably located, dreaming of bliss and happiness, as he smoked his after-supper cigar. But his reverie was broken in upon by the entrance of a little girl apparently about ten years of age.

"Please, Dr. Graham, will you come to our house? Mother is very sick; and she wants to see you," said little Katy Graves, in a timid, half-frightened way.

"Certainly, my child. What is your name?"

"Katy Graves," she answered, as she cast a furtive glance toward her questioner, and still standing in the open doorway, as if afraid to enter the office.

"And where does your mother live?" he asked, as he prepared to accompany her home.

"In the little brown house by the hill."

"Oh, yes! I remember now. A few weeks ago, I called to see her. She has the consumption, I believe."

"Yes, that is what the pastor, Mr. Hulley, called it. But do you think she will die *very soon*?" And the eyes of the little questioner filled with tears as she impatiently waited to hear his reply.

"I can not tell, my little girl. I will go with you and see your mother; and I can then better decide upon her case." And, taking the child by the hand, he left the office, and started for the cottage of little Katy's mother.

Mrs. Graves, the occupant of the little brown house on the hill, was the mother of three lovely children. Katy, the eldest, was ten years old, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired child, and a remarkably strange child withal. Her hair hung in tangled ringlets over her massive forehead, and her eyes were half hidden beneath their heavy lashes, — a veil of Nature's own providing.

Carrie was a sunny-browed, light-hearted child of eight summers, as unlike her sister as it is possible for two natures to be. She possessed a happy, contented mind; her black eyes were brimful of mischief, and her merry laugh was as full of music as the gay songs of the forest-birds.

Henry, the youngest, and the pet of all, was a delicate boy of six years, a child, — and yet there was an older look in his face: his brow was high and broad, his

mouth large and well shaped, his eyes bright, and a light, almost fierce in its intensity, burned in each blue orb.

Mrs. Graves, the mother of these children, — what of her? She was a pale, thin woman, of perhaps thirty. Her eyes, once bright and sparkling, were now lifeless and dim, her cheeks sunken, and upon each gleamed a bright-red spot, the blood-stains of the destroyer. Consumption's fingers were clutched around the life-strings of her heart, and were gradually, very gradually, drawing her from this world to the land far beyond, — the summer-land across the stream of death: angels were beckoning her away; and yet she lingered on the shores of time, as if loth to leave behind her her three darling, unprotected children.

The villagers knew comparatively nothing of the occupants of the little brown house. Five years ago they had come to reside there; but no one knew from whence they came, or how they received their support.

Many supposed Mrs. Graves to be a widow; but the gossips of the place had been unable to find out any thing certain about her. Her quiet dignity of manner and evident social superiority repelled them when they attempted to institute inquiries concerning her affairs.

Lyman Graves, the father of the three children, and the husband of the pale consumptive, had, some five years previous to the opening of our story, left his wife and family, and gone to seek wealth in the Indies. He had not left his family unprovided for, however, as a sum ample for their support had been placed in

the hands of one he thought a trustworthy friend, — a Mr. Harris by name.

Years had passed away, and no word had been received from the absent one; still, Hope, with her snowy pinions, hovered over the head and around the heart of Mrs. Graves. She doubted not the constancy of the father of her children; she could not believe that death had separated them forever: and yet why this long silence? She often asked herself the question; but the bright flowers, the gentle winds, the blue sky, the forest-trees, answered her not: they only echoed mournfully, "Why?"


At length her strength began to fail, the hectic flush burned on each pale cheek, and, weary with waiting, watching, and hoping, she realized that ere long she must go out into the great hereafter, leaving her children unprotected among strangers, but still with a firm and unwavering faith that her husband still lived, and would yet claim them as his own: and, as death approached nearer, this faith grew stronger, and, in a measure, robbed the dreaded parting of its acute pain and agony.



CHAPTER II.

THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE.

"Oh! more and more comest that mother's prayer,
As her sighs are breathed on the midnight air.
And the prayer is heard: it is traced above
In the glowing light of a mother's love.
A few short days, — she must faint and die;
In an early grave her form must lie;
But her spirit, from homes above the sky,
Can watch the darlings she loves so well,
With a love too deep for words to tell."

HEN Dr. Graham and Katy reached the little brown house, they found Carrie sitting upon the doorstep, weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter, Carrie?" inquired Katy. "Is mother worse?"

"No: but she says she is dying; that she must go away and leave us all alone. Oh, I do wish papa would come back!"

They entered the dwelling. Upon a low couch reclined the invalid: beside her sat Henry, bathing her brow with cold water.

Approaching the bedside, Dr. Graham took the thin, almost transparent hand of the dying woman within his own, and carefully counted the pulse as she said, —

"I know there is no hope, that my life on earth will soon be spent. I long to fly away and be at rest; and yet, oh! to leave these unprotected children behind me to combat with temptation and evil is a bitter, bitter thought. 'Tis wrong, I know, to murmur; for He — the God of all — has promised to protect the orphans, and give his angels charge concerning them; and I should unhesitatingly commit them to his care. I sent for you, kind sir, not that I thought you could help me in a professional way, but once, when you visited me and gave me medicine, you spoke so kindly to the children, and so sympathetically to me, that I was emboldened to send for you, — the only person, save the pastor, I know in this village. I would not have troubled you; but Mr. Hully is away from home, and I feared, if I waited for his return, it would be too late."

"My dear lady, if I can be of any service to you, command me freely," replied Dr. Graham kindly.

"Thank you, kind sir. He who rules above will liberally reward you for your kindness. After I am gone, will you protect my children until you can write to Mr. Harris, our banker, and the children's guardian, and tell him I am no more, and that I leave my children under his care, according to their absent father's wish? Tell him to treat them kindly until their father returns to claim them; for I feel confident, notwithstanding his long silence, that he will some day come back. Mr. Harris lives in Boston; and his address you will find among the papers in my portfolio, which I shall leave in your charge."

A moment Dr. Graham hesitated, as if in deep

thought; then, in his peculiar, impulsive way, replied, —

“I will do as you desire; but one favor I would ask: may I not keep your boy until his father claims him? I have taken a deep interest in him, and would gladly become his guardian. He is a bright and gifted lad; and I fear if he is sent out among strangers, who may fail to appreciate his peculiar temperament, his disposition may be misunderstood, and his future life embittered by wrong culture. Let him remain with me: I will instruct him, and, if he desires it, make a physician of him.”

“Oh, would I could thank you! but words are too weak to express the feelings of my heart. I have passed many anxious hours on account of my dear boy, and feared so much that his peculiar disposition and almost unnatural maturity of mind might lead him into sorrow, through a lack of appreciation on the part of others, and a failure to read the boy aright. You have lifted a load from my heart. Yes: take him, and may God bless you!”

Little Henry looked up into the kind and benevolent face of Dr. Graham, then stole quietly up to his side, and slipped his hand within the large, soft palm of the noble young man who was thereafter to be his protector, his benefactor. His large, full eyes spoke volumes, even though his tongue was silent; and he felt that indescribable feeling of confidence and trust which comes over peculiar dispositions when they meet, and in their souls greet a sympathetic and congenial spirit.

“Will you go with me, my little fellow, and learn

to be a physician?” said Dr. Graham, stroking the head of the boy with his disengaged hand.

“I will go with you, for I like you; and I will be a physician if you wish it: but I would rather paint beautiful pictures, such as I have seen somewhere, but I can not remember where.”

“You shall learn to paint such pictures, my boy; and, I doubt not, some day, far distant in the future, you will be a great man, a great artist. You are a genius; I knew it the moment my eyes rested upon your countenance: and be it mine the task to cultivate and nurture those talents with which Heaven has endowed you.”

Turning to the mother of the boy, he bade her adieu, promising to call early on the morrow.

Dr. Graham was an orphan. He knew the dreary desolation of an orphan's life; and he sympathized with the children about to be cast upon the world without a natural protector. His heart was warm, and full of noble impulses.

Gladly would he have given all three of the children a home; but, alas! his was a bachelor establishment, and he could not accommodate the little girls: but he determined to watch over their future interests; for he was strongly interested in little Katy, as well as in her brother.

When he reached his office, he threw himself into an easy-chair, and, resuming his cigar, gave himself up to reverie. As he watched the blue smoke curl above his head, he dreamed of the future. His youthful charge had grown to be a man, — a noble man, a gifted man; his name was coupled with praise, and

fame had twined a laurel-crown for his brow. He saw him standing before an easel, upon which was placed a half-finished picture. Brush in hand, he was finishing the golden sunset; and his eyes were bright with the fire of genius. Katy had grown to be a woman,—a handsome, grand woman. She stood some distance from the easel, and between them hung a dark, black cloud. She seemed trying to get to him; but the cloud separated them. She called, but he answered not. Just above them floated another cloud,—a bright, fleecy cloud, such as we dream that angels wear for robes; and out of it peeped the happy, childish face of little Carrie. Then a figure, bearing in her hand a scroll on which was engraven the word "Destiny," touched the black cloud, and it disappeared, bearing with it the figure holding the scroll; and brother and sister met and embraced each other, while the face of little Carrie, in the amber cloud above them, was irradiated with a light such as we dream is the light of the spheres above us, when spirits redeemed from the bonds of earth progress toward the more perfect light of God's own presence.

Just then the town-clock struck the hour of eight, and the little time piece on the office mantle caught up the echo, and sent out eight silvery tones. Dr. Graham started up: he had fallen asleep over his cigar, and had been dreaming. But what could the strange dream mean?


Wait and see!

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE OF MRS. GRAVES.

"Away, away!
We droop around thy dust,
And mourn that we may meet thy smile no more;
Yet why from heaven withhold the faithful trust?
Can doubt redeem thee, or can tears restore?
Heed not the tears we drop upon thy clay:
Away, dear spirit! oh, away, away!

Away, away!
Yet, oh, in dreams return!
Come in the night-shade from thy glittering home;
Bid, with undying love, our hearts to burn;
Come; on the wings of flowing fondness, come;
And we will clasp the phantom to our heart,—
A heaven-born beauty, never to depart:
But now all heaven rebukes thy longer stay.
Away, away!"

 WILIGHT had settled over the earth, throwing her shadowy mantle over every object, and making the distance seem half obscure. The sun had wrapped the last beams of daylight around his broad bosom, and sunk to his couch of rest. The flowers that grew upon the hillside were baptized with a shower of dew, falling gently as angels' tears upon them. They bowed their regal heads beneath their sparkling burden, as if the weight of some great sorrow oppressed them.

The tall and stately forest-trees waved their green arms in the evening wind, and lovingly twined them around each other, as if half fearful that the murmuring zephyrs would whisper to them some sad tale.

The little stars peeped through the blue curtain that hides fair heaven from our mortal gaze, and laughed and winked merrily as they saw themselves reflected in each crystal stream and glassy lake.

The moon, too, smiled as she sat with stately grace upon her throne,—her subjects, the bright stars, glittering around her; and she sent her silver-plumed messengers earthward. A few stray beams of soft, silvery light stole through the open casement of the little brown house on the hill, and found their way to the bedside of the dying.

Around the dying mother's couch stood the three children; and, at a little distance from them, stood Dr. Graham, watching the scene with manifest feeling and interest.

"My son," said the dying woman in feeble tones to Henry, "your mother can no longer be your guide and counselor; but He who watches the sparrows when they fall will direct you in the path of duty. Look to him, and trust him; exert every endeavor to be useful and to gain knowledge; and try to repay Dr. Graham for his kindness to you by ever being obedient to his commands and observant of his wishes. Heed his instructions, and you will, I doubt not, become a good and useful man, if your life is spared."

Taking the hand of Carrie in one of her own, she placed it in that of Katy, saying,—

"To you, Katy, I commit her. Take good care of

her, watch over and shield her from all harm. Teach her to live a pure and virtuous life, as I have taught you; and let no temptation lead any of you from the path of right. If your father ever returns, tell him my last prayer was for him. Tell him that I am free from care and pain, and that I wait where there is no parting, no tears, for him; and that, in spirit, I will watch over him, until he joins me in the spirit-land above."

Turning to Dr. Graham, who advanced a few paces toward the bed as her eyes turned upon him, she said,—

"And, kind sir, may Heaven bless and prosper you; for you have indeed made my death-bed easier, the path to heaven softer for my feet to tread. I will, if spirits are allowed to return after laying aside the mortal and assuming the immortal, return to you, and guide your steps in paths of honor and truth. I will watch over you and intercede for you with the Great Spirit that rules us all; and, when life is over with you, may seraph wings waft you to the shores of eternal bliss!"

Her voice grew husky and weak; she ceased speaking; and her eyes slowly closed, and she seemed to sleep calmly; a heavenly smile played upon her lips, and large drops of sweat stood out upon her white forehead. Gradually the limbs became cold and stiff, and without a sigh, without a struggle, her life-bark floated down the stream of death, whose waters flow ever onward, onward, but never return. Her soul passed through the flower-encircled door of death, and joined the band of spirits who waited to waft

her emancipated soul to the bright shores of the far-beyond, the land of perfect truth and freedom.

When the occupants of the room fully realized that they were in the presence of death, a deeper sadness than before settled over them. No tears dimmed the eyes of Henry nor Katy; they realized too perfectly the solemnity of the scene: but little Carrie, poor child, — she hardly felt the weight of the great sorrow which had fallen upon them; she only knew that her darling mamma could speak to her no more; and she wept bitterly, loudly calling for her mother to waken and talk to her.

All night, kind-hearted Dr. Graham sat beside the cold and stiffened form of the dead; and, as he sat there, he wandered back through the dim aisles of time to the days of his childhood. Again he roamed the hills and dales with youthful companions; again he heard his mother's gentle voice; and his father's kind words seemed ringing in his ears.

The picture changed: a death-bed scene appeared upon his mental vision; his gentle, loving mother was dying; he heard her parting words, —

“Let not sinners entice thee, my son, to do wrong.”

Ah! the prayers, the anxiety, of that mother for his welfare had been his safeguard through life. He had grown up a noble and good man; her memory had prevented him from participating in the scenes of fashionable dissipation that enticed his companions from the beaten path of right, and led them into ways of evil and wrong.

A few years fled by, and his father, too, was called

from earth away to the summer land above, whither the chosen of his youth had gone; and Charles Graham was left an orphan, alone, without a natural protector.

An ample fortune was, however, placed in the hands of a guardian for his use, and he lacked not friends; for he who is the happy possessor of wealth finds many friends: but alas for the poor and unprotected!

Morning dawned at length: smilingly she arose from her perfumed bath, and little birds sent forth a song of welcome. The sun arose from behind the hill-tops, and shot golden arrows of light over the earth, making every thing in nature look glad and happy. His bright beams stole through the closed shutters of the little brown house, and, creeping slowly to the bedside of the dead, kissed, playfully and lovingly, the cold, lifeless clay.

A happy robin, perched upon a stately tree in front of the house, sent up one glad song of praise, as if Death had not, the night before, entered that humble abode, and folded one of its inmates in his icy embrace.

Katy awoke early: sleep had touched her eyelids lightly. And she went softly to the crib of little Carrie; and, as she gazed upon the sweet, childish face of the sleeper, tears dimmed her eyes, — the first tears she had shed since her mother's death. A smile played upon the ruby lips of the little sleeper, and they moved. Katy leaned forward, and caught the half-murmured word of “Mother,” as it trembled on the lips of the sleeping child.

"Alas, alas, poor little Carrie! you can not realize the loss you have sustained. And it is best that it is so; for your young heart will feel many pangs of sorrow as you advance in life," said Katy, with a deep-drawn sigh, and an old look in her eyes, quite in contrast with her petite size and childish face.

Another moment Carrie awoke; and, starting up, she twined her arms about her sister's neck, and, remembering the scene of the previous evening, wept bitterly, and said, —

"Where is mamma? — where is she? Why don't she come to me? Why is she dead?"

"You must not cry, dear," said Katy in a soothing tone; "for mother is happy now, and looks down from the blue sky upon us. We must be good, or she will not smile on us. Hark! hear that little robin on yonder tree: he is singing a joyous song of praise; he is happy because mother is now free from every sorrow and pain that she knew on earth. She has gone to prepare us a better home in heaven; and, if we are good, we shall go to that home, and never leave her again."

"But I want to go now; I don't want to wait; I can't stay here without mamma. How long will it be before we can go to her?"

"I can not tell: when God sees fit to call us, we will go; and we must be patient until we are called, and try to do all that our dear mother would wish to have us do if she were still with us."

And thus the heroic Katy endeavored to forget her own great sorrow, and soothe her little sister with

kind and cheering words. While her own heart was almost breaking with its weary weight of misery, she tried to lighten the load others were obliged to bear.


Noble Katy!

CHAPTER IV.

AUNT RONAH AND HER STORY.

"Vainly, vainly, memory seeks,
Round our mother's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks,
Where they used to be.
Of the circle once so wide,
One a wanderer, one has died:

Whatsoc'er they do or dare,
Wheresoc'er they roam,
Have them, Father, in thy care:
Guide them safely home, —
Home, O Father! in the sky,
Where none wander, where none die."

 R. GRAHAM asked Aunt Ronah — a woman well known in Glenville for her kindness of heart and her readiness to serve those who needed her assistance — to go to the little brown house and make things in readiness for the funeral; and Aunt Ronah willingly complied with his request. Her house was adjoining his office; and, though he slept in a room back of his office, he took his meals with Aunt Ronah in her pleasant little kitchen, which always looked as neat as a "new pin."

There was quite a little romance connected with the early life of this singular but noble-hearted woman. When she was young, she was pretty, and quite

a belle; and, before she reached her eighteenth year, she was engaged to a young man named Hiram Fisher, who was an industrious, hard-working mechanic: but he took it into his head to go to California when the "gold-fever" first broke out; and, after having been gone some months, news came that he was dead. At first, Ronah Gray refused to be comforted: with many tears she deplored her loss. But the most violent storms are soonest quelled: and, before many months had passed, Ronah Gray was once more seen in all the village frolics; and she resumed her position as belle of Glenville.

Of course, she had many admirers, — what pretty girl has not? — and, within two years from the time Hiram Fisher went away, she was married to the village blacksmith, Henry Griffin, who died within a few months after his marriage, leaving his youthful widow in possession of a few thousand dollars, which was carefully invested, and a comfortable dwelling-house purchased.

Not wishing to spend the money left her by her husband, she opened a boarding-house, and, every year, added to her little fortune; declaring that she "meant to be comfortable in her old age, and, to secure it, must work hard while she was yet young."

She had been keeping boarding-house some years, when, one day, she was surprised to see Hiram Fisher — her old lover, whom every one supposed to be dead — walk into her kitchen. Her astonishment can be better imagined than described. He upbraided her for her faithlessness, and heaped upon her head all kinds of maledictions:

Feeling indignant at his unjust treatment, and having fully recovered from the effects of her "first love-sickness," as she called her attachment for the faithless Hiram, she caught up the fire-tongs, and drove him from the house. But when he discovered that her husband was dead, and that she possessed quite a little fortune, he made every possible effort to reinstate himself in her good opinion. But Aunt Ronah was more than a match for him: she knew he had returned to his home without the fortune he went to seek, and felt satisfied that it was her money, and not herself, that he was after; and she refused to have any thing more to do with him. And he, in spite, married a farmer's daughter, and went several miles from Glenville to settle upon the farm his bride's father had given them as a wedding present.

Aunt Ronah had continued, year after year, to keep boarders, and managed to add quite a little sum annually to her fortune. Being a good-hearted, kind neighbor, she was liked by all the villagers, and no one ever thought of calling her any thing but plain Aunt Ronah; and if any became involved in trouble, or needed assistance in any way, they invariably applied to Aunt Ronah for advice and counsel, and always found her willing to do "a good turn," and unwilling to receive thanks or remuneration for her kindness and trouble.

When Dr. Graham told her how the occupants of the little brown cottage were situated, her heart instantly warmed toward the orphans; and she said, —

"In course, I'll go up and 'tend to matters. I'll just leave Rusy here to 'tend to matters at hum,

and I'll have every thing arranged for the funeral jist as nice as if the poor dead woman was my own sister."

"Thank you," said Dr. Graham. "I knew your kind heart would prompt you to assist me in this matter; but I have not asked you all I wish you to do yet."

"Well, then, jist speak out; for I ain't one bit backward about doing all I can for them innocent children."

"I have promised to take care of the children until their guardian, Mr. Harris of Boston, is apprised of the death of their mother, and sends for them. The boy the mother has intrusted to me until his father claims him; and, as I have no place to put the girls, I thought if you could spare a room for them until matters are arranged, I will pay you whatever you think is right for the trouble."

"Well, now, Dr. Graham, do you think I'd take one cent for the board of them two orphan children? No, sir: Aunt Ronah ain't no such woman, nohow. The girls can come and stay here just as long as they please; and they shall have the best room in the house too."

Much gratified with the turn affairs had taken, Dr. Graham went into his office, and Aunt Ronah proceeded to give Rusy (as she called the maid of all work) numberless directions in regard to the dinner, and the work which remained to be done; and then, donning her bonnet and shawl, hastened to the little brown house, to lay out the cold clay of the dead woman for its final resting-place, and prepare

the house for the funeral. Her motherly kindness and sympathy touched the heart of Katy; and, in after-years, the memory of that sad morning came back to her with fearful distinctness.



CHAPTER V.

MR. HARRIS INTRODUCED.

"There are some feelings all too deep
For grief to shake, or torture numb, —
Sorrows that strengthen as they sleep,
And struggle, though the heart is dumb."

"The serpent, coiled within the grass,
With open jaws and eager eyes
Watches the careless wild-bird pass,
And lures him from his native skies."

"When woman sinneth with her heart,
Some trace of heaven still lingers there:
The angels may not all depart,
And yield her up to dark despair.
But man — alas! when thought and brain
Can sin, and leave the soul at ease,
Can sneer at truth, and scoff at pain, —
God's angels shrink from souls like these."



ANOTHER grave was added to the number already in the village burial-ground; and Katy planted bright flowers around the mound beneath which reposed the remains of her mother; and she watered them with her tears.

Aunt Ronah, true to her promise, took the girls home with her, and appropriated her best chamber to their use. Dr. Graham wrote to Mr. Harris, and received a reply to the letter a few days after; in which that worthy (?) gentleman requested Dr. Graham to accompany the girls to Boston, as he

wished an interview with him in regard to their affairs.

Henry seemed contented and happy in his new home, and took a great deal of pains to arrange the books neatly in the book-case, and keep the dust from the furniture, and attend to those little things about an office which add so much to its comfort and brightness. He remained in the office when the doctor was absent on professional business, and always managed to be occupied, either with his books or his pencils, having no disposition to idle his time away, as many boys of his age would have done, or meddle with those things which he could not understand. His habits of industry did not escape the doctor's notice; and he encouraged his young *protégé* with many a kind word of approval and commendation.

It was late in the afternoon. Mr. Harris sat in his private library: in his hand he held an open letter. Now, Mr. Harris was not what could be called a good-looking man; for his features were sharp, and the forty years which had passed over his head had left their traces behind them. And, on this particular evening, his countenance wore a look which was positively repulsive: his thin lips looked thinner than ever; his cold, gray eyes colder and more piercing than usual; his sharp nose sharper and more pinched than ordinary. A decanter of wine, and a glass half filled with the sparkling beverage, stood upon a small stand at his side; and every few moments

he would raise the glass to his lips, and sip the contents slowly, as if anxious to retain the rich taste as long as possible. He sat there for more than half an hour, holding the open letter between his finger and thumb, and slowly sipping glass after glass of wine, while his mind was evidently deeply occupied with some half-formed scheme, which he was trying to develop to his satisfaction. At length he said, speaking to himself,—for he was the sole occupant of the room,—

“So Mrs. Graves is dead,—dead at last. I did not think she would live as long as she has: she looked as if one foot was in the grave when Graves went away, though he did not seem to notice it. Well, there is little probability that Graves will ever return. Let me see: it is five years since the vessel in which he took passage left this port, and not a word has been heard from her since. Not the shadow of a doubt concerning her fate: she was lost, and every soul on board perished. Had it been otherwise, some word would have reached us before this. Graves is probably now at rest beneath the waves of the old ocean; and why should I not become the possessor of this money? Dr. Graham has taken the boy; and the girls can be easily disposed of, and the money pass into my hands without a soul to question or interfere. Stop! let me think. There is just eight thousand dollars,—exactly the amount Smith wants for that brick house on Harrison Avenue; and in five years it will be worth double that sum. I wish the girls were not so old: but I can tell them and this Dr. Graham that the money left by their

father has all been spent by their mother ; and I will shove them off my hands in some way, and invent some plausible story to tell Dr. Graham if he proves at all inquisitive, or inclined to look into the matter deeper than I feel inclined to allow him. I will write to this Dr. Graham, and tell him to bring the girls on ; and then I can arrange matters with him in person, which will be more satisfactory than by mail. The money I must have, at all hazards ;" and he brought his closed fist down upon the table with so much force that the glasses jingled, and the red wine dashed over the brim of the half-filled glass, and fell in glittering drops upon the polished mahogany stand. At the same moment, a servant entered the room, and said, —

"Mr. Grannis is below, and wishes to see you."

"What the deuce can he want? Show him up ;" and, in another moment, Mr. Grannis entered the apartment. He was a ministerial-looking man, wearing a white neck-cloth and a very solemn countenance.

"How do you do, Mr. Grannis? I am delighted to see you. Take a seat ;" and Mr. Harris pushed an easy-chair up near the stand beside which his own stood, and, waving his hand, smiled blandly upon his visitor. His whole countenance had changed in expression : the thin lips were parted in a sinister smile which was intended to be pleasing, and his manner was gracious and obsequious ; and, as his visitor sank into the ample cushions of the arm-chair, he poured out a glass of wine, refilled his own glass, and, holding it in one hand, he passed the other to Mr. Grannis, saying, —

"There is some very fine sherry, sent me this morning from the custom-house. Do me the honor to try it."

"Thank you, Mr. Harris : I very seldom indulge ; but I feel quite under the weather this evening, and believe I will take a glass as medicine, not as a beverage."

"There is nothing like sherry to make a sick man well, to put new life in the veins when life seems almost gone, to refresh and invigorate when fatigue has overcome and almost prostrated the energies. Help yourself freely : it is excellent liquor, and can do you no harm."

"It is indeed very fine," replied Mr. Grannis, filling his glass again. "But you know men occupying the public position I do are compelled to set their faces against social drinking, as well as all other small vices ; and, for this reason, I seldom indulge in even a glass of sherry : though I must confess, if I were often tempted with a beverage like this, which is certainly 'nectar for the gods,' I fear my scruples would be overthrown, and I inclined to regale the inner man oftener than some rigid-minded ones might think proper." And again the glass was filled and emptied.

Mr. Harris held his glass up to the light, and, partly closing one eye, gazed admiringly upon the red liquid which sparkled and glowed so temptingly before him, and replied, —

"I think that such liquor as this would overthrow some of the strongest arguments of the fanatics who like to rave so well on the evils of intemperance, and send the blood bounding through their veins as if

they had been quaffing from the fountain of eternal youth."

"Undoubtedly; but then, my dear friend," said Mr. Grannis, growing familiar as he felt the wine coursing through his veins, and his very fingers tingling with a pleasant sensation, "you must admit that temperance is a very good thing in its way, and accomplishes much good among the lower classes, who are not able to indulge in expensive wines, but besot themselves with the miserable stuff retailed in the low grogeries of our city. For such men, temperance is a good thing; but for men of your or my range of thought and ability, and strength of mind, who know when and where to stop, where to draw a line of distinction, the thing is simply absurd: and yet, as I said before, my public position demands me to assume, at least, the appearance of temperance."

"Very true, very true: but here there is no reason for restraint; and permit me to refill your glass."

The glass was promptly handed over, refilled, and drained of its contents. Then, with an effort, Mr. Grannis cleared his throat and said, —

"I called this evening on a little business-matter. I am soliciting aid for the 'Home of the Friendless,' of which I am one of the directors, and would like to see your name upon my list. I have received quite liberal contributions from several men of note and reputation; and knowing you to be interested in all charitable institutions, and anxious to do all the good you can, I thought you would be pleased to add your name to the list of donors. Here is the book," taking a small blank-book from his pocket, and handing it across the stand.

Mr. Harris took the book carefully, and slowly opened it, ran his eye over the list of names entered therein, and saw that Deacon G——, Elder R——, Judge B——, and others, had contributed twenty-five dollars each.

"This is doubtless a humane object; and I never refuse my aid to advance the interests and usefulness of institutions of charity and benevolence."

"No, no, you never refuse: I am aware of that. You are always very liberal; and we intend to publish a list of the names, with the amount contributed by each individual, in 'The Christian Flag,' next week, together with a condensed history of the formation and progress of the institution, which has already been instrumental in doing so much good."

This piece of information had the desired effect, and settled the matter with Mr. Harris. He wrote his name in the book, and, placing a fifty-dollar bill between the leaves, returned it to Mr. Grannis with a smile of intense satisfaction on his thin lips.

"Thank you, thank you: your unexpected liberality is praiseworthy, and shall receive a special notice from the committee. And now, begging pardon for so long intruding upon your valuable time, I will bid you good-evening."

"Do not hasten."

"I have several calls yet to make, and you know my time is not my own. I am devoting it now to the cause of humanity, and must make many sacrifices, and forget personal comfort and individual wishes, in the pursuit of duty toward my suffering fellow-creatures."

With this eloquent parting speech, the hypocritical specimen of manhood bowed himself from the apartment, and Mr. Harris was again alone; and, as the door closed behind his visitor, he muttered, —

“Confound these charitable institutions! But then this kind of charity pays a man. A special notice in ‘The Christian Flag’! Really, Mr. Harris, you will become popular for your philanthropy;” and he laughed a coarse, bitter laugh. And this man, false to every noble feeling, a stranger to every good impulse, a human fiend, who coolly plotted robbing and wronging the orphan children intrusted to his care, who gave to charity, not because he wished to benefit the poor and suffering, but to win from the world credit for a deed he felt no sincerity in performing, — this man was called a Christian, occupied a prominent position in the Church, was an advocate and supporter of the strictly Orthodox views propounded from the pulpit of a stately edifice by a man scarcely better in morals or principles, but who received an almost princely salary for standing in that sacred place (?) Sunday after Sunday, to offer counsel, and pretend to break spiritual bread, for the hungry multitude of souls who gathered to seek that which they found not.



CHAPTER VI.

KATY AND CARRIE START FOR THE CITY. — THEIR RECEPTION THERE.

“All’s for the best. Be sanguine and cheerful:
 Troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise.
 Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful:
 Courage for ever is happy and wise.
 All’s for the best, if man would but know it:
 Providence wishes us all to be blest.
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet:
 Heaven is gracious, and — all’s for the best!”

IT was morning, — morning in the country, morning in the city. The sun threw his golden blessings over hills covered with dew-drop jewels, and upon gently flowing mountain streams. He came with his smiles of gladness to the city, still and quiet, as if night’s queen was still reigning. He cast his smiles on farmhouse, hut, and hall; he stole into the chambers of the poor and sick, and scattered benisons on rich and poor, showing no distinctions, no partiality.

Dr. Graham’s office-door stood wide open, as if inviting the fresh morning air to enter; and the perfume of flowers floated through the neat apartment, and sunbeams danced upon the floor. Henry stood by the open window, looking down the quiet road, endeavoring to catch the first glimpse of the morn-

ing stage as it approached. Katy and Carrie sat upon the lounge: the tears were silently stealing down Katy's pale cheeks, as her eyes were fixed lovingly upon the form of her brother.

Dr. Graham sat in his office-chair before his desk, watching the countenances of the three children before him. During the few days the girls had remained with Aunt Ronah, they had endeared themselves to her and to him in many ways; and the good woman had promised them, that, when she came to Boston, she would visit them, and endeavor to persuade Mr. Harris to allow them to spend some weeks with her the following summer. This promise had, in a great measure, softened the pang of the coming separation, and led the womanly Katy to look forward to the future as containing something of promise, something bright and cheerful.

As the doctor sat there attentively observing the three children, he felt many regrets that the force of circumstances compelled him to relinquish the care of the girls to another; for he had an undefined presentiment that something unlooked for would happen, and the future be far different from what he could wish it might be: and yet he could not take any other course of action than that which he was taking.

At length the old coach rattled up to the office-door; and the burly driver, in a loud, impatient voice, called out, —

"All ready! — five minutes late!"

Affectionately the sisters bade their brother good-by, and entered the coach, followed by Dr. Graham.

"Take good care of the office while I am away, Henry," said Dr. Graham, as he seated himself by the side of his little companions.

"Yes, sir," promptly replied Henry, as he brushed a tear from the corner of his eye with his coat-sleeve; and the door of the coach was closed with a bang, the driver mounted his seat, snapped his long whip over the heads of his horses, and they started on a keen trot toward the station, leaving Henry standing on the office-steps, gazing after the receding vehicle, with his hand over his eyes to shade them from the blinding rays of the morning sun.

There he stood until nothing but a cloud of dust could be seen down the road; then he turned and entered the office, and threw himself upon the lounge, and gave vent to a flood of tears. Passionately, heartily he wept, — not as a child of his years generally weeps; but he shed manly tears, — such tears as a brave, strong man might shed when sorrow overburdened his heart, when the last link which bound him to life and hope was severed, and the future presented only a dark and desolate picture to his view.

During the ride in the stage from Glenville to the railroad-station, Katy seemed sad and thoughtful; but Carrie was full of life and animation, and plied her companions with questions in regard to the objects which met her view. The continual change of scenery kept her occupied, for not an object escaped her notice. Her heart was too young and light to feel the weight of sorrow; and the clouds hung over her head for but a brief interval, and, parting, gave place to merry sunshine, light, and warmth.

The depot was at length reached ; and hardly had the passengers procured their tickets at the little box-like office, before the train came thundering along, and they were hurried aboard ; and the whistle blew shrilly, the conductor shouted hoarsely, " All aboard ! " and they were whirling at lightning speed toward the famous city of Boston.

It was nearly noon when they reached the city : Dr. Graham procured a hack, and drove at once to the elegant residence of Mr. Harris, in the most aristocratic part of the city.

When they reached the dwelling, they were shown into the sumptuously furnished parlor ; and, after the lapse of a few moments, Mr. Harris made his appearance.

Entering the room with one of his blandest smiles, Mr. Harris extended his hand to Dr. Graham, saying, —

" I am happy to make your acquaintance, Dr. Graham."

" Thank you, sir," responded the doctor, accepting the proffered hand, and bowing his acknowledgments as well ; then, pointing to Katy and Carrie, who were seated on the sofa, he continued : " These children are the daughters of Mrs. Graves : the son, as I informed you by letter, she intrusted to my guardianship, until the return of his father. The girls she desired me to place under your care until their father claimed them ; otherwise I would have been glad to become their friend and guardian as well."

" Yes, sir ; I understand it perfectly. Poor chil-

dren !" he said, patting them tenderly on the head : " so young to be left motherless ! It is fortunate they have kind friends who will look after their welfare and interests. But I would like to have a little private chat with you. I will place the children in charge of a servant, and we can then discuss matters undisturbed." And the wily schemer pulled a bell-rope, and a servant almost instantly answered the summons.

" Here, Margaret," he said, " take these little girls out into the garden, and amuse them for half an hour, or until I call you."

The servant led the children from the room, leaving the two gentlemen alone together.

" It is a painful task I have to perform, Dr. Graham, very painful," said Mr. Harris, apparently with much feeling. " I pity these poor children from the bottom of my heart. They seem to me almost like my own. Their father was my most intimate friend, and distantly related to my deceased wife."

" I do not understand you," replied Dr. Graham, eying him closely, as a faint suspicion of something wrong entered his mind.

" You suppose, I doubt not, that in my hands there remains sufficient property for the support of these children ?"

" I do : Mrs. Graves informed me that such was the case ; at least, she said that you were her banker, and that you held money, deposited with you by her absent husband, sufficient to support the children comfortably."

"Yes: when poor Graves left home, he placed in my hands a sum sufficient to support his family in the plainest possible manner, requesting me to look after them during his absence. Until Mrs. Graves was taken ill, her demands were within her means: but, for the last three years, she has requested so large an amount monthly, that both interest and principal have been used; not one cent of the original amount remains for her children. I did not inform her, when I last sent her money, that the greater part of it came from my own funds, lest it should annoy and worry her; for I was willing to meet any demands she might make, for the sake of the friendship I bore her husband: and I could not refuse her when she sent for money, or tell her that she was devouring more than the interest which was her due."

"Indeed, this is intelligence that surprises me. These poor children, then, are beggars? What is to be done?"

"Do you suppose that I would see the children of my best friend want? Do you think that I would refuse them a home beneath my own roof, when I have not a child to cheer my lonely heart? No, no: they shall remain with me, and be treated in all respects as tenderly and kindly as if their property still remained to them. A few thousand dollars can make but small difference at best; but I make this explanation *now*, to prevent difficulty and confusion in the future, when they shall be grown up. I shall always treat the children as if they were my own. They will bring sunlight into my dreary home, and more than repay me for what I may do for them."

"You are indeed generous and humane: pardon me if I have done you injustice by hastily forming a contrary opinion of you. The spirit of the mother of these children will hover around you, and bless you for each kind deed performed for them. The boy I already love sincerely: he is a bright little fellow, and will, if his life is spared, and the promises of youth fulfilled, make a good and righteous man," said Dr. Graham impulsively, all suspicion of Mr. Harris's insincerity and hypocrisy being at once removed by that gentleman's smooth and oily manner of speech, and assumed heartiness of manner.

"It would be strange if the boy failed to grow up a noble man: his father was true-hearted, brave, and generous to a fault, never suspecting wrong in others, because he himself was above wrong-doing; and his mother was one of the most amiable and attractive of her sex: and doubtless he has fallen into good hands, and will receive noble examples of truth and right." The last was said in a bland, insinuating manner.

"I will, at least, endeavor to do my duty by the boy: but excuse me; I see it is growing late," glancing at the little French timepiece on the marble mantle. "I must return by the afternoon train, and have only time to reach the depot. I hope you will write me occasionally, and inform me concerning the health and welfare of the little girls; for I shall always feel a deep interest in them."

"With much pleasure I will consider your request. But surely you will remain and dine with me?"

"Thank you: I can not permit myself that pleasure

to-day, as it is important that I reach Glenville this evening."

After taking an affectionate leave of Katy and Carrie, Dr. Graham left them with Mr. Harris, mentally congratulating them in being so fortunate as to secure the guardianship of a man evidently actuated by the kindest and most humane feelings; and arrived at the depot just in time to catch the afternoon train home.

How easily are we deceived by a suave manner and a smooth tongue! How readily are the impressions given us by our watchful guardians from on high overthrown and obliterated when we allow ourselves to yield to counteracting influences, and the magnetism of those who would blind our eyes to their own evil natures and wrong-doings! How much we stand in need of strength and aid from those sources of light and love whose fountains are pure, and unstained by selfishness and sin!



CHAPTER VII.

THE COUNTY-HOUSE.

"Tripping lightly through the sunshine,
Creeping 'mid the shadows gray,
Ever swiftly flitting, flitting,
Speed the golden hours away:
Laden they with joy or sorrow,
Pain or pleasure, smiles or tears,
All are under sailing orders,
Down the ebbing tide of years.

Hours are golden censers, bearing
Incense offerings evermore;
Shining coils, undoing swiftly,
Till they reach the other shore.
Some among the links there may be,
Rusted o'er with bitter tears:
Light and shade are deftly woven
In the canopy of years."



WO weeks glided by, and Dr. Graham became anxious to hear from Mr. Harris. He wrote to him, inquiring about the health of the children, and received a letter in reply, saying, —

"The girls seem to be restless and feverish, and I think are not perfectly well. The city evidently does not agree with them; and, in a few days, I shall take them into the country, to the home of my brother, and doubt not the fresh air and healthful exercise which they will be allowed to enjoy will prove beneficial to them, and do more toward the res-

toration of perfect health and lightness of spirits than any thing which could be done here in the city. I have become much attached to them, and feel reluctant to allow them to leave me ; but, for their sake, I am willing to bear the separation, until I can feel that it is just to them to bring them back to cheer my weary life with their gladsome presence."

This letter seemed to satisfy Dr. Graham ; and yet there was that undefined dread of something wrong, that unavoidably haunted him when thinking of Mr. Harris. What did it mean ? With impatience at what he supposed to be his folly, he thrust it from him, and tried to believe that all was well.

We will now leave Dr. Graham and Henry for a time, to follow their quiet life in a country village, unvaried by scenes of much moment or startling events, and turn our attention to Katy and Carrie, and follow them through the changing scenes which made up a part of their life-drama, — the changing scenes which led one to happiness and peace, and brought to the other lights and shadows, joys and griefs, flowers and thorns, sunshine and clouds.

Two weeks they remained in the city of Boston, at the house of Mr. Harris : but they saw little of that gentleman during that time, as he was deeply occupied with business cares and duties ; and they were left entirely to the charge of servants in his employ. Had not business of importance claimed his undivided attention during these two weeks, it is not at all probable that Mr. Harris would have allowed the girls to remain in his house so long a time : but it was impossible to obviate it, under the circumstances ; and so he

gave them up to the care of his servants, and troubled himself as little as possible about their comfort or existence. At the expiration of the two weeks, his business was completed, and he was free to carry out the plan he had formed in regard to the children thrust upon his care by the death of their mother ; and he told them he was about to take them to a home in the country, where they would remain until they were grown to the years of womanhood.

The county-house — or poorhouse, as it is more generally called — was a large, irregular building, which stood upon a barren plain, with not a shade-tree or shrub growing near. Not a flower blossomed by the side of the straight, sandy path which led from the gate to the entrance ; not a trace of refinement, not a look of comfort or homeliness, could be discovered about the place. The house was painted dark red ; the large windows, with their small panes of glass, were destitute of blinds ; and altogether it was a cheerless, unpleasant, uninviting-looking place.

Here Mr. Harris brought the children of his absent friend ; this was the pleasant country home where they were to remain until women grown ; this was the fulfillment of the trusts reposed in him by the absent and the dead. This was the act of a professed Christian, the performance of a Christian duty !

In charge of the keeper of this place of refuge for the poor and friendless, the children were placed ; and certainly Mr. Harris's manner toward the coarse, vulgar man who occupied the position of keeper indicated that he was on terms of understanding, if not intimacy, with him.

When the girls were made to understand that they were to remain there, and that it was to be their future home, Carrie said, —

"I sha'n't stay here: it's an ugly place."

"Ah, you'll like it after a time," said a mild-looking woman with a broad grin on her face: "we all live like queens here."

"Stop your noise, Mag: you'll frighten the poor little things," said a pale-faced woman, with an effort to smile pleasantly upon the poor little beings before her. "Come here, little ones, and tell me your story; for I know you have an interesting one to tell. You were not born to live in a poorhouse."

"Is this the poorhouse?" asked Katy in surprise.

"Certainly it is, and we are all paupers. Did you think it was a gentleman's residence?"

"I did not know; but I did not think it was the poorhouse: and I think there must be some mistake; for we are not paupers, and it can not be possible that we are to remain here."

"Who is that man standing at the gate, — the one who brought you here?"

"That is Mr. Harris, our guardian. He said we were going in the country to live with his brother."

"Poor children! You are doubtless innocent victims of some wily man's scheming. But come: tell me your story, — how you came here, and all about it."

Something indescribable, something intuitive, drew Katy toward the old woman. She felt a confidence and trust in her that she could not understand, and did not endeavor to fathom, but, following the im-

pulses of her pure heart, told all that she knew of her own and her parents' history; and the old woman, as she listened to the recital, wept, and determined to institute herself the protector of the two children while they remained inmates of the poorhouse. After Katy had finished her simple narrative, old Sara said, —

"Do not tell any one else; do not let any one here know that you think Mr. Harris has treated you wrongly or unkindly, or they will say that you are crazy, and put you in a dark cell."

Katy determined to follow the advice of her companion, and profit by the experience she had gained by a five-years' residence in the county-house.

None, save those who have visited a New-England county-house, know the wretched condition of the inmates of those miserable institutions as they were conducted a few years ago, and as many of them even now are managed.

Week after week, month after month, passed by, unmarked by any occurrence worthy of note. Life at the almshouse was quiet, and undisturbed by incident or excitement. If it was unpleasant and loathsome, Katy bore up under her trials with fortitude truly astonishing in one so young, and never was heard to drop one word of complaint; but little Carrie would frequently fly into a perfect passion at the meager fare presented her, and the comfortless accommodations provided, and declare that she would remain at that "ugly place no longer." Poor child! She did not realize that she was a pauper, and had no other home to go to.

CHAPTER VIII.

CARRIE'S SICKNESS.

"Sheen and shadow intermingle,
 And the hours so sweet and fair
 Change full oft to weary ages,
 Through the weight of woe they bear:
 Yet the cup of cruel bitter
 May be for our healing given;
 And our funeral-lamps be watch-fires
 On the outer walls of heaven."

DURING the weeks and months that had flown by, little change had come over the village of Glenville or its inhabitants. Soon after Mr. Harris placed Katy and Carrie in the poorhouse, the doctor received a letter from him, saying, —

"I placed the children under the care of my brother, as I wrote you I intended doing, hoping the country air would prove beneficial; but, alas for human hopes and expectations! soon after their arrival at my brother's, the scarlet fever broke out in that neighborhood in its most contagious form; and, before I could remove the girls from the vicinity, they both fell victims to the disease. Every thing possible was done for them; but, after days of severe suffering, they both died, — Katy first, and Carrie a few days after. I went up immediately after receiving the

news of their illness; remained with them through their illness and sufferings, which they bore with fortitude and bravery worthy of imitation by those of older years, and endearing themselves to all by their patience and uncomplaining submission to the will of Providence; and I saw them buried, — saw their little forms laid to rest beneath the cold, damp sod, and their pure spirits take their flight to the better world, where their mother waited to receive them. Knowing how sad this intelligence will be to little Henry, I suggest that you break it to him gently; and, with many wishes for his future welfare, I am truly,

J. HARRIS."

Having no just reason to doubt the truth of this letter, the doctor and Henry readily accepted it as a fact; and together they mourned for the supposed dead. Mr. Harris, not content with the falsehood and deception already practiced, fearing exposure in the future, and in order to make his assumed position doubly sure, wrote to the almshouse keeper to inform Katy that her brother was dead, and that Dr. Graham had left Glenville, and gone no one knew whither. In this way he hoped to effectually separate the brother from his sisters, and prevent them from making inquiries concerning each other. Was he successful? Wait and see.

Ah, man! with your heart full of evil and wicked purposes, with your plans well laid and carefully carried out, you forget that the "spirits of the just made perfect" watch over us here, and guide our footsteps in the paths of right and truth. You forget that

your power becomes weak and readily overthrown by the spirit-power which comes from the land of perfect bliss, to counteract the evil-doing, and transgressions of the laws of duty. You forget, when you plot and scheme against poor, weak mortals, that unseen friends are near to aid them in the hour of need, and that retributive justice will be visited upon you for each deed of wrong; and that the pure and faithful will be led out from the shadows and darkness into the light, and life become to them beautiful and sublime in the very consciousness of well-doing, while your own grows dark and distasteful through evil and wrong.

Six months had passed away since Katy and her sister had become inmates of the county-house; and little Carrie lay stretched upon a bed of pain and sickness. Very kind and attentive was old Sara to the sick and suffering child, sitting up with her through the long nights, and bathing her feverish brow with cold water through the day. One morning, as she sat by the little sufferer's couch while Katy was down stairs eating her miserable breakfast, Carrie said in a weak, trembling voice, —

"I wish I had some pretty flowers to look at: it would almost make me think I was back in the little brown house by the hill. Can't you get me some, Sara?"

"I will see when Katy comes," replied the kind-hearted creature; and, when Katy entered the room, she said, —

"The poor child wants some flowers to look at. If you go up to the farmhouse on the hill, I think they

will give you some: at any rate, it will do no harm to ask them for a few."

"I will go," replied Katy; and she hastened from the room to perform her errand, while the white tears slowly coursed one after another down her thin cheeks: for she saw plainly that her darling little sister was rapidly growing worse, instead of better, and knew how lonely and cheerless it would be if Carrie were taken from her.

Mr. Greyson was a farmer: his broad acres of well-cultivated land, his large barns and out-houses, his comfortable dwelling, all spoke of thriftiness. He was an old man; and his family consisted of himself, his wife, and one child, a daughter, who was married, and lived in the city. His wife and himself were the sole occupants of the old farmhouse on the hill; for the men he employed to cultivate his land occupied a comfortable out-building, and Mrs. Greyson preferred to do her own work. Thus the old couple lived year after year, the monotony of their lives unbroken, save by an occasional visit from their daughter.

It was to this house Sara had directed Katy to go and beg a few flowers; for adjoining the house was a large garden, filled with every variety of blooming plants, from the common tiger-lily and sweet-william to the delicate tuberose and cypress-vine. The old lady took especial delight in the care she bestowed upon them, and her flowers were in blossom long before and long after her neighbors'.

The morning work was finished; the yellow butter had been taken from the churn, and molded into an

inviting-looking roll, and put away upon a clean platter; the milk-pans had been scalded, and laid out in even rows to warm in the sun; the breakfast-dishes had been washed, and neatly arranged in their accustomed places on the open dresser; and the floor had been swept, and every thing was in the nicest order. Mrs. Greyson had changed her gown, donned a neat, becoming cap, spread a clean white apron before her, and seated herself in her little rocker near the door, and taken up her knitting to employ the hour still at her command before commencing the preparations for the noontide meal, in adding something to the comfortable woolen socks she was knitting for her good husband's wear during the winter months.

Visitors rarely disturbed the quiet of the farmhouse; and, when the little wicket-gate swung back upon its hinges, Mrs. Greyson looked up from her gradually growing sock in surprise.

"I do wonder now what on earth that little girl wants here," she said to herself; but hardly had she finished the ejaculation before Katy stood upon the doorstep before her.

"Please, ma'am, will you give me a few of your beautiful flowers? I want them for my little sister, who is very sick, and wishes to see some flowers so much!" said Katy, in a pleading tone of voice, raising her large, soulful eyes to meet the earnest, interested gaze of the pleasant-looking old lady, who pushed her silver-bowed glasses up upon her forehead, and laid her knitting-work down in her lap, while she bent eagerly forward to scan the child before her.

"Your little sister is sick, is she? Poor little

thing!" replied the old lady, in a kind, sympathizing voice, which brought the ready tears to the eyes of Katy. "Where do you live, little girl?"

"We don't live anywhere," naively answered Katy, her voice trembling with emotion.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"We are staying at the almshouse; but, when father comes back, he will take us away, and make us a nice home somewhere,—that is, if Carrie don't die. Sara says she is sure that Carrie will never get well; but, if she does die, she will go to mother, up in heaven, and I will wait for father alone."

"Poor little things, how I pity you! So young and so innocent to be taught the lessons of poverty and privation!" said kind-hearted Mrs. Greyson, wiping the corner of her eyes with a new gingham apron.

"But I must hurry back: Carrie may grow worse while I am away. May I take a few flowers with me?" asked Katy, arousing the old lady from the reverie she had fallen into.

"Yes, child, take all you want. Pick your apron full, and come every morning and get as many as you like."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" and she started off toward the garden to get the blossoms for her sick sister.

"Stop a moment!" called Mrs. Greyson; and Katy paused. "When you have picked as many flowers as you want, come back to the house, and I'll give you a little pail of milk to take to your sister. Children always like milk; and I guess you don't get much down there."

Katy could say nothing in reply by way of thanks, but the grateful tears rolled down her little sunken cheeks, and her eyes spoke volumes of thanks; and, while Katy hastened to the garden, the good old lady busied herself in preparing the milk. When she went into the milk-closet, and saw the shining rows of pans nearly full with rich yellow cream on the surface, she took down a pan from the upper shelf, and turned to find the skimmer, which hung on a nail beside the door; but, before she broke the golden surface, she said to herself, —

“No, I will not give the child skim-milk: she has had poor fare long enough; and I’ll just take a pan of morning’s milk, and pour it into the pail, cream and all; and it may do her good,—poor little thing!” She put the pan before her carefully back on the upper shelf, and, taking a small pan from the lower shelf, emptied its contents into the pail she had brought with her from the dresser in the outer room, and, placing the cover tightly over it, carried it to the door just as Katy made her appearance with her apron full of bright blossoms, and handed it to her, saying, —

“Come again to-morrow, and I will give you more if your little sister likes it.”

With a heart too full for utterance, Katy turned from the door of the old farmhouse, holding her apron with its fragrant burden in one hand, while she carried the pail in the other, and hurried to the bedside of little Carrie.

Mrs. Greyson stood in the door and watched her as she hastened along the road, and hurried up the narrow, barren path to the door of the poorhouse; and


then turned, with a sigh on her lips, to attend to her preparations for dinner. Something in Katy’s appearance and manner had interested her, and her sympathies were aroused for the homeless and friendless child.



CHAPTER IX.

CARRIE JOINS HER MOTHER.—KATY FINDS A FRIEND
AND HOME.

"Like an ideal thought she came,
A star upon Love's crest;
Then vanished like the sunset's flame
That warms the ardent West:
And, like a thought of priceless worth
Filled with ambrosial leaven,
She passed up to the second birth,
Above the Pleiades seven:
One angel less upon the earth,
One spirit more in heaven."

HEN Katy reached the room where Carrie lay, she found that during her absence the fever had increased to a fearful degree, and little Carrie was wildly raving about her early home, her father, her mother, and brother: at times she would imagine herself playing on the green lawn in front of the little brown house; at others, sitting at her mother's feet, repeating her lesson from the book her father had left for her; and again she would imagine that her father had returned, and shower upon him all the endearing epithets the English language affords. All night she remained in a delirious state, and Katy refused to leave her bedside; but, just as the morning dawned, the little sufferer fell into a heavy sleep, from which she awakened with full consciousness of all transpiring around her.

Poor little thing! it was but a slender thread which bound her to the earth,—a slender thread, which even the most delicate touch would snap asunder. The angel of death kept faithful watch on one side of the bed, while Katy and the untiring Sara kept their watch on the other.

Long before the hour for breakfast arrived, Carrie turned her eyes upon Katy, and with a sweet, placid smile upon her lips, said,—

"Katy, I am going to mother. While I was asleep I had such a beautiful vision! Mother came to me in a pretty dress of white, just like the one she wore the day she lay so cold and still in the coffin; but her eyes were open and bright as they used to be, and there were many with her,—many beautiful and smiling women and children. She said she was lonesome without me, and had come to take me with her to a better and brighter home than this. And I heard such sweet music, and voices singing. I know, Katy, that I am going to die; but I am not afraid, for mother will take me in her arms just as she used to do, and I shall be so happy with her! I have been naughty and cross so many times; but you will forgive me, won't you, Katy?"

"Yes, darling, yes," answered Katy, between the great sobs that almost choked her.

"You have been so kind and patient with me, and so has Sara; and when I get to heaven I shall ask God to let you both come soon, and leave this place, where no one loves or cares for you. Sing to me, Katy: I want to hear you sing once more before I go to mother."

In trembling tone Katy sang some beautiful verses she had learned from a paper which she found in the almshouse kitchen, which were as follows:—

'Good angels often visit me
In lonely hours of night:
They come to me in rapturous dreams,
In robes of shining light!
They steal into my silent room
With soft, unechoing tread,
And bend, with glances full of love,
Above my weary head!

I see again the faithful friends
In manhood's strength and pride:
They fell, faint-hearted, by the way,
Life's sterner toils untried.
I hear again their kindly words:
They thrill me as of yore,—
The tones, that, to my yearning heart,
Were music evermore.

She comes in that angelic throng,—
The mother of my youth:
I loved her for her purity,
Her sweet, enduring truth.
Ah! half the brightness of my life
With her to heaven has gone;
For oh, our lives, like kindred beams,
Were blended into one!

An angel, in her shining robes,
I see her even now;
A golden lyre within her hands,
The soul-flowers wreath her brow:
She whispers to my fainting soul,
While all my pulses thrill,
'My love awaits thee at the goal:
Thy destiny fulfill.'

Dear are those angel-ministers:
To sorrowing hearts they bear
A sweet foretaste of paradise,
A balm for woe and care.
The fragrance of celestial bowers,
Light in celestial gleams,
Attend the forms of those we love:
They visit us in dreams!"

When she ceased singing, Carrie was asleep; and, bending over her, she pressed a kiss upon her white brow.

The little blue eyes never opened again on earth. Gradually she slept this life away, and awoke in heaven. The bright spirits of the "gone before" bore her pure soul through the avenue of death into the warm sunlight of spirit life, where the opening bud will gradually progress until it becomes a full-blown flower, and the fragrance of its life be wafted through the ether-space, to cheer the sorrowing hearts of dear ones still on earth, bound by material life.

The morning after Katy's visit to the farmhouse, Mrs. Greyson watched for her coming with anxious expectancy: but the morning passed away, and she came not; noon came and passed, and yet no signs of the little almshouse girl; and Mrs. Greyson was becoming more annoyed and anxious on account of the protracted absence than she was willing to admit even to herself. Just as the old lady was about to lay aside her knitting-work, and prepare the evening meal, Katy entered the garden with the little tin pail on her arm. When she reached the house, she said in a sad, low voice, and with downcast, tearful eyes, —

"I only want a few white flowers to-day; for Carrie has gone to mother."

"What! Is your sister dead?"

"Yes: she died early this morning and I am all alone now."

"Poor little thing, how I pity you!" said Mrs. Greyson, taking one of the thin, wasted hands in her

own, and stroking it in a kind, motherly way; then, after a moment's pause, during which she had been busy thinking seriously, she added, —

"All alone; but you shall not want for sympathy and kindness. I will be a mother to you: my home shall be your home, if you would like to come and live with me, and be my little girl."

"Oh! are you in earnest, — in real earnest?" said Katy with animation, looking eagerly up into the kind, benevolent face of the old lady. "May I, indeed, live with you, and leave for ever that miserable house in the valley? It seems too good to be true: it is more like a dream than a reality."

"It is true, my child. I am often lonely, and would be glad to have some one to cheer and comfort my old age; and, as you have aroused an irresistible interest in your behalf, I feel that I am doing right in offering a home and my protecting care. Now run and pick your flowers, and to-morrow I will come for you, and make arrangements for your removal from that dismal place where you have been compelled to remain too long already."

Katy gathered a few choice white blossoms, and returned to the almshouse with a lighter heart than she had carried since her mother's death.

She laid the flowers she had gathered upon the pulseless breast of little Carrie, and then knelt down beside the cold clay of her sister, and implored the spirit of her departed mother to watch over and guide her aright.

A common pine box was the coffin in which they laid the stiffened form of the little pauper. A corner

of the graveyard was appropriated to the use of the almshouse, and known as the Potter's Field; and in this place the grave was made. There was no marble slab to tell the day and year when she went up to join the spirit bands above; no mark to distinguish it from the other graves, save a rose-bush at its head, which Katy had planted. And, as she slowly heaped the moist earth around the roots, she thought, that some time in the future, when the flight of years had made a woman of her, she would come to that spot, and mark the resting-place of her darling with a beautiful monument, such as she had seen in the graveyard at Glenville; and dropping some honest tears to the memory of one she rejoiced to know was beyond the sorrows and trials of mortal life, and in the enjoyment of those spirit joys which reward the earth-bound traveler when he crosses the river of death, she turned from the spot.

As she neared the desolate, cheerless building which had been her home for several months, she saw a team approaching, which drew up before the rickety gate, and she recognized Mrs. Greyson in the lady who alighted from the wagon, and slowly came up the path; and she went around by the back door, and stole softly up to the room where Carrie died, to await the result of the interview in the office.

But a few moments passed before she heard the gruff voice of the keeper calling her loudly, as he stood at the foot of the stairs; and she answered, —

"Yes, sir, I am here."

"Come down here: I want you."

With trembling steps and beating heart she

descended the stairs, wondering in her own mind if it was indeed for the last time, and silently followed the man she had learned to regard with feelings of the most bitter repugnance into the office. As she entered the room, she saw Mrs. Greyson sitting in one of the chairs near the table; and, as she cast a timid glance toward her, she met a soft, encouraging smile, and her heart gave one glad bound, as she realized that she was about to be free, about to have a home, about to leave the pauper-life which was so distasteful to her. The rough voice of the keeper broke in upon her wandering thoughts, as he said, —

“Here, girl, this lady wants to take you. I’ve told her what an idle, useless, lazy thing you are; but she seems determined to take you, and I wish her joy of her bargain. The papers are made out, and you belong to her; so, if you have any traps, get them together, and take yourself off.”

Mrs. Greyson cast an indignant look upon the man as he ceased speaking, and then held her hands out toward the child she had adopted; and Katy sprang forward, and, falling upon her knees, laid her head into the good woman’s lap, and wept.

The man laughed coarsely, and turned upon his heel and left them alone.

“Come, my dear, let us leave this place: a comfortable home awaits you, and I only wonder how you have ever lived so long with such uncongenial surroundings. But come;” and Mrs. Greyson arose and moved toward the door.

“I will come in one moment,” said Katy. “I must first bid Sara good-by. Poor creature! she will miss

me after I am gone;” and, with a quick step, the child left the room.

The parting between old Sara and Katy would have brought tears to the eyes of even the stoniest-hearted. They had been friends and companions in sorrow, and had been drawn together by the bonds of sympathy; and the poor old woman had become deeply attached to the child: and she felt that in parting with her the last ray of sunshine would be darkened in her life-path. But she had the good sense and reason to know that Katy’s future would be made happier and better, and she tried to command her feelings; but it was a vain effort.

The parting over, Katy joined Mrs. Greyson, and was soon on her way to the farmhouse. A new existence, as it were, was about opening before her.

A comfortable chamber on the second floor was appropriated to Katy’s use; and, as she marked the air of neatness and comfort which pervaded the apartment, a prayer of thankfulness arose from her heart, and she realized that her lines had fallen in pleasant places.

New clothing was made up for her, as her wardrobe was sadly deficient, having received no care or additions since her mother’s death; and, ere a week went by, she looked like another being. Good, wholesome fare, and plenty of healthy exercise, brought the roses back to her pale cheeks, and she grew more cheerful and happy each day.

It was a very quiet life that she led at the old farmhouse, and but few incidents occurred to interrupt the even flow of daily occupation.

So useful and companionable she made herself, that Mrs. Greyson often wondered how she had ever been able to get along so great a length of time without her; and the old farmer soon learned to love his little Kitty, as he called her, with an honest and earnest affection.

She was indeed a help and comfort to the old people; and, while she was surrounded by every earthly blessing, she did not forget faithful Sara. Many a nicely-baked cake and pie found its way to old Sara's room at the almshouse; and on warm, pleasant days, the old creature would hobble up to the farmhouse to see her "heart's darling," as she called Katy, and get a few flowers from the well-filled garden, to remind her of Carrie and the days when her life was cheered by the presence of the angel-child.



CHAPTER X.

MARION'S LETTER.

"Whate'er our lot in life may be,
Where'er our footsteps fall,
Sunshine and shadows mark our way,
And come to one and all.
And, though the night is dark and drear,
The sunshine comes at dawn,
To cheer us with its welcome light,
And usher in the morn.

Though dark and rugged seems our path,
When somber clouds draw nigh,
Spirit friends can cheer our hearts,
And still our faintest cry.
And would we walk in brighter paths,
Where shadows do not fall?
We must trust the Spirit pure
Which rules above us all."



YEAR flew by on rapid wing. A year, — how long a time to some, and how short a time to others! How much of misery and woe, joy and gladness, can be condensed in that space of time! How the hand of change can leave its unmistakable marks on persons and things during twelve short months of time! How much can be accomplished in a year! and yet it passes over many a head unmarked by improvement or good deeds.

A year had made but little change at the farmhouse. Katy was still walking in quiet, sunny paths

of life, and the old people were going down to the valley of the shadow of death, hand in hand, with eyes of faith fixed on the far beyond. It was pleasant to see those old people together, loving each other in old age with even more tenderness and deeper affection than when they were young; living for each other, and always happy in doing something to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of one another.

One day, Katy went to the village to do some shopping; and, when she returned, she brought with her a letter bearing the post-mark of "New York" on the envelope. It had been a long time since Mrs. Greyson's daughter had written to her parents; and, when the letter lay before them, tears blinded their eyes, so that neither one could read a line. Handing the letter to Katy, Mr. Greyson said, —

"Here, daughter, read this letter to your mother: it is from Marion."

Katy always addressed the old people as mother and father; for they had been, as far as possible, kind parents to her. She took the letter, and read, —

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, — I have been ill, which will account for my long silence; and, as the physician recommends a change of air, I have concluded to spend a few months with you. I will bring my husband's nephew, Harry Gordon, with me, as he is spending some time with us, and would like to visit in the country. He is a mere youth, and rather wild; but I think will give you no trouble. I trust all your expectations in regard to the little girl you

adopted have been realized. I shall be glad to see her. You may expect us next Thursday.

"Yours affectionately,

"MARION."

"Next Thursday," repeated Mrs. Greyson: "let me see. To-day is Saturday: oh, we'll have plenty of time to get ready for them. I am so glad Marion is coming! It is three years since she was last here; and she will be glad to see the old place again. It has changed but little since she was a child; but *she* has changed. We sent her off to boarding-school, and there she met Mr. Stanton, who is now her husband; and he has made a fine lady of her. He is one of the richest men in New York, they say; and they live in a house fit for a queen. Father and I went down to make them a visit four years ago. They both insisted on it; and, though it was a great undertaking for us, we went. We were treated as if we were a king and queen. Mr. Stanton is not a proud man; and Marion is just as good as she was before she went to the city to live, just as kind and loving as she was when she used to run about the farmhouse in her gingham dresses and white aprons. When she wanted to marry Mr. Stanton, both father and I objected. We wanted her to marry a plain, honest farmer, and settle down near home. We felt fearful, that, if she married a rich man, and went to the city to live, she would become proud, and ashamed of her old-fashioned parents; but she has not. And Mr. Stanton has proved a good husband and a kind son, and I'm glad we let her marry him; for she is very

happy in her home, and very devoted to her husband."

No: Marion Stanton was not a purse-proud woman. She was a gentle, faithful, loving wife; an affectionate, kind, and dutiful daughter; and a sincere friend, loved by all who knew her, ever ready to assist the poor and friendless, and always engaged in some work of noble charity. Her husband's immense wealth enabled her to do much good; and many an honest heart overflowed with gratitude, many a prayer of thankfulness fell from the lips of the poor and friendless she had befriended. Such was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Greyson.

Harry Gordon, the nephew of Mr. Stanton, — the young man who was to accompany Marion to the old homestead, — was an orphan. He was at that time seventeen years of age. His parents had left him under the guardianship of his uncle when he was a boy of ten years, and since that time he had been kept at boarding-school almost constantly. He was now prepared to enter college, and was spending the vacation allowed him at his guardian's. Being naturally wild, reckless, and impulsive, Mr. Stanton feared that the temptations which surrounded him in the city would prove detrimental to him, and therefore decided to send him into the country with his wife: thus it was Harry Gordon was to be a visitor at the farmhouse.

Early Monday morning, Mrs. Greyson and Katy set to work to clean the spare chambers. The walls were whitewashed newly; the paint was washed; the carpets were taken up, cleaned, and put down again; the white muslin curtains washed and ironed, and hung

before the windows, and looped back on each side with pieces of bright green ribbon; the beds made up, and covered with snowy quilts; and, by Tuesday evening, all up stairs was ready for the expected guests.

Then followed the baking of pies and cakes, and other culinary preparations, in all of which Katy took a lively interest and an active part; and, while they are making ready for their guests, let us look after Dr. Graham and Henry, and ascertain what they have been doing the last year and a half.



CHAPTER XI.

HENRY AND THE DOCTOR.

"Learning is an addition beyond nobility of birth. Honor of blood, without the armament of knowledge, is a glorious ignorance."

"The earth is bright and beautiful.
Its flowers still are fair
As when from Eden's hidden nooks
They perfumed all the air;
And the pure stars, beneath whose rays
Love's tales have oft been told,
Still pour a flood of purity
As in the days of old."



AS I remarked in a previous chapter, the parents of Dr. Graham had left him an ample fortune; but being inclined to study, and desiring to lead a life of activity and usefulness, and not become a drone in the hive of life, he had applied himself to the study of medicine, and had graduated at one of the best and most celebrated medical colleges in the Union; and had come to Glenville, having heard of its quiet beauty, and deemed it a good place to commence the practice of his profession. But Glenville was a remarkably healthy village, and his duties there were light; and, had he been dependent upon the income received for his professional labors, he would long since have become discouraged: but he liked the

quiet life he led, liked the freedom from bustle and confusion; and the days slipped by, and life glided on with a peaceful, even flow, that well accorded with his tastes.

After Henry came to live with him, he devoted most of his time to instructing his young *protégé*, and was pleased to find the little fellow an apt and willing scholar. But the village could not boast of a drawing-master; and Henry was so anxious to learn how to use the pencil artistically, that the doctor concluded to give up his office, and move to some large city, where Henry could enjoy the benefit and advantages of good masters.

After due deliberation, Philadelphia was decided upon as the place of their future abode; and, about the time Katy was assisting Mrs. Greyson in her preparations for their expected guests at the farmhouse, her brother and his self-appointed guardian took possession of their new quarters.

A drawing-master was engaged, and Henry entered upon his new life with interest. The rough sketches he had made were shown to his instructor, and pronounced by him to be wonderful productions. He seemed to be inspired; his pencil seemed guided by more than human power: and the Italian master looked upon him as a wonder, and took much pride in his rapid advancement.

The doctor had promised, that, as soon as he had learned all that could be taught in Philadelphia, they should go to Europe, and there seek the instructions of the celebrated masters of old Italy. Henry was half wild at this announcement, and looked forward

with eager anticipations to the time when he would be able to repay his benefactor for his kindness to him by the products of his pencil and brush.

There was one thing which strangely puzzled the doctor in regard to his youthful charge. At times, Henry would be very quiet and taciturn: at others very loquacious; and would advance the most peculiar and original ideas in regard to subjects entirely unknown and unthought of by boys of his age.

Dr. Graham's parents had been kind, but strict disciplinarians; and they had brought him up to most rigidly believe in the teachings and doctrines of old theology, — in man's total depravity, fore-ordination, &c. And, learning such a doctrine at his mother's knee, the doctor had rigidly adhered to it, and looked upon all other views, all innovations, as little less than infidelity, or the teachings of the Evil One: and, when he attempted to instill into the mind of his *protégé* these doctrines, he earnestly tried to believe these doctrines were truths; although his better nature, his richly-stored mind, his conscience within, told him they were false, and belied the God he pretended to worship and adore. He was sometimes shocked by the opposition Henry made, and the broad, liberal views he advanced. In vain he endeavored to argue the matter: he was always met with something which overthrew his theories and logic. And, at length, he gave up the struggle, and decided to let the boy follow his own inclinations in regard to his religious views; but, nevertheless, was puzzled to know where and how he had received such peculiar ideas in regard to matters of such deep importance.

Ah, man! with all your strength and wisdom, there is a power working for good in our midst mightier and surer than all your strength and wisdom; a power which you can not disarm or overthrow; a power which will overcome all obstacles, and assert its rights and strength in spite of all opposition; a power which all the world combined can not put aside; a power which will assert itself, and, through the mouths of babes and sucklings, speak and proclaim the truths you would fain crush to earth.

It was this power, this invisible but potent influence, which animated and inspired Henry Graves, and put into his mouth words to reach and overthrow the arguments of one older and wiser than himself. It was this power which guided his hand, and so delicately touched the drawing which grew beneath his pencil, with a light and shade so powerful as to startle all who beheld his work. It was this power which gradually led him on, and developed him into one of the most useful and worthy laborers in the field of reform. It was this power working for the emancipation of souls in cruel bondage, and striving to break the fetters of past ages of error and darkness.



CHAPTER XII.

MARION'S ARRIVAL. — KATY'S DISCOVERY.

"All is for the best! then fling away terrors,
 Meet all your foes and your fears in the van;
 And, in the midst of your dangers or errors,
 Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
 All's for the best! unbiased, undoubted,
 Providence reigns from East to the West;
 And, by both mercy and wisdom surrounded,
 Hope and be happy that — all's for the best!"

THURSDAY came; and, early in the afternoon, the coach drove up to the farmhouse gate, and Marion Stanton, accompanied by Harry Gordon, entered the little wicket-gate, while the driver took the large, heavily-laden trunks from the rack at the end of the stage. Mrs. Greyson and Katy stood in the open doorway, waiting to welcome the comers. After the old lady had embraced her daughter, and shaken hands with Harry, she said, —

"This is my adopted daughter, Katy Graves, Marion and Mr. Gordon."

Mrs. Stanton took her by the hand, and kissed her blushing cheek; and, in a pleasant voice, said, —

"I am glad I have a sister. We will be the best of friends, little Katy."

Harry Gordon simply nodded his head, while he

surveyed the sensitive, timid girl with a half quizzical, half amused expression of countenance, as they all adjourned to the parlor.

It was not long before Farmer Greyson came in; and he greeted his daughter tenderly, affectionately, and, as he shook hands with Harry, said, —

"So, young man, you are just from boarding-school? I trust you have learned more good and less bad there than the boys who go from this neighborhood. I think a little farm-work and country air will do you good; and, if you are inclined to be useful, I'll find plenty to keep you busy while you are here."

When the evening meal was prepared, and the family seated around the table, on which was spread its goodly store, — white cream-biscuits that would tempt the appetite of an epicure; golden butter molded in a neat little roll, and stamped with a rose by Katy's useful hands; honey, white and transparent; and sweetmeats, and cakes, and cold fowl, and every delicacy the appetite could crave, — Marion said, —

"It seems like old times, mother, to sit down in your bright kitchen to such a tempting feast."

With a pleased, gratified smile, the old lady poured out the fragrant tea she had so carefully prepared; for it must be admitted that she had considerable pride in her table and culinary accomplishments.

The meal passed off pleasantly to all; and, after urging good Mrs. Greyson to go into the sitting-room with her guests, Katy put on her large gingham apron, and went to work with a light heart to clear away the refuse of the meal, and wash up the dishes, and

prepare the pans for the milk which would soon be brought in to be strained.

At length all was in order, and Katy had put away the night's milk, swept the crumbs from the floor, closed the closet-doors, and put aside her large apron in its accustomed place, and was standing before the little square bit of looking-glass that hung against the wall, smoothing her hair, while a well-satisfied, peaceful smile wreathed her lips, when she was startled by a loud, boisterous laugh; and, turning quickly around, she saw the face of Harry Gordon through the open window. There he stood, with that half quizzical, half amused expression on his face, which so annoyed Katy when she first met him; and, as her eyes met his, he burst out into another peal of hearty laughter, and said, —

“So, Miss Scarecrow, I caught you admiring your ugly face in the glass, did I? Well, surely you must like to look at homely pictures, to find any satisfaction in gazing at such a reflection.” And, with another laugh, he turned and sauntered away from the spot, leaving Katy standing with tears in her eyes and a frightened look on her face. Poor child! her sensitive nature had received a severe shock. She had been indulging in pleasant thoughts when she was so unceremoniously interrupted; and the cruel taunt of the thoughtless boy had driven all her pleasant thoughts away, and brought in their place the most unpleasant sensations.

Seating herself on a chair near the window, she burst into tears, and, after weeping heartily for a few moments, dried her eyes, and, with considerable courage, said, —

“Harry Gordon, I hate you, I do. I did not like you when I first saw you; but I was trying to overcome the feeling: but now I shall always hate you.”

It was too bad that the one to whom this complimentary speech was addressed was out of hearing: but it relieved Katy immeasurably; and, bathing her eyes in cold water to hide the traces of the passionate tears she had wept, she went into the sitting-room, and, in the pleasant society of Marion Stanton, soon forgot the cause of her recent vexations.

For five weeks they staid at the farmhouse; and those were the five unhappiest weeks Katy ever spent.

Marion was very kind to her, and she learned to love her much; but Harry Gordon gave her no peace. Whenever he chanced to find her alone, he told her how ugly she was, what great staring eyes she had, and what an ill-shaped nose grew on her face; and invariably ended his cruel taunts by calling her “Miss Scarecrow.”

Poor Katy! she had never given her personal appearance a passing thought; but now she often paused before the little glass which hung against her chamber wall, and fully realized that she was homely: her nose was too large for her face, her eyes were large and wild-looking, her hair was light and wiry, her mouth any thing but pretty, and her cheeks thin and sunken, but not so pale as when she first came to live at the farmhouse.

Yes: Katy Graves was homely; and many tears she shed over her lack of beauty, and many hard, unforgiving feelings she cherished in her heart against

Harry Gordon for being so bold as to tell her of her ugliness. But, in after-years, Katy discovered that there are traits of character and beauties of soul that more than compensate for lack of personal charms.

But it was hard for one with senses so keenly alive to the beautiful to be convinced of her own lack of beauty. It was hard for one so sensitive and modest to be bluntly told that she was a "scarecrow:" but perhaps it was a useful as well as a hard lesson; perhaps it resulted in beneficial results to the lonely orphan girl. Who can know?

The visitors at length returned to their home in the city, and Harry soon after entered college; and the inmates of the farmhouse fell back into their quiet way of life.

But Katy had grown older during those five weeks. She had turned many a bitter page of life, and had learned many a lesson undreamed of before.



CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GREYSON'S DEPARTURE TO A HIGHER LIFE.

"Oh! it is pleasant for the good to die; to feel
Their last mild pulses throbbing, while the seal
Of death is placed upon the tranquil brow:
The soul in quiet looks within itself,
And sees the heavens pictured faintly there."

FIVE years have passed away, — five years of joy and sorrow; for each hour, as it passes by, is marked by both pain and pleasure.

Since last we visited the farmhouse, there has been but little change in the outward appearance of things: but death has folded one of its occupants in icy, dreamless slumber; has opened wide its door to let a freed, untrammelled soul through the portal into the land beyond, where spirits of the gone-before welcomed it with songs of praise and outstretched hands of love and joy.

I said but little change had been made outwardly: the moss on the low roof may be a little thicker than it was five years ago, the trees are perhaps a few inches taller; but the flowers in the garden, the old well-curb and sweep, are apparently the same that greeted our sight five years ago.

Let us enter the house. The blinds are tightly closed, the green-paper curtains are all lowered, the parlor looks dark, dreary, and solemn.

What is that in the west corner?

Ah! we can see better now, our eyes having become accustomed to the darkness. It is a coffin: the lid is closed; but a bright silver plate is fastened on the top, and in neat, plain letters is engraved, —

RICHARD GREYSON,

Aged 72 years and three months,

Died

May the 9th, 18—.

Old Farmer Greyson has spent his threescore years and ten on earth, has finished a life of usefulness below, and gone to rest where worldly care will trouble him no more.

In the next room, in the arm-chair, sits the widow Greyson, changed but little since we saw her last. Her eyes are dull and swollen with much weeping; but now a placid, trustful smile lights up her wrinkled face, as the voice of the comforting spirit whispers to her words of consolation and hope.

That young girl sitting upon the stool at her feet, with open book upon her lap, is little Katy. You would hardly recognize her, she has improved so much.

"I have read enough, have I not, mother?" she says, looking up into the old lady's face, with a light of tender affection in her large, soulful eyes.

"Yes, child, for the present. I think I hear the

stage coming: run to the door. Oh! I do hope Marion will reach here to-night."

Katy arose, and, laying the book on the stand, went to the side door. Just as she opened it, the stage stopped, and Marion stepped out, and opened the wicket-gate. Katy ran down the walk to meet her.

"Dear Katy, how do you do? How is mother?" said Marion, as she folded her sister by adoption to her breast, and kissed her cheeks.

"Mamma is well: she bears the trial bravely, and has become placid and hopeful, and is resigned to the dreadful blow which well-nigh crushed her. But where is your husband, Mr. Stanton?"

"He will come in the morning in time for the funeral. It was all so sudden that he could not make his arrangements to leave at once; and, being unwilling to wait, I came on alone."

"Mother!"

"My daughter!" were all the words uttered by the two women as they fell into each other's arms; and the tears the widow had forced back all day now flowed freely, and mingled with her daughter's.

It had been a sudden blow. In the morning, Farmer Greyson had gone out to look after some work the men were about to do: he had complained of a pain in his head, but nothing serious was anticipated. Two hours after, he was brought into the house insensible; having fallen while giving directions about some work, with the expression on his lips of, —

"Oh, my head!"

They laid him on the bed, and sent for a physician.

But he never opened his eyes, never spoke one word of parting, never breathed one farewell; but his pure, untainted spirit fled to its home above the blue skies, and left those who loved him for his goodness and his purity to weep their loss, but to rejoice for his gain. The weary spirit was at rest, — perfect, peaceful rest.

Where a life, bright and beautiful with God's most perfect gifts, goes out for ever from among us, we grow faint and sick at heart; for we know no other can fill the aching void in our hearts, held sacred as the lodging-place of the departed.

Farmer Greyson was a man whose gentle manners and intellectual abilities endeared him to the entire community, as well as to those whose social life was intermingled with his.

He was ever the first to lend a helping hand to the weak and a friendly arm to the friendless; and at no time did he hesitate or shrink from any duty that devolved upon him. He left the noblest record the good or great of earth can leave, — a record of good deeds; cherishing kindness toward all men, and malice toward none; a true and generous heart, a soul above the narrow prejudices that so often mar the beauty of an otherwise perfect life.

Though not agreeing with most of his neighbors in religious views, he never thrust his opinions upon them, or spoke lightly of the doctrines they espoused. His views were too liberal and progressive to meet their approbation, and few really knew what his theories were. But he had sown seed which was destined

to bring forth fruit in abundance. He had, in his quiet, unobtrusive way, dropped truths that were never forgotten; and he had done a noble life-work.



CHAPTER XIV.

BREAKING-UP AND REMOVAL.

"They made him a grave
Where the shadows oft play;
Where the perfume of flowers
In summer-time stray;
Where the green willow waves,
And the grass grows so green,
And sweet, modest violets
Nestle between."

"The dim wheels
Of destiny, in their silence, fly beyond
The compass of my sight. They roll and roll,
And go their rounds; and, as they roll, events
Grind into meaning. Such is Time, — a sail
Turned by the breath of God, and standing on
The mountains of eternity."

THE morning came, and Mr. Stanton reached the farmhouse ere the sun had climbed far up the ladder of the morn.

The church was crowded; for old and young were anxious to attend the funeral-services, and pay their last mark of respect to one they had in life honored and loved.

The services were conducted with solemnity and feeling. The pastor — an earnest, honest worker in the field he had chosen, and believed to be right — spoke with much eloquence of the virtues and pure life of the deceased; and many who were members

of other churches, and had always looked upon this man, this advocate of Unitarianism, as lacking in pure religion, and his church as an edifice reared against the teachings of the Spirit of God, acknowledged his words as words of truth, and felt the power of his eloquence and earnestness.

After the services had concluded, the remains of the good old man were conveyed to the graveyard, and laid to rest in the narrow earth-bed prepared; the cold earth was thrown upon the coffin, and watered by the tears of those who stood with uncovered heads around; and, as the last spadeful of earth was heaped upon the mound, the mourners turned sadly from the spot, and returned to the now desolate and lonely farmhouse.

Mr. Stanton returned to the city at once, leaving his wife to assist in arranging matters previous to the removal of Mrs. Greyson and Katy to the home of the Stantons in the city.

It was deemed the most prudent course to give up the farm; and Mr. Stanton insisted that the future home of his mother-in-law and her adopted daughter should be beneath his roof.

Very busy were Marion and Katy during the three weeks following the funeral. Many things had to be attended to before leaving the homestead in the hands of strangers.

A tenant was readily found for the place; and after all the business was settled up, and matters arranged to the satisfaction of all, Mrs. Greyson and Katy, with many tears, bade adieu to the old place where they had known so much of quiet happiness, and accompanied Marion to her home.

It was altogether a new world Katy was entering,—a world she had often read and dreamed of, and, perhaps, sometimes sighed to see; and yet, now that she was really about to enter it, really called upon to bid farewell to the quiet monotony of life at the farmhouse, something like a pang of regret pierced her heart. She had been so happy, so peacefully, quietly happy, in that old house! Nothing had ever ruffled the even flow of her life until the death-angel had entered that home, save the visit of Harry Gordon, to which her thoughts often went back; and she could now smile to think how she allowed herself to grieve and become angry at the unwarrantable familiarity of a schoolboy like Harry Gordon.

And as she sat in her luxuriously furnished chamber in Mr. Stanton's house, and looked out through the plate-glass windows upon the paved streets, the tall houses opposite, and the confusion of buildings, church-spires, and steeples in the distance, her heart gave back great throbs of pain, and her eyes filled with tears, as she contrasted it all with the little attic room which had always been her own at the farmhouse, with its small window and the little panes of glass, out of which she looked upon broad, green meadows, winding country roads, high, wooded hills, and the laughing brook that danced and glistened in the sunlight, as it wound its course between green banks, spangled with bright flowers; and she sadly murmured,—

“Oh! will I ever become accustomed to all this elegance? will I ever learn to be contented shut up here in the crowded city, away from all the beauti-

ful things which used to make my life so bright? O mother in heaven! look down upon your child, and help her to feel grateful for the many blessings life has showered upon her; and help her to appreciate the present, and learn to overcome this yearning for the past.”

Katy Graves was a brave girl; and she knew, that, in the new home she had found, advantages would be presented her for improvement and advancement that she could never have hoped for in the old home: and she tried to smother all feelings of loneliness and home-sickness, and bent herself to the faithful performance of all duties that presented themselves to her.

Tutors were at once engaged to instruct Katy. She had attended the district school regularly ever since she went to live with Mrs. Greyson, and had a pretty thorough knowledge of the plain English branches; but higher than that she had been unable to go: and now her thirst for advanced knowledge was about to be gratified. The languages, classics, and music were to be her studies; and, with a hearty will and determination to succeed in this new field of learning opened to her, she commenced her tasks.

Strange to say, Katy's history was entirely unknown to Mr. and Mrs. Stanton. They knew that she had been taken from the almshouse, but nothing more; and, as nothing had ever been said to them on the subject, they had refrained from asking questions by tacit consent. But now Katy had become an inmate of their house, had endeared herself to them by her winning manners, and gentle kindness toward

the old lady who had been almost a mother to her; and they felt a deep interest in her, and a desire to know something of her childhood, and her life previous to her entrance in the almshouse.

It was, perhaps, strange that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Greyson had taken much pains to inquire into her history: but the subject had never been fully spoken of in the farmhouse; and Katy had learned to avoid it, and seldom referred to any incident or recollection previous to her coming to the farmhouse to live.

One evening, several months after Katy's coming to the city, the family were seated in the library: the day had been somewhat chilly, and a fire had been built in the open grate. Mrs. Greyson sat in her easy-chair, knitting; Mrs. Stanton was engaged in some light needle-work; Katy was reading the last "Atlantic;" and Mr. Stanton held the evening paper in his hand, but his eyes were fixed upon the burning coals in the grate, and he was evidently lost in deep thought. At length he raised his eyes, and dropped his paper. Katy felt that he was regarding her with a studied, earnest gaze; and the red blood mounted to her cheeks as she looked up from the open magazine before her, and met his eyes fixed so intently upon her.

"You were thinking of me," she said, "and, if I am not mistaken, asking yourself many questions you are unable to answer."

"You are right: I was wondering what your early life had been, and trying to picture in my mind a probable story in regard to your early experiences. You know we have never heard your history, and

know really nothing, save what experience has taught us, in regard to yourself; and, if it will not give you too much pain to relate the incidents of your early life, we would be glad to know all you can remember of your life previous to your coming to the farmhouse. I do not ask you to relate the story merely for the gratification of an idle curiosity, but from a deep interest I feel in your welfare, and from the influence of a presentiment, which has been growing stronger within me ever since you came to us, that I may be instrumental, in some way, of benefiting you, or clearing up some mystery which hangs over you," said Mr. Stanton, bending forward, and speaking in an earnest, interested tone of voice.

"I supposed that you knew the sad history of my rather eventful life. It will give me no pain to repeat it to those who have been so kind to me, and so richly deserving of my gratitude and confidence," replied Katy, as she closed the magazine, and commenced her story. Through all the details of her early life she carried her listeners; not an incident, not an item, was forgotten, for it was all indelibly stamped upon her memory: and the facts were made interesting by the earnest, tearful manner in which she told them, giving, in connection with certain incidents, her impressions in regard to them. Mr. Stanton listened attentively to the recital, making notes in his memorandum-book as she progressed; and his earnest manner plainly displayed the interest he felt. When she finished, he said, —

"And you never endeavored to find out for yourself whether the report of your brother's death was true or false?"

"No, sir. I knew but little of the world at that time, and readily believed the report: but, even had I entertained doubts as to the truth of the rumor, I was powerless to act; I was a pauper, and could do nothing. After I went to the farmhouse, I sometimes felt as if my brother still lived; and, one day, I wrote a letter to Dr. Graham, making inquiries concerning him, hoping, that, if the doctor had left Glenville, the letter would be forwarded to him: but I have never received a reply, though I am still loath to believe my brother dead."

"You say the name of the village where Dr. Graham lived, and where your mother died, is Glenville?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the name of the man with whom your father intrusted the money for your support is Harris?"

"Yes, sir."

"He lives in Boston, you say. Do you think you would recognize him if you were to meet him?"

"Without doubt. His face is one I shall never forget: I often see it in my dreams."

"Very well. I feel assured that there has been foul play somewhere. You have evidently been wronged by the man your father trusted as his friend; and, if we can only secure some proof that your father did leave money with him for the support of your mother and her children, we may be able to bring him to justice, and restore to you all that rightfully belongs to you. Did your mother leave no papers behind her?"

"Yes, a number; but I think Dr. Graham handed

them to Mr. Harris when he took us there. I know he did not examine them, for I heard him say he had no right or authority to do so."

"That was a great mistake, but a natural one for a man of delicate and sensitive feelings to fall into. I must think this matter over before I can decide what course will be the best one to pursue. Something must be done without delay, that's certain. The matter has been neglected too long. I have a friend, peculiar in his ideas and theories in regard to matters and things generally, but upon whose judgment I feel much reliance, and in whose opinion much confidence. If you have no objections, I will consult him in regard to this matter; and his clear head may see a way to accomplish the wished-for end which we might never think of. Have I your consent?"

"Certainly: I leave the matter entirely in your hands."

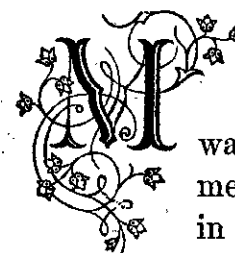
"And I will endeavor to faithfully meet the trust reposed in me, and act as may seem to me wisest and best."

Katy returned to her book; but, somehow, her thoughts would wander afar away, and she could not concentrate them on the article she was reading. The story of her early life had awakened memories which had slumbered for years, and she could not close the door of her soul upon them, could not bid them remain quiet; and so, bidding the family good-night, she went up to her room to be alone, — alone with memory and thought.

CHAPTER XV.

A TALK ON SPIRITUALISM.

"Sow the seed, and leave the increase
 With a higher power than man;
 Do whatever seems the meetest:
 'Tis all you dare, 'tis all you can.
 Angels in the land of light
 Will give the increase, rich and bright."

 R. STANTON was a man of liberal views and progressive thoughts. He was one of the most efficient and popular men in the Unitarian Church; and, being in advance of most religious sects and denominations, his mind was in a condition to receive truths when he felt them to be such. He had given the subject of Spiritualism considerable study and attention, and had startled some of his more orthodox friends on several occasions by the expression of views that shocked their narrow ideas and blunted sensibilities.

The friend to whose judgment he wished to submit the questions which so puzzled and perplexed him was a man of unquestionable attainments, a man who for years had occupied a prominent position in the legal profession, and a man whose generous, noble, and progressive nature had found in Spiritual-

ism the living truths he had long sought after unsuccessfully; and had become an earnest advocate of those principles and theories which must exert upon man a purifying and exalting influence. And to him Mr. Stanton went with the story of Katy's wrong. He listened until his visitor had finished, and then said, —

"Go to Mrs. Amden, the medium: and, if conditions are favorable, I assure you that you will receive all the instruction and information needed; and you will find unmistakable proof that this girl is in the hands of spirit-power, and will be guided and directed according to the wisest intelligences. I trust you have too much good sense and sound judgment to offer any objections to applying to a professed medium for assistance."

"I have no objections to such a course. I am willing to test the powers of the lady you mention; and certainly if she is enabled, through the influence of departed spirits, to give us any information, or throw any light upon the subject in question, I shall be willing, and feel it a duty, to accord to her, as well as the power which influences her, all the credit justly due them. I have never witnessed any workings of this spirit-power, never met any substantial proof for the arguments advanced by the believers of Spiritualism; yet I am favorably inclined toward it, and anxious to prosecute my investigations further. Nothing would afford me more satisfaction than to be convinced of the power of departed spirits to return, and exert an influence over those still in the flesh, to communicate to mortals, and bestow, upon those calculated to re-

ceive the blessing, the gift of second sight. I am not an opposer of Spiritualism, and do not wish to be thought such. I am simply an inquirer after truth, an investigator of this philosophy which professes to be the light and truth, and whose mission is claimed to be one of strength and power, — one calculated to overthrow superstition, and the evils, the heresies, and dogmas that past ages have entailed upon us."

"I understand your position fully. You have laid yourself open to conviction. You have become dissatisfied with the food that no longer satisfies your spiritual hunger. You have an insatiable craving for something higher and better than that which you have known in the past; but, as yet, your mind has not progressed to that state which prepares it for the reception of the great truths of Spiritualism. You are fairly started on the right road; and, if you do not oppose the influences which are working around you for your own good and advancement, you will reach the light, and rejoice in the possession of a knowledge that can exert an influence of good only on your life. There is no power that has been so truly felt, or in so short a space of time worked such changes in the life and aims of man, as the power of Spiritualism. Take, for instance, the literature of our country. "The Atlantic Monthly," a magazine which employs only the best talent on its pages, has changed materially in its character since the first number was issued. In its pages we now find some of the strongest arguments that pen of man can dictate in favor of our beautiful and truthful faith. There is hardly a novel or romance that can be read

without tracing something of a spiritual character in it. Acknowledged mediums are contributing articles, received through the channels of inspiration, and dictated by the spirits of the departed, to the religious papers of our country; though it is not generally known, save to the editors of these journals. All these things are leading on the minds of the people toward the great truth of Spiritualism. Many of the bitter opposers, even in the pulpit, are influenced by spirits; and even political speakers. In the department of medicine, mediums are, in many places, taking the practice away from those who have spent years in gaining a medical education. You are willing to admit this, are you not?"

"Certainly; it is a fact beyond dispute: yet there is much question as to the power which influences these mediums to the performance of these almost miraculous deeds."

"I grant you, some attribute this power to the Devil; but only children, grown and ungrown, believe in a Devil now. Why are not these things inquired into by our schools and colleges, and the public informed of their results? If you find a new skull, bone, or plant, you will find plenty to examine and report upon it. Why have we not had an examination of that power that takes men and women from the shop, farm, and kitchen, and makes them the teachers of the people? It is the religious prejudices that prevent it. You will find Spiritualism among the leading minds of towns and neighborhoods where papers, books, and schools are common. This is a subject not confined to ourselves, but to all."

"I have heard some raise this objection to Spiritualism, — that bad men and women were Spiritualists, and many of the so-called mediums themselves far from being correct or true in their lives."

"I wish all bad men and women were Spiritualists; for it would make them better. Persons who pander to public sentiment are not the leading minds, for they are but the echo of public opinion. True teachers of the people are ahead of the masses; and, when the masses get up to them, they are ahead again. Spiritualism has 'rapped' up the thinking minds, and set them to work; and, though circles and lectures should cease, this work will still go on by the agency of these invisible influences. If you take hold of this subject, and use your powers rightly, you will be bettered by it; but you can make a bad use of any thing. It will make you broader in thought and feeling, and place you where slander can not affect you; for character and reputation are two things. Character is what you really are; reputation, a bauble manufactured by public opinion. Give your thought and mind to the subject, hear its lectures, and read its literature, and so grow wiser and better."

"Many urge that what is called Spiritualism is but human magnetism; and I have read several learned articles on this subject, all to the same point."

"Orthodoxy has sought to crush out Spiritualism, even as Judaism tried to crush out the life of the young child Jesus, by calling it mesmerism, psychology, and of the Devil. In one sense it is magnetism; or, rather, this is the agent through which spirits communicate. These being the agents through which

the spirit, while in the body, manifests itself, it follows, that, as they are the same after death, they must still use these agents to connect themselves with, and to act upon, persons still in the form. Through this magnetic aura thrown off from a person, the psychometrist reads the character of an individual. Much, very much, of misery might be avoided, did people but understand these laws. It is through this that the unsophisticated youth is led into the sins and horrors of city life, and the libertine ruins a mother's loved daughter; and it is through this, when understood and rightly used, that the world is to be redeemed. Says R. Todd, an eminent teacher of the people, —

"Will you tell me the difference between Spiritualism and the Harmonial Philosophy? or if there is any difference or distinction?"

"The former is merely a belief in the communication of spirits, and the latter the practical obeying of all the laws of the physical and spiritual nature."

"Thank you: you have quite awakened an interest in my mind to pursue my investigations and inquiries in regard to the matter with redoubled zeal. I am glad I called upon you this morning, and trust that this will be but the commencement of a series of friendly interchanges of thought upon this subject. Come to my house: I assure you you will find a willing listener in my ward, Katy Graves, for she has already advanced some of the same views you have expressed this morning; and I have carefully observed her choice of reading, and find that she eagerly seeks and greedily devours every thing relating to Spiritual-

ism and a broad, deep range of thought. She is, in many respects, a remarkable girl; and I think you would enjoy her acquaintance, and am satisfied that she would find much pleasure in your society."

"Thank you: I will take an early opportunity to accept your invitation. You have awakened my interest in your ward, and I shall be glad to know her."

"Good-morning."

"Good-morning." And the two men parted,—one to reflect upon what he had heard, the other to attend to the performance of duties that claimed his attention.



CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO A MEDIUM.

"I said, 'Why struggle vainly on
To reach the heights that loom afar
In distant realms where shines Hope's star,
And where life's promises are won?'"

Behold! the message came to me,
'Behind you broken idols lie,
And household graves meet your sad eye;
But, oh! look forward hopefully.'"



WHEN Mr. Stanton went home that evening, and related to the family the substance of the conversation between himself and his friend Mr. Hall, Katy listened attentively, and, when he had finished speaking, said,—

"I have for some time felt as if I could gain some reliable information in regard to matters pertaining to my family through the agency of spiritual mediums. I have even felt that I was possessed in some measure of mediumistic qualifications that might be developed by a proper course of action, and by the means of correct influences; but I have never spoken of these things, lest by so doing I might incur the displeasure of those to whom I owe so much."

"We will see this Mrs. Amden to-morrow; and,

if we find that the interview results in any thing like satisfaction, we will push our investigations further; and, if there is any truth in Spiritualism, find it and acknowledge it," replied Mr. Stanton.

"There must be something more in it than mere imagination or fraud, else it would not attract the attention and arrest the reasoning faculties of the great and good, and call into action the severe opposition and abuse it has met with at the hands of its opposers," replied Katy.

"I have invited Mr. Hall to call; and I doubt not he will find it an easy matter to make a convert of you, as you seem already thoroughly imbued with the peculiar doctrines and theories he advances."

"I shall be glad to talk to some one who can give me more information and better knowledge concerning the truth of spirit-intercourse, which I have felt and known from my earliest recollections, and which is with me no suddenly acquired belief or theory," replied Katy.

The following morning, after breakfast, Katy prepared herself for a visit to Mrs. Amden, and, with a heart filled with conflicting emotions, left the house, accompanied by Mr. Stanton.

Mrs. Amden's residence was not far from the home of Mr. Stanton; and, after a brisk walk of five minutes, they found themselves in the small but elegant parlor of Mrs. Amden's quiet, unpretentious dwelling, awaiting the appearance of that lady.

Perhaps ten minutes elapsed before Mrs. Amden entered the room. She was a lady of medium height, well formed, with an open, intelligent countenance,

that could not fail to leave an agreeable impression upon the beholder. Her hair was cut short, and was brushed back from her face, giving her an appearance calculated to deceive one in regard to her age.

She entered the room with a pleasant smile on her face, and at once advanced to Katy, and took her hands in her own as she said, —

"I feel that you are the one that I have been waiting for: your presence has lifted a burden from my heart."

She had not noticed Mr. Stanton, as he stood looking out of the window, the heavy curtains entirely concealing him from view; but she turned her head as if it pained her, and said, —

"Some one came with you: where is he?"

Katy pointed to the window; and, as she did so, Mr. Stanton stepped forward and said, —

"Excuse me, madam; but I trust you will permit me to remain in the room while you sit with this young lady, as I am particularly desirous of hearing all that you may be enabled to tell her in regard to the matters of which she desires to gain information."

"Be seated, sir; but please do not interrupt me with questions during the *séance*: let the young lady herself put all the questions that may be asked."

Mr. Stanton seated himself in a chair near the window. Mrs. Amden arose and locked the door, that they might not be interrupted, then resumed her seat by the side of Katy, and, drawing a small stand to her, placed first Katy's hand upon the stand, then her own on top of it, using the stand only for the sake of con-

venience, and in order to prevent her guest becoming wearied by a clasping of hands. Thus they sat in silence, for perhaps five minutes (it might have been more or less), when a change came over the countenance of the medium: she bent forward as if listening, her left hand stroked her forehead, and her fingers ran through her hair with a quick, nervous movement; then her lips parted, and she spoke. In plain, well-chosen language, she told Katy of her father's parting with his family; named the amount left in the hands of Mr. Harris for their use; described in thrilling language the shipwreck, and the struggle of a man (Katy readily recognized as her father, from the description given) with the angry waves. He was picked up in an insensible and exhausted condition, and taken to the shores of France, where he was placed in a building, recognized, from the description, as a hospital. Letters had been written from that place, one of which had been received and answered; but the answer sent was not the truth: and the man still remained, in a crippled condition, where he had been placed by the kindness of those who had saved him from a watery grave.

The little brown house on the hillside at Glenville was perfectly described, and the death-bed scene of Katy's mother. Dr. Graham was so perfectly described, that any one who had ever seen him would have recognized him in the description given.

The poorhouse was pictured, and the death of Carrie, and the farmhouse, and the death of Mr. Greyson; and, amid her sobs and tears, Katy asked,—

“Can you tell me whether the boy you have

described as being taken from his dying mother by the young man is still alive, and where he is?”

“Yes: he is alive and well. I see him in a large room, surrounded by all the implements and utensils of art; he is standing before an easel, on which rests a half-finished picture; in his hand he holds a palette and brush. The young man is with him, and regards him with looks of affection and pride.”

“Can you tell me where this room in which you see him is?”

“I can not see clearly, but it is in a large city: the window of the room looks out upon a wide, pleasant street, and is arched and ancient-looking. It looks as if water rolled between him and you; but clouds hang so low and heavily, that I can not see clearly.”

“Can you see my mother's grave?”

“Yes: the rosebush you planted there has grown and prospered well. But you would hardly recognize the place. A neat, white marble slab marks it now, and the rosebush has grown so tall that it reaches to the top of the slab: there is an inscription on the stone, which reads, ‘Gone to a higher and better life.’”

Mr. Stanton had written something on a card, and handed it to the weeping Katy. She read it, then asked,—

“How have you obtained these facts?”

“Your spirit-friends give them to me. There are three here with you now,—the three whose deaths I have already described: your mother, a child, and an aged man who seems to hold no tie of relationship to

you, but who watches over you with all the love and interest of a father."

"What course had I better pursue?"

"Go to your mother's grave first: there is a person near there who was kind to you once; she can verify much that I have told you. Then go and see this man who has proved so false to the trust reposed in him; confront him with the facts I have given you; accuse him of receiving a letter from the sick man soon after he placed you in the poorhouse, and mark well his changing countenance. Then go to France, follow the impressions you will receive, and you will find the sick man. Through you he will be restored to health: and, if you obey the directions of your spirit-guides, you will meet and recognize the boy and the young man; but, if you fail to follow these directions, only darkness and unrest will surround you."

A spasm, as if of pain, passed over the features of the medium. She withdrew her hand from the stand, and, in a moment, was again the attractive, smiling woman who had greeted them as she entered the room. She unlocked the door, and, turning to Katy, said, —

"Has the interview been satisfactory?"

"Yes, oh, yes! and it has confirmed impressions that I have long felt to be true, but never dared acknowledge, and has strengthened a faith I have entertained from a child, — that our spirit-friends can and do watch over and guide us," replied Katy.

"As long as you entertain that faith, and govern yourself accordingly, you will be happy. But you

have a life-work to do that will allow of no shrinking or drawing back. Do not attempt to resist the influences which govern and guide you, but yield yourself to the control of those better guides who have your true welfare and interests at heart."

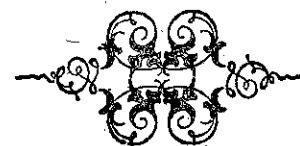
"Thank you: you have given me strength and light; and I will do nothing to offend the dear ones who watch over me, and seek to guide my truant footsteps in the path of right."

As they walked slowly home, Mr. Stanton said, —

"We must follow the directions given, implicitly; and, for this purpose, your lessons will have to be resigned for the present. I think, however, that a trip to Glenville and Boston will do you more good than poring over those books you seem to find so attractive."

"Will you, indeed, allow me to follow the directions given? Oh, I had not even hoped for this!"

"Certainly I will. I have commenced this matter with an earnest determination to follow it to the end, and clear away, if possible, the mystery and doubt that now surround you."



CHAPTER XVII.

MR. HALL AND HIS THEORIES.

"Do what is right, though the minions of error
 Would lure thee afar from the mansions of light;
 Heed not the hosts that would fill thee with terror,
 But boldly march forward, and do what is right.
 Do what is right: let no paltry ambition
 Over your soul cast its shadowy blight:
 Ever remember thy sacred commission
 Is to be truthful, and do what is right."

THAT evening, Mr. Hall dropped in while they were discussing the proposed trip to Glenville and Boston; and he was delighted with the success of the visit to Mrs. Amden, and said, —

"I trust, my friend, that this interview convinced you that the spirits of the departed can return, and prove to us the power they have to work in our midst."

"I am convinced that the lady we saw this morning was endowed with more than human intelligence while depicting the scenes and incidents in the life of my ward, and those connected to her by the ties of relationship; and must attribute that intelligence and power, that so surprised and gratified us, to the working of spirit-friends, freed from the bonds of earth-life: and I am determined to follow to the

letter the advice given, and push my investigations as far as is possible. I am willing and ready to acknowledge truth when I find it to be such, but am not willing to allow myself to be duped, or lend my influence to the duping of others. I trust you understand me," replied Mr. Stanton, with candor.

"I think I do. And I appreciate your feelings fully: for I have stood just where you are now standing; and I can readily see that your feet are slowly nearing the fountain of light and truth, and your soul is thirsting to drink of those waters which alone can quench its thirst. And may I ask," he said, turning to Katy, who had silently listened to the conversation thus far, "what impression the interview of the morning made upon you?"

"Ah! it was like rising above the sphere of this world; like annihilating the space between us and the dear ones gone before; like going into the very atmosphere of heaven, and coming away purified and exalted. I know that I am stronger and better for this interview; that life has become more attractive, and death less repulsive. And, O sir! I can never, never thank you enough for being the means of our enjoying this unspeakable pleasure and bliss: for, had it not been for your advice, we would never have thought of seeking Mrs. Amden; and we might now be struggling amid the shadows and darkness, instead of enjoying the glorious light of truth," said Katy, her eyes glowing with animation, and the color coming and going in quick succession upon her bright face.

"I am glad that I was the humble instrument used

to direct your steps in the right direction, and trust that I may be able to assist you in your search for the truth. I have quite an extensive library, and it will afford me pleasure to place at your command such books as you may wish to examine; feeling confident, that in them you will find much to guide you and much to strengthen you in the journey you have commenced. I brought a small scrap-book with me: and from it I think I can glean an answer to almost any question you may be pleased to ask in regard to the views and theories of those most advanced in spiritual knowledge and truth; and, if any question suggests itself to you, do not hesitate to give it voice, and I will answer it to the best of my ability, or find an answer for it among the scraps I have gathered."

"What are we to understand by the ideas of a future existence given by so-called Christian religionists, and said to be founded on revelations from God?" asked Katy slowly and thoughtfully, as if in doubt how to express the meaning of the question she wished answered.

"The truth is, the Christian religionists have never had a *rational idea* of the future state, its heaven or hell; for all their 'revelations' of this stage of being are confined within the limits of the Bible, the really spiritual part of which, bearing upon this point, they have never even professed to understand. We have been wont to hear from this class of religionists only of a *material* heaven and hell,—the former 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' having a great city called the New Jerusalem whose streets are paved with gold, and whose walls are precious stones, the

constant and *only* occupation of whose inhabitants, that we ever heard of, is singing, to the accompaniments of golden harps, praises to the Most High God, who sitteth upon a throne, surrounded by heavenly hosts that never cease nor tire in their musical adulations of the King of kings: the latter a sulphurous lake of unquenchable fire, that, under the infernal arrangements of the Devil and his fiendish co-adjutors, is made to eternally burn the souls, or rather the *bodies*, of such unfortunately organized and developed beings as had, in the earth-life, provoked the wrathful displeasure of an 'avenging God.' Whenever any of the Christian teachers have been so fortunate as to approach any genuine conception of the nature of the world of souls, they have only been obedient to their own *in-tuitions*, have only heeded the prophetic annunciations of their own spontaneous spiritual instincts," was the reply, delivered in a clear voice, which betrayed a consciousness of uttering only the truth.

"And what is the idea of a future state of existence entertained by Spiritualists generally? If a spiritual future is to crown the present material life, that soul who has made a true preparation for such a state of being by living a truly natural spiritual life, will, without any miracle, instinctively perceive the essential characteristics of that future: for Nature is always prolific in resources to meet the highest as well as the lowest needs of humanity; and the soul's very longing after immortality, under wise self-enlightenment, can not fail to anticipate the elementary condition of its ultimate destiny.

"The most reliable information from beyond the

Jordan of this life assures the Spiritualist — were his own intuitions inadequate to the apprehension of the truth — that the future is constituted, primarily, to every individual, of the spiritual life that has been unfolded in the experiences of this world. Just what the earthly man has made himself, he at once commences to be upon translation to the world of souls; and continues to be until the universal law of progression — working with lessened obstructions in his quickened nature — purifies his affections, eradicates his errors, and thus expands his capacities to apprehend and enjoy a sphere of being which is as unbounded in its capabilities to afford complete spiritual happiness, as the wisdom of the Creator is perfect, and his being eternal. The spiritual world being the truly *ideal*, and consequently the only *real* world, is, to the spirit emancipated from the natural life, *the sum of its own spiritual perceptions and affections*; and according as these are obtuse and vitiated, or clairvoyant and holy, will be the spirit's real condition of hell or heaven. The *intensity* of either condition is in adequate proportion to the intensity of the spirit's earthly life. A willfully vicious life on the earth merits, and will inevitably gravitate the soul to, a *justly compensating* hell; an indifferently good or bad life will attain an equally indifferent spiritual condition, neither of abounding happiness nor unmitigated misery: but the soul that has thirsted for spiritual wisdom, and has guided its affection by the 'higher law' of its being, shall enter upon a life of unmeasured freedom, and shall become recipient of the holiest joys to which it may aspire."

"Just the idea I have always entertained, but never dared to express, as it was so much in opposition to any thing I had ever heard or read of. Ah, how my very soul rejoices to know that the shadows and doubts which have so long troubled me, and made me wretched in spirit and in truth, are gradually melting away, and giving place to light and reason and faith! A new existence seems opened to me; and I feel as if I had dropped an oppressive mantle that had enveloped me, body and soul, and almost crippled the faculties with which my Creator endowed me."

"Spiritualism has now made its indelible record on the historic page, and, spite of all the senseless prejudices opposed to its acknowledgment, is surely and speedily destined to vindicate the blessedness of its mission to the race. For it comes, the true benefactor of man, to solve all mysteries of supernaturalism, that have been the bane of his spiritual enlightenment, and to open a broad highway that shall conduct the aspiring soul directly into the *penetralia* of Nature's treasury of knowledge, lead it up to her heaven-canopied temple to worship her God in the beauty of holiness, according to the heavenly revelation of his glory shining in clearer and diviner effulgence through the crystalline openings of the spiritual firmament. A *new order of things* has been successfully inaugurated; and the native progressive tendencies of the human mind must ultimately insure its universal acceptance, and allegiance to its divine authority."

"Why have so many remained in the dark, and gone out into the hereafter through the gateway of

death, with little or no knowledge of the great truths of Nature and Nature's God?"

"Because they closed their eyes to truth, and shut their hearts against the light. The mind naturally gravitates to the grand simplicity of truth, when allowed *free* exercise, and the fearless activity of all its faculties and powers; but, when these faculties and powers are kept in bondage, an opposite result is the inevitable consequence. All ages furnish us isolated examples of interior illumination, that, undeflected and undimmed by the influences of external conditions, have reflected the light of highest truth upon the prevailing obscurities of the spiritual life. It is the very *naturalness* of the spirit revelations that constitute their acceptableness, their beauty, and stamps them with the broad seal of divine authenticity and authority. Although the soul is always perfect, the manifestations of its individualized life are exposed to all the imperfections of its external surroundings; and its failure to wisely appreciate and healthfully employ the unnumbered variety of impelling forces of development in nature (in the center of which every individual constantly exists), disobedience to the promptings of its inborn spiritual instincts (ofttimes latent in the heart to almost inertness, from untoward circumstances it may not easily control), constitute all the 'depravity' for which it is accountable. Indeed, the admission of *total depravity* as the inherent character of human nature would be nothing less than forestalling the *utter damnation* of God's highest and only representative handiwork; the absolute denial of the 'Good' which he is

represented as pronouncing upon the result of his creation. 'Original sin'—the essence of which, according to the inventors of the dogma, is nothing more, nothing less, than *an inborn desire for knowledge*—is but a foul and blasphemous stigma upon God's 'perfect work' translated into its logical significance. And yet, what direful consequences to the races has obedience to the impulse of this only element in man's being capable of instigating the soul to spiritual progression,—the attainment of the condition of individual happiness,—originated and everlastingly entailed! If God had 'made' man, and placed him upon the earth a *perfect* being, should not earthly life eternally suffice for him? Because no higher aspirations than he was created with being possible for him,—for he was '*created perfect*,'—the earth, being in the wisdom of his Creator a *fit abiding-place at creation*, must ever continue to hold all the needed supply of means for the eternal satisfaction of his entire nature: therefore any higher life for man could never have been contemplated in the divine plan! How absurd! How directly in opposition to the teachings and promptings of the spirit within! Where can we find language sufficiently strong to denounce this as it deserves to be denounced?"

As he ceased speaking, he drew out his watch and glanced at it; and, closing the little pocket scrap-book he held in his hand, and which he had consulted from time to time during the conversation, he replaced it in his pocket, and arose to go, when Katy said,—

"Ah! you are not going so soon, are you?"

"So soon!" he repeated smilingly. "It is after ten,

and I have some writing to do this evening; but be assured that I shall call again soon. When do you start on your tour of inquiry?"

Katy turned to Mr. Stanton, as if expecting him to reply to this question; and he answered, —

"To-morrow. I have arranged my business so that I can leave at once: and the sooner we commence our investigation the better; for I know Katy is more than anxious to be on the move."

"Very well: I will see you on your return, and trust that you will permit me to introduce you into our 'circles,' where I hope your ward will be developed, and prove to us that these intuitions she has felt from childhood are but the seeds of a glorious mediumship, waiting proper opportunity to bud and blossom, and yield the most perfect spiritual fruit."

"Ah! do you think I shall ever become a medium? ever be permitted to work in this new field of reform, and be chosen by the pure departed as the humble instrument through which to carry conviction to struggling, unenlightened creatures? If I could become such, I would devote all my life, all my energies, to the work."

"I am convinced that you are endowed with mediumistic qualifications in a greater or less degree; and proper development, and rigid adherence to the law of spiritual and physical life, will prove to what degree, and in what direction, those qualifications are meant to lead you."

He bade them good-night, and left them to think over the truths he had spoken, and hastened to his home to apply himself to the performance of another

duty, happy in the knowledge that he was faithfully meeting and conscientiously performing all the tasks of life as they were set before him; and the angels above looked down upon him and blessed him, and guardian spirits hovered near him, and threw the protection of their invisible arms about him, and poured the rich comfort of peace and happiness over his soul, strengthening him to meet all trials and overcome all obstacles that beset his earthly pathway.



CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. STANTON AND KATY START ON THEIR JOURNEY.

"Do what is right, e'en though public opinion
 Would brand thee the victim of malice and spite;
 Ever let reason assert her dominion,
 And conscience dictate to thee that which is right.
 Do what is right, and the future before thee,
 Though dark to all others, to thee will be bright;
 The angel of peace will his broad wings fold o'er thee,
 And sadness and sorrow will take their long flight."

THE next morning, Mr. Stanton and Katy left New York for Glenville. When they reached the village, they went immediately to the house of Aunt Ronah, feeling assured, that, if any one could give them correct information, she could.

Aunt Ronah, after some difficulty, recognized in the elegant young lady before her the little girl she had once sheltered, and whom she had for years supposed dead; and, when told of the interview with Mrs. Amden the medium, said, —

"I am so glad you went to her; for, since Dr. Graham left here, many who were then members of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches have become Spiritualists, and we often hold circles, have lectures, and lately established a Children's Lyceum. I was among the first to embrace the new faith, and for a

time stood alone; but I didn't mind what they said about me. I sent for mediums to come here, and threw open my house to all who would come; and, by and by, one after another became convinced, and left the churches to declare themselves Spiritualists; and, after Judge Benson and his family came boldly out and defended the new faith, others who believed, but had not the courage to own it, came out, and declared themselves Spiritualists. I am but a poor, ignorant soul, I know: but right is right, and wrong is wrong; and I have sense enough to see one from t'other. Tell me what this medium told you."

Katy related the substance of the interview; and, as she finished, Aunt Ronah said, —

"'Tis all true: I know it is. The doctor himself, before he moved away from here, often doubted whether you were really dead; but he had no way of finding out. He was a good man, and thought as much of little Henry as if he had been his own son. They went away from here to find teachers for Henry: for he had a perfect passion for drawing, and there was no one here to teach him; and so Dr. Graham packed up, and went off to the city. When they left here, they did not know where they were going, and promised to write when they got settled; but I suppose they forgot their promise, for I have never heard from them from that day to this."

"Have you been to my mother's grave lately, Aunt Ronah?" asked Katy.

"No, not very lately. Before Dr. Graham went away, he put a nice marble slab there, and told me to keep the place in order. I have done so. The last

time I was there, I trimmed the rosebush you planted: it has grown so tall that it falls clear over the slab, and in spring looks beautiful."

Katy glanced at Mr. Stanton while Aunt Ronah had been speaking, and then asked, —

"What is on the stone?"

"Her name, when she died, and under it a line saying, 'Gone to a higher and better life.'"

"It was very good of Dr. Graham to do this," said Katy quietly. "I wish I could see him, and thank him as he deserves to be thanked."

That afternoon, Mr. Stanton and Katy went out to the graveyard, and saw the neat, white slab, the inscription, and the rosebush, just as Mrs. Amden had described them; and, as they stood there, Katy said, —

"Do we need any stronger or more positive proof of spirit-power than this?"

"No: I am convinced, thoroughly convinced; and am now satisfied that your father and brother still live, and that we shall be enabled to find them through the agency of the same power which so truthfully portrayed the changes made here since you last saw the place."

"My poor dear mother always said father was not dead; that he would return some day to claim his children: and I feel that she will give me strength to search until I find him and my brother."

That evening, they remained the guests of Aunt Ronah; and, while they had been absent on their visit to the graveyard, she had sent word to several families to meet at her house that evening, for the purpose of holding a circle, and, while seated at the tea-table said, —

"I have invited a few friends in this evening, for the purpose of holding a circle. There is a young girl here who is quite a reliable medium; and I thought you would like to see her and sit in circle with her."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Katy. "I have never attended a circle, and it will be to me a real enjoyment."

"And I shall be happy to join you, and learn something more of this beautiful philosophy of spirit communion," replied Mr. Stanton.

At quite an early hour, the friends Aunt Ronah had summoned gathered at her house, and were soon seated around the table in the front room.

The young girl Aunt Ronah had spoken of as being quite a reliable medium was a mere child, scarcely fourteen years of age, the daughter of a widow who supported herself by doing plain sewing for her wealthier and more fortunate neighbors. The father of the child had been a deeply learned man, and an Orthodox minister; but, soon after his death, his child had been influenced by spirit-power, and had gradually been drawn into the circles held from time to time at different houses, and had been used to give some very excellent tests.

On this particular evening, she was influenced almost as soon as the circle was formed; and paper and pencil were placed before her. She grasped the pencil, and, after making a few nervous passes over the paper, commenced writing with a quick, agitated movement, and a peculiar motion of her head. After filling several pages, the pencil dropped from her hand, and she pushed the paper toward Katy.

With trembling fingers, Katy took up the closely-written document; it was written in *French*,—a language of which the medium was entirely ignorant. Katy had applied herself assiduously to the study of French, and had little difficulty in reading the communication, which ran as follows:—

“I am not much accustomed to writing letters to young ladies, but to-night I am forced to take up my pen to address a few lines to you. While I was in the hospital at Havre, France, an American was brought in from a ship which had picked him up: he had no use of his arms or legs, and little command of his voice. My cot stood next to his, and, after a few months, we became quite friendly; and, before I left the hospital, he asked me to write a letter for him to J. Harris, Boston, Mass., making inquiries concerning his wife and children. It was then thought that the American could live but a few months, at most; and so I wrote to this Mr. Harris, asking him to send the wife and children on by the next steamer. A long time elapsed before an answer came; and then a letter came, one day, saying that the wife and three children were all dead,—the wife dying from consumption, the children from fever. Soon after that, I left the hospital, and was a passenger on ‘The Sea Mist’ when she was wrecked, and, with others, was drowned. But, since I have passed into spirit-life, I have found out that the American still lives, and is in the hospital at Havre to-day, a disconsolate, low-spirited man, watching patiently for death to relieve him of the life which

has become a burden. The money he left with this Mr. Harris has been expended by him, and the property purchased with it increased in value one-half. Mr. Harris believes the American to be dead, believed him dead before receiving the letter written by me, as nothing had been heard from him in five years; but there are those watching over you and your brother who will find means to unravel the tangled web of your destinies, and bring you all together before many months.

“FELIX ANDNIS.”

The influence which had controlled the medium left her; and she then passed under the control of her father, and answered many questions relative to the unfolding of spirit-life, and the duties of earth-life, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Stanton; and, at a late hour, the circle broke up. As Judge Benson left, he shook hands with Mr. Stanton, and said,—

“I trust to see you again, sir; and it gives me pleasure to know that you have found the truth, and rejoice in the possession of a faith which will make you a better man, and fit you to more perfectly enjoy the life which must follow the existence here. There is no mystery to cloud the human mind in regard to the life in the upper spheres: it is as perfectly understood and clearly realized as the higher experiences of earth.”

After visiting the little brown house where her mother died, the following morning Katy and Mr. Stanton left Glenville, and directed their course to—

ward Boston. Oh, how vividly the memory of the past came back to Katy, — the memory of that bright spring morning when she bade her brother good-by, and turned her back upon Glenville and her mother's grave!



CHAPTER XIX.

KATY'S VISIT TO BOSTON.

"Time, on his ever-fitting wings,
To many a misery healing brings:
The fiercest griefs, the bitterest woes,
The deepest pangs that Nature knows,
At Time's old, endless visits fly,
And all their anguished feelings die."

THE result of the visit to Boston can be ascertained by reading the following letter, written by Katy to Mrs. Stanton, and dated from Boston: —

"MY DEAR SISTER, — We are in the city of Boston, the city of newspapers and book publishers. Of course, Mr. Stanton, being in the publishing business himself, finds many friends here, and I have been introduced to any number of publishers, editors, and literary people generally. I can not say that I admire this city: it is too closely packed, too much confined; and the people are too earnestly bent upon making good bargains. However, I have visited some places of interest, and met with many agreeable persons. I wrote you in reference to our visit to Glenville, and the circle we attended at the house of Aunt Ronah. Dear old lady! she is as kind-hearted and generous as of old. Mr. Stanton has promised

to use every available means to ascertain the whereabouts of my brother, and, as soon as he can make arrangements to leave his business, take a trip to Europe, and, in the hospitals of France, search for my father, — my poor, dear, crippled father, who little dreams that he has a son and daughter still left to him. And how shall I ever repay your noble husband for his more than human kindness to me? He is one of the few men we meet in life who find delight in doing good to others, and find pleasure in making sacrifices to benefit those around them; and though I may never be able to make him any return for the benefits he has so liberally showered upon me, and the kind interest he has taken in my welfare, angels will bless him, and the pure spirits of the gone-before reward him liberally.

"We have seen Mr. Harris, but, of course, are unable to produce any legal proof that my father left money in his hands which he has deprived us of; and a lawsuit would only entail much confusion, and, no doubt, result in a failure at last.

"We accused him of having received a letter dictated by my father, and answering it, telling him his wife and children were dead. He started from his chair as if he had been shot and would fall; but his white lips denied it, while his manner so plainly told us he was guilty. He was scrupulously polite in his deportment, never once lost his temper or became enraged at the blunt manner in which Mr. Stanton accused him of treachery and villainy. He said the keeper of the poorhouse had written him that I died soon after Carrie; and, supposing it to be true, he had written

to that effect to Dr. Graham; and having heard, by report, of Henry's death, had written to inform me of the fact, as a duty he felt he owed me. Though his words were smooth, and his manner gentlemanly, we were not deceived, and know him to be the guilty, scheming creature he has been represented to be by the spirits of those in whom we have perfect faith and trust.

"We have attended several lectures and circles here; and, the more we see and hear of this beautiful faith, the more fixed are our opinions and convictions in regard to its truth and power.

"I am anxious to return home, and regret that business, unlooked for and unexpected, will detain Mr. Stanton here for several days. This afternoon I am going to ride with a young literary gentleman, and must now lay aside my letter-writing to attend to that most arduous of tasks, viz., — the making of my toilet.

"Truly your sister,

"KATY GRAVES."



CHAPTER XX.

A CALL FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.—MRS. GREYSON
OBEYS IT.

"One by one we cross the river,
One by one we're ferried o'er;
One by one the crowns are given,
On the bright, celestial shore."

"Cross the hands meekly o'er the still breast:
She is now sleeping in sweet, perfect rest.
Lay her down gently; her troubles are o'er:
Her sad voice will greet us on earth never more;
But through the calm stillness of night's holy hours,
When dewdrops are glistening on buds and on flowers,
Her spirit will visit the dear ones of earth,
And hover around us in sadness and mirth."



FEW days after the return of Katy and Mr. Stanton from Boston, one evening, as the family were sitting in the library, each engaged in different pursuits, the knitting suddenly dropped from Mrs. Greyson's hands, and the color left her face, while a sweet, sad smile played around her lips, as she said, —

"I have felt it coming for several days;" and she pressed her hands upon her heart.

"Felt what, mother? What is the matter?" said Mrs. Stanton, springing from her seat, and throwing herself at her mother's feet.

"Felt death approaching, my child: and now I have heard your father's voice calling to me; I have seen him face to face, standing before me with outstretched hands; and I am going to him." Her head dropped upon her bosom, and, with a softly muttered sigh, her life went out: her spirit was free from its bonds of clay, and winged its flight from earth, without a pang to retard its onward course, without one regret for the world she left behind.

Tenderly Mr. Stanton took her in his arms, and bore her to the room above, which she had occupied; and sincerely Katy mourned the loss of one who had been as dear to her as a mother, and rejoiced that the storm of life was over, and the pure spirit had found rest in those brighter spheres where earth's sorrows and cares are unknown.

Then, in the hour of her grief, the beautiful truths of the new faith came to comfort her; and angel hands wiped the tears from her eyes, and spirit voices bade her rejoice that the weary had found rest.

After the funeral, Mr. Stanton announced himself ready to go to Europe, as soon as his wife and Katy could complete their preparations: and, as the trip promised to be a lengthened one, there were many preparations to make; and it was six weeks before they were fully prepared to commence their journey. Every day seemed longer than the last to Katy, who was impatient to find the father she had been separated from so long, impatient to whisper to the desponding heart of the lonely captive in a foreign clime words of peace and hope; impatient to bring him out of the shadows into the light, and prove to

him the beautiful truths which had made her life so joyous and bright.

The day set for the departure at length arrived; and, bidding adieu to their native land, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton and Katy stepped aboard the steamer which was to bear them over the blue ocean: and bright angels from above folded their white wings about them, and whispered words of comfort and cheer to them.

The very waves that danced around the proud ship, that seemed almost a thing of life as it rode the blue deep, seemed to sigh out words of comfort and of promise. The stars at night seemed to look down with love-looks on them, and the winds that swept over the broad deck and kissed Katy's burning cheeks all seemed to bear to her messages of love and promise.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE HOSPITAL.

"Back through the gates of Time I stray;
On dreaming wings I've sped;
But moldered are the tombstones,
And Life's flowers are dead.
They can not bloom in desert sands;
For, with the simoon's breath,
They gather up their sunny gleams,
And pass away in death."

IT was a pleasant day, and sunbeams bright and cheerful came through the open windows of the hospital, and danced on the floor, and brought cheerful warmth and life to the sick and despondent. Near one of the windows, in an arm-chair, sat a man whose appearance signified American birth. He sat there gazing out upon the blue sky, the bright water, and the passing ships and boats, — sat there helpless; for his arms and legs seemed perfectly lifeless and useless. A sad, patient look rested on his face; and, as the door of the room opened to admit visitors, he glanced up with a look of interest in his eyes as he heard his own language spoken by one of the visitors, a lady of modest, prepossessing appearance, plainly dressed, who seemed anxious to learn all she could in regard to the management and conducting of the establishment.

She approached him, and, looking earnestly into his face, said, —

“You are an American by birth, are you not?”

“I am,” he replied.

“I judged as much from your appearance. Have you been ill long?”

“I have been confined to this building, as helpless as you now see me, for nearly ten years.”

“Ten years!” repeated the lady: “I am sure I can not understand how you have been able to live so long under such painful circumstances.”

“Oh! none of us know what we are able to endure, until we are obliged to exert all our powers of endurance.” At this moment the parties made a move toward the door, and the lady said, —

“My friends are going, and I must leave you: but I will come to see you again; for something tells me that I will be used as the means through which you will be brought to look upon life with more hope and faith.”

“Thank you: I shall be glad to see you; for it seems really good to converse with some one from my own country.”

“I will see you to-morrow;” and the lady turned away and joined her friends. Soon after, the helpless cripple was laid upon his couch by an attendant; and fell into a light slumber, and dreamed of the past, of the loved ones he had left behind, of a re-union, and of happiness.

The following morning, at quite an early hour, the lady again made her appearance in the hospital, and, approaching the American, said, —

“I have been thinking of you all night; and I know there is something for me to tell you, some tidings which I can bring you. Have you ever conversed with a clairvoyant medium?”

“No: I have no faith in fortune-telling and like impossibilities.”

“Nor I; and I would be the last person to suggest resorting to shufflers of cards to read the future. But there are laws which govern us, and gifts which are bestowed upon us, which, if rightly used and understood, enable us to look beyond the confines which surround us, and see the circumstances which are leading us away from that which is calculated to bestow upon us happiness. Those whom we have loved on earth, those who have gone to the brighter spheres above, watch over us, and sometimes return to give us counsel, and guide us aright. Our Father, God, has said, that he would give his angels charge concerning us; and we have no right to doubt it, when there has been such ample proof that he has ever done so.”

“You are a Spiritualist, then, I infer.”

“Yes, I am; and the good angels have chosen me as a medium through which to make their voices heard. Have you ever given the subject a careful inquiry and investigation?”

“No: I denounced it as a humbug from the beginning, and never desired to investigate what seemed to me so ridiculous, and directly opposed to all reason and common sense.”

“Ah! that is invariably the case with all who so strenuously oppose the truth. They will not investigate, and yet they condemn. They denounce that

of which they know actually nothing. My dear sir, I was once as bitter an opponent of Spiritualism as you apparently are; but I was compelled to see the truth, and forced to acknowledge the power of disembodied spirits to control human minds, and communicate with those still in the flesh."

"Yes: but how can that be, when you are all infidels, and reject the Bible?"

"We are not infidels, neither do we reject the Bible. We worship God our Father, give him all praise; but we do not accept the Bible as his word or his law, for it was written by men imperfect and unworthy in many instances to receive inspiration from the great and divine Spirit above all. We accept it for all it professes to be, nothing more; and, rejecting the errors, we gladly accept the truth it contains: more than this, no one can do. There are laws and proofs that stamp the errors, which can not be overcome or set aside. If we accept it all, then we must insult God; for we believe him to be a God of love, without fickleness or change, and as such we worship and adore him."

"I confess that I have been mistaken, if these are the views of Spiritualists; for I always understood that they rejected the existence of a God, and held man as the highest and purest power that existed."

"I brought a little work with me, which I will leave with you to read. From it you can gain a clearer idea of our faith than I could give you. And now we will dismiss this subject, if you will tell me the story of your life, and resume it when your mind is better prepared to receive the truths of a philosophy

which is gaining the approbation of all exalted and pure minds. I do not wish to thrust my views upon any one: and yet I must fulfill the mission for which I have been chosen; and a power I dare not resist has impelled me to come to you, and give you such comfort as I may be able to bestow; and I know that some one you have loved in life, who is now in the spirit-land, is anxious to prove to you the power that spirit-friends possess to return and comfort those dear to them by ties of love. But I find you are not ready to receive those angel-guests; you are not in condition to receive the truth: and so I must wait, knowing the time is near at hand."

"I confess your words strike me as strange and unaccountable; and I have but little faith in the power you speak of. I will, however, read the book you were kind enough to bring me, and think over all you have said to me: for I would be glad to believe that those I love, who have gone to a brighter and better land, are with me, and have power to make their presence known; but I find it so in opposition to the precepts taught me from childhood up, that my heart hardens against it, and my reason rejects it."

"I understand all that, for I have myself experienced it. It is hard to throw aside the superstition and dogmas we have been taught to accept as truth; but the good angels have power to let the light into willing souls, and feed the craving hunger of those who desire to know the truth, and seek it earnestly."

"I am willing to receive the truth when I know it is the truth; but my life has been one little calculated

to indulge in investigations or inquiries. Years ago I was a happy man. I had a wife and three lovely children, — two girls and a boy; the boy was little more than an infant when I last saw him, just able to lisp his father's name. I was in comfortable circumstances; but a desire to amass wealth seized me: and I left my family, my home, and all, and started for the Indies, where I hoped to make a fortune; but I never reached my destination. The vessel in which I took passage was wrecked, and I alone of all the passengers and crew survived. After passing through terrible dangers and hardships, I reached France; but in a disabled condition, and with mind impaired. I was brought to this hospital, where I have since remained. After years of darkness, my mind slowly recovered, but my body remained helpless. In course of time I became acquainted with an unfortunate man who occupied a bed near me, and told him my story; and, when he had recovered sufficiently to use his arms and hands, he wrote a letter for me to the gentleman in whose charge I had left my family, telling him that I was hopelessly crippled, and my life would be short at best, and requesting him to send my wife and children to me, that I might see them again before leaving this world. After waiting weary weeks, an answer came, telling me that my wife and children were dead, but giving no particulars. Then the lamp of hope went out within me; for life was valueless, and I longed to lay the burden down and go out into the hereafter, hoping that I might meet them on the shores of that other land. But my strength came slowly back; and

though crippled, and powerless to move hand or foot, I have become strong in mind, and the day of my deliverance seems far off."

As he ceased speaking, a peculiar light illuminated the face of the woman who sat by his side, and she said,—

"There are ties that bind you still to earth; there are dear ones here as well as in the spirit-world. Two spirits are near you, — one a woman who seems to be allied to you by the closest and dearest ties, — your wife; the other a child, a lovely girl, who smiles on you, and points out toward the sea. You have two in heaven and two on earth; two children still linger earth-bound, and one is even now seeking you, and ere long your heart will be made glad by her presence. Those dear ones in spirit-life are leading her to you, and those dear ones will restore you to health and happiness. They could not enjoy the heaven of love which has been their reward, were they incapable of benefiting those they leave on the earth-plane. They are ever near you; and they will make themselves so manifest to you, that you will be unable to doubt their presence and their power."

"What mean your words, that thrill my heart, and cause my blood to leap through my veins? Oh, do not trifle with me! for the love of Heaven, do not trifle with me! If spirits in the land of light have power to return, let my heart feel their presence, let my soul be steeped in conviction, let me find the light and truth! But, oh! beware lest you arouse hopes that can not be realized, and make my condition even worse than it has been."

"I speak but the words of inspiration. I speak not myself; but the spirit, through me, bids you hope, for life has much of joy and peace for you yet. And the good angels are near you, and will lead your heart to the fountains of truth, whose waters shall give it new life and strength; and God's glory shall brighten and bless you."

"Heaven grant that your words be the words of truth and inspiration! and, if I seem to doubt, be not offended; for I can not realize by what power you speak. I can not cast aside the precepts that were taught me in my youth without a struggle; and yet I would be glad—oh, so glad!—to know that it were true, that my dear wife, now in the land of light above, could return and watch by my side, could lead those dear to me, if they are still alive, to me. Leave me now. I will lie down, and think of all you have said. I will try to believe it is the truth. I will earnestly strive to feel that spirit-friends are near me; and, when you come again, I may be calmer and more reasonable."

At a motion from the lady, the attendant approached, and, lifting the powerless man from the chair, laid him upon his bed.

Without a word of parting, the lady left the room; and, as she wended her way to her lodgings, a holy calm stole over her feelings. She had performed her duty; she had yielded to the influences which hovered around her, and performed the task required of her; and the good angels walked beside her, and scattered the flowers of contentment and hope in her way.

Oh, if we would all of us take up our burdens will-

ingly, and bear them uncomplainingly, how much brighter and better life would be to us! and then we would more perfectly harmonize with the Divine Nature, and all things wear a purer, holier semblance.

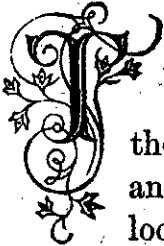


CHAPTER XXII.

THE DAWNING OF LIGHT.

"Dear spirit, thou art near me:
 I thy mystic presence feel,
 By the inspiring thrills of gladness
 Which around my sad heart steal.

In a softly whispered story
 Thou dost breathe of pleasures bright;
 Hopes all blessed with sweet fruition,
 In thy glorious land of light."

HE following morning, Mr. Graves the cripple was placed in his easy-chair by the window at an earlier hour than usual, and sat looking out upon the ocean, with a look of quiet contentment upon his face, and an eager light in his eyes. In his hand he held the book Miss Gray had given him the day before; and, every few moments, he would open it, and read a marked passage here and there, and, closing it again, seemed lost in thought.

At length, the door of the apartment opened to admit Miss Gray; and quietly she glided to his side, and, laying her hand upon his shoulder, said, —

"Good-morning, my friend. I see you have been reading."

"Good-morning," he answered, looking up into her face. "Yes: I have been reading some, but

thinking more, this morning. I read this little book through after you left me last evening; and the beautiful truths in it comforted me much. In very agony of spirit I implored for some proof of spirit-power, something on which to hang my faith; and my pleadings were heard. Last evening, I saw my wife as plainly as I now see you; and it was no delusion of a sleeping hour. I saw her and talked to her; and I now know that spirits can and do return to hold converse with those in earth-life. She told me she had long desired to come to me, had long stood at the door of my heart, knocking for admittance; but I would not open the door unto her. Ah! I feel, this morning, like a new being. I feel as if heaven had indeed been let down to earth; and I have you to thank for it all. Had you not come to me as you did, like an angel of mercy, and scattered the flowers of truth before me to cheer me with their fragrant perfume, I would even now be enveloped in shadows and clouds of darkness. But blessed be the Spirit of God, which has given me the light, and revived the drooping flowers of hope, and pointed me to a future, bright and beautiful with love and happiness."

"O sir! I can not tell you how glad I am to know that you have found this pearl of great price, — the truth; that your heart has been born unto wisdom. Every one must work out his own salvation; and, though the Spirit strives with man, his free will is never infringed upon or overcome. Man must be willing to receive the truth before the truth can be sent him; and yesterday it pained me to feel that you were unwilling then to receive the truth: but, as the

divine essence in man is never wholly extinguished, I was led to hope that the good angels would so influence and surround you, that your heart would open to receive the light, and that the voice of God, through his Spirit, would speak to you with power that could not be doubted; and now, this morning, I am sent to you to say, 'Be of good cheer; for the same power which of old caused the blind to see, the lame to walk, and the sorrowing to rejoice, can heal thy every ailment, and bring back to thy lifeless limbs the animation which has so long lain dormant.' How this result will be brought about I can not tell you: but have faith; rely upon the aid and power of those departed ones to fulfill the promises they make; and thy heart shall be glad, and thy life made blessed even unto the end."

The face of the speaker shone with a heavenly light; and no one, save those blinded by superstition and ignorance, could have doubted her words of inspiration and prophecy; and that helpless man, rejoicing in the light he had already received, accepted them in the spirit and the truth.

After a moment's pause, Miss Gray said, —

"I shall not be able to see you again for some weeks. The friends with whom I am traveling leave Havre this afternoon, and I must accompany them; but, when I return, I believe I shall find you surrounded by better conditions than you are now: and I have brought with me some books, which I shall leave with you to read, hoping they may aid you in your efforts toward the truth."

"Thank you. I am sorry you are going to leave

me, but trust, that, when you return, you will find me somewhat advanced in spiritual knowledge and strength. And may God and his angels bless you, and shower every earthly good around you with unsparing hand!"



CHAPTER XXIII.

KATY FINDS HER FATHER.

"Dear spirit, thou art near me;
 Glad, I hail thy gentle power:
 Teach my doubting heart the lesson
 Thou hast learned in heaven's bowers,
 And with thy love surround me.
 Warn and guard from error's way,
 Till through earth's wild path I've traveled
 To thy home of endless day."

THE good ship "Morning Star," in which Mr. and Mrs. Stanton and Katy took passage, made an excellent trip; and, twelve days from the time they left New York, they landed in Havre; and, when Katy breathed the same air which gave to her father life and animation, it seemed as if she could not bide the necessary time to secure rooms at the hotel, and make inquiries concerning the location and regulations of the hospital.

But, at length, all was arranged; and, after partaking sparingly of the repast ordered by Mr. Stanton, Katy and her friends set out for the hospital, to make inquiries concerning her long-lost parent.

When they reached the building, they were politely conducted to the office, and waited upon by a gentlemanly clerk.

"I wish to make inquiries concerning Lyman Graves; having been informed that he was, some time ago, an inmate of this institution," said Mr. Stanton.

"Was he an American?"

"He was."

"Can you tell how long it is since he was brought here?"

"About ten years, I believe."

The clerk turned to a small book, ran his eyes rapidly over the list of names opposite the letter G, then turned and took a large volume from a shelf which hung above his desk, and, turning over the leaves slowly, at length paused and read, —

"Lyman Graves, an American, picked up at sea in a disabled condition, and entirely unable to give any account of himself; apparently unconscious of every thing save the knowledge of his own name. Placed in Ward Five."

He closed the book, replaced it, and took down another, which he opened, and glanced over several pages, then said, —

"The man is still alive, and in a state of consciousness at the present time, but crippled in all his limbs."

"Can we see him?" eagerly broke from the lips of Katy, who had thus far sat in a state of nervous expectancy.

"Certainly;" and the clerk pulled a little rope which hung suspended from the ceiling.

It was answered in a moment by a pleasant-looking woman of middle age, to whom the clerk said, —

"This gentleman and the ladies would like to see

Lyman Graves, the American who is in charge of the nurse in Ward Five: conduct them up stairs."

The woman bowed, and silently led the way through the long hall and up the broad stairs. When she reached the top, she said, —

"The poor gentleman is very nervous to-day. He has for years been melancholy and hopeless, supposing his wife and children to be dead; but, a few days ago, a lady who pretends to be a spiritual medium visited him, and told him two of his children still lived, and gave him books to read, which has unsettled his mind; and he asserts that the spirit of his wife came to him and told him that he would soon meet his daughter. I am afraid he is losing his mind again. Poor man! his sufferings are enough to drive him almost crazy."

By this time they had reached the door of the room occupied by Mr. Graves, and the woman opened it. For a moment Katy stood upon the threshold, looking at the poor helpless cripple who sat in his chair by the window, with his face turned toward her with such an earnest, pleading, questioning look; and then she hastened forward, and flung her arms about her father's neck, drawing his head upon her bosom, and covering his face with kisses, while her lips murmured, —

"My father, O my father!"

Mr. and Mrs. Stanton turned away from the door with tears in their eyes, leaving father and child alone together.

For a moment Mr. Graves lost consciousness; the suddenness of the joy was too much for his nerves: but the kisses Katy showered upon him brought him

back to life, and to a knowledge of the goodness and mercy of God and God's angels.

There was much to tell, much to explain on both sides; and the moments slipped by unheeded. When, after the lapse of several hours, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton entered the room, Katy looked up and said, —

"Forgive me for the selfishness of my joy. Father, there are the dear friends through whose kindness I was permitted to seek the knowledge which led me to you."

Mr. Graves looked up smilingly, while the tears stood in his eyes, and said, —

"My dear child, for whom I have mourned as one dead, has told me all the sufferings and joys of her life; and to you, who have been more than friends, I can say nothing by way of thanks. My heart is too full for utterance; but the good angels who have directed you hither, and through whom my child is restored to me, will bless you for all you have done, and reward you a thousand-fold."

"We require no thanks, sir: we have but performed our duty, and thus served the God who has so richly blessed our efforts. But there is no time now to explain, or enter upon details. I have made arrangements, while Katy was busy talking with you, for your removal to rooms we have engaged, where we can all be near you, and secure such advice and aid as we may deem practicable in order to secure your recovery."

The cripple was carried by two strong men out into the street, where an omnibus stood in waiting to convey him to the apartments of Mr. and Mrs.

Stanton : and the poor man gazed about him in ecstasy of delight ; for it was indeed an era in his life, to be allowed once more to breathe the pure air of heaven, outside the confinement of walls.

Mr. Stanton had sent to Paris to secure the services of an excellent magnetic physician, whose fame was spreading, and whose wonderful success in restoring the sick to health by natural laws was awakening the astonishment of the people, and baffling and overcoming the tirade of abuse heaped upon him by the followers and advocates of the old systems of medicine.

Two days after his removal from the hospital, Mr. Graves was placed under the charge of his physician, who said, when he examined him, —

“He can be cured, but it will take time. His limbs have so long remained inactive, that they must be taught their duty, even as a child is taught to use its powers of locomotion and muscle ; but, with the aid of means God has placed in my hands to use for the benefit of mankind, I can restore him to perfect health and strength. Have faith, and doubt not : with man all things fail ; with God all things are possible.”

And they did have faith, and doubted not ; for the blessed spirits of the dear departed were with them, whispering words of comfort and of love : and their hearts, through the influence of pure lives, were lifted up, and the glory of God lived within them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HENRY AND THE DOCTOR AGAIN.

“Genius, from thy starry throne,
High above the burning zone,
In radiant robe of light arrayed,
Oh, bear the plaint by thy sad favorite made, —
His melancholy moan !”

IT was a large, gothic room in an old-fashioned, substantial building in the Piazza del Popolo, Rome. The bright sun stole through the diamond panes of glass in the arched window, and crept playfully over the floor richly covered with a variety of mats, and lighted up the walls on which hung many pictures. Near the center of the room stood an easel, on which rested a canvas smoothly stretched over a frame, upon which had been traced the outlines of a picture ; and the pale, fair boy who stood before the easel was rapidly filling in the colors.

On a sofa near the window reclined a young man, who, as he indolently reclined at full length, watched earnestly the movements of the artist-boy.

Just back of the easel, or, rather, back of the artist, stood an arm-chair ; and suddenly the brush fell from the hand of the boy, and he sank back into the chair as if overcome with sudden faintness.

The young man on the lounge sprang to his feet, and approached him, saying, —

“Well, Henry, have you finished your day’s work?”

The boy looked up with a tired, weary look, and answered, —

“Yes; the inspiration has left me: I can do no more.”

“The inspiration!” repeated the gentleman: “then you persist in the assertion you made, that this picture is to be painted by inspiration, while you are in a state of unconsciousness; and that *your* will has nothing to do with the lights and shadows, the design, or the development of the design?”

“I do. I know that I have been commanded by a spirit voice to yield myself up to the control of an unseen power, which desires to paint, through me, a picture which shall be the means of accomplishing some end which otherwise never could be attained.”

“Strange, remarkably strange. I fear the friendship which exists between you and our erratic fellow-lodger has not resulted in benefit to you. He has instilled in your mind the peculiar ideas he entertains in regard to the spirits of the departed returning to hold communion with those still in the body. You have allowed your excitable and nervous nature to overcome sense and reason; and, because this old man has told you that some departed spirit wishes to use you as a medium through which to paint pictures, you have imagined yourself under the control of some invisible power: and I fear the result of this hallucination will be undesirable, if not positively terrible.”

“Dr. Graham, you do not understand this matter, or you would never express yourself as you do. I know what I feel, what I hear, what I experience. I can decide the difference between facts and imagination; and I positively assert, that, from the time my mother died, and left me under your charge, her spirit has been with me. Furthermore, I know that every line my pencil has ever drawn, every stroke my brush has ever made, has been through the influence of some departed friend, who failed to give the world while living the emanations of his genius, and now inspires me with the power to execute his will. Never before, however, have I lost my consciousness while engaged at my work; but, as true as you and I are here together, just so true I am painting this picture in a state of utter and complete unconsciousness, as much so as if I were in the deepest slumber. I am sensible of all I owe you, and would as gladly accept your views as mine, were it possible to do so; but I can not reject what I know to be the truth. And so far as the companionship of our fellow-lodger being an injury to me, it has been a benefit; for I have learned through his instructions to understand what hitherto appeared strange and mysterious. I have learned to respect the divine within me, and live not for myself alone, not for the acquirement of fame, but to benefit my fellow-men, and thus serve the God who gave me life and ability to serve them.”

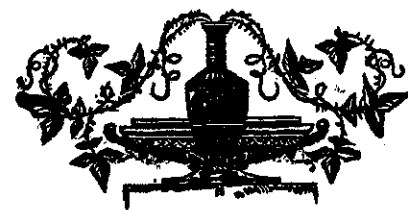
“I will not argue with you, Henry, nor attempt to overthrow the peculiar ideas you have acquired and advance with so much earnestness; but I must always regret that you have been led so far from what

appears to me the truth, so far from the path in which our fathers trod, and in which they earnestly wished us to follow; and I must say that some ideas you advance really pain and shock me. I can not believe that you would really use deception with me, and so comfort myself with the knowledge that you are laboring under some peculiar hallucination, which will sooner or later be dispelled; and then you can not fail to see how grossly you have erred, and how unkindly you have been duped by one, who, though honest in his intentions and theories, is strangely misled, and has wandered far from the beaten paths of right."

"It pains me sorely, doctor, to hear you thus positively and bitterly denounce what I feel and know to be the truth; but the time will come when you will see with clearer eyes, and inquire with a less prejudiced mind into the glorious philosophy which makes life brighter, and robs death of its horrors and its sting. Would that I could find words to reach the temple of your soul! would that the power were given me to clear away from your heart the rubbish and superstition of old ideas and dogmas, which cause a person of progressed mind to revolt at the bare idea of such things! But I am but a boy; yet I have felt so much, experienced so much, that I sometimes feel as if I had lived more lives than one. But, oh! — I feel my inspiration returning to me. Disturb me not, but let me work, guided by the hand of one above us — one who has passed from this into eternal life."

The boy sprang to his feet, grasped his brush, and

after a moment's pause, a moment's hesitation, his frame quivered as if with emotion; and the spirit of one departed took possession of the material body, and the hand worked with a rapidity and ease that would have astonished even the most skillful and experienced artist, and the picture gradually assumed shape and almost life beneath the inspired hand of the boy.



CHAPTER XXV.

HENRY'S INSPIRATION.

"He comes to me, and the solemn joy
Of his presence fills my room;
Though far away on a sunny slope
Where I know the violets bloom,
His grave is bright with the spring's first gift,
And fragrant with its perfume."

DR. GRAHAM and Henry Graves had been in Rome some time before their introduction again to the notice of the reader in the last chapter. And, soon after their arrival and domestication in the old house in the Piazza del Popolo, an old man with whitened locks and stately bearing secured the apartments adjoining them, and a friendship at once sprang up between the boy-artist and this old man.

Many times Henry had spoken to Dr. Graham of feeling the presence of his mother near him, of receiving aid from unseen sources in the execution of his pictures; but he had always met with an unsympathetic and oftentimes harsh reply, and he had learned to keep to himself the knowledge of this spirit-presence and spirit-power. But when, one day, as he was sitting in the old man's room, he inadver-

tently spoke of this, the old man wept for joy, and then there was a new bond of sympathy between them; and carefully and kindly the old man explained to Henry how natural and probable all this was, removing from the facts all the mystery which had surrounded them, and giving him valuable aid and instructions as to the development of the mediumistic qualities with which he was endowed.

From that time forward the boy-artist gradually advanced toward success, and his pictures were eagerly sought after by the noble and talented of the old country.

He had been advised by a celebrated painter to assume a *nom de plume*, something more striking than his own name; and, in artistic circles, he was known as Gustavus Monteva, the boy-painter: and of late many had called him the inspired painter, much to the annoyance of Dr. Graham, who was a bitter opposer of any thing that savored of modern Spiritualism. The rigid Orthodox training he had received in childhood, and which had grown with him, had so warped and clouded his mind, that he refused even to search into the meaning or investigate the claims of any departure from the beaten track; and he closed his heart against the light which was ready to enter, and illuminate his life with its brilliancy and truth.

Alas! how many there are to-day who have been trained up in the errors and superstitions of the past, ignorant and unenlightened as were the followers of the Church two thousand years ago. Their fathers put the prophets of old to death; and they, in their blindness and superstition, would sacrifice the inspired

ones of to-day on the altar of bigotry and self-love.

They refuse to listen to the voice of God speaking through God's angels; and, wise in their own conceit, they place themselves in opposition to God and God's laws, and spurn all that is true, pure, godly and right.

The picture upon which the boy-artist had been working, under the guidance and influence of an unseen hand, was at length finished; and even Dr. Graham, with his rigid Orthodox ideas, had to acknowledge that there was something remarkably strange about it all.

The subject was an American cottage on a hillside, with figures in it which seemed to the observer to be living, breathing persons; so natural, so life-like, were they painted.

The house was a little brown cottage. In the doorway stood a beautiful woman, watching three children, two girls and a boy, who were playing upon the lawn in front of the house. Dr. Graham readily recognized the figures as the portraits of Henry's mother, sisters, and himself, as they appeared years ago. The boy was too young at the time of his mother's death to retain any distinct recollection of her features or expression; and, not having seen his sisters for many years, it would have been impossible for him to have painted the picture unaided by spirit-power: and Dr. Graham was puzzled. In vain he endeavored to find some subterfuge; in vain he sought to satisfy his own mind that the picture was painted without the aid of invisibles. There it was, a proof

— an indisputable proof — of the power claimed in its execution; and yet he refused stubbornly to credit the assertion of the boy, when he said it was painted without his aid.

It had been admired by all who had seen it; and, when it was hung in the gallery, hundreds flocked to see this wonderful production of a mere boy, said to be inspired by the spirit of one passed from earth: and the youthful medium was overwhelmed with attention, and plaudits from the appreciative and curious; and Dr. Graham was annoyed at the notoriety his *protégé* was gaining as a medium.



CHAPTER XXVI.

MR. GRAVES'S RECOVERY.—THE CIRCLE.—KATY FINDS
HER BROTHER.

"Happy homes! Oh, worlds can never
Half their depth of meaning give;
How their benediction brightens
All the world in which we live!
Golden hours, like shining headlands,
Jutting o'er the tide of time,
Rising o'er the wrecks of sorrow,
Crowned with majesty sublime."



AFTER the lapse of three months, Mr. Graves had fully recovered the use of his limbs, and thanked God for the power given to man, through his angels, to restore the sick to health, to make the lame walk and the blind see. Each day he lived, his life was one prayer of praise and thanksgiving: not lip-service, not the bended knee and studied words; but every action was a prayer.

When his strength fully recovered, Katy became anxious to leave Havre, and follow the intuitions she felt would lead them to her brother. As time passed on, she was becoming developed as a medium; and often, as they sat in their pleasant sitting-room, she would be controlled, and speak for an hour or more,

giving beautiful counsel and advice, and elucidating questions which had in vain been asked before.

One morning, as they sat around the center-table, — their hands placed upon it, their thoughts all concentrated upon the higher life, — Katy was influenced by a strange control, one that had never possessed her before, and gave the following poem: —

"Give, oh, give me rosy Dream-Life!
Let me feel the breezes bland,
That troop up like winged cherubs
From that fair Elysian land.
Lead me in the terraced gardens
Where the Future's fruit-trees grow,
Bearing golden pomegranates, —
Golden clusters bending low.

Give, oh, give me sturdy Work-Life,
Whose firm pulses strongly beat,
Keeping time at every throbbing
With the march of hurrying feet!
Lead me 'mid earth's toiling millions;
Let me feel the wild delight
That is found in noble action
By a soul that loves the Right.

Give, oh, give me rosy Dream-Life!
On the azure of its skies,
And the wealth of sea-green waters,
Ne'er a shade of care can rise;
There the wild young rose of feeling
Springs unchecked in every grot,
And the butterfly of fancy
Flits through every sunny spot.

Give, oh, give me sturdy Work-Life,
With its impulse, strong and high,
To make all men free and equal,
To make life a victory,
To subdue all vain pretension,
Bow stern Pride and Passion's power,
Erect a grand colossal manhood
On the Present's crumbling tower!

Give, oh, give me rosy Dream-Life,
 Cradled in serene repose!
 Give, oh, give me sturdy Work-Life,
 With its human joys and woes!
 These two voices wild and earnest
 Haunt me wheresoe'er I stray:
 Which to choose I vainly question,
 And I can but weep and pray.

Shall I yield my cherished day-dreams,
 See my Ideal Home sweep past,
 Veiled in purple mist and silver,
 While the Real its shadows cast
 O'er the heaven of lofty feelings,
 O'er proud thoughts that have no name,
 On which earth-worms would but trample,
 And the cold and sordid blame?

Or shall I yield up all exertion,
 Be an aimless, selfish thing,
 None be nobler for my living,
 Freer none from suffering?
 Shall I give no doubting spirit
 Proof, by mingling in the strife,
 That I will defend the noble
 Both in argument and life?

Softly floated this voice downward:
 'Mortal, tending to the goal,
 Write these words in golden letters
 On the tablets of the soul:
Wed pale Thought to high Endeavor.
 Sinewy Work-Life then shall be
 Pensive Dream-Life's victor brother;
 God and Truth's the Victory.'

When they at length had completed their arrangements for the journey, Mr. Stanton said, —

"Where are we going? We have decided upon no particular route."

"To Rome," positively replied Katy. "There we will find a clue that will lead us to my lost brother."

And to Rome they went, arriving there the day after Henry's much-talked-of painting was hung in the gallery.

The day following their arrival, they visited the gallery, having heard that a painting was on exhibition, executed by a boy-artist while under the spirit-control of a celebrated painter, long since dead. This was sufficient to awaken their interest; and, with feelings of peculiar expectancy, they entered the gallery.

The painting was hung at the farther end of the hall, and quite a crowd stood before it. Some time elapsed before *our* party reached that part of the gallery, and obtained a full view of the painting. For a few moments, Mr. Graves and Katy stood gazing upon it intently and silently; then Katy said, —

"Father, do you recognize it?"

"Yes: it is my wife and children," he said, sinking upon a sofa near at hand, and bursting into tears.

"Who is the artist?" inquired Katy of a bystander, her whole frame quivering with emotion.

"Gustavus de Monteva, the boy-artist," was the reply.

"Can you tell me where his studio is located?"

"In the Piazza del Popolo," returned the stranger.

"That painting is Henry's: his hand, inspired it may be by the genius of some departed spirit, wrought the figures upon that canvas. I can feel the spirit of my mother near me, and hear her voice telling me that we have found my brother. Come, let us go to his studio."

Henry was in his studio; upon his easel stood a half-finished picture, — a fancy sketch. Brush in hand, he stood before it; but his thoughts seemed far

away. In an arm-chair near the window sat Dr. Graham: as he looked up, and observed the listless attitude of the artist, he said, —

“You seem absent-minded to-day, Henry. Your brush has not touched the canvas for full five minutes. What is the matter?”

“I hardly know. I feel a strange presentiment that something unusual is about to happen; but whether for good or evil, pleasant or disagreeable, I can not decide.”

Hardly had he finished speaking, when a low knock sounded upon the door. Dr. Graham opened it, and before him stood Mr. Graves and Katy. Mr. and Mrs. Stanton had returned to the hotel, not willing to embarrass the long-separated friends by their presence at the unexpected meeting.

Katy pushed by Dr. Graham, and, rushing to her brother, folded him in her arms, crying, —

“Found, found at last, my dear, dear brother! See! here is father come back to us, as mother said he would, some day, to claim us;” and she led her brother to her father, who silently and tearfully embraced him. Then followed long explanations; and Dr. Graham listened, with ill-concealed amazement, as Katy told of her visit to Mrs. Amden, and her discovering her father, and being led to her brother by the invisible influence of her mother’s spirit. Then Henry recounted the remarkable story of the painting: how he had been told, through the mediumship of the old man in the adjoining room, that the painting was destined to accomplish some mission of good, and how he had always felt the influence of his moth-

er’s spirit near him from the hour of her death; and then he said, —

“And with all this proof, my good but stubborn friend will not admit that spirits of those we love can return to comfort and cheer us.”

Katy turned and gave the doctor a searching, penetrating look, and said, —

“Can it be possible, sir, that you doubt it, when we have such unmistakable proof, such powerful demonstrations of spirit-power around us, and each day developing and producing something still more tangible and convincing? How can you account for the events I have spoken of? What power, save spirit-power, could have directed me to my father, and led me to the very door of my brother’s abode?”

“I look upon it as a very remarkable case of coincidence, resulting from the control of mind over mind; nothing more,” replied Dr. Graham hesitatingly.

“A poor subterfuge, sir,” said Mr. Graves. “I was reluctant, very reluctant, to yield to this new belief, and give credit to doctrines advanced by the advocates of Spiritualism. In my ignorance and blind infatuation for the superstitions taught me in my youth, I even went so far as to denounce it all as a humbug. But facts are stubborn things to combat with, and can not be overcome or set aside. As it were, against my will, I was brought to acknowledge the truth; and I am a living proof of the power spirits possess to control and influence those in earth-life. I was helpless, crippled in hand and foot: the skill and achievements of science were powerless to aid me. Year followed year, and I lived on, a hope-

less, useless, helpless thing; but, blessed be God and the angels of God, blessed be the power of the dear departed to work through the mediumship of those still in the earth-life, I am restored to health and strength. That which baffled science, and proved beyond the skill of man to accomplish, was performed by the ministering spirits of God, acting through man; and that same power restored to me the children I mourned for as dead. O sir! the time will come when you will tremble to think how you have denied and insulted your Creator by doubting the power he has to work good for man through the spirits of those who once were with us, but now are above us to watch over and guide us."

Dr. Graham became uncomfortable. He could not meet and overthrow the arguments, the proofs, the facts, which were brought forward; and yet he would not acknowledge that he was in error, that he had lived in error all his life. Ah! the effects, the direful effects, of a wrong and pernicious course of early training were displayed in the stubborn tenacity with which he clung to the old superstitions and dogmas of the past.

At length Katy said, —

"My dear brother, I must see this venerable friend of yours; we must all meet together, and endeavor, in a harmonious circle, to convince this obdurate friend of yours of the mistaken ideas he has formed, and point out to him the way of truth."

"He will be glad to welcome you, as he always is to welcome all who come to him in sincerity and

truth. And I owe so much to him! for through him I have learned much of spiritual good."


Katy dispatched a note for Mr. and Mrs. Stanton to join them; and it was a happy party that sat down to dinner that day in the studio of the boy-artist.



CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CIRCLE IN HENRY'S STUDIO.

"We have need of one another, —
 Thou for me, and I for you, —
 As the dew has need of flowers,
 And the flowers have need of dew:
 Thou to guide, and I to bless thee;
 Thou to cherish, I to love;
 Growing nearer like the angels
 In their happy homes above.
 We have need of one another,
 Each to work with right good will:
 Thou to gather in life's harvests,
 I to garner them with skill;
 Thou to scatter full my path with
 Fairest flowers and fruits of earth;
 I to weave them into garlands
 Fitting our immortal birth."

HE following evening, they all met in Henry's studio, for the purpose of holding a circle. The old man who had pointed out to Henry the way to truth was there, and was gratified to learn the result of the picture which had been painted under such peculiar circumstances.

The circle formed around a table which had been placed in the center of the room. Dr. Graham had at length expressed himself willing to investigate the claims Spiritualism had upon mankind, and, if convinced of the power of spirits to return and hold com-

munication with those in earth-life, to openly avow the fact, and turn from the old dogmas and superstitions he nursed so tenderly. This, certainly, was advancement, and gave much pleasure to those who felt such a deep interest in him.

They had been sitting around the table about five minutes, when distinct raps were heard, — first upon the chairs, then upon the floor, then upon the table.

The old gentleman asked several questions; but the raps came in such rapid succession, that it was impossible to obtain an intelligent answer. At length he asked, —

"Do you wish the room darkened?"

Three distinct raps came in reply upon the table.

Katy soon extinguished the light. They sat for several moments in complete silence; the harmony was perfect: and presently a light appeared on the side wall, between two pictures, — one of an angel bearing a child in its arms, the other the face of a Madonna.

The light at first seemed but a twinkling star; but it gradually spread and softened, until it assumed the size and shape of the moon, and remained stationary. All gazed upon it with admiration and delight; for it was something never before witnessed by any present, save the old man, who was a powerful medium, and had witnessed almost every phase of mediumship: and not one present doubted that it was a supernatural light, though Dr. Graham earnestly endeavored to convince himself that it was only optical illusion.

The old man, in a deeply solemn and impressive voice, asked, —

"Is there a spirit present?"

Hardly had the question escaped his lips before the letters "Yes," appeared in brilliant red within the circle of light.

"Will the spirit give its name?" was asked.

The answer appeared as before, —

"Yes."

"Very well: we wait for it."

"Carrie."

"Can you not show us your face?"

"No."

"Why?"

"It is not best."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes."

"Is it true that spirits can return to earth, and hold communion with their friends here?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever appeared or made yourself known before?"

"Yes."

"To whom?"

"To Katy."

"To any one else?"

"To Henry."

"To any one else?"

"To father."

"To any one else?"

"To Dr. Graham."

"Does he remember it?"

"Yes."

"Did he believe it to be your spirit?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because he wrapped himself in a mantle of pride and selfishness, and drove me away."

"Will he ever believe that spirits can return?"

"Yes."

"Are there any spirits near him to-night?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"His mother."

"Will she make her presence known?"

"Yes."

"Will he know her?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because he will thrust her aside in his own heart."

"Will he ever acknowledge her presence?"

"Yes."

"Is there a place in future life of endless punishment?"

"No."

"Does not the Bible teach us that there is?"

"No."

"Then why do people who pretend to accept the Bible as their guide preach a place of endless torture?"

"They have not sufficient grace of God within them to discern truth, or the meaning of the words of the Bible."

"What do you mean by the grace of God?"

"The love of God."

"Does God desire any of his children to perish?"

"No."

"Is there any power that can thwart the desires of God?"

"No: he is powerful and mighty to save."

"All shall then be saved?"

"So God has said; and his word can never change."

"Are we to be rewarded according to our deserts?"

"Yes."

"We will then receive punishment for wrong, and reward for good?"

"Yes."

A moment's pause, and then the words, "Good-by!" appeared: and the light vanished after the lapse of a few moments, and Katy was influenced; and she arose from her chair, passed over to the side of the room where Dr. Graham sat, and, laying her arm upon his shoulder, addressed him as "My son." For several minutes she spoke as no one save a mother could speak to a child. The words of inspiration fell from her lips like pearls of thought from the lips of an angel. When the influence left her, she resumed her seat, and was again controlled, but this time by another spirit; and spoke as follows:—

"The best evidence a true Christian can give to the outside world that he is blessed beyond others, is the sunshine of a happy face, the ready smile, the warm clasp of the hand, and the involuntary, impulsive effort to do a good deed when occasion seems to require. We never shall forget the damper put upon us by the serious question of a good old Orthodox lady, whose solemn face always chilled the thought-

less into silence. We were describing a pleasant gathering at a temperance-meeting, where the singing and speaking had been animated and lively.

"O my dear!" said the good old sister, puckering up her mouth: "could you pray after you got home from that light place?"

"We had never dreamed of such a thing interfering with our devotions, and were struck dumb with the fear, that perhaps, after all, it was not the proper place for a Christian. But we were very young then, and had not learned to place the 'sin' of going to a temperance-meeting, and listening to scandal against the sisters, in the same scale, and see which weighed the heaviest.

"We can also remember the straight-laced old professors before whom we dared not even smile. Their number is lessening now; and members of the church dare to laugh aloud, and even to wear their hair in curls if Nature has so inclined it. God set the birds to singing, the rivers to dancing, and environed the world with music and flowers. At the same time he placed bounds to their power. The birds never sung coarse, lewd, or blasphemous songs; the flowers never shed an intoxicating perfume; the rivers never disobeyed the inflexible laws of Nature. The purest vocal organs are often used to chant the most licentious strains; the free and happy grace of the springing step, dancing in unison with pure and beautiful thoughts, moves in the mazes of the heated dance till its elasticity is gone, or with furious vigor, as in the *grand round* of the French masked balls introduced by Musard, tramples upon all decency, and some-

times mangles the forms of human beings in the dance.

"These ephemeral pleasures, if pleasures they can be called, which, when carried to excess, dull the senses, belong not to the Christian in their phases of excess and dissipation.

"True Christianity shrinks from contamination with false happiness; and while she abhors this imitation of happiness, this flimsy veil covered with diamond-dust, that a breath may destroy, this mask that grins like a death's-head in its attempt to look happy, she feels within her own bosom the exceeding great reward of striving after purity. The face should be like a clean crystal, shining with the beauty of the soul; and this sweet and peaceful appearance the true Christian must possess. It can not fail to set one thinking, when one sees a man or woman belonging to the church, professing Christianity, with sour, disappointed lines running east and west, north and south, indicating that the neutral thermometer is constantly changing; and one naturally wonders if the children of the household where such a face presides think any too well of professors of religion. It is the bounden duty of every Christian — real Christian we mean — to look, ay, to be, cheerful. 'But,' says Longface, 'don't you read that the Saviour often wept, and was exceedingly sorrowful?' Yes; and don't you read that he was poor and despised, and yet at times he was so wonderfully popular, that triumphant processions were made in his honor, and they would forcibly have crowned him a king? So we believe, that, though it is not recorded, he ever wore a cheerful

smile; that the sad heart forgot its sorrows, and leaped with joy, as that smile irradiated the very atmosphere. Did you never see a face that made you think of only peace and gentleness, and the serenest colors, the most charming music? We have; and we delight to know that the countenances of the children of men can be made more beautiful with gentle smiles. Did you ever note how suddenly the mirth of a babe will cease if a sad face look upon it?

"Unhappy and forward children might often turn upon the mother of the family, and say, 'You have blasted our lives, and made us prematurely atheists, by your moping and sighing, your mourning and gloom. If you have such a great God for your father, and believe he is going one day to make you a beautiful angel, why are you so unhappy? why murmur at these ills, that must be not worthy to be remembered, if all you say is true. I believe your face, but not your lips.'

"Oh this miserable lip-service! Let your countenance be the open volume to lead your children and others' children to truth and God. If the martyrs could smile while their bodies were roasting, can you not smile amidst all your petty cares and trials? Be cheerful, then; laugh, sing, make your home a nest of music, love, and purity. That is the best way to live, — the way God and God's angels wish all to live."

"Thank you, Mary. I recognize you," said the old man, as the influence ceased speaking.

"Do you recognize the person who has just spoken

through my daughter?" asked Mr. Graves, with interest.

"Yes, yes: I knew who it was the moment she commenced speaking. It was my only daughter Mary. She often comes to me through other mediums."

The influence left Katy. Mr. Stanton lighted the lamp, and the circle broke up.

Dr. Graham said nothing, and they separated; but, when he was alone in his own room, he thought over the events of the evening. He felt satisfied that Katy was the soul of honor, and would scorn to use artifice or deception; but how to account for all the mysterious proceedings without acknowledging spirit-power he was at a loss. And to acknowledge any supernatural agency would be to cast aside the teachings of his youth as valueless and erroneous; and that he was not yet prepared to do. He had taken one step forward, but he had taken that step cautiously; and, though not inclined to turn back, he must advance slowly, and be sure of the solidity of the ground before treading it.

It was so hard, after wandering for years in the darkness and shadows of the valleys, to climb up the mountain-side to reach the light! It was so hard to throw aside those tenderly nursed and carefully cherished ideas which had been instilled into his mind in infancy, and gained strength and favor with his increasing years! But he had taken one step forward; he had held out faint encouragement to the good angels to strive with him, and they were near

him, and their hands were slowly tearing down the wall of opposition between them, and leading him invisibly toward the light and truth: yet he realized it not, and tried still to cling tenaciously to the broken reed he had called his faith.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"Oh, let thy spirit move
 Upon our nature's might!
 Dear Father, speak in pitying love,
 And say, 'Let there be light.'
 Then shall the spirit dwell
 On things divinely bright;
 The voice in grateful accents swell,
 To praise the God of light."

THE following morning, Katy came into the studio with an open letter in her hand. Approaching Dr. Graham, who was sitting in a kind of dreamy reverie in the arm-chair, his head thrown back, and his eyes closed, she laid her hand upon his arm, and said, —

"Let me read you what a faithful and untiring worker in the cause of reform has written; the beautiful consolation she receives from invisible sources, the strength that is given her to overcome trials and obstacles. It is a beautiful lesson for those who are always murmuring at the cares and crosses of life, and may be of benefit to you who are so unwilling to acknowledge the power our loved ones can exert over us after death has separated us."

Dr. Graham slowly, languidly unclosed his eyes, and said, —

"Yes, read to me: I am tortured this morning with a severe headache, and my mind is filled with strange unrest. Perhaps the music of your voice will soothe and quiet me." And his eyes closed again.

Katy drew her chair near him; and modulating her voice to a low key, that she might not disturb her brother, who stood before his easel, painting, she read, —

"I would assure you that our glorious philosophy has never for one moment grown dim in the chambers of my brain, has never lost one throb of its all-hallowing influence upon my soul.

"When the all-divine direction of immutable law impelled me to bear my inspirations of song and speech from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet, from New England's sun-kissed hills and floral vales to the banks of the Mississippi, leaving on the heart and home altars of thousands of thirsting, hungry souls the earliest fruits and freshest waters of the New Era, before whose morning radiance the old earth was swiftly passing away, and all things unfolding anew, — enthusiast as all will remember me to have been, believe me I would not willingly exchange a thousand years of such a communion with cause as then inspired me, for one hour of my soul's present conception of and communion with the infinite.

"We hear from the press, the pulpit, the school of external science, and the social circles of life, that our philosophy is but a wild excitement of the brain, a dangerous delusion of the mind, a sickly sentimentalism of morbid sympathies, — all inadapted to the stern trials of life, our necessities of support in the

dark hour of soul-affliction, powerless in the presence of the grim victor, Death; but, after fifteen years of hourly reception of its most direct influence upon the heart and brain, I have failed to find it unequal as a sustainer in the severest trials of my soul; to find it impotent as my illuminator in the darkest valleys which I have been called to pass through. And I hail it to-day as my joy-giver, my mind-educator, my 'altogether beautiful,' in prosperity; my strong hand of guidance and succor in darkness and pain; the 'still, small voice' of God's promise of deliverance amid the fiercest tempests of mortal sorrow; the unmistakable, ceaseless enunciation to the intellect of the covenant between all things unseen or spiritual, and all things seen or temporal, that all life shall be saved and come unto a knowledge of truth.

"Nor do I speak from the plane of the untried in faith, the untested by the fires of mortal experience. To the portals of my glorious 'Temple of the Sun,' I have ascended step by step over burning deserts, rugged mountains, and paths of thorns, leaving my footprints in the richest blood of my heart on every pathway I have trod. Yet not one step have I taken unattended by angel companions, uncheered by the sweet assurance of angelic guidance and guardianship, even unto the end of my earthly life.

"When, impelled by the incoming tide of the spirit of the dawning era, my feet tremblingly lingered on the threshold of my humble mountain-home, shrinking from contact with the great untried world, yet eager to join the early sowers of all delivering truth, those faithful attendants inspired my courage

and its will, until on hastening wing I left thousands of miles behind me that dear sweet home and its sheltering love, — the home in which a precious mother, husband, and child waited, and yearningly, prayerfully watched and listened my return, ever invoking God's richest, fullest blessings on my labor for mankind.

"When discouragement overshadowed me, those beautiful watchers bade me go onward; when victory and honor and praise crowned my toils, they sympathized in my gratitude, and taught me to apply all experience to the uses of wisdom; when Envy and her dark train of misdirected thought sought to distract my pathway, and tarnish a fame always most dear to woman, but doubly dear to me from its fruitful agency in my service to humanity, those faithful guardians taught my soul the true poise between indifference and conflict, showing me, that, in the government of God, no taxation was ever disproportioned to capital.

"In what way could I have been made to feel richer? Looking at my tax-bills, I could almost have embraced the tax-gatherers in joy over my almost fabulous wealth. At times, could I have found a medium of negotiation, I think I might have attempted the purchase of the entire territory of the sun.

"When the midnight darkness of sorrow enshrouded me, their soft, white hands parted the clouds, and lifted the pall from off my trembling form, opening to my tearful eyes the unutterable glories of my life to be, the rapturous scenes of hallowed joy awaiting

the great sealed vision of humanity. Nor 'mid it all did they ever inspire me with angel worship.

"They taught me as far-advanced fellow-pupils in the school of infinite nature, and opened to my eager gaze the vast volume of cause, unsealing to my vision the beautiful records of eternal love, —

'On which I read, in letterings divine,
The wondrous wisdom of their God and mine.'

"Truly great would be my ingratitude did my heart not exclaim ever and evermore, 'Thank God for angel communion!' Yet, with all this wealth of privilege, are we more than in view of the promised land of harmonial Spiritualism? Have we not a great and toilsome labor to perform as a people, ere we can hope that even our children's children shall sit in the palm-groves of a rational, practical Spiritualism? Are we not expending a vast amount of brain-capital in criticising and condemning, which we should employ in uniting and building?

"While crying out against slavery of opinion, are we not enslaved by the same despot? While working vigorously to unmask ancient superstition and bigotry, are we not performing the labor very dogmatically?

"Shall we ridicule the creed, or translate it into the language of universal poetry, unsealing its spiritual significance so that its devotee can not fail to see the infinite unity of all religions of mankind, and all other kinds; so that with us he shall leave for ever behind him the theological battle-field, contending no more for the word that killeth, but from all

works catching a draught of the spirit that giveth life?

"Thus harmonized, not so long would be the time, ere from its myriad domes and towers would be reflected on us the morning splendor of the happiest day our dear earth ever hath known.

"I appreciate the beautiful harmony of purpose and labor which has characterized the receivers of angel inspiration, the pupils of our philosophy, known as the Spiritualists here; since it has been my privilege to serve them as a medium of Truth's inspirations. For nearly four years have I been their co-worker, and in that time not one real inharmonious thought or action has disturbed the beautiful systems and process of our spiritual education. True, once in a while our altar has been jarred by the explosion of some stray shell thrown close to our walls from the world's great battle-fields, where the descendants of the Pharisees are spilling each other's blood in the struggle to see *who shall be greatest*; but thus far, no smoke therefrom has cast one shadow over the beautiful motto, —

"*'Record we bear, man communes with angels.'*

"For, thus far, ours has been the shrine
Where love and universal truth
Have with their influence divine
Kept fresh the soul's expanding growth.

Thus far the boundless realm of cause
Hath opened to our inner sight
Such earth transcendent views of laws,
Such mellow, warming beams of light,

That not a chill or damp or blight
Has touched our rudimental soil,
And not a single frosty night
Hath nipped the fruitage of our toil.

"Wherever the Master calls me is a welcome path to me; feeling so consciously as my soul does his dear omnipresence."

"I have read you this," said Katy, folding up the paper, "because it expresses my own experience and views better than I could have done it; and, having heard the writer speak, I know her words are words of truth and inspiration."

"The writer, you say, is a speaker. I would like to hear her speak."

"And so you can; for I suppose you will return with us when we go back to our own country?"

"Certainly, I shall go wherever Henry goes; and, as he is now under his father's guardianship, I suppose he will return with you?"

"Oh, yes! we could not leave him behind, even in as excellent hands as your own."

"When do you think of going?"

"Mr. Stanton said he ought to return next week at the latest, as his business demands his attention. He has been absent nearly a year on my account, and, of course, feels anxious to return, as there no longer remains any necessity for delaying our return."

"I will go with you. All places are the same to me. I came here solely on Henry's account; for he is the only tie I have to bind me."

"You have been a noble, self-sacrificing friend; and I trust we may some time repay you in a measure for all you have done."

"I may be inclined to ask a heavier reward than you are willing to bestow."

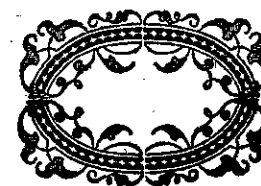
"There is nothing you can ask, which, if in human power to grant, will be denied."

"I will remember that, and at some future time remind you of it."

Katy looked at him as if for an explanation of his words; but he gave none, but, after a moment's pause said, —

"My head is feeling better; and, if you will permit me, I will walk with you as far as the hotel, as I wish to see your father."

"Certainly." Katy threw her shawl about her, and the two passed out of the room, leaving Henry still earnestly occupied with his brush, and apparently unmindful of their movements.



CHAPTER XXIX.

INVESTIGATIONS CONTINUED.

"I dream of the land that is fair and bright,
Where never shall gather the shades of night,
Where the wing of the tempest dark and dread,
And the angry glare of the lightning red,
And the blinding rain, and the chilling wind,
And the storms, no longer an entrance find;
But the skies are blue as the skies of June,
And the winds are sighing the softest tune,
And the air is rich with the perfume sweet
Of the starry blossoms about my feet:
The laurels shade and the roses entwine
My brow in this beautiful realm of mine."



WHEN evening came, they gathered again in Henry's studio, drew the large table to the center of the room, and seated themselves round it for a circle. Dr. Graham watched the movements with apparent interest. When they were all seated, Katy said, —

"I have selected one of Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels's inspirational poems to read this evening. It was improvised and given through her at the close of one of her lectures; and it seems so fitting to this occasion, that I trust you will all find pleasure in listening to it." She then read with taste and feeling, —

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There's a beautiful country not far away, with its shores of emerald green,
Where rise the beautiful Hills of Day from meadows of amber and sheen:
There beautiful flowers for ever blow, with beautiful names which ye may not know.

There are beautiful walks, star paven and bright, which lead up to beautiful homes;
And beautiful temples, all carved in white, with golden and sapphire domes;
And beautiful gates, which swing so slow to beautiful symbols ye may not know.

There are beautiful valleys and mountains high, with rivers and forests and hills;
And beautiful fountains leap to the sky, then descend in murmuring rills:
There beautiful "life-trees" for ever grow, with beautiful names which ye do not know.

There is beautiful music borne on the air from bright birds with flashing wings;
And beautiful odors float everywhere, which an unseen censer flings;
And a beautiful stream near that land doth flow, with a beautiful name which ye do not know.

Across this beautiful, mystical stream flash rare scintillations bright;
And many a witching, mysterious dream is borne on the pinions of night;
And the stream is spanned by a beautiful bow, with a beautiful name which ye do not know.

And the beautiful gondolas, formed of pearl, come laden with wonderful stores;
While beautiful banners their folds unfurl to the dipping of musical oars;
And beautiful beings cross to and fro, with beautiful names which ye do not know.

Would ye know the name of this Beautiful Land, where the emerald waters roll
In gentle waves on a beautiful strand? It is called *The Land of the Soul*;
And the beautiful flowers which ever blow are the beautiful thoughts which ye have below.

And the beautiful thoughts are your *life-deeds*, which fashion your future homes;
While the temples grand are the world's great needs, and its Saviors have reared their domes;
Through the beautiful gates, which swing so slow, come the beautiful truths which ye learn below.

And the beautiful landscapes are formed of thought of all that *the world has been*;
And the beautiful fountains are tears outwrought, through immortal sunlight seen;
And the beautiful life-trees, which ever grow, are the beautiful *hopes* which ye cherish below.

And the beautiful melody is *prayer*, but it's echoed in music's powers;
 And the beautiful perfumes floating there are the *spirits of all the flowers*;
 And the beautiful stream which divides you so is the beautiful river named
Death below.

And the beautiful flashes across the stream are your *inspirations* grand;
 While the beautiful *meaning* of every dream is the *real* in this fair land;
 And the beautiful million-colored bow is your beautiful *tears for each other's*
woe.

And the beautiful barges are all the *years* which bear ye away from pain.
 And the beautiful *banners*, transformed from *fear*, are returning to bless you
 again;
 And the beautiful forms, crossing to and fro, are the *beautiful ones ye have loved*
below.

As her voice died away, the venerable old man, who sat at the head of the table, was placed under the control of a spirit, and said, —

"I have come to answer such questions as you may be pleased to ask; and I trust you will all feel at liberty to present such subjects for consideration as may fail to seem perfectly clear to your understanding."

"Thank you," replied Katy. "We are glad to welcome you, and avail ourselves of the opportunity you offer us for instruction and information. I would ask you to please explain the origin of thought." *

"Thoughts, of necessity, must be within; and language is their external expression. All thoughts, then, seemingly originate within the brain of the spirit, and they help to unfold the individual's life within, so that we can take cognizance of it by our external senses. Thoughts have their origin in the

* The replies to questions in this story are veritable answers received from the spirit-world through well-developed and reliable mediums, are gathered from the best sources, and are undeniably genuine.

great fountain of life; and, as every spirit is a part of that life, so we can say, thought is within the spirit. Two persons, for instance, think the same thing at the same time. And, again, another may give it expression, and the other will respond, 'It is exactly what I was thinking.' How is it that we get these thoughts? That we can not tell, except it is from the great source or fountain of thought, — God."

Mr. Graves then asked, "Will you tell me how you and other spirits approach a medium to entrance him?"

"If it is possible for you to see and understand how and why it is that the psychologist obtains control over his subject, then you can understand how and by what means we manifest ourselves to you. Every thing in Nature contains within itself positive and negative forces. Thus, when you find that which is sufficiently positive to overcome both the positive and negative that is within such bodies or individuals, then it is that which we call control has the ascendancy, and manifests itself to you. If you would know how and by what means we first accomplish this, we will say that it is the same spirit within your individual organism that would enable you to obtain the desired object. With us, when we desire to take possession of the physical organism, that which is physical to you being no obstacle to our spiritual bodies, we are thereby enabled to experience the same individualized entity on the material plane, for the time being, that we would if indeed it were our own physical body. It is impossible for us to convey to your senses our exact idea by which this

is done. Yet experience, which is the grand lesson, will explain all in due time."

"I have noticed, that when the medium sits for influence, before becoming entranced a remarkable change passes over the face, and especially the eyes. Will you be kind enough to explain the cause of that change?"

"Change is common to all things, as we experience it in every-day life; and how thoughtless we are of its wondrous works! Upon the face of every thing in Nature we can see its effect; but, to our own individual selves, how little we think of it! And it is well; for did we realize the change in the physical, without the comprehension of the unfoldment of our interior, or of that which is immortal to our senses, we should be led to sorrow and mourn for the re-organizing of the beautiful, of the external form. The fact of change externally, enables us more fully to comprehend the power of sight. We see friends depart from us at noon, to return at night, or in a week, month, or perhaps in years; yet the thought that we shall see them again, and enjoy the pleasures of their society while here upon earth, is our comfort and consolation. Change in the external expression of our medium, as well as in many others, causes no unpleasant sensation to the beholder, from the fact that he feels sure that he or they will return to consciousness in the same organism. That change is produced by simply withdrawing the senses from the external to the interior; and I, or some other spirit, take possession and manifest ourselves, through the external, to your corresponding senses. And now, as change is

visible in every thing, so likewise it has its effect upon our understanding. Many to-day realize the fact of the existence of the dear ones who have gone before. Although that which was external while ~~here~~ upon earth has passed from the sight externally, yet, with the spiritual sense, they are conscious of their existence; and, when all become like unto them, the *great change* called death will be but as the closing of the external senses of the medium. Hence there will be no sorrow on the part of dear ones left, no more than to you and others as you witness the change produced upon mediums when we approach to manifest ourselves to you, or the change which you behold upon any thing else in Nature."

"Does the medium have greater power who has a healthy physical organization, than one who is physically weak?"

"Greater powers for their own happiness, but not greater for tests and the control of spirits. You will agree with me when I say that most individuals who have large physical development have strong will-powers also; and you will see it manifest in every-day life: and, if spirits control such bodies, they have the harder work to overcome all obstacles in the way of controlling. The more negative the subject, the easier it is to control. We have here before us two persons, — the one (pointing to Dr. Graham) strong and muscular, the other (pointing to Mr. Graves) spare and thin; both positive, and in words they would show it about equally. A spirit, to control either, would find it a very difficult task; that is, if he undertook to control them physically as well

as spiritually. Yet both alike are very impressional."

Dr. Graham then asked, —

"Do spirits possess the power of prophecy? Can they foretell events that depend upon human agency? If so, what rules govern their knowledge in this particular?"

"Spirits that are enabled to look into the past, and see clearly the present, may judge of the future. But to give it minutely, we never did think that they could, nor do we to-day. They can judge the same as an individual upon the material plane would judge of the future, by seeing the present; and, their powers of perception being clearer, they may be able to judge more accurately, but yet not perfectly. Spirits possessing the desire to comply with the wishes of friends or acquaintances upon the material plane oftentimes endeavor to tell them of the future. We must say, that they are at times enabled to do it in a manner which contributes very much to the happiness of such friends; and yet, at the same time, we would advise every individual, whether upon the material or the spiritual plane of life, to make use of his own reasoning faculties at all times. Listen to the advice given by friends, whether they exist in the material or spiritual plane of life; and, if it is in accordance with their reasoning, make use of it accordingly; and, if not, let it pass by, as they would any thing else. By so doing they will unfold their own individuality more clearly and more satisfactorily to themselves. Every human being has an individual identity unto itself; it is the blessed privilege and power to reason;

and when he gives up that power to another, or listens to the advice of others instead of making use of his own good sense, he oftentimes becomes very unhappy, and blames—whom? The spirit who gave him the advice which proved not for the best; when, if he had used his own reason in the first place, he could cast no reflection upon any one but himself. We would say again to every one to make use of his own individual powers of reasoning, and judge, the same as others, from cause to effect; and bear in mind that every effect is the cause of something higher, or every effect is the cause of another effect: so when we reason from cause to effect, we pass right on from one to the other, just as clearly as thought will enable us to do. That which brings unhappiness, we might say which was the cause of happiness, is only the effect of a preceding cause; and so on through all time."

Katy then asked, —

"What would be the result upon a medium, if a strong and positive spirit should seek to get control against his or her honest conviction of right? I would like to know what would be the result spiritually, magnetically, and physically?"

"We feel, that, such being the case, they would hold that control until other spirits with stronger power than theirs attained the ascendancy. It may seem detrimental to the subject at the time, yet we believe there is wisdom in it. It convinces the subject, and those who are acquainted with the facts, that it is a power foreign to their own. The ideas expressed may be unpleasant for the subject to think he

or she has given utterance to. The effect produced for the time being, and for some time afterward, may be, as we said before, a strange, bewildered, or lost sensation. Perhaps physically they will feel languid. Now, mark you: without the magnetic and spiritual nature, the physical body would not contain within itself a sense of feeling. It requires the three — spiritual, magnetical, and physical — to make the one."

Mr. Graves then remarked, —

"It is really astonishing to me where such intelligence comes from, to answer questions so promptly and in such a satisfactory manner, — questions that would puzzle almost any one now living upon the earth."

"We say that every A., B., C., or D. can answer them in his way, according to his ideas of right; and, from the fact that we have given them to correspond with your approval, it does not follow that it will meet with the same with every one else. While these answers might be satisfactory to you in every particular, yet there are minds which would doubtless find fault with every one of them. All do not live upon the same plane of thought-life."

The influence here left the old man; and, after sitting in silence a few moments, Katy was controlled by an unseen power, and gave utterance to the following poem: —

"I stood in God's broad acre,
Just in the hush of night,
When the spectral moonbeams flicker
'Mong the tombstones ghast and white, —
Flitting with strange delight,
Like a noiseless-moving Quaker,
Or the risen spirits who died last night,
And had not yet gone to their Maker.

The moonbeams hung on the willow-boughs,
And peered through the broken fence;
They hung on the chapel's saintly brows,
Like halos of innocence;
And through the panes where the minister bows,
They shed a light intense.

I had lingered long at the wicket-gate,
Half doubting ere I came:
Nor asked I the reason why I should wait
For the hour to grow more ghastly and late,
Ere I read the weird-like name, —
A name never mentioned by lips of mine,
But syllabled out in my heart,
As poets sweet chords of music twine,
By a holy and mystic art;
A name that the angels only may speak,
When a heavenly halo mantles their cheek,
And they would a blessing impart.
Yet I lingered long at the wicket gate,
Half doubting ere I came:
Nor asked I the reason why I should wait
For the hour to grow more ghastly and late,
Ere I read the weird-like name.

'Twas Sabbath night, and the Sabbath psalm
Still lingered among the aisles, —
The snow-white tombstones, pallid and calm,
Stretching away in files, —
And nestled amid my spirit's palms
In many sectarian styles.

Slowly I trod the mossy path,
And stood among the tombs.
The stars gleamed down with a look of faith;
But the moon, that never a sympathy hath,
Consigned my spirit to gloom,
That came like the dread simoom,
And I silently stood with my holden breath,
"Looking all fearfully round,
Listening for footfalls of old Death,
Echoing along the ground.

My soul it grew sad as a pensive star
That grieves at the fate it tells;
And my spirit heard in its passion-jar,
The ominous sound of bells,
That comes to the heart, from a friend afar,
As his only funeral-knells.

Down on my knees 'mong the ghastly stones
 I fell in tremor and fear,
 And fancied I heard the spirit-moans —
 The solemn and suffering spirit-moans, —
 That come from Hereafter sphere,
 Like the echoed sigh from the heart's deep groans,
 That prefaces an anguish-tear.
 Suddenly, with an agony-start,
 I beheld by my very side —
 So close that the blood stood still in my heart,
 Like a poor trembling bride —
 The tomb I had sought, on whose pallid stone
 Was the name of her who had died.

The air grew heavy around my brow,
 And the moon grew wan and dim;
 And my hopes died out with a flush, as now,
 And the stars were pallid and glim;
 And the nightingale, from her forest-bough,
 Seemed chanting my funeral-hymn.

I raised my eyes to the weird-like name,
 And tried to lisp it aloud;
 But my voice failed, and my speech was to blame,
 For I could not lisp it aloud:
 But unto my spirit it sweetly came,
 Like a voice out of a cloud.

And the moon went down while I intently gazed
 On that name on the stone so gently raised,
 And raised alike on my heart, —
 The name the angels only may speak,
 When a heavenly halo mantles their cheek,
 And they would a blessing impart."

"Beautiful!" murmured Dr. Graham, as Katy's eyes slowly unclosed; and then the circle broke up.

As the good old man was about leaving the room, he said, —

"When do you start on your homeward journey?" He addressed Mr. Stanton, who replied, —

"In a few days at most. I am anxious to return, as business of importance awaits my arrival; and, as

we have accomplished our mission, there is no longer necessity of delay."

"Certainly not. We can have another circle before you go, I hope. Would it prove agreeable to you, madam?" turning to Marion.

"It would, indeed!" replied Marion. "I am deeply interested in this subject, and seek all the light possible for me to obtain. Yes, by all means let us have another circle before we start; that is, if Henry and Dr. Graham are agreeable. I know it is useless to ask Katy; her eyes tell us she is: and Mr. Graves, like myself, is anxious to learn all he can."

"I am sure, if another circle will afford any of you pleasure, I am agreeable," replied the doctor.

And so the party broke up, promising to meet on the evening of the morrow, to hold their last circle in Henry's foreign studio.



CHAPTER XXX.

THE LAST CIRCLE.

"Where the roses ne'er shall wither,
Nor the clouds of sorrow gather,
We shall meet, we shall meet;
Where no wintry storms can roll,
Driving summer from the soul;
Where all hearts are tuned to love,
On that happy shore above;
Where the hills are ever vernal,
And the springs of youth eternal,
We shall meet, we shall meet;
Where life's morning dream returns,
And the noonday never burns;
Where the dew of life is love,
On that happy shore above."

HERE seemed to be a spirit of sadness over and around the little company that formed a circle in Henry's studio for the last time. The good old man who had learned to love Henry so well could not restrain the tears that would flow; and Katy seemed unusually thoughtful and serious. The cold smile of sarcasm that had played about Dr. Graham's mouth the first night he sat in circle did not mark his features on this evening: he sat there calmly waiting to see and hear what might be seen and heard.

For a few moments they sat; then Katy was influenced, and gave the following beautiful

INVOCATION.*

O Life! from thy holiest and deepest fountains we would drink this hour. We would come nearer and still nearer unto a knowledge of thee: for thou art great; for thou art far beyond our finite powers. Turn wherever we may, there thou hast stretched out the Scriptures of thy being, that we may read and understand; but our ignorance, like a great shadow, ever follows us, and it is the sun of thy divine power alone that can dispel the shadow, and illumine our souls. We have given thee many names, and yet not one seems to be fitted for thee. Thou ever hast been, thou art, and we believe thou ever wilt be. Thou art all of being, and thou hast thy temple in all universes. Thou dost condescend to dwell with the lowly; thou takest up thine abode even in haunts of vice. Thou, God, art everywhere; and, because thou art, the soul feels secure, knowing that thou art its sustaining power and ever-present source of strength. Though there are shades, as there are sunbeams, scattered here and there, behind us and before us, and all around us, yet we thank thee, O Life! that we are in them; that thou hast blest us with thine own blessings; that thou hast crowned us with thine own power; that thou dost tenderly rock us in the arms of thy love; and, through temptations, thou dost encourage us out of darkness into light. We thank thee that our souls are often tempted; we thank thee that everywhere upon thy great highway there are those who tempt us: for these are the great levers by which our strength is tested. We thank thee, O thou Great Spirit, thou Wondrous Ocean of Mind! that we are just what we are. We thank thee for the deep, dark shadows of priestly prejudice that crowded so close upon our being, when in the mortal life, that we could scarce gain one ray of clear sunlight. Oh, yes! even for this, we thank thee; for now we are able to be-

* Given through Mrs. J. H. Conant of "Banner-of-Light" circle, April 6, 1868. The notes from which some of the leading scenes of this story were taken were much impaired, and the author was often obliged to supply deficiencies by selections.

hold truth more clearly, to define life more perfectly, and to rejoice more truly in our liberty. We thank thee that there are bars around the spirit during its earthly life. We thank thee that sometimes it goes down, down, down, into the deep hells of despair; for even there it learns of thee. We thank thee that thou hast instituted all these various conditions of being by which the soul learns to measure itself. We thank thee for the various institutions whereby man in the external is educated. We thank thee for Nature, with all its holy revealments. We thank thee for art, for science, for all that which calls the soul up higher and still higher. We thank thee for those great lights that have shone out amid the darkness of every age like fixed stars, whose light is always certain; but we thank thee, also, for the lesser lights, whose twinkling brightness shone in obscure places. We thank thee for all the rain-drops of truth that have come unto the soul in every age; that have watered the flowers of inspiration, and have caused them to exhale their sweetness, that the nations might rejoice. Oh! we thank thee for the philosophers of all ages; for those minds that have reached out into the far future, and have grasped those truths that the common mind could not understand. And we thank thee, also, that these were persecuted: for, by their persecution, they have arisen unto glory and honor; by the darkness that surrounded them here they are stronger in the spirit-land; and they return now, shedding all their light upon those who have need, pitying those who have need of pity, raising up those who have fallen in the way, encouraging those who are discouraged, lifting up all sides of life to the sunlight of thy truth.

O Life! we pray that thy children everywhere may learn to understand thee more perfectly, to rest securely in thy arms; that death may be known no more; that the shades of night that clustered around the word "death" may give place to the morning sun, — that resurrecting power that will dispel all fear, and make the soul rejoice in newness of eternal life. May thy kingdom come to these waiting mortals, sending out the shades of error, and illumining all their being with truth; and may they receive that for which they cry, — a knowledge of that great hereafter. And unto thee be honor and glory and power and life, to-day and for ever. Amen.

A few moments after Katy finished the Invocation, the old man was controlled by the same influence that had used him at the previous circle, and said, —

"I am now ready to consider and answer your questions."

Mrs. Stanton at once asked, "Who stands foremost in ancient and modern history as a reformer?"

"Jesus, the son of Mary and Joseph."

Dr. Graham then said, "At our last circle, something was said about 'thought.' Will you give me the origin of thought?"

"If we could conceive of a time when thought had a beginning, we could then conceive of a time when it had an ending. Thought is like life, — Deity itself. We know of no time when it did not exist; consequently we can not tell of its origin."

Dr. Graham then asked, "What are the opinions or expectations obtaining in the spirit-world relative to Christ and the resurrection of the body, as revealed in the Scriptures?"

"Indeed, it would be a difficult task to tell all of the opinions and expectations upon the spiritual plane of life, as it would upon the material plane. We believe Christ to be one of the greatest of reformers, — one that has done, in one sense, the most good to humanity, — from the fact that people are so constituted that they have to possess something tangible to look at, something that did really exist upon the natural plane, like unto themselves, and also something to fear as well: then he certainly was one of the greatest, and did his work nobly and well. That he was sent by God to perform this mission, —

we do not think there are any spirits upon the spiritual plane that entertain an idea that he was sent particularly, any more than any other individual, to perform that mission. It was his work, his lot, thus to be born into the world, to suffer all that he did while in it, and to pass from it in the midst of tortures as he did."

Mr. Stanton then asked, "Why can not a spirit manifest itself as readily and easily without the presence of a medium as with?"

"Some spirits can do so, while others can not. It is sometimes necessary to have something to attract the attention, externally, of those upon the material plane; and again, there are many spirits that could not control a medium to manifest themselves to friends without the aid of a medium. Spirits can be present, and impress upon the mind of an individual or individuals their wishes and desires; yet that individual is not conscious whether it is something in his own mind, or whether it is really an impression made by the spirit. And if it is by sounds, then they attribute it to some other cause besides that of spirits. And, as all persons upon the material plane of life are not clairvoyant, they could not materialize themselves so that they could be seen. There are numerous reasons why they can not. We believe the time will come when individuals upon the material plane of life can converse as freely with those upon the spiritual plane, as they do with one another now upon the material plane."

Mr. Stanton continued, "Why is it that an extremely strong desire on the part of an individual to

converse with a spirit through a medium seems to repel the spirit, rather than attract it?"

"Really, we do not know that such is the case. The fact that they have a desire so strong is sufficient evidence that the spirit is near unto them. That desire, in no way that we are aware of, prevents the spirit from manifesting itself through the organism. In the first place, they have to possess the power to control the organism before they can manifest themselves to any one. Yet it is possible that the chord of sympathy may be so great, that they can not influence the medium as readily as they would if it were otherwise; yet it does not prevent their being present."

Mr. Graves then asked, "Why is it that some persons who possess mediumistic power, and ability to benefit their fellow-beings through that power, do not have a desire to do so? On the other hand, others, who have not the power, feel an earnest desire to do good, and a longing for that spiritual help."

"My friend, it is not desire that constitutes the power by which spirits are actuated. It is owing to the peculiarity of organism. You might say peculiarity of temperament, etc. Many persons, that are very desirous of being influenced by spirits, are anxious for their own gratification,—that they may be assured of the power outside of the individuals (mediums) themselves. We do not believe there are any who are not influenced by spirits. All are acted upon to a greater or less degree. Even our friend who sits next to the one asking the question (meaning Mr. Stanton) has the organism to accomplish the work,

either by the aid of disembodied spirits, or by aid of his own spirit.

"There seems to be a peculiar condition of the physical system necessary for spirits to take possession of an organism, and make it subservient to their will. It is not so much the spirit that occupies the organism on which mediumship depends, as upon the organism itself. As we said before, all persons are influenced in a measure. That we know to be the case; and we think that the varied experiences of individuals will prove this. For instance, there are many times that they will set aside certain things to be accomplished at a certain hour; and yet conditions will so shape themselves that they are not able to accomplish what they intended at the time.

Mr. Graves then asked, "Can spirits see what is transpiring on the material plane of life as perfectly as when living upon that plane?"

"If apparently *en rapport* with them, and when we desire to do so, we can. There are many scenes, as you very well know, that spirits upon the material plane would not like to witness themselves, to say nothing of those upon the spiritual: yet we believe there is nothing that transpires upon the material plane that some spirits do not take cognizance of; for, as every soul in the physical form has its watchful and guardian spirit, so it must, of necessity, take cognizance of what is done by those over which such spirits take guardian care. And it is a grand thought for every soul to contemplate, that it is never alone; that there is a loving spirit watching over it continually, so that whatever one may do, thinking it is

done in secret, is taken cognizance of by some recording spirit, and in such a manner that one may be enabled to see it perfectly when the natural form is laid aside. Then it is well to do right for our own sake, and not through fear of punishment hereafter."

For a few moments, silence reigned unbroken in the room; then Katy's eyes closed, her frame quivered, her lips parted, and these words were uttered:—

"I come to-night to give you a poem written by one of earth's daughters,—a gifted girl, untainted by contact with the rough world."

THE POEM.

"One day, in a garret lonesome and old,
Where the floor was bare and damp with mold,
Where the spider's web on the dark walls hung,
And the door was barred for years unswung,
A magical sunbeam, straying about,
Through a secret crevice stole in and out:
It stole through the depths of the dreary room,
And warmed and lighted its empty gloom.

A miserly man for many a year
Had prisoned his soul in the narrow sphere
Of selfish sorrow and grim distrust,
Till its brightest jewels were dim with rust.
He guarded well, with a jealous care,
His cheerless heart, once a palace rare,
Till thorns grew up in its garden fair,
And never a sweet hope blossomed there.

He darkened the door from human sight;
He shut the window against the light,
And he closed it round with a wall of doubt:
But an elfin sunbeam found its way
Through a crevice, forgot, in the wall one day;
And, quick as the gloom of a sudden thought,
A mystic spell in that heart it wrought.

It stole to the depths of that prisoned home,
 And warmed and lighted its somber gloom;
 Through each dim recess of that ruin gray,
 Swift sped on its mission the friendly ray;
 The door unbarred to the light of day,
 The old wall crumbled, and fell away,
 Then the full sun shed its glory in,
 And flowers grew where the thorns had been.

Glad dreams broke soft on the night of despair;
 Fair hopes budded bright in the morning air;
 A life that all aimless and shrouded lay
 Awoke newborn in the noontide ray,
 Nerved with the strength of a lofty will,
 To battle with earth's gaunt forms of ill:
 Full of sweet charities, fresh as June rain,
 A soul looked out on the world again.

Oh! never a garret so dark and old,
 Oh! never a heart so drear and cold,
 But some gentle sunbeam streaming in
 Sheds warmth and light to the silent core.
 'Tis sunshine gladdens the garret old:
 But the beam that lights up a heart grown cold
 Is a golden ray from the land above,
 In Eden named; and we call it love."

"Will the spirit give the name of its earth-friend who wrote that beautiful poem it has recited for our benefit?"

"Yes: the author's name is Lou Myer."


"Thank you, spirit."

The influence left Katy, and the circle broke up in almost silence. It seemed as if angel-fingers were laid upon the lips of those present, and sadness filled their hearts; for all felt that it was not probable they would all ever meet again on the shores of time.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

"There is a witching light in the stars to-night,
 As they weave their spell around us;
 And the moon hangs clear as a silver sphere,
 Till her diamond rays have crowned us.
 Oh! the silvery spray, as we float away,
 Falls bright on the glowing ocean,
 While in perfect rhyme do our hearts beat time
 To our light bark's gentle motion.
 Oh! the winds are sweet, and our bark is fleet,
 And the waves lie calmly sleeping;
 While the moon above, with an eye of love,
 Her ceaseless watch is keeping.
 Let the laugh and song, as we float along,
 Go out o'er the waters sounding;
 For each eye is bright as this summer's night,
 And each heart with pleasure bounding."

REPARATIONS for departure had been completed. Henry had carefully packed his pictures, bade adieu to the old man to whom he was so deeply attached, and accompanied his father and sister, and their friends, with Dr. Graham, on their homeward journey.

The evening after they set sail, Katy had wandered on deck with Dr. Graham, and sitting down in a retired corner, bathed in a soft flood of moonlight, with the star-bejeweled sky above them, the broad ocean around them, they had conversed of the beau-

ties of nature, and, almost unconsciously, their conversation had assumed a serious turn. Dr. Graham had made up his mind to thoroughly investigate the Harmonial Philosophy, and never lost an opportunity to gather from Katy her ideas and impressions in regard to the matter, carefully, thoughtfully weighing them in his mind; but as yet he had been unable to relinquish his long-cherished idols: but the door of his heart had been set ajar, and angel hands were slowly pushing it open wider and wider, to let into the inner temple the light of truth and reason.

On this evening, as they sat there on the deck of the proud ship which was bearing them on toward the land of their birth, Dr. Graham said, —

“If I understand you rightly, you oppose all religious organizations, all forms of worship, all prescribed plans of devotion to God?”

“No; but I do oppose mere lip-service, and studied forms of prayer: worship to God should be spontaneous, not studied. Experience teaches us that the old systems of religion are full of errors and bigotry. We do not desire to do away with religion: we want more, — more that is pure and undefiled. We want a religion that has for its element the divine essence of God; a religion that is not regulated solely by those who are prosperous, and blessed with an abundance of this world's goods; a religion that turns not a deaf ear to the pleadings of the needy, and lifts its immaculate garments from contact with the erring and sinful. We want a religion that is capable of uniting the whole human family together by bonds of sympathy and love; a religion

that will raise the fallen, lead the erring ones back to the paths of virtue and happiness; that will strengthen the weak and build up the fainting; a religion that will supply all spiritual wants and desires. Such a religion the world has never had; such a religion the churches have failed to establish; and it is such a religion that Spiritualism seeks to spread over the earth, and build up in the dark corners where error and superstition have reared their heads.”

“Then you think there is no true worship, no spirituality, in the churches?”

“I think there is but little spirituality in orthodox denominations. Once in a while you meet a man or woman under the cloak of the church, whose ideas and views are liberal, progressive, and spiritual; but most of the followers are steeped in old superstitions and dogmas, that forbid spirituality or godliness. They affect it, but do not feel or live it.”

“They take the Bible for their guide.”

“They pretend to take the Bible for their guide, and twist and distort the meaning of its words and sayings to meet their views; but the really spiritual part of that ancient book they do not even pretend to understand.”

“Can you find any thing in the Bible to prove the fact that spirits can and do return to earth?”

“I can. The following passage occurs in Gen. xix. 1: ‘And there came two angels to Sodom at even; and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom: and Lot seeing them, rose up to meet them; and he bowed himself with his face toward the ground.’ Again, in Rev. xxii. 8, we read: ‘And I John saw these things,

and heard them; and when I had heard and seen I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things.' Then in Gen. xvi. 7: 'And the angel of the Lord found her by a fountain of water in the wilderness, by the fountain in the way to Shur.' Then in Matt. xxviii. 2, 3: 'And behold there was a great earthquake; for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.' And in Gen. xxxi. 1: 'And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God went with him.' Job iv. 15: 'Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up.' Mark xvi. 5: 'And, entering into the sepulcher, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.' Rev. iv. 1: 'After this I looked, and, behold, a door was opened in heaven: and the first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet talking with me; which said, Come up hither, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter.' But it is not necessary, my friend, to refer to that book for proof. We have it on all hands. God has endowed us with mind and reasoning faculties, and what we see and hear we know: and every reasonable, intelligent being who will carefully investigate, and calmly and without prejudice seek to fathom, the seeming mystery of spirit intercourse, will become convinced; for he can not doubt that which is a fact."

"Yes; but it strikes me that man needs something more than table-tipping and phenomenal exhibitions to base his devotion upon."

"Most assuredly he does; and yet there is a class of people who never could be reached without awakening them from the lethargy into which they have fallen by phenomenal demonstrations. After they are thoroughly aroused, then we can instill into their minds philosophical and natural Spiritualism, reform, unselfishness, harmony, brotherly love, opposition to tyranny, oppression, and injustice, in all their varied forms and character."

"But many who have been Spiritualists, and advocates of your philosophy, even mediums, have turned against it, and pronounced it all a humbug."

"I grant you this. In days of old, we read of a Judas who betrayed, and a Peter who denied, his Master. There are men to-day, who, for moneyed considerations, will deny what they know to be true: but that does not alter the truth; and the angels of God are ever ready to assist and sustain the faithful, and give victory to the true; and the earnest, honest workers in the cause of right shall be crowned with a diadem of light."

"But many who have professed to be physical mediums have been detected in imposition and fraud. How do you reconcile this?"

"It is the easiest matter in the world. You could reconcile it yourself if you would but stop to think. You are sufficiently acquainted with the world and with mankind to know there are men base enough to use any means in order to become possessed of money. There never was a responsible bank which escaped having its bills counterfeited; there never was a truth which escaped being forged for unholy purposes."

Are you prepared to condemn all orthodox people as unprincipled and without honor, because some of the professed lights and leading spirits in the church have proved themselves bad? Are you prepared to say there is nothing good, nothing sincere, in the churches, because Mr. Harris, one of the leading and most influential men in the church to which he belongs, has proved himself unworthy of trust and confidence, and false to all he professes? No, you are not: and yet, like many others equally misled and blinded, you are ready to condemn Spiritualism, because some who are void of principle, who have silenced the voice of God within them, and driven from their hearts the angel guests who would linger there, have used it as a cloak to cover their shortcomings and misdoings. Ah, my friend, such illogical and unreliable reasoning will never avail. It is a fact beyond dispute, that there never has been a medium who has turned traitor, able to injure our cause. They have pretended to expose Spiritualism: but not one of them has ever been able to explain a thing, or tell in what manner physical demonstrations are produced; and in most instances, having failed to succeed in wrong-doing, after severe trials have returned to the paths of truth and reason, and, making atonement for wrong, become more earnest than ever in their efforts for truth."

"I am satisfied that you are earnest in your belief, and am determined to thoroughly investigate the claims Spiritualism has upon man for consideration."

"I am earnest in the knowledge I possess, not in any belief. Please bear in mind that the Spiritualist

entertains no half-conceived theories, supposes nothing, but is satisfied in regard to facts. We" —

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the approach of Mr. Graves, who said, —

"Katy, you must not sit out upon the deck any longer: you will take cold. I fear Dr. Graham is anxious to secure a patient, or he would have advised you to seek the cabin before this."


"Pardon me," said Dr. Graham. "I had become so interested in the conversation we were holding together, that I was entirely oblivious to all else, or I would have realized the imprudence of sitting so long in this cool night-air. Let us adjourn at once to the cabin;" and, offering his arm to Katy, they moved off toward the cabin. And thus, as the days glided by, Katy never lost an opportunity to defend the right, and scatter the seeds of truth, — the seeds which were destined to take root and spring up and expand, and bear an abundant harvest. The angels were with her, and aided and comforted her.



CHAPTER XXXH.

HOME AGAIN.—MR. HARRIS OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE LIGHT.

"Home again:
 After long and weary absence,
 After joy and after pain,
 Tread I these familiar halls,
 Gaze I on these pictured walls,
 With emotion.
 Ah! my steps have wandered far
 Over land and over ocean;
 But I now no longer roam:
 I am home, I am home."

ROUDLY the ship sailed into port, and many a heart among the crowd of passengers gathered on the broad deck beat with animation, hope, and gratitude to the God who had brought them safely over the waters, as the spires and domes of New-York city met their eyes.

It was early morning when they reached the city, and the streets were silent and deserted; but the hackmen, ever on the alert to make an "honest dollar," had congregated on the pier, and were loudly presenting their claims for patronage to the steady streams of living beings that flowed from the ship to the dock.

Mr. Stanton at once secured two carriages; and, placing his guests in them, they rolled away over the

rough pavements toward the home in the upper part of the city.

They were expected, for Mr. Stanton had written to his housekeeper to be prepared for their arrival; and, when they reached home, they found every thing in readiness for their reception.

Mrs. Stanton and Katy wandered through the house, and greeted each familiar object with delight. It was so pleasant to be at home again, after a long absence; and it seemed as if they never had before appreciated the comforts and blessings of that home.

After a cozy breakfast, Mr. Stanton bade them good-morning, and started for his place of business, being anxious to ascertain how affairs had prospered there during his absence.

In the evening, Mr. Hall dropped in to welcome the wanderers back, having heard of their arrival during the day; and, after listening to the story of their adventures, said, —

"About a fortnight ago, Mr. Harris came from Boston for the purpose of seeing you," turning to Mr. Stanton, "and seemed sadly disappointed in not being able to do so. He looked careworn and feeble; and, from what he said, I judged that he had at length realized the cruel injustice he had been guilty of, and desired to make restitution. I may be wrong, but such were my impressions while with the man."

"I intend to go to Boston to-morrow," said Mr. Graves; "and it will be very gratifying to me to know that the friend I trusted, and who proved false to that trust, has discovered the error he made, and feels a desire to right the wrong he has done."

The evening passed in pleasant conversation; and Dr. Graham listened eagerly to the words of sound common sense that fell from the lips of Mr. Hall, and asked many questions in regard to the Harmonial Philosophy, which had awakened his interest and invited his careful consideration; and the answers were so clear, so sound, so reasonable, that he could find no objections to offer to them.

The heaven was working: he was gradually approaching the fountain of light; and his soul was hungering for spiritual food. The angels were near him; for he was living in an harmonious atmosphere, and his eyes were slowly opening to the light of reason and of truth.

The following morning, Mr. Graves bade them adieu, and started for Boston. No pen can describe the peculiar feelings which came over him as he again met the familiar scenes of early life. The years of bitter pain and suffering he had experienced seemed like a troubled dream; and he could hardly realize that weary years had rolled their length along his life since he had last trod those streets, and gazed upon those familiar objects. Every thing seemed unchanged; and it was hard to realize that years instead of days had passed since he commenced his wanderings in search of wealth.

Mr. Harris sat in his library. You would scarcely recognize in the white-haired, bent old man the Mr. Harris of former years; and yet it is the same. The same? No, not the same; the same in name and body only; for the soul has become purified and exalted; the divine spark which was almost smothered

by its evil surroundings has been kindled into flame. But how was this change brought about, you ask? and we reply, through Spiritualism; through that which orthodox churches denounce as containing nothing good, as being only evil in its tendency.

One day, Mr. Harris was induced by a friend to attend one of the free circles held at the office of "The Banner of Light;" and, while there, a communication came to him, through the medium, from little Carrie, the child he had wronged, — a communication that he could not doubt: and he went to his home and sat down to think; and thought drove him almost crazy. Again and again he visited the circles; and the cry of his soul was, "O God! what shall I do to wipe out the sins of the past? O God! how shall I atone for all the wrong and evil I have done?" And the spirit of little Carrie answered his question, and pointed out to him the way in which he ought to go; pointed out to him the errors and inconsistencies of the religion he had long professed to believe and follow, and shed upon his soul spiritual light: and he was born to truth, to reason, to right. The little spark of divine essence within him was kindled to a flame; and he rejoiced in the knowledge of the love and mercy of the God he had so long scorned and insulted.

On this morning he sat in his library, eating the light breakfast which had been brought him on a tray, and which set on a small stand beside him: but he had no appetite; his hand trembled nervously; and a strange presentiment of something, he could not tell what, seemed to possess him.

At length the door opened, and a servant entered the room and said, —

“A gentleman is below, and wishes to see you.”

“What is his name?”

“He refused to give it: he said he wished to see you on important business.”

“Show him up stairs,” replied Mr. Harris, pushing the stand with his almost untasted breakfast from him.

In another moment Mr. Graves entered the room. Mr. Harris arose and said, —

“Good-morning, sir: pray be seated.” He failed to recognize in his visitor the father of the children he had wronged; and Mr. Graves said, —

“Harris, I see that you do not know me. Go back to the years when you were a struggling, ambitious man, and think who first put forth a hand to help you on to the high road which led you to wealth and position. Go back to the time when that same friend, being fired with the ambitious desire to amass wealth, left his family, placing them in your care, and also putting in your hands all his earthly means for their support, and, feeling confident that they would be tenderly and kindly looked after, crossed the blue ocean in hopes of obtaining that which he had sought for in vain in his own country. Go back, I say, to that time; and then look into my face, and ask your heart whether you know me or not.”

“Lyman Graves!” exclaimed the trembling man; and he sank powerless into the chair from which he had arisen when Mr. Graves entered the room.

In a moment he recovered himself, and then fol-

lowed explanations. Without subterfuge, without attempt to cloak or excuse his wrong-doings, he told all, — how he had used the money, and wronged the children; how he had written a letter full of falsehood, in answer to the one which came to him from the hospital at France, supposing that it would be impossible for his wronged friend to recover; how he had received a communication from Carrie, through which he was awakened to a realizing sense of his shame and wickedness; and how he had earnestly sought for the truth and found it; how he had come out of the darkness into the light; how he had written to the hospital to make inquiry concerning Lyman Graves, and received in reply a letter, stating that friends had removed him from the hospital, and taken him they knew not whither; how he had made over the property purchased with the money left in trust with him to its rightful owner, Lyman Graves, or his legal heirs; that property which cost only eight thousand dollars now being worth, with the rent which it had commanded from the time of its purchase, some twenty thousand dollars.

Then followed a recital of the experiences of Lyman Graves; and the two men were bound together by the ties of brotherly love and sympathy, — the one forgetting and overlooking the past faults and follies of the other, and accepting the restitution made for the wrong done; the other overwhelmed with the kindness and sympathy extended to him by one he had so wronged and betrayed.

During the day, Mr. Graves took possession of his property; and bidding Mr. Harris good-by, promising

to bring Katy and Henry to see him, he returned to New York, feeling himself no longer penniless, and dependent upon the kindness of others. The good angels had purified him through trial and suffering; but his reward compensated for all he had been called upon to endure.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LYCEUM.

"Onward, onward! band victorious;
Rear the Lyceum banner high:
Thus far has your course been glorious;
Now your day of triumph's nigh.
Vice and error flee before you,
As the darkness flies the sun.
Onward! victory hovers o'er you:
Soon the battle will be won.

Onward, onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch
Wheresoe'er your standard rises,
And your conquering legions march.
Gird the Lyceum armor on you;
Look for guidance from above:
God and angels smile upon you;
Hasten to your work of love!"

THE first Sunday after their arrival home, Mr. and Mrs. Stanton, Mr. Graves, Dr. Graham, Katy, and Henry, attended the Children's Progressive Lyceum, by invitation of Mr. Hall. It was new to all of them; and, as they entered the room and saw the arrangement of the seats, the targets designating the groups, the badges emblematical of the group to which each child belonged, it struck them all as a very beautiful sight. Children were gathered there of all ages and stations in life; for Spiritualism begins, "like true philosophers and philanthropists, to

work at the very roots of society ;" and they gather the children, —

"Gather them in from the street and lane, —
Gather them in, both halt and lame ;
Gather the deaf, the poor, the blind, —
Gather them in with a willing mind.

Gather them in that seek for rest, —
Gather them in from East and West ;
Gather them in that roam about, —
Gather them in from North and South.

Gather them in from all the land, —
Gather them into one noble band ;
Gather them in with spiritual love, —
Gather them in for the sphere above."

The groups had assembled when our party entered : and hardly had they taken their seats before Part Second commenced ; the musical director giving out the beautiful song, "The Immortal Home," found on page 279 of "The Lyceum Manual."

Then followed Silver-Chain Recitations, in which all joined, — children and officers.

Then, in obedience to a signal from the conductor, the children arose, and formed in rank for the wing movement.

Dr. Graham watched these exercises attentively, and, when the children returned to their seats, turned to Katy and said, —

"That is both beautiful and sensible. I wonder the Sunday schools of our churches do not adopt it."

"They would hardly attempt it," replied Katy : "fear of being thought liberal and progressive would deter them, even though in their hearts they might approve."

When the questions were asked by the conductor, and the answers returned by the children, Dr. Graham manifested unmistakable surprise at the intelligence the children displayed. As a sample of the questions given and answers returned in the Children's Lyceum, for the benefit of those who have never attended a lyceum we give a few, selected from the Gems and Pearls given by the children at Mercantile Hall, Boston : —

QUES. — What are the seasons ? and what do they represent ?

ANS. — *By Marcus H. J., of Liberty Group.* — The seasons are different divisions of time : they represent the different conditions of the year. From this subject we may gain two points of consideration : first, the conditions of development in *Nature*, and their results ; second, the conditions of development in *man*, and their results. First, in *Nature*, when the springtime dawns, with the sun's genial warmth the snow and ice of the past winter rapidly disappear, and in their place *Nature* provides for the earth a carpet of green. Then the trees put forth their buds and leaves, the birds warble forth their songs of gratitude, and the farmer drops into the ground the seed, which in time will germinate and come forth. Next comes the summer season, with all its pleasure and enjoyments, with its scorching sun and refreshing showers, which fill the farmer's heart with joy as he watches with great pleasure the rapid unfolding of the results of his springtime labor. Next comes the autumn, — the time of harvest, — when the

grain and fruits are ripening for use; and, when in the right condition, the farmer gathers them into store-houses. Then comes the winter season, — the cold, frosty winter, — when the earth is wrapped in its white mantle, and Nature is seemingly still and inactive. But, from careful observation, we may see that she is not idle, but is even through this season still blessing her children from her bountiful store, which is never exhausted. Now, having considered the first, we will take the second. When we are thrown into this sphere of action, then begins the *springtime* of our being; and, from the sun's genial warmth of parental care, the seed within the soul, the divine spark of life, receives its strength and nourishment, which causes it to germinate and come forth. Next comes the *summer-time* of our being, when from the sunlight of joy and prosperity, and the storms of sorrow, sadness, and persecution, the soul is quickened to action. Through these conditions, that seed within the soul which is ever aspiring and reaching up for that which is beyond is developed to a higher condition of nobleness, virtue, and truth. There are beings in the material sphere, as well as in the immortal realms, who watch with great pleasure the rapid unfoldment of that seed, the great principle of life. Next comes the *autumn* of our being, — the time of harvest, — when we are ripening for our immortal home; and, when in the right condition, we are taken from the tree, — the old body, — and borne across that beautiful river, into our much-loved summer-land, where we shall still continue to unfold and develop throughout the golden days of the grand

future that awaits us. Then comes the *winter* of our being, when we return to our loved ones of earth, who mourn our absence, to communicate the fact that we still exist. Then it is that we meet with the cold icebergs of refusal and rejection. Then we feel the cold, frosty atmosphere of denunciation and repulsion. Yet still we struggle on through this cold, frosty winter of experience, until at last the powerful sun of immortal wisdom and truth melts away the snow and ice of superstition and bigotry, and in its place arises the grand fact of immortality; and the soul that enjoys the many blessings which it is destined to give is forced to utter, "O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?"

By —, of Sea Group. — The seasons are spring, summer, autumn, and winter, and represented by human life.

By —, of River Group. — The seasons are spring, summer, fall, and winter, and represent our life.

By Susie W —, of Star Group. — The seasons are spring, summer, autumn, and winter. They represent the greatness, goodness, and power of God, his love and good will to us his children, that we may enjoy the bounteous blessings he has given us.

By William E. D —, of Temple Group. — The seasons of the year are spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Spring may represent youth's hopes, the light and life of glee and beauty. Summer may represent the dusty, sweaty, toilsome manhood, with its load of cares, bearing the heat and burden of the day. Autumn comes crowned with the fruits of labor and life, — sadly deficient sometimes, pale and

sickly as the sere and yellow leaf. Winter comes at last, and the bell tolls to call to darkness and the grave. But there is light and hope beyond. The day-star is beaming somewhere; a few rays, faint and glimmering, struggle down through our frigid, fettered atmosphere, and we perceive them even here. But, the grave once passed, all is light, life, and joy: we have entered on the *perfect day*.

By Philander F—, of Temple Group.—Spring, summer, autumn, winter. They represent the human life. Spring is birth and childhood, where all is fresh with new development. Summer represents youth, — the transition period between childhood and manhood. Autumn signifies fully-developed manhood, when the fruits of the previous life are brought forth in lean or bountiful harvest, according to earlier neglect or culture. Winter corresponds to the frosts of old age, when the physical powers decline and decay, returning the spirit to commence its further progress in the spring of immortality and summerland of eternity.

By Lottie H—, of Temple Group.—By the seasons are meant the changes and varieties which are produced in Nature by the revolution of the earth around the sun. They are four in number. These seasons represent the different periods of the life of mankind. Spring represents infancy. In spring the buds appear; and, as the seasons wear on, they fade and die. So it is in the life of man. The infant is the bud of life, which bursts into blossom in summer, or youth. In autumn, or manhood, the fruits of life, whether good or evil, are seen; and in winter,

or old age, they wither and fade: but, unlike the buds and flowers, they pass on to a higher life, continuing in the path of *progression*, in which to walk for ever and ever.

By H. C. S—, of Temple Group.—The seasons are spring, summer, autumn, winter. Spring is when the vegetable kingdom commences its growth from the seed or root; having slept through the winter, becomes active by the magnetism of the sun and the moist condition of the earth to a positive or upward growth of the shoot, and the negative or downward growth of the roots. The trees open their buds, spread out their leaves to take in the sunlight and dew, and develop in size and beauty. Spring is

“When the birds are singing,
And the grass is green, and the flowers springing;
When the trees are blossoming one by one,
And the days grow long in the lingering sun.”

Summer in our climate is ushered in with all the beauty that Nature seems able to display. The sun has opened the petals, and painted the flowers with all the collors of the rainbow, on tree and shrub, on plant and vine, until the eye is filled with Nature's gorgeous dress; the air bears perfumes as pleasant to the sense as its balmy breezes are healthful to the body. O lovely June, thou queen of the year, would that thy sister months were as lovely as thou art! The season progresses, and with it the growth of the vegetable kingdom toward maturity. The early fruits — the strawberry, raspberry, and blackberry — gladden our taste; the peach, cherry, and pear trees yield their rich repast; the new-mown hay, the

ripening fields of grain, rejoice the husbandman, as he prepares for gathering them into his barns; while the cattle are grazing upon the hill-side, or lying in some shady spot protected from the burning sun. Thus the summer passes, and autumn with its cool nights and ripening sun follows; and that which spring commenced and summer matured is gathered for the winter. The trees begin to put off the garment of green they have worn through the summer, for the sear and yellow leaf, and finally stripping for battle with the storms and cold of winter, when Nature, closing its productive labor, rests. The seasons represent *the human life*, commencing with the vernal equinox. To be more particular, *each month* represents a *decennial of life*. The birth, childhood, and youth are the spring of life, the first development of man in miniature,—its tender life, the care required, its expansion and growth, the anxious, toiling, hoping, fearing interest while watching its youthful career, the buds of promise to be developed into maturer life, the hopes and pleasant prospects. These, sometimes, are checked by untimely frosts, alike to husbandman and parent. The joyousness of the spring passes into the beauty of the summer or manhood of life. The young man and woman, like the June of the year, manifest the beauty, health, and vivacity of their happy natures, and prepare for the more practical duties that follow, while the warm affectional of life, like the summer, continues. Who does not wish the beauty and vigor of youth to continue through life? But if beauty alone was all, then there would

be no substantial reward. The fragrance of the flower precedes the fruit. We should in the summer of life labor for the reward of the autumnal harvest, useful to ourselves and others, that we may gather a harvest of good things into the storehouse of life. Then, as we enter the winter or evening of life, we may partake of the bounties realized from honorable toil, devoted study, and generous deeds, ready to be transplanted into the fairer soil of the *Spirit-land*.

Lake Group.—Who are happiest in the summer land?

A. *By a little miss.*—The good and true.

By another.—Those that do right on earth.

Star Group.—What is true friendship?

A. *By Susie W.*—A true friend is one that will comfort you in the hours of darkness, peril, and need; one who will comfort you in sadness; by kindness, sympathy, and love, lead you in the right path when you stray, and when in sorrow their hands and hearts are open to relieve you. This is what I call *true friendship*.

Temple Group.—What benefit do we derive from trials and afflictions?

A.—*Trials* arise from our inability to accomplish a desired purpose, whether from another's crossing our path, or our own want of power to adapt means to ends. When we enter upon the duties of life, we think that every thing is at hand to help us, and success is sure to attend our efforts. Were we perfect in judgment, this might be: but, with our imperfections, we are liable to err; and these produce trials.

"Through our life's mysterious changes,
Through the sorrow-haunted years,
Runs a law of compensation
For our sorrows and our tears."

The trials we meet are like the child's just learning to walk. Its many falls make the effort more desirable until accomplished. Would it learn were it always carried? By its trials it learns. So with us: trials show where ignorance exists, and knowledge is required; and, when we meet them, to seek for the cause, and overcome by active knowledge. In this way trials are a benefit: the dark cloud will show a silver lining; then

"All the teardrops shed in anguish
Change, by angel smiles, to gems;
And they say our soul shall wear them
In immortal diadems."

Afflictions, in the sense of bereavements, are such as are incident to life, and benefit us in the knowledge that

"This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."
"Affliction's blast hath made me learn
To feel for other's woe;"

to comfort the sick, and relieve their wants; to bear each other's burdens, fulfilling the law of love.

"Let us be patient: these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

Then will the angelic host minister to us, and we be comforted with visions of the joy that awaits us; and we can say, "He doeth all things well."

After the removal of the badges, followed the march: and Henry seemed wild with delight, as he witnessed the intricate figures, the floating flags, the inspiring music, and the happy faces of the children; and, turning to Katy, he said, —

"Oh, I want to join this Sunday school, I like it so much!"

Mr. Hall heard the remark, and replied, —

"I trust you will all feel inclined to join, and give your aid and encouragement to the training of immortal souls for usefulness and purity in this life, and happiness in the life to come. To me it seems the duty of all who have learned the path of angel ministration, to do all in their power to advance the interests of the Lyceum: for the future depends upon the improvement of the present; and we must surround the children with the right influences to develop their spiritual natures. And how can we better do so than by bringing them into our Lyceums, and giving the Lyceum the encouragement of our presence and our aid?"

"That is true," replied Katy; "and I, for one, am willing to take part in this labor of love, and do what I can to further the work of the angel world, for the children who gather here."

This visit to the Lyceum was not soon forgotten. It awakened thoughts within the brain of all: and Dr. Graham was by no means loath to accompany Katy and Henry Sunday after Sunday; for, with his developed brain and clear intellect, he could not fail to see and appreciate the advancement on all ideas and customs of this system of religious training for the young.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LECTURE.

"A new religion shakes the earth:
 Christ, unbeknown to outward sage,
 Descends, in forms of love, to birth,
 And leads from heaven the golden age.
 A new religion — new, yet old,
 The spirit's faith, the Eden theme, —
 Descends, the weary earth to fold
 In joy transcending angel's dream.
 Whence comes the light? Whence comes the power,
 To burst the chains and break the rod?
 Whence comes the bright delivering hour?
 'Tis all of God, 'tis all of God!"

IN the evening, Dr. Graham attended the regular evening services of the society of Spiritualists, in company with Katy and her friends, and listened attentively to the words of inspiration that fell from the lips of that noble apostle of the new dispensation, — Emma F. Jay Bullene. Her subject was, "The Physical and Spiritual Nature of Man: his Present and Future." Only a brief synopsis of the eloquent discourse can be given in these pages; but sufficient to show the power which startled Dr. Graham, and annihilated many of his pet theories. The speaker began by saying, —

In days gone by, mankind had walked on in blind-

ness, ignorant of the great laws which governed the physical and spiritual nature of the race; and, even at the present day, these springs of action were but little understood. Never had man been able to perceive so fully as now the presence of the angels who walked by his side, bringing with them, in their return to earth, the tidings of a higher life, and a knowledge of the laws preparatory therefor.

Man, as a physical being, was composed of absolute principles, the aggregate of which made up his spirituality. The spiritual principles were wholly dependent on the physical; and any attempt to ameliorate the condition of the race must be founded on an amended condition of the bodily powers. Within the human organism resided a trinity of forces, — the electric, galvanic, and mesmeric or magnetic; and the economy of Nature in the physical form gave also three currents, — the arterial, venous, and electro-magnetic or nervous fluids; the uniform co-operation of each with each forming the basis of that state we called physical health, which was the true road to spiritual progress. The nervous fluid had its life from two organs in the form, — the brain and the spleen; each of which supplied the food necessary for the proper support of the equilibrium of the nervous system. In years to come, mortals should understand the hidden meaning of the laws governing their being; then these powers would be put in command, and health should be the rule, not the exception, — a health obtained by the cultivation or restraint (if need be) of certain natural principles; not by recourse to drugs which poisoned the occult forces of the body.

The law of physical harmony must be better understood by us: it was the duty of each to investigate. Every medicine, or article of food, taken into the system, which was not adapted to the case in hand, was productive of deleterious effects; and only by a knowledge of the requisite remedies could health be established, and we become true men and women. Could a man with a diseased stomach possess an equilibrium of temper? Could a woman with shattered health preserve a collected state of mind amid her manifold cares? Only study and research could develop the knowledge required; and, when the revelations of Spiritualism should be fully understood, they would bring to the inquirer a lasting reward for his toil.

As the physical nature of man so closely concerned the spiritual, it was the duty of all to make use of whatever means lay within reach to perfect that nature; to supply deficiencies, or remove redundances, should any exist. Therefore a proper attention to food was necessary. *Animal food* produced *animal propensities* and powers: if you were already possessed of a large supply of these, you should eschew animal food; and, by so doing, you would grow more in spirituality in *one year without*, than in *five years with*, the use of such diet. *Vegetable food* was calculated to develop purely *intellectual faculties*; and one who desired a rapid development of the intellectual organs should follow the use of this diet, unless lacking vitality to *sustain* the labor of mental culture, in which case more animal food must be used. *Fruit and flowers* were calculated to induce *spiritual culture*. It might be objected, that it was impossible

to eat flowers; but there was an aromal influence continually going out from them, which was capable of being received with benefit by the organisms, not only of mortals, but of those in the spirit-world. Was it not well known that the Circassian ladies, the most beautiful of earth, were bathed in the extract of roses, and fed upon their leaves? If all classes of fruits and blossoms were not in the highest degree productive of spiritual good, why was it that spirits so frequently brought offerings of flowers? In the spirit-world, the flowers reached their highest place: fading on earth, they were re-assembled in brighter forms in the morning-land; and their aroma, floating out upon the breeze, became the sustenance of the spiritual host.

These hints were thrown out that man might know his needs, and the means of their satisfaction. By reason of their prayers and labors, the few earnest souls who had as yet investigated the truths of spirit revelation were fifty years in advance of their generation in this knowledge of the forces composing physical harmony; and the time should come, when man should attain such perfection that children would be produced in accordance to Nature's highest models, because of no mistakes, through ignorance, in generation. No more deformed, idiotic *experiments* would be ushered into physical life; but true forms and true hearts, able to fight successfully the tempter who met them at the corner of the streets.

Upon a correct state of the physical forces depended not only health, but also the power of receiving impressions. Thus it would be found, by a

knowledge of the laws governing the nervous fluid, that a surplus of magnetism gave sustenance to the impressional faculties, a surplus of galvanism produced powers of healing, and a surplus of electromagnetic or nervous fluid gave more power to decide upon those problems which met us in life at every footstep.

Man had been accustomed to look upon the mineral kingdom only as a direct or indirect producer of gold to increase his material wealth; but there was a higher and holier use reserved for it, when its capabilities became fully understood. It had remedies within it so potent for the destruction of disease, that, in days to come, no more bodies should be malformed and poisoned out of the world before their time by the *imperfect* use of mineral and vegetable drugs; but the only destroyer of the human form should be the steady decay which attends the coming on of old age. Precious stones had an influence which was not fully known at the present day. *Pure crystal*, worn by the *neuralgic invalid*, became a sort of railroad track on which the spiritual power of healing could flow down to banish that excruciating disease. The emerald, ruby, and pearl were the most valuable, medicinally, among the precious stones; but the diamond, in the process of its development, had become so etherealized as to lose its grosser powers, and was only capable of use in the spirit-world, to cause communion with mortals. The time was coming, when the external, not internal, application of minerals would be used to cure the diseases of mortality.

The spiritual nature of man—what was its present? what its future? We found in *it* also a trinity,—soul, mind, spirit; as Nature produced every thing in the magic recurrence of the numbers three, seven, and twelve. What of the soul? It was the abstract power wherein we were patterned after our Creator, holding the possibility of all knowledge. In every human being, whether Hottentot or Christian, it is all the same: when they assumed human forms, they were endowed with divine souls, containing the germs of all truth centered therein. These germs of truth might lie dormant till awakened by the reviving touch of spiritual influences; but they nevertheless had an existence.

What of the mind? It was that power of our nature which perceived all truth when baptized by the soul-principle. This was the watchman on the walls of our Zion who looked out afar off, to warn of approaching trial; who saw on all the hill-tops the dawning of the day!

What of the spirit? It was fashioned on the same great plan of our physical natures; but the *physical* was the shadow of the *spiritual*, not the spiritual an outgrowth from the physical. Just as the web was woven from the materials assembled for the purpose, so, during gestation, the child's nature was woven of the particles and powers given by the mother. Was it not, therefore, a wonder that there were *so many* comparatively perfect ones? that the majority of earth's children were not deformed, scrofulous, defective, when, as a mass, the human race so abused the highest, holiest instincts of their nature? The time

would come, when, to man's awakened spiritual vision, Nature's rebuke would be found written in every drop of water, on every leaf of the forest; in that time the knowledge would be received and welcomed which should make earth an Eden, and Death no longer a monster of fear, but an angel of light, calling the spirit to grander realms and more celestial joys.

This spiritual nature is only mantled with the fleshly covering of the physical body: and yet it is so centered therein that it must have the proper quantity of spiritualized vitality it needs for its support; and this supply can only be obtained through efforts to cultivate a healthy physical organism by the observance of physiological laws. As the time would come when physical suffering would yield to man's enlarged knowledge, so also should the spiritual nature be freed from the constant jars and shocks of to-day; and a calm, healthful serenity of body and mind would be the normal condition of earth's inhabitants.

Spirits sometimes come back to earth, gross, ignorant, dark, covered over by the lusts of flesh, because they lived before passing away on poisonous aliment, which created tendencies in them which must be eradicated ere they could hope for better things. These tendencies are corrupting in their nature; for all on the same plane absorb the poisonous effluvia. But, as the rose drew up from the sod only that food appropriate to it, so would the spirit imbibe only those influences surrounding it and fitted to its development; therefore poisoned spirits could only influence

those on their own plane. Those diseases which now caused spirits to vacate the earthly tabernacle before their time should disappear; and thus a great step in the path of improvement would be made in the years to come. But what was the duty of those who lived *to-day* on the earth, toward the crippled and deformed spirits of either the mortal or eternal world? It was the duty of all while in the flesh to study the laws of their being; to become missionaries to the ignorant, whether "they will hear or forbear;" to put forth "line upon line, and precept upon precept," for the guidance of man, the psychologizing of the world!

How glorious were the developments and revelations of spiritual knowledge! But all who professed to possess this knowledge were not pure. The reason of this was, that, while they accepted the facts, they were not governed by the principles inculcated thereby; they went on crucifying their better natures, their high and holy aspirations after truth, and were content to suffer in mind and body, as the punishment of their wanderings.

There were changes going on day by day in the spirit-spheres. As new spirits became developed to higher powers, new organizations were instituted for the benefit of mortals on earth. There were two great Co-operative Associations in the world of souls, whose aims and purposes should be copied on the earth-sphere, — one Maternal Association, the object of which was to take care of the little waifs thrown off from earthly life ere their intellects were fully molded and developed for individual action; these

were cared for, and taught and reared in spirit-life: the other, also called a Maternal Association, had for its object the establishment of the best ante-natal circumstances and conditions that could be obtained for human mothers, that a purer and mightier race should come after those now on earth.

From the land of spirits rang out the cry to mortals of to-day, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!" Not the gospel of creed-bound bigotry and superstition, but the gospel of everlasting truth, — a physical and spiritual gospel, that should unfold to each child of earth a knowledge of the higher development of which they were capable.

Spiritualism was the great instrument which should outwork the problem in the grand future. It came to every one in life, — not only to believers, but even the Orthodox clergymen of to-day were giving (unconsciously) to their people, some small scintillations of this truth. A flood of glorious effulgence was being poured forth from the spirit-spheres, bathing all in its kindling radiance; each act for truth made larger the breach, increased the light, and, whether the doer was conscious of it or not, baptized some immortal soul with joy unspeakable, and unlocked for it the gateway of the higher life!

Even now is being made known a deeper significance to the words of Him of old when he said, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and, when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." To many hearts, in fireside musings, there came brilliant flashes

of thought from lands afar: and though we might wonder why they came, when from our humble position we could not disseminate them to the world, yet we were then and there baptized in truth; and the calm of our spirits, amid the turmoil of after-life, when these solitary hours were passed away, was a reward at once sublime and glorious. Such moments of solemn private invocation gave us a power for good that was measureless: they were the jeweled lines which led erring mortals to the throne of the Great Father of all.

Within the last twenty years, what had not been accomplished? To the free thought generated and spread abroad by Spiritualism, science owed her rapid advance, no longer bound by the hard lines of creed. The great scientific investigators were not all Spiritualists; but the fact of spirit return had started the faculty of inquiry in man, and a flood of nervous interrogating power had gone forth to the discovery of means for the saving of labor and the universal upraising of the race.

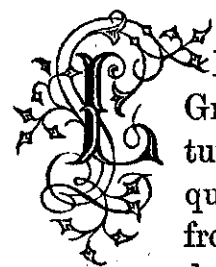
The results to attend the future work of Spiritualism were too grand for the human understanding: only the Infinite Mind can comprehend them. We should pray without ceasing for the rapid diffusion of that knowledge and power which should eventually raise man to the highest development of which he was the embodied possibility.



CHAPTER XXXV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"We have need of one another
 In the changing scenes of life:
 For each other gathering diamonds,
 From each other warding strife;
 Sharing each in every sorrow,
 Blessing each in every joy,
 Lessening pains and heightening pleasures,
 By a love without alloy."



LITTLE now remains to be told. Dr. Graham accompanied Katy to circles, lectures, and visited test-mediums, until all questionings and doubts were removed from his mind, and he came out of the darkness into the light, and accepted the truth; and his soul was glad.

Of course, the constant society of Katy enabled Dr. Graham to become thoroughly acquainted with all the beautiful traits of her character; and being keenly alive to the beautiful, and capable of appreciating the good, was it strange that he learned to love her with all the devotion of a strong and ardent nature like his? No; and when he told her of this love, and asked her to bless the days of his earth-life with her presence, she laid her hand in his, and, without hesitation or false delicacy, said, —

"Dr. Graham, I love you; and the good angels who guard and guide me bless that love, and bid me blend my life with yours; and together we will work for the benefit of mankind, and for their emancipation from the chains of error which hold them in bondage worse than that which binds man to his fellow-man."

They were married: but no priestly blessing was pronounced upon the union, no hollow words of pretended sanctity repeated; but they stood up in the presence of God and God's angels, and before man, and plighted their vows; and the Angel of Peace folded her white wings about them, and the spirits of dear ones departed sang songs of rejoicing, and scattered blessings of hope and love before them, to cheer their lives with fragrance and rich perfume.

Henry opened a studio in New York, and, with his brush inspired by the invisible power which controlled him, won him fame and wealth.

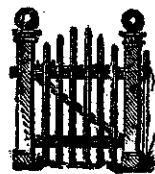
And in all our land there is not a more harmonious and truly happy home than that of Dr. Graham; and there are no more earnest workers in the field of reform than Dr. Graham and his lovely wife.

Mr. Graves makes his home with Mr. Harris in Boston; and they are faithful laborers in the field, giving liberally of their means, and doing all in their power to further the spread of truth.

We have followed the characters of our story through struggles and trials; we have seen, how, by faith and love and perfect trust, and confidence in the unbounded love of God, they have been led by his angels to triumph. We have followed them through

the darkness into the light; and we will now leave them with the radiance of that light filling their lives and earthly pathway with its angelic presence.

And may the angels of God hover ever around and near our readers! and may they be prompted to declare the glory and the joy of spirit presence and spirit communion, and let the light into thousands of darkened and clouded souls, who are thirsting for the waters of truth!



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