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# MAYWEED BLOSSOMS.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "ALICE VALE," "HELEN HARLOW'S VOW," "SUFFRAGE  
FOR WOMAN," ETC.

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TO  
MY FRIENDS EVERYWHERE,  
AND TO  
MY BEST FRIEND IN PARTICULAR,

Are these Blossoms Dedicated.

THAT THEY MAY COME FORTH FROM LIFE'S TRIALS WITH A RECORD  
AS STAINLESS AS THE PETALS OF THE HUMBLE MAYWEED, AND  
WITH A HEART-RICHNESS WHICH SHALL FIT THEM TO  
BLOOM WITHIN THE GATES OF PARADISE,

IS THE SINCERE PRAYER OF

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

TO THE READER.

KIND READER:

You may think that I have chosen a singular name for the collection which I now give you in book form; but is it not good to seek to glorify common things? And though

The Mayweed is a bitter herb,  
A humble wayside flower,  
With neither form nor fragrance  
To grace a regal bower;  
A common, vulgar, wayside weed,  
That few would ever pause to heed,

Yet deep within its heart of gold  
The sunbeams love to play,  
And from its petals purely white  
Comes the unbroken ray  
Which gives the colors all in one,  
Reflecting all, retaining none.

L. W.

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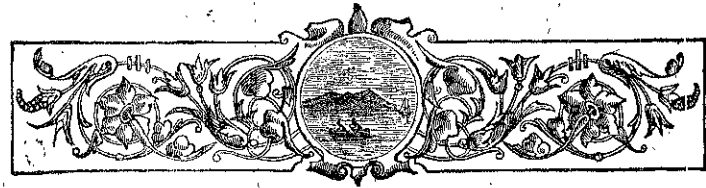
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## MAYWEED BLOSSOMS.

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### WHAT MAYWEED SAID.



WHEN the sunlight bursts forth in its brightness, or the rainbow arches the clouds, my soul leaps with gladness, and I think, "Who so happy as I? Who so much cause for rejoicing?" But when the clouds return after the rain, and the chilling winds cause my sensitive spirit to shrink within itself, I feel like exclaiming, "O, ye that pass by, turn and see if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow!"

It was upon such a time as this that I wandered forth and sat me down upon a friendly log, by the side of which grew the homely Mayweed. "Just like my entire life," said I, as I looked upon its familiar face; "unattractive without and bitter within; no sweetness, no beauty, covered with dust, and trampled under foot in the highway." But as I thus pondered, a busy bee paused in its onward flight to salute the humble weed,

while a voice, that seemed to issue therefrom, said, "Were there no sweetness the bee would not tarry in its flight, and as for the beauty, wait." Surprise changed the current of my thoughts, and forgetting my sorrow, I listened intently for more, and lo! I was taken back to the very morning of my childhood.

The simple weed seemed possessed of clairvoyance, for it told me of the time when I had pressed its kindred beneath my little feet, as I made my way for the first time to the portico of a-b-c-dom, and there was no sorrow in the recollection. Ah, the very spirit of Mayweed! I could fancy it to have stepped forth from the form, and to be leading my spirit over the pathway of that life of which I had spoken so bitterly. Back and forth we went over the devious windings of that summer at school. "See here," said my guide; "do you remember this creek, by the side of which you used to play, bringing moss from the woods to carpet the sand, the floor of the play-house, and to make a bed for dolly, decking the whole with the scarlet berries that grew beneath the pines?" Just here came the thought of the day I played in that same creek till the teacher had to wrap me in her shawl while she dried my clothes. Well, I suppose it was not quite so pleasant in the time of it, but I question if the delight of paddling in the liquid crystal did not fully compensate for the annoyance of the wise sayings of, "See what little girls get by being naughty," etc., etc. If not, I am sure that the laughs I have had since, in reference thereto, have more than made up the deficiency. No, there was no sorrow in the recollection of those years. What cared I for poverty? The trees and the flowers were as beau-

tiful to me as to the richest; the broad earth was as green, and the blue heavens as bright; and then, in my grandfather's home, where I was privileged to stay through that, my four-year-old summer, — a very unpretending dwelling by the way, but to me wonderful, — within was comfort, and without the glorious old pear trees, the big sweet apple tree that almost tossed its fruit into our bedroom window, with the plums, and the cherries, the walnuts that grew in the fields, and the chestnuts in the woods. What a world of treasure stored away in the chambers of Memory, to be enjoyed even yet! "Is it not so?" said Mayweed; and my spirit could but reply in the affirmative; and yet, with a kind of perversity which is perhaps peculiar to me, I look some two years ahead to a scene in that same home, where I find myself in tears. Tears for what? Why, you see, "Little girls must be industrious," and I was learning to knit; but the glad shouts of uncles not much older than myself, and of cousins also, have tempted me from my task, and here I am in the midst of them, my hair streaming in the wind, and as merry as the merriest; but a voice that I dare not disobey summons me back to my little chair and my knitting-needles with, "Ain't you ashamed to be out there with the boys?" and so I weep, but not much; for that only brings additional reproof to the eldest granddaughter, of whom they are somewhat proud, and would like to manufacture into the article known as "Lady."

A little thorn this, but I cannot forget the pain quite so quickly as I did the other, for it was a real robbery of my rights, and my heart goes out in sympathy to the thousands who have been robbed in like manner.

Mayweed, however, is again at hand, and she gently leads me back to the school-room. "Do you recollect," she says, "when you read of the lazy sheep\* who ate 'grass, and daisies white,' how you wondered what the white daisy was? There was a golden-colored, buttery-leaved flower, which you had named yellow daisy, but nothing that had ever fallen under your eye that filled your idea of what a white daisy should be; and yet you might be mistaken, and, wandering in a by-path by yourself, when recess came, you gathered some of the fairest of the Mayweeds among my ancestors, and tried to make yourself believe that they were the flowers intended."

While Mayweed was thus reminding me of the ancient examination, I plucked, and began, unconsciously, to examine a blossom from the one before me; when a voice by my side — a real human voice — said, "You think that is homely, auntie; but just look through this, and then see;" presenting me, at the same time, a magnifying glass of moderate power.

"Well, Charley, this does change the appearance somewhat," said I; "but it is not very beautiful yet."

He regarded me a moment with an amused look, and then handed me one of much higher power. I adjusted it to the humble weed, and what a transformation! Glorious beyond all I had ever imagined, the very dust upon its leaves sparkling like diamonds. "Beautiful! beautiful!" I exclaimed, in rapt astonishment, when there came a soft whisper, "No beauty, no sweetness. Is thy life like the Mayweed's?" "Would to God 'it might be!" was the full response of my heart. "The lens of thy spirit is the glass through which thou must look upon it," came in sweet reply. "As it expands

thou wilt find the bitter bringing sweetness — the unattractive changing to attractive — then beautiful, then dazzlingly glorious — brighter and still brighter, as the jewels polished by the rough hand of Time reflect the blaze of Eternity." I listened till the voice ceased, and then went forth content.

### FAINT NOT.

FAINT not, soul, beneath thy sorrow;  
Long the night that brings no morrow;  
Woo thou Hope, and she will sing,  
While she folds her fluttering wing,  
Soothing strains, to cheer thy way,  
Till night brings the new-born day.

Courage, courage, struggle on:  
If a cloud obscures thy sun,  
Dream not that thy joys are past;  
Of thy faith 'tis but a test:  
Courage, and it soon shall be  
A crowning gem in victory.

# FLOWERS THAT BLOOM BESIDE THE WATERS.

FLOWERS that bloom beside the waters,  
 Murmuring waters,  
 Coming from the hidden fountains  
 Of the heart, —  
 Fathomless fountains  
 That, with joy or sorrow moved,  
 Give the tints those flowers are showing,  
 All the hues in which they're glowing,  
 As a mirror  
 Giveth back an image true.

Flowers that bloom beside the waters,  
 Gushing waters,  
 That with life instinctive swelling,  
 Upward welling, ever welling,  
 Out in rivulets are flowing,  
 On the banks of which are growing,  
 In varied hues,  
 Those blooming flowers —  
 Flowers, and buds, whose bursting fragrance  
 Floateth heavenward, —  
 Floateth through the upper air  
 Till the angels bend to breathe it,  
 Bend to breathe it,  
 And return it,  
 Sweetening thus our every care.

Flowers that bloom beside the waters,  
 Laughing waters,  
 Leaping upward,  
 Like a full-toned shout of joy,  
 When the soul takes in the gladness,  
 Draughts of gladness,  
 That through Nature's wide domains  
 Flows, as floweth through our veins  
 The living tide;  
 Leaping up, then backward falling  
 To the earth,  
 For the flowerets that are calling  
 Know their worth;  
 Know, they to those liquid crystals  
 Owe their birth.

Flowers that bloom beside the waters,  
 Bitter waters,  
 Where the wormwood of affliction  
 Hath been cast,  
 Till with shrinking we have shivered  
 As they to our lips were pressed;  
 Waters where the fragrant rose  
 Blooms, then sinks to its repose  
 With the thorns all turned within,  
 Drawing from life's vital fount  
 Its crimson hues.

Flowers that bloom beside the waters,  
 All along the path of life;  
 Born of grief, or born of gladness, —  
 Born, where rippling o'er its bed

'Tis so shallow,  
That each pebble  
Gives an eddying whirl,  
And the sunlight makes it sparkle,  
Till 'tis fairer  
E'en than they, the flowers.

Born where in their quiet flow  
Silently the waters go,  
Hiding all their depths;  
Or where, winding through the shade  
Where the cares of life have hid  
The light of heaven  
In that shadow of the tomb,  
Growing up without perfume,  
Fading almost ere they bloom,  
An ashen hue is given.

Born where life becomes a cascade,  
Leaping from some rocky wall, —  
Leaping till its shivered atoms  
Weave the sunlight  
Into rainbows,  
While the foaming and the dashing  
Tend to quiet flow again, —  
Even here they will be blooming,  
For they're sown beside all waters;  
Germes of flowers,  
By angel hands.  
Germes of flowers that bloom to wither, —  
Here on earth flowers will wither,  
But their fruits,

If protected, they shall ripen  
In a fairer world than this —  
Ripen for the hands that sowed them,  
Ripen for the hearts that nourished.  
Both shall share  
The harvest bliss.

---

THE FLOWERS OF LIFE.

THE burning sun of noon was o'er me;  
A long journey lay before me;  
I looked around on all the plain  
For shelter, but I sought in vain.  
Just then I saw, far down the way,  
A flower of colors bright and gay:  
I ran in haste to gather it,  
Unmindful of the noontide heat.

And then another and another  
Drew me still further on and further, —  
Ah, yes, they even drew me on  
Until my journey was quite done;  
Then, as I turned to seek for rest,  
Thinking how much I had been blest,  
'Twas thus I mused: "What should we do  
But for life's flowers, as we pass through?"

## HEART LEAVES.

Heart leaves, as ye turn them o'er,  
 Ye that are called sages,  
 Can ye read the mystic lore  
 Traced upon their pages?

O, THE heart! the heart! What a strange, complicated piece of workmanship! The human heart, — the seat of feeling and affection, of all the various emotions which go to make so large a share of the happiness or misery of the individual! Heart leaves: turn them over; read them till their number shall exceed the leaves of the forest; but do not imagine, even then, that thy task is accomplished, for new ones continue to present themselves, each varying from the other, and stretching on, onward, till the years of eternity are numbered. Only to the eye of the Infinite are they spread out in one ever-present panorama.

As the lights and shades — the rough and smooth places, and all that, taken separately, would look like unmeaning distortions — are needed to make the work of the artist perfect, to make a picture that shall proclaim a master's hand, so is each leaf in that wondrous book called "The Heart" needed to form a perfect volume. But here there are no stereotyped editions — no ten thousands struck from the same type. No; each book is a new work, complete in itself — original and distinct from all others.

You may do them up in the same covers, give them the same title, and try to pass them off for copies of the

same work, but it will not do; sooner or later you will discover that God declares his infinity in all his works, and that variety is the natural language of that infinity. Cease then, poor foolish mortal, to measure the capabilities of another by thine own. Think not, when thou hast deciphered a portion of what is written upon some page of thine own heart, that thou hast obtained so much of an insight into the multitudes of hearts around thee; for none but the "dear God" can fathom the life-springs of humanity, and he only can touch the chords to which their deep pulsations vibrate.

## PLEASURE.

LONG time I sought for Pleasure;  
 At length to me she came,  
 And with her a companion, —  
 The people call her Pain.  
 She quickly introduced me  
 To this unwelcome one,  
 And then as quickly left me,  
 But, O, she went alone!

### "WE'VE GOT A GARDEN!"

"O, Miss, we've got a garden! come and see our garden!" said a little, slender, blue-eyed child, in one of those dwellings so common in cities, — those which are so closely huddled together that there seems hardly room left for a breath of air to intervene. I wondered where room could be found for a garden in that crowded place. I followed the child, however, and she led me to the back part of the building, then pointing to a window over the sink, she bade me look out, and there, on about a yard of ground, I saw a few green sprouts of some kind, the seeds of which had been accidentally scattered, and had taken root in that uncongenial place. Never shall I forget the sickening feeling which came over me as I looked at those pale, sickly plants, and then into the eyes of that equally delicate child, as they danced for joy, while she continued repeating, "See! we've got a garden! haven't we got a garden?" It was Nature's own voice, speaking in language not to be misunderstood, asserting her right to the love of her children. And then to think that this feeling must be warped, twisted out of shape by the force of surrounding circumstances, and perhaps entirely crushed from the heart of that trusting one ere womanhood was attained, was indeed sad. How often since then have I thought of that child, and wondered what has been her fate; and how often, as I have seen large plats of ground running to waste for want of cultivation, have I thought how differently they would look, if the owners loved their gardens as she loved hers!

### COUNTING THE STARS.

You ask me what I'm thinking of,  
And willingly I'll tell,  
For 'tis of other scenes on which  
Fond memory loves to dwell.  
I'm thinking of a cottage fair  
That stood among the hills,  
Where I sported in my childhood,  
Amid the sparkling rills.

I'm thinking of a grassy plot  
Before that cottage door,  
Where carelessly I laid me down  
One night, in times of yore, —  
Yes, carelessly I laid me down,  
Unmindful of the dew  
That fell like sympathizing tears  
From yonder arch of blue.

I looked upon yon milky path,  
Which seemeth to me now  
Like a wreath of silvery roses  
Upon Creation's brow,  
And thought it was a fleecy cloud  
That stretched across the way,  
And cast its shadow on the path  
Of the departing day.

I looked upon Night's radiant gems,  
And with my childish eye,



I tried to trace my alphabet  
 Upon that page so high;  
 I counted clusters one by one,  
 The great ones and the small,  
 Until at last I thought that I  
 Would try and count them all.

Ah, little did I think  
 That the angels hovering o'er me  
 Were greater in their number  
 Than the stars that shone above me!  
 Ah, little did I think  
 That those orbs, so wondrous fair,  
 Were to me but a symbol,  
 My angel name a star!

### THOUGHTS.

THOUGHTS are angel children, begotten in the depths of congenial minds, and brought forth from thence, to bless or curse the world. See to it, then, O mortal! even to the character of thy thoughts, for by them thou shalt know whether thou art in sympathy with good or evil angels. Evil is undeveloped good.

### PLEASANT FLOWERS.

WHEN I was twelve years of age, my father rented a house and lot of Esquire C——, in the town of D——. His daughter had her bed for flowers, and of course I must have one, so I selected a spot, and filled it with the choicest seeds and roots that I could obtain. Two years passed. They grew and flourished, yielding their share of beauty to gladden our hearts, and then we changed our residence. The following spring I visited my friend, and with her the spot which had once been my home. How changed! The house was full of machinery instead of happy children. The garden fence was thrown down, and what had once been so carefully tended was exposed to the invasion of anything that chose to enter. I surveyed the scene in silence, but passing round the house, a vision of beauty met my eye which chased away my sadness. There were some of my flowers in full bloom, bending their heads gracefully to the morning breeze in spite of the surrounding ruin. And can we not thus plant flowers in the moral, as well as in the natural world, such as will bloom in the midst of desolation? What though we move from place to place, is it any the less our duty to scatter sunshine as we go?

## THE TWO HOMES.

LONG years have elapsed since I gazed on those homes  
 So dear to my heart when a child;  
 Where plants of affection sent forth their perfumes,  
 And grandparents looked on and smiled.  
 They who dwelt in those homes were equally kind,  
 I cannot tell, which I loved best;  
 Then why in my dreams do I still always find  
 That but one is the place of my rest?

Why is it I pause but a moment at one,  
 Then hasten to pluck the bluebell  
 Which grew o'er the river? or yet farther on  
 I seek the wild grape of the dell?  
 Then off to the hills where the blueberry grows,  
 Or on the brookside the wild plum?  
 'Tis thus when my body has sunk to repose  
 I wander away from that home.

But when to the other, on wings of delight  
 I speed me, full long is my stay;  
 In the orchard and garden I revel all night,  
 Nor leave till the breaking of day.\*  
 O, this is the cord, the secret that bound  
 My heart like a charm to the spot—  
 Here flowers and fruits in abundance were found,  
 While they at the other were not.

## THE USE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

"It is very pretty, but I don't know as it is of much use to soul or body either."

The above remark was made in my hearing, not long since, by a lady who has lived more than sixty years in this beautiful world, upon being shown a nice piece of worsted embroidery. "It is very pretty, but I don't know as it is of much use to soul or body either."

And what is your idea of use? thought I, as I looked into her time-worn face. Is it that a thing is of no value, unless it will bring money or its equivalent?

God must have made a strange mistake in preparing a home for man, if money is the *sine qua non* of all that is desirable; if a beautiful thing is of no use because we can neither eat, wear, or sell it, which latter we could never do if there were none to appreciate it. If, then, it is of no use because it cannot be appreciated in any of these ways, why did God send forth the spirit of beauty to pervade, like the breath of life, all created things?

Beautiful, and yet of no use! O, woman, thy gray hairs should make thee venerable; but has the lapse of years so shrivelled up thy soul that thou canst feel no joy in looking upon that which is lovely? Does the song of birds, the delicately tinted flower, the stately tree,

"With quivering bliss of thousand leaves,  
 Kissed by the wooing summer breeze,"

the gorgeous sunset clouds, the shining stars, or blush

of early morn, never awaken emotions of gladness, and cause thy spirit to thrill with unutterable bliss?

Canst thou see nought in fields of waving grain, flocks of bleating sheep, droves of lowing kine, but the shining dollar? Canst thou look upon the abundance of luscious fruit, or listen to the hum of bees, and think of nothing but the gratification of the palate? Then, indeed, art thou miserably poor. Though thy possessions should reach from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, the veriest beggar, whose heart is open to the charms of nature, is richer than thou, and may say, in the language of the poet,

"Cleon hath his million acres,  
Not a penny I,  
Yet the poorer of the twain  
Is Cleon, and not I."

If that mother has spent all the years of her life thus, if she has brought up her ten children to see no value in aught but money, the world could well have spared her for all the good she has ever done it.

She may be called an energetic woman; but of what use has that energy been, if it has only moulded the hearts of her children into stone, by making them insensible to all the softer influences of life, thus crushing out the better part of their natures? If, under her influence, her sons and daughters barter their best affections for gold or position, what is gained by such energy? Are families made happy, is society better, does the blessing of the poor follow in its footsteps?

"God is love, and they who dwell in love dwell in God;" 'tis true, also, that he is an energetic power, and

that energy, which trains souls without the love of God as seen in his works, is training them for a harvest of sorrow.

Suppose those children yield themselves to such an influence, become moulded and fashioned with one absorbing idea, money, what happiness can their companions or children find in their society? And even if their love of possession should be restrained sufficiently to keep their hands off the property of another, what benefit will they ever be to neighbors or friends?

But suppose, when they come to act for themselves, that they should break away from the unnatural restraints of their childhood, and seek, in the gratification of their appetites or passions, compensation for the higher and nobler enjoyments of which they have been deprived, what then? Why, we shall have the drunkard, the glutton, or the heartless libertine.

O, mother, what a sad mistake you made when you thought that the love of the beautiful was of no use to soul or body either! This love is implanted in the heart of all, it is a want of our nature, and throughout the works of Nature we find provision made to meet this want; but if this provision is left unappropriated, this part of ourselves uncultivated, the restless longings of our souls will find vent somewhere, and streams turned from their course are apt to do mischief.

If parents only felt, and taught their children to feel, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," what different looking homes should we see all over the land! Neatness would take the place of filth, and beauty of deformity. We should not see pigsties and barnyards in such close proximity to our dwellings, neither would those

dwellings be exposed to the scorching rays of the summer sun or the driving blasts of winter because each cooling, protecting shade had been destroyed; and their walls would not be lined, as they now often are, with store advertisements, or other coarse pictures.

How my heart ached to see rooms that were daily frequented by bright-eyed, beauty-loving cherubs, disfigured by the portrait of some public dancer, dressed in almost any conceivable style but a modest one; or perhaps a rude sketch of some bloody battle, placed in a conspicuous view.

Do such parents ever stop to think of the power of association, or do they not care? Do they not know that our characters are, in a great measure, formed by what is continually presented for our admiration? and, if, they admire such things enough to give them a place in that sacred spot called home, will not their children think them valuable, and the scenes they represent worthy of being imitated?

Very young children will, if properly taught, soon see the difference between the beautiful and the comical or ludicrous. I was once spending a few months in a family where this part of the soul was well cultivated. One day Charley brought in a comic picture that he had found somewhere, and gave it to his little sister, but little more than three years old. She looked at it a moment, then commenced laughing heartily. "Is it pretty, Fanny?" said her mother. "It's funny," she replied. It was not pretty, but funny; it excited her mirth, but not her admiration. Very correctly answered; but how had this young child learned so soon to select the proper language for expressing the differ-

ence? Go to the play-room where she spent hours each day with her brothers and sisters. Look at the papers and magazines that were appropriated to their use, and from which every beautiful picture was carefully selected and arranged, while the funny ones were laughed at and thrown aside, and you will have an answer.

Children love pictures, but this love is liable to be perverted. If we take no pains to place before them images of the beautiful and true, the image of that which is deformed and untrue will form its counterpart in their minds, and go to help make up their characters. But it is not only children that love pictures — the passion is universal, or so nearly so, that of him who does not, it may be said, as of him who has no music in his soul, he

"Is fit for treason, stratagems, and death."

Then why should this part of our souls be so neglected? "Better be earning something to support herself, than spending her time making pictures," said a stern backwoodsman of his sister, who was gratifying her love of nature by trying to imitate its beauties. But who support themselves best? Let those who know them both answer. And go ask that sister if she regrets the time thus spent because it has brought her no golden returns, and she will tell you that money could never purchase such pure pleasure as she has derived from thence.

No; believe me reader, let your walls be adorned by pictures of your own make, or the works of others, that you have learned to appreciate by discipline in that direction, and their presence will create a charm from

which you would not willingly break away ; a something without which your life would seem incomplete.

How many young men, who now frequent the saloon or gambler's hell, would never have been seen there if pains had been taken to make their homes attractive, by gratifying this innate part of their nature. And why should those who have taken it upon them to lure souls to ruin, understand this so much better than they to whom God has intrusted the business of training them aright?

"O," says the poor man, "I have to work to get a living for my family. I have no time to whitewash, paint, plant trees, or train vines. I have no money to buy pictures, or to pay out to have my children taught to make them." But you may find time to have an aching heart when they flee from your comfortless home, to seek at Destruction's mouth the gratification of those tastes for which you have neglected to provide.

"Where there's a will, there's a way." If you could but see the value of such things, you would find time and money too, even if you did without your tobacco, or something else equally useless, if not pernicious.

"But," says one, "what has all this to do with worsted embroidery?"

Nothing, only it forms a part in the chain of the beautiful, the ornamental, which go to make up so much of the enjoyment of life; and they who would repudiate it, because "it does no good to soul or body either," would repudiate a thousand other things for the same reason, without which life would not be very desirable.

Recreation we must have; it is a necessity of our

existence; even the toiling captive proves this by songs that lead the unthinking to believe him happy; and what more innocent recreation can we find than trying to imitate God in his works?

"But," says another, "would you have a woman neglect her household affairs to embroider or paint?"

Never. I would have her see that these are kept in the best of order, but I would have her taught so to arrange them, as not to make a drudge of herself; and I would have her husband, brothers, and sons remember that she needs relaxation as well as they; and I would have them all feel that whatever tends to increase their happiness, whatever adds to the attractions of home, and makes the thought of it a pleasant thing; is good for soul and body both.

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### AUGUST.

THE Sun is an ardent lover  
 These brilliant August days,  
 And Earth, as he bendeth above her,  
 Shrinks from his burning gaze.  
 O Sun, deal gently with her,  
 Lest she faint in thine embrace.

## THE OLD PASTURE FIELD.

DEAR sister, I'm thinking, to-night, of the place  
Where, sporting in childhood's bright day,  
With hearts on which sorrow had left not a trace,  
We carolled the glad hours away.

I think of the spring, and the streamlet which ran  
In its gay laughing beauty along,  
Of the flowers that bent o'er it, their beauty to scan,  
Or list to its murmuring song.

The banks where the hazel and June-berry grew,  
The log which we used as a bridge  
For crossing the stream, which smiled from below,  
Or struggled in impotent rage.

I think of the aspen, so ready to tell  
When the soft summer zephyr flew by,  
The oak in the corner, whose acorn-cups fell  
From boughs that seemed up in the sky.

I think of the vine, whose tendrils alone  
Supported its clustering weight —  
The hoary old rock, whose particles shone  
Like jewels reflecting the light.

I think how we hastened with eager delight  
To greet the old pasture-field slide,  
When Winter came down with his garments of white,  
The bosom of Nature to hide.

But years, as I think, keep coming between,  
With lessons of wisdom and truth;  
As things that recede, in the distance are seen,  
So now are the days of our youth.

The river of Time, as onward it rolls,  
Forbids us our steps to retrace,  
While change after change sweeps over our souls,  
As if all the past to efface.

But change, though it often comes christened in tears,  
Is proving itself but a friend;  
Each tint in life's picture the plainer appears,  
The nearer we come to life's end.

We know that the beautiful blossoms of spring  
Must fade ere the fruit we can taste;  
And life's many changes were given to bring  
Earth's weary ones home to their rest.

## LOVE.

THE magnetic chain which binds in one the universe  
of mind and matter, — the gravitating power attracting  
all things to one common centre, even to Him, whose  
love is the life of all things.

## DISCOURAGED.

DISCOURAGED, ah! Discouraged, are you? Well, I do not know that I can give you better advice than father used to give me when I complained of being tired. He used to say that I must put tired to tired, and at it again; and I suppose you will have to do the same with your discouragements. Poor consolation, do you say? I know that it is, but I can give you no better; and I am not sure that it is so poor after all. What could I say that would be more to the purpose? You don't know? Neither do I; if I did, I would say it. Of what use is it for you to keep struggling, do you ask? Of what use will it be for you to stop? Tell me that? Why, you can die, at least. I deny it: you cannot die. You may pass out from your present habitation, but you cannot die; and if you pass thence before the work that has been assigned you is accomplished, what then? God knows, and the future will reveal it; I cannot.

It is easy to talk, say you, but to what does it amount? I know it is, my friend, and if talking would dispel clouds, would scatter gloom, what a bright world we should have! how quickly the slightest mist of sorrow would vanish! But the poet says,

"How oft the laughing brow of joy  
The sickening heart conceals."

Bah! Poets should know better than to sing such stuff. They should soar above the earth-bound fogs

and mists that envelop common mortals; they should become so etherealized as to feel no weight of care while hymning the praise of cheerfulness; and instead of battling with despair, when faith and hope are the themes of their inspiration, they should frighten the monster to death with one of their gifted smiles. Hunger and cold should fly from the magic touch of their dainty fingers like dew before the summer sun. They should say to neglect and scorn,

"Pass by, I heed you not;"

and to Penury's meagre train,

"Come on; your threats I brave."

Yes, they should say all this, and feel it, too; but such is the perversity of human nature that we ask for "bread" to mingle with "the word that proceedeth from the mouth of God;" and when darkness comes upon us like clouds in the morning, or thick darkness like the pall of night, we fear that it will not be given us. When told that

"The clouds we so much dread,  
Are big with mercies, and shall break  
With blessings on our head,"

we point to the scattering drops that have been licked up, almost, before they reached the thirsty earth, and to the clouds which return after the rain — to the chilling winds and biting frosts — to the empty garner and the empty purse. Strange, is it not, that we should think of such things?

## LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

FROM off the couch of darkness,  
 Where morning bade them rest,  
 Arose Night's frowning shadows,  
 And hastened to the west,  
 To quench the sunset glories  
 That lingered on their way,  
 As if they would assure us  
 Of a returning day.

I stood and watched their progress,  
 Stood 'neath the falling dew,  
 And saw Night draw her curtains,  
 Curtains of sable hue,  
 Before the scenes of nature,  
 That were my heart's delight,  
 And thought it was an emblem  
 Of my own spirit's blight.

Then, as the past came looming  
 Before my tear-dimmed eye,  
 Still darker grew the shadows  
 Across my mental sky, —  
 Grew darker still; in anguish,  
 I turned to seek relief,  
 By weaving into song-wail  
 A record of my grief.

But as I wrote, a something  
 Seemed saying in my ear,

"Why should you thus be helping  
 To make life's pathway drear?  
 Hath not each heart of trial  
 Enough that is its own,  
 That you should add the burden  
 Of griefs which you have known?"

"O, cease to ponder only  
 Upon each cloudy day,  
 And think how much of sunshine  
 Has lighted up your way!  
 When God his love discloses  
 In thousand varied forms,  
 Will you receive the roses,  
 And scatter only thorns?"

"O, what to me is sunshine?"  
 My wayward heart replied,  
 "That into night has faded,  
 Or roses that have died?  
 What cares the weary traveller  
 That there has been a day,  
 When through the thickening shadows  
 He gropes, to find his way?"

And then I turned me sadly  
 Again upon the night,  
 To gaze, as on an emblem  
 Of my own spirit's blight,  
 When, lo! where I had fancied  
 A brow of ebony hue,



Ten thousand gems are gleaming  
From yonder concave blue.

Were gleaming, softly gleaming,  
And with their gentle light,  
They pierced the thickest darkness  
That veiled my spirit's night,  
While through the breaking shadows  
Remembered blessings shone, —  
For Night was still an emblem,  
Though now a glorious one.

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LIFE.

THE visible evidence of an invisible God, — the breath of his nostrils, — the beating pulse that tells of his continued existence, — a spontaneous effort of his begetting power, — an artery filled from the Heart of hearts, — a stream from an exhaustless fountain, — a perpetual out-flowing from the ever-living, ever-moving, everywhere-present Deity, — from the All in all — the GOD.

THE MISTAKEN VINE.

ONCE upon a time there stood, upon the banks of a marshy stream, a young and thrifty vine. The time had come when she could no longer sustain the accumulated weight of her own growth, and the question arose as to where she should seek for the needed support. Upon the left, close upon the borders of the marsh, was an abundance of shrubs and weeds, some of but a year's growth, and some of longer standing; on the right, and but a few rods distant, stood a stately oak.

The oak looked kindly down upon the youthful vine, and said, "Come to me; your graceful foliage shall be a wreath of beauty about my rugged trunk, while I lift you high above the earth, into heaven's broad sunlight; you shall rest securely upon my branches, and together will we listen to the notes of the aerial songsters that come to refresh themselves from your pendent clusters."

But the inhabitants of the marsh said, "Nay, why should you leave your friends for a stranger? Some of us rejoiced at your birth, and others have since come to admire your beauty; we all love you, and why should we be separated? To be sure, we are small as yet, but, like you, we are in the morning of life, and while the oak, that has seen so many years, is going to decay, we shall be flourishing in the vigor of our prime. Come, then, let us grow together, and cement the friendship so happily begun."

The vine, thus harangued, looked thoughtfully from

one to the other, and thus communed within herself: "I should like to sit, like a queen, upon yonder oak; but I do not like the idea of crawling on the ground to reach it, and then to climb so far, with nothing but that rough, rugged trunk to twine about: the very thought of it is shocking. But then, to unite myself with those low bushes would be quite too bad. I ought not to think of it for a moment, and yet they are really growing very fast. Who knows but they may become as high as the oak in the time it would take me to crawl thither and climb to its branches, and by continuing with them, I shall thus save myself all this humiliation and toil."

Delighted with this pleasing conclusion, the vine reached forth her tendrils, and clasping them around her professed friends, agreed to cast in her lot with theirs. Time passed on; the broad-leaved luxuriance of the thrifty vine nearly hid her supporters from sight; only here and there a sprout, more vigorous than the rest, or requiring less room, found its way upward. Autumn came, and the heavy clusters bowed the frail reeds nearly to the earth. Mutual recriminations took place. The vine complained that, instead of being sustained, as she had a right to expect, her fruits were constantly in danger of being destroyed by the four-footed beasts that went that way. And the bushes said, "It is all your own fault; you hide from us the light of heaven, leaving us to pine for its vivifying influence, and then load us with a burden intolerable to be borne."

But their murmurings were of short duration; for a thirsty herd of lowing kine came thither in search of water, and together they were trampled into the mire,

the beautiful clusters being crushed beneath the broad hoofs.

In the mean time the son of the thrifty farmer complained that they had not land enough, and wished his father to purchase more. "But why should we do this," replied the thoughtful sire, "when much that we now have remains uncultivated? The bed of yonder stream can be straightened and deepened, thus making acres that are now useless not only tillable, but of a superior quality?"

The marsh was accordingly cleared; its shrubs and brakes, together with the vine, gathered into heaps and burned. But while they were exterminated, the roots of the vine remained, and life was strong within. Again she sent forth her branches, and again she bent beneath her own weight; but having learned that "humility is before promotion," and "a haughty spirit before a fall," she bowed herself humbly to the earth, and, regardless of the invitations of others, made her way towards the oak; patiently she ascended the rugged trunk, till at last she sat like a "Crown of Glory," a "Diadem of Beauty," upon the topmost boughs.

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"In the long, unmeasured ages,  
Given to the different stages,  
In Progression's onward scale,  
There is hope for each and hope for all."

## PROGRESSION.

AND yet another day has come ;  
 Another day of joy and gladness  
 To many a happy heart and home —  
 To many more it bringeth sadness ;  
 For 'tis the self-same light  
 That giveth to our sight  
 The sparkling eye and rosy cheek,  
 Of health and happiness that speak ;  
 And the maniac's form, whose pulses beat  
 With fierce and fevered madness.

Another day so like the past,  
 That bitter it may bring, or sweetness ;  
 Full well we know it cannot last,  
 For while we pause, its airy fleetness  
 Hath borne it quite away —  
 That new-born dying day.  
 Even now, upon night's ebon car,  
 The pale-faced moon has come from far,  
 And with her many an evening star,  
 Its exit hence to witness.

And thus they haste, both day and night,  
 Like messengers in swift succession,  
 Still crying in their rapid flight,  
 "Trust not, O, mortal, the possession  
 Of joys that come and pass,  
 Like sands within the glass ;

But calmly view each checkered scene  
 With spirit undisturbed, serene,  
 Knowing that nought can intervene  
 Betwixt thee and progression."

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

AN ocean replete with forms of creation,  
 So radiantly bright in their soft emanation,  
 That diamonds of earth grow pale at the sight,  
 Are lost in the depth of its beauty and light.

An ocean, whose waves are rolling forever,  
 So wide and so high, we can measure them never ;  
 So peacefully still, that its on-flowing tides  
 Disturb not a mote on its bosom that rides.

An ocean infinitude glories to call,  
 Broader and deeper and richer than all ;  
 An ocean that Deity bids us to prove,  
 Eternal, essential, unchangeable love.

An ocean that hath neither bottom nor shore,  
 From which those that drink shall thirst never more ;  
 Whose life-giving waters continually rise,  
 To meet new creations with endless supplies.

## LISTEN.

I SAW thee last night, sweet sister, but not as thou now art; the rosy cheeks, and rosebud lips that I kissed so passionately, were those of long, long ago. Even when thy brothers and sisters, proud of the beauty of the youngest darling of the household, took turns in placing thee against the wall, and then stepped back for thee to come tottling, falling into their arms, amid shrieks of childish laughter, while our mother sat watching us with the fond loving pride of her maternal heart.

Sweet sister, never shall I forget when I first took thee from our mother's arms, a dewdrop from the skies, the breath of heaven fresh upon thy velvet cheek. Ah, thou wert a very rosebud, the last of our domestic summer! For the frosts of death came all too soon, and the parent stem withered beneath its touch. Then they took the pillow from thy head, even thy mother's bosom, and thee from us; then we were scattered like leaves of autumn before the breath of poverty.

Yes, we were scattered, and now I see thee only in dreams, but never will the sweet prattling of thine infant years be erased from thy sister's heart; and though our paths on earth are widely separated, a mother's eye is looking from the heavens upon us. A mother's yearnings mingle with those of the great Infinite Heart over all the dear ones left behind, and we hope to meet a united family in heaven.

## SHOWERS.

LET others sing of bright sunshine,  
Of richest fruits and flowers,  
I choose another theme for mine, —  
I sing the gentle showers:  
The rain, the crystal drops that come  
In myriads from their airy home,  
That they may aid in giving birth  
To all that springeth from the earth.

There's many a glittering gem that shines  
Upon earth's bosom fair,  
And deeply hid within her mines  
Are jewels, rich and rare;  
But is there one to vie with these,  
Suspended from the dewy trees?  
These clusters on each lovely flower,  
Left by the welcome summer shower?

O, beautiful the robe which spring  
Flings o'er this world of ours,  
And bright-eyed summer comes to bring  
Her coronal of flowers!  
And autumn, from his garner, yields  
Abundance to the wide-spread fields;  
But fruitful fields we seek in vain,  
Or robe, or flowers, without the rain.

The glorious sun, with gladness sheds  
 His light from out the skies,  
 And flowerets from their lowly beds,  
 As if to meet him rise;  
 And every shrub and plant that grows,  
 Hastens its beauty to disclose;  
 But brighter still will they look up  
 With rain drops in each tiny cup.

Then let it come, the gladsome rain,  
 To beautify the earth;  
 Yes, let it come, again, again,  
 For who can tell its worth!  
 But, Father, when thou sendest showers  
 To fructify this world of ours,  
 Remember that our hearts will prove  
 Barren without thy showers of love.

### MY GOD, MY HEAVEN, MY ALL.

I WAS walking along the streets one pleasant morning, when I saw an awkward-looking, coarsely-dressed boy crossing the Common at a little distance. He was singing. At first I could not distinguish the words, but my involuntary thought was "some vulgar rhyme, no doubt." I had been particularly grieved that morning by the naughty conduct of one who was dear to me, and my feelings were running in rather a sad channel,

and I followed out those feelings by proceeding to mourn over the evil effects of such coarse and often deeply impure rhyming, when the words "My God, my heaven, my all," fell distinctly on my ear.

He had paused, and was looking down into a pond of water which stood in the centre of the Common, but he continued his singing, and seemed to dwell almost unconsciously on the words, "My God, my heaven, my all."

"So I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heaven, my all."

I had heard them hundreds of times, but never did they sound half so sweetly as now. Those few words from that poor ignorant child — that undeveloped image of the Deity — were to me like the song of an angel, or like the voice of the great Father speaking through mortal lips, saying, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." Yes, he was my God, my heaven, and my all.

I had started to my day's labor, looking within upon my own sad thoughts, instead of without where the sunlight lay, like the smile of love over all the force of nature; but the words that I had heard touched a new chord in my heart, and it thrilled to the hidden harmonies within — harmonies which gushed forth to meet the spirit of gladness that was abroad in the earth. I now felt that I could walk and not be weary, could run and not faint, in the path that was marked out for me; yea, as though I could mount up as on the wings of eagles, to meet that God who was "my God, my heaven, my all," and not only mine, but of every suffering son and daughter of earth.

## SUMMER'S COMING.

SUMMER'S coming, bright-eyed summer,  
 Wreathed about with fruit and flowers —  
 Bringing grain to fill our garners,  
 Giving songs from green-leaved bowers.

From that bright and distant Aiden,  
 Where our future days repose,  
 She is coming, heavy laden  
 With the blessings God bestows.

She will scatter — O, how gladly! —  
 Those rich blessings all abroad,  
 Tokens of the loving kindness  
 Of our Father and our God.

She will kiss the ripening berries  
 Till they blush a crimson hue;  
 While from flowerets that she weareth  
 Humming bees sip honey dew.

She will bid the coming harvest  
 Haste its heart-life to unfold,  
 While the tintings of her pencil  
 Make it look like waves of gold.

She will shake her clustering ringlets  
 O'er the broad-leaved fields of corn,  
 Till the growing ears shall glory  
 In the tresses she has worn.

She will wander by the streamlet  
 Where the branches twine above,  
 And the happy little birdlings  
 Sing of innocence and love.

O, she bringeth joy and gladness  
 As a crown to heart and home;  
 Very soon she will be with us,  
 She is coming, coming come.

## MARRIAGE AND GENIUS.

SOMEBODY says that "all women, whatever their attainments, have a yearning desire to love and be loved again; that the head cannot be educated at the expense of the heart, and that if they cannot obtain such as they can most venerate and respect, they unite themselves to such as tender them the love they have the need of: they dream of happiness, and awake to disappointment." . . . "Not alone are *women* of genius thus unhappy; *men* suffer too, from ill-assorted marriages."

"Men suffer, too!" Well, why shouldn't they? Are they so complete in themselves that they can do without love? Are they a whole, and we only a part, that must be attached to them, ere we can survive? Have they no hearts, no longings for affection? Woman may suffer, — I sometimes think she is made for suffering, — but deliver me from the anguish of a truly noble-hearted

man, who finds that his affections are misplaced, his tastes unappreciated.

But must it always be thus? Is there no remedy for the ill-assorted selections, the wretched mistakes that are made here? Is there nothing to satisfy the longing for companionship, that is a characteristic of the race? Believe it not. "In that world they neither marry nor are given in marriage," is the language of the Nazarene; but shall there be no union of congenial natures compatible with this declaration? Is not the soul, so to speak, separated into two, each incomplete without the other? and if divided here, will they not, when freed from the body, be drawn together by mutual attraction, and clasping in an eternal embrace, be henceforth essentially and inseparably one? If to be perfect and complete is necessary to unmingled happiness, why may not this union be an ingredient in the cup of heavenly bliss, and the want of it add to the sorrows of those who have not, as yet, entered into the fruition of life?

Tell me, ye who have felt this unsatisfied longing, if the prospect of bearing it about with you forever would not, of itself, be sufficient to insure misery?

But rejoice, ye that trust in the wisdom of the Infinite; ye that believe he will meet the wants of your entire being. He created you as you are, and will not annihilate what he has created.

If perverted, He may cleanse, as it were, by fire; but your wants shall be met, and your longings for companionship abundantly satisfied, for in Him is fulness of joy, and at His right hand are pleasures forevermore.

## SPIRIT UNION.

THE mantle of evening is falling  
O'er earth's weary bosom a while;  
Each mate to its loved one is calling,  
"O, come and rejoice in my smile."

While they to their rest are repairing,  
My thoughts shall be given to thee,  
For distance prevents not my sharing  
The love that is life unto me.

Thy soul is conversing with mine, love, —  
I feel that thy presence is here;  
As soft as the voice of the ringdove,  
The spirit tones fall on mine ear.

The ear of my soul they are thrilling  
With cadences soothingly sweet,  
My being with happiness filling  
And making my heaven complete.

O, happy am I in possessing  
Thy love, though they deem me alone;  
How sweet is the spirit's caressing,  
They dream not, who never have known.

Though distance and time may divide us,  
Or death roll its billows between, —  
Whatever on earth may betide us,  
My spirit waits calmly serene.

For well do I know that when ended  
 The days of my sojourn below,  
 My soul with its own shall be blended,  
 And thus through eternity go.

Then blest be the pinions that bear us  
 Swiftly on to the evergreen shore,  
 And welcome the grief's that prepare us  
 For love that shall fade nevermore.

For love is the living pulsation  
 Whose currents magnetically flow  
 Out, outward to all of creation,  
 Till all things exult in its glow.

Spirit with spirit still may blend  
 With yet a bar between,  
 E'en as the sun will warm the earth,  
 Though clouds should intervene.  
 But there are hours, sweet painful hours,  
 When soul with sense is dealing,  
 That sturdy will must shut the gate  
 Upon the tides of feeling.

And ne'er to be forgotten times,  
 When every spoken word  
 Falls lightly on the listening ear  
 Like tones of mocking-bird;  
 For though we strive most earnestly  
 To shadow forth the real,  
 We know how utterly we fail  
 To paint the soul's ideal.

## SANCTIFICATION.

SOME people seem to have imbibed the idea that children and young folks have but few serious thoughts. This I consider a great mistake. I do not believe that I am so different from others; but in looking back upon my early years, I sometimes laugh, and sometimes feel indignant, as the retrospection brings to mind the world of anxiety, the absolute mental torture that a false theology inflicted upon me. When I was some four and a half years of age, a minister told me of Jesus who died on a tree for little children like myself, and said I ought to love him. "I do love him," I replied, in the simplicity of my heart, for the story of his goodness won me at once. The following summer, if I remember rightly, I learned to read in the Testament, and there it said that Jesus died on the cross. Now here was a puzzler. The preacher said a *tree*, the book said the cross; how to reconcile the two I knew not, for I had not the most distant idea that it was possible for *big folks* or books to be mistaken, or tell stories; only careless, bad girls, like myself, could be guilty of either. What did it mean? I dared not ask, for I never heard these things spoken of only by the preacher, and the book, both so commanding my reverence that I feared to question; and how my little brain used to ache in trying to solve the problem! From this time forth I was in constant trouble. The wonderful stories told in the book made a vivid impression upon my susceptible mind, and what the preacher said of the certainty of



death for all, and of hell for those who did not love and serve God, drove me nearly wild at times.

But it is only the old story, only what thousands have experienced, and I will not dwell upon it; suffice it to say that when a little past fourteen, I fell in with a protracted meeting, and was counted with the converts. Yes, I thought I had got religion; but my mind being progressive, I had no idea of standing still; I must go ahead. The command, "Be ye holy, for I am holy," and the like, were they not in the Bible? and being there, were God's word; and, as he would not command what we could not obey, it was plainly my duty to make the above practical. In a word, sanctification was possible; it was for me, and I must obtain it, or fall short of my duty as a Christian. Honest conclusion; but how should I reach the desired ultimate? To be consistent, or not to be; that was the question. Some three fourths of a mile away from my home lay Lake Erie, to be reached by crossing meadow after meadow belonging to the rich man on whose farm we were but poor tenants; and close along the bank of the rock-bound shore grew a few blueberry bushes.

One day, as I went in search of this, my favorite fruit, my mind was particularly exercised on this same subject, sanctification. Several months had passed since I had professed religion. I had become weary of the sinning and repenting, and my heart longed for rest; if I could only get the blessing I sought, of course all would be peace. At length, after a strange process of reasoning, resolving, and faith, I psychologized myself into the belief that I had actually obtained it. True, I did not feel the rapture I had expected, but I had done

what I could — I had given up all, and as His promises were "yea, and amen," it were sin to doubt, and so there was peace, and I tried to exult in that peace, but it was only *trying*. Blueberries were scarce, so I made up my mind that I must take them all home, and that it would be wrong for me to eat even one; but after a while I found my hand going to my mouth with a very large one between my fingers. I checked myself in time, however; soon the process was repeated, again, and yet again, till finally the tempting berry slipped down my throat, and away went my sanctification.

From that day to this I have never been able to find it again; but sometimes my mind goes back to that long strip of meadow, to the blue waves beating against forty feet of perpendicular rock, and to the struggle between sanctification and the big blueberry, in which the latter came off triumphant.

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### THE HEARTH AND THE HEART.

O, COME; let us gather  
 Round the hearthstone to-night;  
 We heed not the weather  
 When the fire burns bright,  
 And loved ones hasten  
 To bask in the light  
 That beams from the hearth  
 And the heart.

Here's a seat for our father;  
 Who so kindly as he?  
 And one for our mother,  
 With her babe on her knee;  
 While sister and brother,  
 In innocent glee,  
 Add light to the hearth  
 And the heart.

The father is smiling  
 Upon the loved throng;  
 The mother beguiling  
 Her babe with a song,  
 And lovingly checking  
 Each movement of wrong,  
 Thus guarding the hearth  
 And the heart.

The light of the hearthstone, —  
 The warmth of the love  
 That gathers around it,  
 O, may it e'er prove  
 A lamp to our feet,  
 If we're tempted to rove  
 From that God-given home  
 Of the heart.

### CHILDREN NEVER PAY FOR THEIR BRINGING UP.

AH! and whose fault is it, if they do not? Did they thrust themselves upon you, thus forcing you to provide for them against your wills? Has their coming been a dreaded, instead of a looked and longed for event? Be this last as it may, it is certain that they have only come at your call; and if you have called from the lower instead of the higher plane of your natures, then God pity you, and them also, for the suffering that is thus brought upon you both.

"Children do not pay for their bringing up." And what recompense are you seeking, poor earth-bound mortal? Must you be paid in dollars and cents for bearing the burden of God's greatest blessing? Have your hearts become so stultified that the trusting confidence of their loving natures is of no value to you?

Why, children are our guardian angels! To how much of good have they stimulated us, and from how much of evil have they kept us back? Some of us are so selfish in our very natures, that I sometimes think we should dry up and blow away were it not for the demands children make upon us.

But here comes another, who says, "When our children are small, they lie heavy on our arms; but when they are large, they lie heavy on our hearts."

Alas, that this should ever be true! But is there not a cause? Had they held a larger place in your hearts ere they came to your arms, would not the result

have been different? Had you been as careful in laying the foundation of *being* as you are in laying the foundation of your dwellings, would the rearing of the superstructure be so difficult a task?

That we do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, is as true in one department of God's kingdom as in another; and those who sow to the wind must not complain if they reap the whirlwind in return. The fountain must be cleansed ere the streams can be pure. Study the laws of your own being, and live in accordance therewith, and you will no more have occasion to say that children never pay for their bringing up; will no more find that their maturer years bring to your yearning hearts a burden too intolerable to be borne, for Nature's laws are just and equal—they are God's laws, and their fulfilment can never result in positive evil.

### THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"BEINGS of birth celestial  
Walk the earth, both when we wake  
And when sweet sleep restores  
Our wasted strength." And where  
Their feet have pressed, buds spring  
To life; there, 'neath the genial warmth  
Their breath bestows, expand  
To beauteous flowers, on which  
In hues most delicate  
Is stamped an outer image  
Of their angel life.

### GLIMPSES

"Of that which, lying deep, sometimes comes rolling upward on the surging crest of feeling's wane, catches the sunlight till 'tis photographed, then disappears."

. . . "AND bitterly I thought  
Of the meeting and the parting,  
Of the tear unbidden starting,  
Of the heartstrings wrung,  
Yea, and broken o'er and o'er!  
Till I vowed, by God above,  
That from henceforth I would love  
Nevermore!  
And so farewell! For death nor hell,  
Nor the sweet heaven sometimes given  
In arms like thine,  
Shall tempt me henceforth never!  
Farewell forever!"  
So sang the maid, but still loved on.  
The sun may hide behind a cloud,  
But its own light makes it a sun.

"Talk not to me of barriers," she cried;  
"The love that would not wade  
Through hell itself to gain its object,  
Is not love."  
And yet there was a barrier  
From which she turned aside;  
It was a heart, a tender human heart;  
On this she must, with crushing firmness,

Plant her foot, or fail.  
With folded hands she turned aside,  
Forgetting all, or so it *seemed*.

"Alone when the morning shineth,  
Alone when the moon is bright,  
Alone when the sun declineth,  
Alone in the hush of night!  
O, God! is there no comfort  
For the sad and lonely heart?  
Must it be wrung with yearning  
Till it in sunder part?"

Thus sang a voice of wailing sadness,  
Till, sinking into mournful silence,  
Another voice responsive came:

"Ah, yes, it must be broken —  
But not the trusting heart;  
'Tis only that which holds it,  
That must in sunder part.

The heart of the rosebud pineth  
In darkness yet a while,  
Pines till its own expanding  
Catches the sunlit smile  
That gladdens everywhere;  
Escaping its own darkness,  
Light shineth everywhere —  
Yes, light is everywhere.

Then pine, soul, till you learn it —  
That God is everywhere;  
No more, no more alone,  
For God is everywhere."  
No more that heart in sadness

Wails forth its *misère*,  
For by its own expanding  
It finds its jubilee,  
It finds that it is free.

We have met and we have parted;  
We may meet on earth no more;  
But when we have crossed the river,  
When we reach that shining shore,  
We shall surely know each other  
By the memories of yore;  
We shall meet and we shall mingle  
In the memories of yore.

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POETRY.

EARTH, air, and sea are full of its spirit, and so are all human hearts. Their hidden fountains are replete with its untold beauties; but often they lie so deep that the arrows of affliction must penetrate to the very core ere they can come forth to the embrace of that which is without, thus begetting "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," beautiful embodiments of brighter ideas. Beautiful embodiments! yet tinged too often with a spirit of sadness from the unhealed wounds through which they have escaped into freedom.

### "A CHORUS OF ANGELS."

ONCE upon a time, a man of large heart and noble charity, who had succeeded in rescuing a lost one from the haunts of degradation, was speaking of the trials through which he passed in accomplishing that work of love. "It was a hard place," said he, "but I shrank not, and when it was over, a chorus of angels would have been discord to the music that was singing in my soul;" and to-night I can say the same.

Angels of light, my soul leaps with joy as I clasp your loving hands, and ask, "What am I, that I should be made the agent of loved ones gone before, in the mission of love and justice?" Music singing in my soul! O, these singing birds of harmonic rhythm! birds that are caged till the sharp, grating file of affliction rasps away the bars behind which they sit in silence, and then with quivering wing and open throat, they pour forth such volumes of ecstasy, that we ask, where is the place of sorrow, and whither hath she fled?

"Through tribulation deep, the way to glory lies;"

but when we reach the glory, we forget the tribulation, or remember it only with the exceeding thankfulness that wonders at being honored with the draught of purification which alone could fit us for joys so heavenly.

Blessed mission! Mediums, mediators between those in the form, and those who have left it; bearing the cross — wearing the thorns — drinking the wormwood

and the gall — tonics for the soul, making it vigorously erect to bear the exceeding weight of glory that shall come after. Blessed mission to sustain the weak, to lift up the fallen, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to have the desire to do this, trusting the angels for the means and the opportunity, having respect unto the "recompense of reward," that comes welling up from the innermost soul-depths, saying, "They are saved! they are saved!" Thanks, O, ye angels! ye dear ones, whose hands I have clasped, and whose lips I have pressed in the earth-life; thanks for making me your agent, your unworthy but rejoicing instrument of good. And yet ye come, and through mortal lips ye thank me for what I have done, for what I could kiss your very feet in the proud humility of exaltation for the blessed privilege of doing. With an angel mother's arms around me, and her breast to lean upon, with an angel brother, lover, friend to clasp my hand, and shower thrilling kisses upon lips and brow, why should I fear to enter into the very blackness of the Valley of Shadows, in order to lead forth those who have lost their way amid its wildering mazes.

"Could I meet with the angels;  
I'd sing them a song."

'Twas thus I sung, long years ago. I have met with the angels, and my soul is singing its song.

## SLEEPING IN THE SUNSHINE.

SEE the maiden in the valley,  
 Sitting in the sunshine,  
 Pleasant sunshine,  
 Of a bright autumnal day;  
 While the clouds that float in heaven  
 Make the sunshine all the brighter, —  
 Make the sky a deeper blue, —  
 And the maiden never heedeth  
 When the sun withdraws his shining,  
 As behind a cloud he hideth;  
 For the veil is so transparent,  
 That his face, but not his presence,  
 From her landscape is withdrawn.

Now the clouds are growing darker,  
 And a chill is on the air,  
 While the wind is swiftly rising,  
 Like the breathing of the tempest,  
 As he cometh from afar;  
 But the maiden in her dreaming,  
     She is heeding not the change,  
 For the soothing of the sunshine,  
 It hath lulled her into sleeping,  
 Lulled her into quiet sleeping,  
     And she heedeth not the change.

But the bursting of the thunder,  
 And the lightning's vivid flash, —

It will wake her when it cometh, —  
     Ay! it cometh,  
 And the maiden springs in terror, —  
 Springeth from her grassy couch;  
 But the storm is now upon her,  
 And the torrents are a pouring  
 Down the hills into the valley,  
 Cutting off for her escaping,  
     And the maiden  
 That was sleeping in the sunshine,  
     Pleasant sunshine,  
 In the storm is overwhelmed.

See the maiden in the valley,  
 Sitting in the sunshine,  
 Sweetest sunshine,  
 Of a warm and trusting love;  
 In the sunshine of his presence,  
 His, the chosen of her heart.  
 In the sunshine of his presence,  
 Made more bright by days of absence,  
 That like clouds would intervene:  
 Clouds they are, but still illumined,  
 For his spirit so pervadeth  
 All on which the maiden looketh,  
 That the sunshine never seemeth  
 From her presence to withdraw;  
 While in blindness she is yielding  
 Reason's self into his keeping,  
 Deeming not that he can err.

Days of absence growing longer,  
 With a chill upon them cast,

For the smiling of another  
 Draweth now the pleasant sunshine,  
 Draweth it to hold it fast ;  
 But the maiden, in her dreaming,  
 She is heeding not the change,  
 For the firmness of his promise  
 Hath so soothed her into trusting,  
 That her fears are all a sleeping,  
 And she heedeth not the change.

But the truth will burst upon her  
 Like the rolling of the thunder,  
 Like the scathing of the lightning,  
 And 'twill wake her when it cometh,

Ay, it cometh !

And the maiden, wild with terror,  
 Sees the ruin that is sweeping  
 Like a whirlwind down upon her ;  
 Sees the scorn that's ever given, —  
 Given to those who trust so blindly ;  
 Down in torrents coming, coming,  
 Pouring down on every side,

And the maiden,

Who was sleeping in the sunshine,

Love's sweet sunshine,

Wakes to ruin and despair.

Ay, the thoughtless, trusting maiden,  
 In the flowery vale of life,  
 Of the sleepers in the sunshine,  
 She is not the only one.  
 See, with folded hands they're sitting ;

Laid aside their oars of watching,  
 While their barks are idly floating,  
 Floating onward with the tide :  
 For the calm reveals not danger,  
 But so lulls them into sleeping,  
 That they wake not till the tempest  
 Is upon them in its fury,  
 And the roaring of the breakers  
 Tells them 'tis too late to flee, —  
 Tells them that the calm of sunshine  
 Was not given for sleeping.

#### ANGEL WHISPERINGS.

I AM glad, I am glad, for the dawning of the morning breaks upon thy spirit; the shadows are fleeing away, and soon shall the rising sun proclaim the reign of the night at an end. I have watched the pathway of thy progress with all the interest that my soul could feel in that which was as dear to me as my own life, even thy success; and as I see the time drawing nigh for the brightness of its earthly fruition to show itself to others, as thou hast ever felt it in the depths of thy spirit, and as we have seen it from the shores of the beyond, surely I may rejoice in the prospect, and share thy heart's gladness. A new era is rising, not only for thee, but for others that have waited, watched, and prayed. The answer to thy prayers tarrieth not, but hasteneth to crown thee with rejoicing. Thy star is

in the ascendancy, and though a cloud flit across its disk, it cannot obscure the brightness of the glory that shall cause coming generations to call thee blessed; yea, most blessed, for thy flowers shall be unfading, while the thorns that have scratched thy bleeding feet shall be removed forever. But not yet; not quite yet; the morning dawneth, but those who are in the valley cannot catch the first rays of sun as we can see it from the hill tops. It was thus, when my soul was sad, that the angels whispered their words of comfort, —

“Blessed ministers of God’s love!  
How ye lift the fainting spirit up,  
And bring to life the dead.”

### MORNING CLOUDS.

OLD ebon Night has placed her bars  
Across the path of Day,  
Just as the little twinkling stars  
Were hurrying away, —  
Were hurrying to place their light  
Beyond the day-king’s searching sight,  
Lest he should scorn their milder gleam,  
And quench it in his own bright beam.

Heavy and dark against the sky  
Forbiddingly they stood,  
As if the power they would defy,  
Which pours its rising flood

Of light and life upon the earth,  
Awakening to a newer birth  
Each blessing that the God of heaven  
Hath to its mortal children given.

But steadily the chariot wheels  
That bore the monarch came,  
Till rising o’er the eastern hills,  
Robed in refulgent flame,  
He saw, that seized with mortal dread,  
Old Night had left her place and fled;  
Had fled, and never once appeared  
Behind the breastworks she had reared.

But there across his pathway stood,  
Till, in his living light,  
They seemed to be all turned to blood,  
And then they took their flight.  
Away, as if possessed of life,  
They fled from the unequal strife,  
While fragments of reflected sheen  
Gave greater glory to the scene.

Is it not thus in Error’s night  
Before the coming dawn?  
The sources that had given light  
Are, one by one, withdrawn;  
While thick against the moral sky  
The frowning walls of falsehood lie,  
And darkness, like a funeral pall;  
Seemeth on all our hopes to fall.



But shall our doubting spirits take  
 This as a reason why  
 The cause of truth we should forsake,  
 Or deem that it can die?  
 Shall we submit to doubts and fears,  
 When knowing that eternal years  
 Are given to sustain the right  
 Against the marshalled hosts of night?

God rules, and with unerring hand  
 Arranges all below,  
 Permits the wrong a while to stand,  
 That by its overthrow  
 The world may learn that he is just,  
 Though patient with presuming dust,  
 And truth the lovelier be seen,  
 Contrasted with the works of sin.

God rules, and such a glorious light,  
 Shall fill our darkened earth,  
 We shall forget there was a night, —  
 That morning had a birth, —  
 Forget that e'er the cause of right  
 Lay bleeding 'neath the heel of might,  
 Or shall remember to adore,  
 Permitting wisdom yet the more.

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"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

## LIGHT.

"God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light.'"  
 How simple; how beautiful; how sublime! No cor-  
 uscations of eloquence to herald in the mighty truth.  
 They were not needed for that which could stand upon  
 its own grandeur as its vital element. "Let there be  
 light." Harken! The chariot wheels of receding dark-  
 ness are sounding like the voice of many waters, as the  
 smile of Omnipotence fulfils his behest, by diffusing  
 itself over the oceans of immensity.

Light, the garment of God — the flowing robe whose  
 hem we may touch — the illimitable sea upon the bosom  
 of which we live and move and have our being, and the  
 undulations of the waves of which shall bear us onward  
 in our progress from the lower to the higher, from the  
 outer to the inner life. For within this garment, fit-  
 tingly put on, there is a robe whose correspondence is  
 to the eyes of the soul.

Close thine eyes, O, mortal, and say there is no sun!  
 Stop thine ears, and deny the possibility of sound; but  
 wait till the last ray of light is withdrawn from the  
 earth ere thou darest to deny the existence of God!

"And there was light." How it went rushing past  
 the lifted curtain that had held it from the face of the  
 newborn earth, — how it sought out every nook and  
 corner, — every crevice where there was a possibility of  
 ingress! And even so does that inner, that higher light  
 seek to enter into and pervade our souls. Even so does  
 it strive to penetrate its darkest corners, to illuminate

its deepest recesses ; and it shall accomplish that where-  
unto it is sent, for the eternal years of God are given  
for the exercise of its renovating power.

### REPLY TO POE'S RESURREXI.\*

THOUGH on earth we had no meeting,  
I have heard your words of greeting,  
Words that come like rippling music, from that far off  
seraph shore,  
Telling of the waves of gladness  
Sweeping o'er the lines of sadness,  
Traced upon thine earthly being, till it bled at every  
pore.

Words that wake anew the yearning,  
Which within my heart is burning,  
For the blending of my being with some soul I can  
adore.

'Tis an ever-restless yearning,  
Outward going, ne'er returning,  
As from the ark the raven wandering went in days of  
yore.

Long I've watched for some sweet token,  
For some branch from olive broken,

\* The Resurrexi can be found in Miss Lizzie Doten's first volume  
of poems.

Presage that the breath of heaven woke the earth to life  
once more.

But the dove, forlorn and weary,  
Comes from o'er the waters dreary,  
Telling that the raging billows rise above the highest  
shore.

Draining here the cup of sadness,  
Till thy soul was stung to madness,  
While life's bitter burning billows swept thy burdened  
being o'er ;  
From the bondage that enslaved thee,  
Thou hast found the love that saved thee,  
While I wander searching for it, searching, wandering  
evermore.

Once methought that I had found it,  
Then I seized and quickly bound it  
To my heart more fondly, closely than I e'er had ought  
before ;  
But the viper turned upon me,  
Like a poisonous adder stung me,  
Till the depth of love and trusting changed into a canker  
sore.

Now I feel with life mismated,  
Oftimes feel accursed and fated,  
As the tides of desolation flood my being o'er and o'er,  
And I pray that life's poor token,  
Canker-eaten may be broken,  
Setting free the chafing spirit beating 'gainst its prison  
door.

O, my earthborn spirit-brother,  
 Well I know there is another, —  
 One to meet my spirit's yearning; one to love and to  
 adore,  
 Tell me, is my bright ideal  
 In the land where all is real?  
 Have you seen him? is he waiting, waiting on the other  
 shore?

Have you ne'er, at morn or eve,  
 Seen him from the gates of heaven,  
 With a lover's eager footsteps, turning towards this mor-  
 tal shore?

Does he know my spirit's anguish,  
 As in bondage here I languish,  
 Strive the balm of consolation in my wounded heart to  
 pour?

Ah, he does! for heavy-laden,  
 Sighing for that distant Aiden,  
 For which weary ones are sighing, seeking, sighing  
 evermore;  
 Often times the light supernal,  
 Beaming in that home eternal,  
 Flashes on my inner being, thrilling it at every pore.

When the anguish, all unspoken,  
 Of the spirit bruised and broken,  
 Feeding on the soul and substance till it writhes in an-  
 guish sore,  
 Is forgotten, till the raven  
 Memory plays the traitor craven,  
 And the bright-hued bow of promise, I, for tears, can  
 see no more.

But though storms and clouds surround me,  
 Though in darkness they have bound me,  
 Yet I know the sun is shining high above the tempest's  
 roar,  
 And I'll seek until I find it,  
 Give of love till I can bind it,  
 Like an amulet of safety to my heart forevermore.

## DRENCHED.

Yes, and pretty thoroughly too; wet to the skin, and  
 all from my own foolhardiness. Perhaps you would  
 like to know how it came about! I will tell you.  
 Long, long ago, — before we made our home on the  
 shore of Lake Erie, away back in my childhood years,  
 — my parents lived on what was called the East Hill,  
 in a certain county of the old Empire State. On the  
 hill, but not at the top; for after going across the big  
 meadow, across the pasture field, and full half the way  
 across the bush lot, and all the way up hill, we came at  
 length to where the blueberry bushes grew. O, the  
 delicious fruit with which they were loaded in summer!  
 and so abundant! It was before I was troubled with  
 the question of Sanctification; but even in that case,  
 they were so plenteous, that I could have eaten my fill  
 without injuring my peace of mind.

Well, I went one day with my little sister to my  
 favorite resort, the very top of the hill, to gather ber-

ries. Before we had been there long the clouds began to look black and threatening, and a few drops of rain foretold the coming shower. I did not like the idea of going home empty basketed, but what should I do? go without accomplishing the object for which I came, or stay and get a shower bath? I finally concluded that I would do neither. I would break branches from the surrounding shrubbery, form a temporary shelter, gather all the well-filled blueberry bushes we could find handily, take them under this shelter, and pick the fruit from them at our leisure.

Sister acquiesced, for she never thought of questioning my *superior wisdom*, and so we went to work with a will. The shelter was prepared, the bushes broken off and brought thither for picking; and none too soon, for the few drops that had come, and then held off, as if on purpose for us to escape, were now increased to a gentle shower. However, we huddled together in our house of refuge, and began to fill our baskets; I boasting, meanwhile, to my silent auditor, who, while she tried to smile, kept turning her blue eyes towards the intruding drops, for our shelter was rather leaky,—I boasting, however, that we were not going to be scared out; *not we*.

But the rain fell thicker and faster; courage waned, and water increased in our little domicile, till finally courage took to her heels, and with little sister close behind, broke into a full run for home, Right through the hardest of the shower, down through the bush lot, down through the pasture field; but by the time we reached the meadow it had spent its force, and retiring in haste, left the liquid pearls it had flung so profusely

over field and forest to sparkle like diamonds in the sunlight.

Beautiful, O, how beautiful the scene! But I was in no condition to enjoy it, for upon my head must fall the blame of not only my own condition, but that of my little sister's. You see I have never forgotten it; and I often wonder if there are not reformers who sometimes brave public opinion as recklessly, provide for themselves as poor a defence, and retreat from the contest as ingloriously as I did from my fortification in the blueberry field.

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### TRUTH, LOVE, AND LIBERTY.

OF workers we're a fearless band;  
 One common cause unites us;  
 Where hearts are joined, to join our hands  
 For love and truth, delights us;  
 For love and truth bring liberty,—  
 The freedom God hath given,  
 And freedom, love, and truth shall make  
 This earth like unto heaven.

While other souls are drinking in  
 The past with all its folly,  
 We'll follow with the few who go  
 Where truth and freedom rally;  
 On, on to freedom, on, my friends,  
 Stop at no wayside station,

For what are buds and blossomings  
Compared with full fruition?

Hardships shall not our spirits shock;  
We know they lie before us,  
But standing firm upon the rock  
Of truth, her banner o'er us,  
We'll gladly meet the gathering hosts  
Of Superstition hoary;  
Her shafts can pierce us but to give  
A conqueror's crown of glory.

For souls like ours can never stand  
And see their birthright riven,  
While dwellers in this "glorious land  
To Error's rule are given;  
Will ne'er permit the hosts of night  
To shut the gates of morning,  
To intercept the rays of light  
That on us would be dawning.

No; by the truths already born,  
And by their birth-throe's anguish,  
Though myriads of foes unite,  
Our cause shall never languish!  
Through walls of adamant we'll pierce  
With truth, to cut asunder,  
Till those who are so fearful now  
Shall shout with joy and wonder.  
For God himself sustains the right  
Against whate'er opposes,

And through it to the sons of men  
His matchless love discloses;  
A love whose efforts cannot cease  
Till every cloud is riven,  
That hideth from the needy soul  
The light and life of heaven.

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APPLES OF GOLD.

"Go, tell thy struggles and thy victories,  
Not as the conqueror tells, but as a friend  
Who fain would lift the sad, the fainting soul,  
That, sorely tried, but for such aid would sink."

"Good morning, Mrs. Cleves. You see I have taken  
a friend's privilege of calling without ceremony."

"Just as I wish you to do. It is pleasant to meet  
those we love, untrammelled by the restraints of fashion-  
able life."

"And I shall use my privilege further, by asking what  
you were reading?"

"O, 'tis one of Mary Irving's stories, with which I  
am much pleased. Have you not read it? I believe  
you take the Journal?"

"Mr. Hanson takes it on account of the business por-  
tion, which he thinks good; but I cannot bother myself  
with such dry stuff, and I never read stories. I think  
the coloring thrown over them gives one false views of  
life, unfitting the mind for every-day duties."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Hanson; but I could not help smiling to hear you plead for practical utility, and complain of the dryness of business details, in the same breath. I agree with you as to the importance of selecting such reading as shall best fit us for the duties we owe to ourselves and each other. That there is much written in the form of stories which is injurious, I acknowledge; but in this, as well as in other things, we can select the good and leave the bad. A truth illustrated by scenes from real life is certainly more powerful for good than the same truth without the illustration; and there are facts enough upon which to base stories, and make them more interesting, more intensely thrilling, than any of fiction can be."

"Then I have known but little of real life, for I have never seen much that could compare with the stories that are to be found in almost every newspaper or periodical one takes up. As to the one of which you were speaking, I heard sister Mary read it, and I own it is well written; and had I not felt, as I always do when listening to such things, 'O, it is all made up; there is no truth in it,' it might have had some effect upon me."

"I see no reason why it may not be true; and if not, is it not a good illustration? Is there not a truth embodied therein which may thus find access to some heart, which could be approached in no other way?"

"I think truth potent enough to do her own work without questionable aid. Do you not detract from her authority, when you represent her as seeking such means of success?"

"Certainly not. As well might we think it detracted

from the wisdom of the Creator because he often uses the most simple things to accommodate himself to our understandings. But to return to Miss Irving's story. You will be surprised to hear that it recalls most vividly some scenes in my own life."

"In your life! Is it possible?"

"It is not only possible, but actual. You have known me only in prosperity; and when you tell me how happy I always am, you little dream of the struggles through which I have passed, — struggles so severe, that it makes me shudder even yet to think of them; but they are over, and I have gained by the conflict."

"My dear Mrs. Cleves, you astonish me; but if it is not too painful a subject, will you be kind enough to give me some account of the struggles of which you speak?"

"Certainly. The pleasure of gratifying you will more than compensate for any painful emotions that may be awakened thereby. And, indeed, I think it does me good to live again, at times, in the past. Poverty is associated with my earliest recollections. We never went cold, nor hungry; but our father had to strain every nerve to keep us from becoming so, for he had nothing but what his hands earned from day to day, and our mother's health was such that she could do nothing to assist him.

"Often have we staid at home from church for want of proper clothing; for much as we desired to attend, we could not go dressed so badly as to attract attention. I involuntarily looked upon those who could dress well, and live in good houses, as better than those who could not; yet my heart rebelled that it should be so.

"You will smile when I tell you that my highest ambition was to own a white dress, to be able to teach school, and to make coats. I thought that if I could accomplish these objects, I should be as good as the best of them.

"Never shall I forget the pride with which I put on my new hat and cloak the fall before I was thirteen. I had, with the help of the younger children, gleaned wheat for the first. To procure the means of purchasing the latter, I went three miles through the hot sun to gather blueberries; then took them about as far the other way to sell them; added a little by selling grapes gathered with an equal amount of labor; knit socks and braided corn-husk mats for the remainder, the cloak costing the entire sum of five dollars.

"I will pass over a few years, — my mother's death, my marriage with a comparative stranger, the bitter rueing of my haste, and the blighting desolation which bowed me to the very earth. Indeed, you would as soon have looked for a tree that had been torn up by the roots, and left to wither in the scorching sun on a barren heath, to become green again, as for happiness to flourish anew in my heart.

"Deceived, heartbroken, I wandered from place to place, supporting myself by hard labor a few weeks here and a few months there. I might have taught school, but I had lost all confidence in myself. Life seemed a great failure, and the constant cry of my heart was, 'What's the use?' I felt that I was out of my sphere, yet knew not how to find it. Water and oil could have mingled as easily as I could have entered into and become a part of that with which I was sur-

rounded. I was constantly seeking society, yet ever alone; and I would gladly have sunk into annihilation, to escape from the unsatisfied longing which filled my soul.

"Well, after a winter of severe labor, that left me unable to do housework, I resolved to visit a while. I had but little money, but hoped to add to it from time to time with my needle. After spending a few months among my relatives, I resolved to visit an old friend who was attending school at Woodville. After spending a few days here, I intended to visit the home of my childhood, but I was so charmed with the spirit of the place, that I knew not how to leave it; it soothed my wounded spirit like healing balm. I had never before seen such quiet happiness and such earnest effort.

"I thought I should like to stay there forever; but what should I do? Why, I could study; but for what? O, to pass away time. Life had become a burden to me, and the lighter I could make that burden the better. I liked study, and I might as well do that as anything.

"It was something new, to say the least; so I obtained a situation in a small family, did the work at small wages, and took half studies. I joined the Ladies' Literary Society, which, with my other duties, kept me quite busy, and I was comparatively happy. Still I had no idea of using the knowledge thus obtained; as a person on the cars takes up a book, so did I take up mine.

"The lady with whom I staid seemed to understand me better even than I understood myself; little by little she drew my history from me, and strove to awaken hope. She told me that my mind and my associations

had been at variance; that I pined for something different from what I had ever found, and must not be discouraged if the past had been a failure; that if I could not swim, it was no sign that I could not soar, if I would but plume my wings.

"Remarks like these awoke my benumbed aspirations, and I thought that perhaps after a while I would try and do something; yet I was sure to put it off as far as possible; I would stay and prepare myself for a long time. But my old feelings would often return, and I could give vent to my anguish only in floods of tears. In this manner I spent the fall and winter; but in the spring took full studies, and sewed for my board, while the family hired a good strong girl, and boarded several students.

"But I soon found myself so reduced for clothing, that something must be done to replenish my wardrobe. Mrs. — proposed teaching; but I shrank from the thought, and offered to do her work the next term, as the girl she then had was soon to leave, and she knew not where to get another.

"She was a feeble woman, and needed some one on whom she could rely, and I never dreamed of a refusal. Judge then of my surprise, when she quietly but firmly said, 'No, there are enough who can do my work, who can do nothing else. You can teach, and you are needed in that capacity. 'Tis true I know not who to get, but I shall find some one, and I shall not let you do it.'

"This proof of disinterested friendship touched me deeply; it gave me courage to make the effort which proved the foundation of all the success that has since

been mine. Those who, with feeble health, have to depend so much upon their kitchen help for the comfort of themselves and families, can best realize the sacrifice made for my benefit, in thus exchanging a certainty for an uncertainty; for I can say, without boasting, that I was responsible help.

"To some this might seem a matter of but little importance, but it was the hinge upon which great things have turned; at least for me; and surely the happiness of even one heart is no small matter. And how many others might be led from darkness to light, if those who have the power to do, would show that they care for the interests of others as well as for their own.

"This lady was so circumstanced that she could not have rendered pecuniary aid, had she so desired; but she gave what was of greater value — the encouragement which enabled me to use my own resources. It is better to teach one to walk than to carry them, though at the sinking point; as Miss Irving says, something may be needed besides words. Yet if there is a heart to do, an empty purse cannot prevent the accomplishment of much that is good in the way of blessing others.

"That 'words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver,' is as true now as when it was first written; and could I speak to every suffering, struggling soul upon earth, I would say, 'Take fast hold of hope; let her not go, for she is thy life. Though clouds intervene, hiding the sun from thy view, keep her lamp burning, and thou shalt yet emerge into the light of a glorious day.'"



## THE FAIREST SIGHT.

THE fairest sight, do you ask,  
 The fairest I have seen,  
 As I've wandered o'er the mountains,  
 Or by the rippling stream?

The fairest sight, do you ask,  
 The fairest to behold,  
 As I've sailed upon the ocean,  
 Or through the forest strolled?

Prairie flowers are very fair,  
 The forests, they are grand;  
 Salubrious is the morning air  
 That sweepeth o'er the strand.

And proudly fair the goodly ship,  
 With white sails brooding o'er  
 The restless spirit of the deep,  
 A warring with the shore.

The birds upon the waving boughs,  
 Beside the rolling stream,  
 Are fair enough, sing sweet enough,  
 For Paradise, I ween.

The valleys and the fragrant meads  
 Seem set in beauty's mould;  
 The azure hue of the western sky  
 Changes to burnished gold.

The smiling stars come one by one  
 To look upon the scene;  
 And bright-eyed beauty sits and wails,  
 Or seeks her couch to dream.

The sunlight on the eastern hills,  
 The cascade's glittering spray,  
 The splendor of the noontide hour,  
 The closing of the day.

The mother bending o'er her babe,  
 The father's beaming eye,  
 And loved ones gathering round the hearth,  
 When darkness veils the sky.

O, these are sights full fair enough  
 To fill an angel's dream;  
 But still among them all is not  
 The fairest one I've seen.

The dying day God's trailing robe  
 Upon the hill-tops lay,  
 When I beheld the fairest sight  
 That e'er hath blessed my way.

An aged man, with silver hair,  
 And brow all wrinkled o'er,  
 And children's children sporting round  
 Upon the cottage floor, —

Rested head upon the knee  
 Of her he chose for wife

Long years before, standing erect  
In manhood's pride of life.

And she, with gentle loving grace,  
Still threaded o'er and o'er  
These silver locks, with fingers that  
He'd clasped so long before.

Or rested them with love's caress  
Upon his aged brow,  
And this of all the sights I've seen,  
Was the fairest one I trow.

For the faithful love of hoary hairs  
Is lovelier far to me  
Than rosy cheeks or sparkling eyes,  
Or youthful vows can be.

### LOVE AND WISDOM.

LOVE is the flower of wisdom; and as the flower  
fadeth when separated from the stalk, even so doth the  
beauty of love change into that which hath no comeli-  
ness, if wisdom cease to sustain and direct.

### MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.

"O, the beautiful light  
That cometh at night,  
When angel eyes  
Look from the skies,  
And we call them stars,  
While our listening ears  
Catch the faintest sound  
That floateth around,  
Fondly fancying  
That we hear the whispering  
Of the loved and the lost,  
Of those who have crossed  
Death's sullen stream,  
Who have gone before  
To that other shore,  
Of which we so often dream."

If there is ever a time when angel visitants are hovering over us, it is when the moon, with her countless train of stars, is magnetizing the earth with her softest, most attractive form of beauty. Who has not felt, on such a time as this, that the very air was redolent with heavenly odors, while the entire being became so harmoniously still, so quietly sensitive, that we could almost hear the movement of ethereal wings, or feel the soft breath of our guardian spirits upon our cheeks.

It was on such a night that the then youthful patriarch was permitted to see the connecting link between earth and heaven; a link that has continued to this day, in spite of the efforts of ignorance and superstition to rend it in twain. Let us avail ourselves for a moment of our God-given powers, and leaping backwards through

the lapse of ages, plant our feet upon one of Judea's favored plains.

The sun has retired behind the distant mountains, and the shades of night are gathering slowly around, when a traveller from the land of the children of Heth, weary and foot-sore with his journeyings, comes slowly up a rocky gorge separating the adjacent hills, and looks anxiously around for some place of shelter. But no friendly habitation appears in sight; no dwelling reared by the hand of man, for he is the first of all his race who has penetrated these solitudes. But a grassy plot and a friendly stone soon furnish him with bed and pillow, and speedily he sinks into the repose of innocent tranquillity; meanwhile, a band of angels have issued from the gates of Paradise, and are hastening to their accustomed trysting place on earth. As they descend, they behold, on the very spot their feet have so often pressed, a being in form like unto themselves, but clothed in garments of a different texture. This wonderful stranger is sleeping with one hand beneath his head, and the other lying where it had fallen after brushing from his forehead the locks that are now sparkling with the dews of the night.

For a while they gaze in rapt astonishment, and then hasten to tell the wondrous tale to their companions in light. Straightway a ladder is let down from heaven till its foot rests beside the unconscious sleeper; and through the long watches of that eventful night were the angelic hosts ascending and descending thereon, while the God of his fathers stood at the top, well pleased with the interest that was thus manifested in this their earth brother.

But how fared it with the sleeper? Did he know aught of the loving wandering ones who thus surrounded him? Ah, yes! for their kisses have opened his soul's eyes, that he might see, and their whisperings have penetrated his soul's ears, that he might hear and understand, while his whole being was filled with wonder at what was thus revealed.

But the coming morn summons the sleeper from the inner to the outer life; the God of his fathers retires within the veil, and the ascending and descending hosts are no longer visible. Jacob arouses from his slumbers, and thinks that he has dreamed. O, blessed dreaming! O, holy tie between the interior and the eternal! If we would oftener shut the doors of our souls, and enter into its secret chambers, we might still see the Father smiling tenderly upon us, and his willing ministers hastening to bring messages of truth and love.

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#### NATURE.

THE visible expression of God's power, love, and wisdom, — the ever-present evidence of his omniscience, omnipresence, and incomprehensibility. Study her laws if you would learn of their great Author; trust her unhesitatingly; for as a mother teaches her child to honor its earthly father, so will she teach us to reverence understandingly Him who is the Father of all.

## SUMMER RAIN.

THROUGHOUT the livelong summer day  
 The scorching beams have come  
 From burning sun, and not a ray  
 In passing cloud find home.  
 The flowers that were the valley's pride  
 Their languid forms display,  
 While those upon the mountain side  
 Have fainted quite away.

The soil is parched, the streams are dry,  
 The shrubs and trees complain;  
 To quench their thirst from earth and sky  
 They seek, alas! in vain.  
 The little birds have ceased to sing,  
 The beasts have hid away;  
 Through Nature's realm each living thing  
 Pants for the closing day.

It comes! Adown the western sky  
 Behold Day's king descend,  
 While lingering glances from his eye  
 With evening azure blend.  
 The closing day brings in the night,  
 With sombre, quiet grace,  
 To guard us in our rapid flight  
 Through circling fields of space.

To guard us and to give us rest  
 From toil and care a while,

Secure from harm, completely blest,  
 Beneath her loving smile.  
 But where, alas! the promised hope  
 Of rest beneath her care,  
 For earth herself must blindly grope  
 Through suffocating air.

The Day-king's burning breath remains,  
 And in his jealous pride  
 He draws a curtain from earth's veins  
 Night's glorious eyes to hide.  
 The suffering earth, beneath her load,  
 Is fainting, and her cry,  
 So feeble that 'tis scarcely heard,  
 Is answered from on high.

The storm-god mounts his thunder car,  
 And hastens to the scene;  
 His wrathful eye is seen from far,  
 By glancing of its sheen.  
 Swift fly his fiery bolts to rend  
 That misty veil in twain;  
 Its shivered atoms, falling, blend  
 With mother earth again.

Down, down they come, these precious drops,  
 From intervening veil;  
 Brooks, valleys, hills, and mountain tops,  
 With joy their coming hail.  
 And earth relieved, now sinks to sleep  
 Beneath night's beaming eyes,  
 Who will her loving vigils keep  
 Until the morning rise.

And wilt thou, Father, thus disperse  
 From off our souls the shade —  
 The mists of sin, the burning curse,  
 That it for us hath made?  
 When pride shall rob our souls, to rear  
 To vanity a shrine,  
 Wilt thou, in mercy, interfere  
 And make us wholly thine?

The dross, wilt thou, with lightnings burn,  
 Scatter the ill away, —  
 Wilt let the good to us return,  
 And with us ever stay?  
 Then shall we rest, devoid of fear,  
 Upon thy love and truth,  
 Until the glorious morn appear  
 That brings eternal youth.

### MOTHER, BABY.

I WAS walking along the streets of a great city one pleasant afternoon, in one of those dreamy states of abstraction in which one almost forgets their own existence, when the words "Mother, look at the baby!" fell on my ear, and arrested my attention. I turned, and saw a boy of some ten summers leading the wee, toddling one by the hand, while the mother looked up from her work to bestow upon them that smile of love which none but a mother can give.

"Mother, baby," I kept repeating to myself, as I

passed on my way, trying to ascertain which gave forth the sweetest sound. It was an idle task, for both were so beautifully tender, — so united by mutual dependencies that one could not exist without the other.

The poet has said that "A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure." If this be so, then the mother must be a fountain; yea, a fountain of the deepest joy that Heaven e'er gave to earth. It was for this that she was created, and this she will become if inherited conditions and present surroundings are right. A fountain of life, of love so deep, so wide, and so high, that there is nothing in the universe but the love of the Infinite God which has ever yet been given as a measure for it. A fountain whose streams of unfailling tenderness possess such an inherent energy that neither time, nor distance, nor change can interrupt or turn them from their course, and whose well-springs, if developed in wisdom, shall become the beautiful embodiment of our brightest ideals; yea, shall enlarge those ideals as the germs of still higher embodiments.

But, alas! these fountains have too often sent forth only the waters of bitterness. Their healing virtues have been neutralized, yea, poisoned by the hand of ignorance. Deformity has taken the place of beauty, hatred of love, and contention of harmony; and all because man has attempted to divorce the natural from the spiritual, the law of nature from the law of God. Crowned with the semblance of wisdom, and taking superstition as her willing hand-maiden of her wishes, ignorance has reigned supreme in this garden of our God, making it but too often a Gethsemane of the bitterest agony to those of high and holy aspiration.

Yes, ignorance has done this ; but the time is coming,  
and now is, when the gates she has reared shall roll  
back upon their ponderous hinges, letting in the light  
of wisdom upon the fountains of life, till, purified from  
all uncleanness, their well-springs shall go forth to bless  
a waiting world.

### THE FAIRY HOST.

WEARY with a day of toiling,  
On my couch I am reclining,  
While my thoughts are  
Through the open window flying,  
To the forest; where the sighing  
Of the breezes  
Tells me that the day is dying;  
To the forest wooing darkness,  
And the clouds of pitchy blackness  
Hanging o'er it,  
To the clear blue sky between,  
Like another window,  
Opening from the landscape  
Of my window's bounded vision,  
To some scene perhaps elysian,  
Some fairy scene.

What is this so brightly flashing?  
What the rattling, roaring, rushing  
That I hear?

'Tis a mighty host of fairies,  
Through that open window,  
Coming from afar!  
Of their eyes I see the glancing;  
'Tis their many steeds a-prancing,  
And their many feet a-dancing,  
That I hear.  
Prancing o'er the tallest tree tops,  
Dancing on the greenest leaflets,  
Nearer, nearer, they are coming;  
Of their voices,  
Even now I hear the humming.

Hark! there is a footstep  
On the roof above me!  
Now another, and another!  
Thicker, faster, they are falling.  
'Tis the fairies! hear them calling  
To each other!  
Now there is a sudden silence,  
Followed by the rolling drum.  
Tells it of still greater numbers?  
Yes, in myriads,  
With resistless force they come!  
Now again the dance commences:  
Hopping, skipping, here and there,  
Lightly tripping everywhere  
About my dwelling,  
While the tales that they are telling  
Banish care;  
And the heavy pealing  
Of their deep-toned organ  
Fills the air.

Telling tales that banish care —  
 For their mission is to bless.  
 Greenest things shall greener grow,  
 Beauteous ones shall brighter glow,  
 And the growing corn shall show  
 Where their feet have pressed.  
 Goodly fairies, that from cloudland  
 Come to kiss the thirsty earth,

How I love you !

How I love your sparkling mirth !  
 In the fervid heat of summer,  
 How I love your cooling breath !  
 Love to hear your merry footsteps  
 Pattering, pattering on the roof.  
 But a something comes a stealing —  
 As I listen — o'er my frame,  
 Deadening every sense of feeling.

'Tis old Morpheus ;

He has come to urge his claim.

Back, old Morpheus ! come not near me !  
 With your fingers on mine eyelids,  
 With your seal upon mine ear,

How can I

The fairies see and hear ?  
 Closer, closer still he presses —  
 I must yield to his caresses ;  
 I must go a while to dwell  
 In the land of dream and vision ;  
 Land of terror or elysian.

Lovely fairies,

I am forced to say — farewell.

## HOW I LEARNED IT.

"LEARNED what?" Why, that I could run away.  
 "And how did you learn it?" Mother told me. You  
 look as if you thought I didn't know what I was saying ;  
 but I do, and I mean it too. Mother told me that I  
 could run away, and from her. It was like this : I  
 wanted to go up to uncle's, and play with my little  
 cousins ; but mother said, "No." I teased till I found  
 it would do no good ; and then, to console myself for my  
 disappointment, I went out, and made my way to what  
 was called "The Gulf." It was just across one of  
 uncle's fields, to the left, and a place of great interest  
 to me.

There was a very steep bank on one side, a very steep  
 bank on the other side, and a very small stream at the  
 bottom, which came out of the ground in the meadow  
 just above. This little stream was a very modest one,  
 and as it was not permitted to run under ground any  
 longer, it seemed determined to get as nearly out of  
 sight as possible ; and with the rocks that jutted over  
 it, and the bushes that bathed their feet therein, it was  
 so nearly hidden that one had barely an occasional  
 chance to say to it, "Peek-a-boo." Well, as I have  
 said, it was a place of great interest to me, and if I did  
 not always find, I was sure to be looking for something  
 wonderful whenever I went there. My first astonish-  
 ment in this catalogue of wonders was a bush of beau-  
 tiful wild honeysuckle, the first I had ever seen ; and  
 there, too, were spikenard berries, hazlenuts, grapes,

and chestnuts, in the season for them; and sassafras bushes, upon which I so often spent all the strength I could summon in pulling up by the roots, that I might have the bark as an article of luxury; and cunning little birds' nests, equally cunning whether filled with eggs or young. Indeed, there was no end to the attractions of the Gulf; so you see it was just the place for a disappointed child to go and forget trouble.

When I had sufficiently recovered my equanimity, I returned to the house, and mother asked me where I had been. I told her. She looked at me sharply for a moment, and then said, "If I do find that you have been up to your uncle's, you'll catch it." What a revelation was here! I had never dreamed it possible that I could go where mother said I mustn't; but I could, and mother knew it, for she was threatening me with punishment to prevent my doing so. And that was how I learned that I could run away.

### STAR VOICES.

ON this pleasant winter evening,  
As my soul is calmly thinking,  
Through my heart a voice is thrilling  
From the stars that, winking, twinkling,  
Seem in upper heavens a-shrinking,  
Telling why they seem thus shrinking  
As they flash and scintillate.

"We are shrinking from the glory,  
From the grandeur of the glory  
Flaming from the myriad altars  
Of poor human hearts in pain:  
Pained through hopes so slowly dying;  
Pained by fires those hopes consuming,  
Till the ashes, falling backward,  
So bedim the spirit's vision,  
That the glory which we shrink from  
Is but blackness unto them."

"O, these ashes! dead, white ashes!  
Let no tear-drops fall upon them,  
Lest their alkaline corroding  
Should so eat into your soul-life  
That your strength be naught but weakness,  
And your crown be thus too heavy,  
With its glory so transcendent,  
All too heavy, when it comes."

Hark, again I hear them saying,  
"Mortals, would you 'scape from sorrowing?  
Cease, then, cease this constant praying;  
Quench the hidden fire in motion,  
Still the pulse of aspiration,  
Fossilize both heart and soul.  
If you ask, then you must suffer;  
You must grow to what you pray for,  
And the pangs of transformation  
Come before the glory comes."

"You may look, and you may wonder  
That there's none to save or help you:



Your own arm must bring salvation ;  
 You yourself the wine-press tread ;  
 For yourself the cross must carry ;  
 For yourself must bow your head ;  
 But the soul that passeth upward,  
 Through a way so steep and narrow  
 That it bleedeth in the struggle,  
 So expands upon the summit  
 That to it there's no returning —  
 All the landscape spread beneath it,  
 All the broad blue heavens above it,  
 But its birth-pangs ne'er again."

"Mortals, think you we have travailed  
 Through the realms of space in vain?  
 Think you that the deep convulsions  
 We have felt can come again?  
 That our silver-hued refulgence  
 Could have been without a throe,  
 That we could give light to others  
 Had we felt no bursting woe —  
 Fire-refining, dross-consuming,  
 Heaving, tossing, boiling woe,  
 Such as flaming star-hearts know?  
 Stars, you call us ; suns we are ;  
 Central lights to many a planet,  
 Many a less progressive star ; —  
 Have been made such by the forcing  
 Of the fires within us hidden,  
 Out through every throbbing pore —  
 Fires, that to the white heat driven,  
 Give us now the name of STAR."

## I AM HERE.

"Lois, I am here. O, Lois, could you only see me  
 as I am ! I am still your friend. G——."

Thus wrote a soul-brother to me from the angel-land,  
 controlling the hand of a medium for the purpose ; and  
 this, after he had said, through the lips of one entranced,  
 "O, what happiness — what happiness to meet you thus,  
 and to have you know that it is me !"

Life and immortality brought to light. The title deeds  
 of our future existence signed, sealed, and delivered to  
 us by those who, walking on the blue sea of Eternity,  
 turn, and placing one foot upon the shore of Time, lift  
 their hands, and swear by Him who liveth evermore, that  
 these things are so ; while rolling thunders echo their  
 voices in wondering confirmation of that which is, as  
 yet, sealed to many hearts and eyes. But the lightnings  
 of inspiration are dispelling the dark clouds that cover  
 the full-orbed sun, and soon shall all see clearly, and in  
 the light of this glorious truth shall their souls grow  
 strong to enter the kingdom.

"*Could you only see me as I am !*" I shall see him,  
 but not now ; for the work that my Father has assigned  
 me is not finished. The cup he hath given me I must  
 drain to the dregs. "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth  
 good in thy sight."

"*What happiness to meet you thus !*" Inseparable,  
 inseparable : the links of God's love-chain too tenacious  
 to be broken, the family on earth and in the spirit-  
 realms still one, joying in our joy, sorrowing in our

sorrow, coming to us for happiness, and giving ecstatic bliss in return, rejoicing in the blossoming of the soul-buds of consciousness, even as we rejoice in the opening faculties of our children.

"*And to have you know that it is me.*" With what throbbing joy the mother presses her first-born to her heart; but it is as nought compared with that felt when it learns to know her from all others—when it learns that the eye beaming so fondly upon it is MOTHER'S.

Yes, I know that it was him; and then my mother comes also, giving me sweet messages of love. O, ye who behold but the crown of thorns! ye will some day know that I am blest, — so blest that even my sorrows bring me richest joy.

"O, the joy ecstatic, thrilling  
Through my inmost being, filling  
To its fulness all my soul,  
Like the waves of love eternal,  
Rippling through the realms supernal,  
Making music while they roll."

### DEATH NEVERMORE.

'TWAS night, and swift the lightnings  
Were flashing through the sky,  
Revealing only darkness.  
Unto the tear-dimmed eye,  
That could not see the beauty  
Which shone above it all —  
For faith, and hope, and duty  
Seemed covered with a pall!

O, there she sat in anguish, —  
That more than widowed one;  
The light of heart and hearthstone  
Forever, ever gone!  
"No footstep now to meet me,  
No fondly beaming eye,  
No loved one's voice to greet me —  
O, would that I might die!"

That wish in secret cherished,  
Soon floated through the air,  
Up to the Great Eternal,  
In words of bitter prayer:  
"O God! my hopes are blighted;  
Earth holds no joys for me!  
Of mortals the most wretched,  
May I not come to thee?"

While reason thus was reeling  
Beneath her weight of woe,  
A phantom form came stealing,  
With footsteps soft and slow,  
Into that lonely chamber,  
And fixed her hollow eye  
Upon the kneeling mourner,  
Who prayed that she might die.

This haggard phantom carried  
An infant on her arm,  
The curse of Slavery branded  
Upon its little form:

A flag was o'er them floating  
 Of stripes without the stars,  
 And chains around them clanking,  
 All rusted o'er with tears.

While fondly to her bosom  
 Her babe she tried to hold,  
 The slave-fiend took it from her,  
 And bartered it for gold!  
 Then, as her awful shrieking  
 Made Misery's cheek turn pale,  
 The cutting lash descended  
 To hush her heart-wrung wail!

The vision faded slowly —  
 The storm hath given place  
 To sweet and placid sunshine,  
 On Nature's lovely face;  
 But still that kneeling mourner  
 Her prayer to Heaven addressed;  
 But 'twas for strength to labor  
 For all of earth's oppressed.

Once "she prayed that life's poor token,  
 Canker-eaten, might be broken,  
 Setting free the chafing spirit, beating 'gainst its prison-  
 door;"

But she prayeth thus no longer,  
 For her soul is growing stronger,  
 Daily stronger as she saileth Life's eventful ocean o'er.  
 Paddling now her own canoe,  
 Captain *she*, and she the crew,

She will safely pass the hurlgate, where the raging bil-  
 lows roar.

Putting by the vale translucent,  
 She will land her bark triumphant —  
 Land it with a song of triumph, on that bright eternal  
 shore.

Brother, on that sunset heather,  
 Though we should not kneel together,  
 We shall surely fill our mission —  
*Death* for us now nor never — is not now nor never-  
 more!

### BEAUTY AND ITS LOVES.

BEAUTY is one of the many manifestations that God makes of himself to his creatures, in order to win their love.

The love of beauty, — an inherent principle in the human heart, — which, carried to its ultimate, would lead us into all truth.

The love of being beautiful, — the first step towards such ultimatum, — the first-born child of Beauty and its Love. A child that has but to realize that true beauty is spiritual and eternal; that truth is the soul of such beauty, and it will seek after it till the enlightened and harmonized spirit will cause the most homely features to become lovely, through the transcendently beautiful soul which they reflect; a soul which, when freed from the body, will not need a new one to make it fit for the companionship of angels, for it will already be clothed in garments sufficiently glorious.

## DREAMS AND REALITIES.

TO MY SISTER SARAH.

THE curtains of darkness  
 Around me had closed,  
 And my wearied limbs  
 Were stretched for repose,  
 When my spirit took flight  
 And hastened away,  
 In dream-land to range  
 Till the breaking of day.

Methought for long years  
 I had been from my home,  
 But unto it now  
 I did haste to return :  
 Forgotten all else  
 In the hope that I felt,  
 Of standing again  
 Where the hearth-circle knelt.

O'er valley and mountain  
 I sped on my way,  
 Till night brought a blush  
 To the fair cheek of day,  
 When the cot of my father  
 Arose to my sight,  
 'Neath the shadowing trees,  
 On the opposite height :

'Neath the shadowing trees,  
 Where together we played  
 Ere sorrow had cast  
 O'er our spirit a shade, —  
 Where the robin and bluebird  
 Came yearly to sing  
 Their carols of gladness,  
 A welcome to spring.

In the side of the hill  
 We had made us a seat,  
 Sister, you and I,  
 And there it was yet ;  
 And there was the rivulet's  
 Silvery sheen, —  
 A spirit of beauty  
 To gladden the scene.

The murmuring song  
 Of the silvery rill, —  
 The seat we had made  
 In the side of the hill,  
 And scenes all around,  
 As they greeted my sight,  
 Awoke in my bosom  
 A thrill of delight.

A thrill in my bosom,  
 But had not the power  
 My footsteps to stay  
 In that heart-yearning hour ;

My footsteps to stay  
 As onward I sped  
 To the cot that in infancy  
 Sheltered my head.

I reached it! I reached it!  
 And quickly was pressed  
 To Love's purest altar, —  
 A fond mother's breast;  
 While eyes that were bright,  
 And faces all fair,  
 Did greet me as sister,  
 And welcome me there.

O, Father in heaven!  
 Why could it not last?  
 That vision of gladness  
 So linked with the past.  
 Why must I awake  
 To reality's doom,  
 To find that my mother  
 Lies low in the tomb?

To feel that the home,  
 Where I knelt at her knee,  
 Can never again  
 Be a home unto me;  
 To know that the loved ones,  
 Who knelt by my side,  
 Are borne from each other  
 On time's rolling tide.

'Tis well, but 'tis anguish.  
 O, Wisdom Divine!  
 The links of affection,  
 Around us that twine,  
 Are held in thine hand,  
 Though severed they seem,  
 'Tis that they more brightly,  
 More brightly may gleam.

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TWO SIDES TO THE PICTURE.

"MRS. BALL'S Jane has left her; she says Jane's mother tells her that it is always so; she never will stay long at a time."

"Jane's mother! Why, when she first came to Mrs. Ball's, the story was that her mother always took her away as soon as she got clothed up a little. When did she go?"

"On Tuesday."

"Tuesday! That was the day she was here to borrow the churn; the day before the picnic. She wanted to go very much, but had no money to pay her fare on the cars."

"Wouldn't Mrs. Ball let her have it?"

"No. Jane said she had asked Mrs. Ball, and she told her that she should give her no twenty cents. She wanted me to let her have it, but I had no change by me; then she wanted me to ask you for it, but I thought she had better ask you herself."

"She did not come to me, or she should have had it. I think Mrs. Ball might have let her have that trifle."

"She said something about trying to get it of her aunt. That was what she went for then; she asked to go and see her aunt, and Mrs. Ball told her that she might, after the churning was done, if she would be back in time to get the dinner; but she did not come at all."

"Have they not seen her since?"

"Mr. Ball saw her the next day, and she said she wanted to come back; but he told her that his wife said she wouldn't have her any more; she had gone, and she might stay."

"What reason did she give for not coming back at the time specified?"

"I don't know as any. Mrs. Ball thinks that she staid longer than she intended, and then was afraid to come lest she should get punished. She says Jane had been quite a good girl for the last two weeks; had been learning to sew, and succeeded well for a beginner; that she would have been quite a help to her in time, had she staid."

The foregoing remarks were made in my hearing not long since; and now let us examine the matter fairly, and see who was most to blame, Jane or her mistress.

Jane's mother was a worthless woman; only a curse to those she should have protected; and poor Jane, though but a child, was left to care for herself; to find a home wherever she could; and Mrs. Ball had taken her from the street, one cold day the winter before, just at night, and thinly clad. The woman with whom she had been staying had turned her out, for some cause,

and the child was crying bitterly, not knowing where to find shelter for the night.

Mrs. Ball was lame, and could not, on that account, get around very well to do her work, and her husband's income was too small to warrant their hiring it done. She had hitherto depended upon a sister, who made her home with them; but this sister was soon to be married, thus leaving her entirely alone. Jane was large enough to wash dishes, set tables, run of errands, and the like; consequently just such help as the circumstances demanded.

The lady talked loudly of the wrongs the poor child had endured, how she had been neglected, &c., and said that if Jane would stay with her, and try to be a good girl, she should not want for a home, but should be clothed up, and made comfortable. "To be sure, she must have faults;" that was to be expected; she had been so neglected, it could not be otherwise; but some one must care for the child, and why not her as well as another? So Jane was duly installed in her new home, and Mrs. Ball just as duly congratulated herself upon the good she was doing.

Months passed. The blush of spring began to fade before the brighter hues of summer. The time of picnics had come. Circle after circle of happy children had gone forth from the city's dusty walls to revel a while in the garden's nature. The class with whom Jane was connected was soon to take their turn. She could not go to school, but the teacher had kindly agreed to let her go to the picnic, if she would furnish her share of the funds necessary to pay the expenses. But where was she to get the money?

O, she would be very good, and perhaps Mrs. Ball would let her have it. This, doubtless, was the secret of her behaving so much better than usual the last two weeks of her stay. O, how her heart had throbbed between hope and fear; how she had tried, by every art in her power, to win the good will of her mistress; how she had calculated the chances of success, and shrank from the thought of failure. She wouldn't miss going for anything! They were going a good many miles on the cars; were to have speeches and music! It would be a new era in her existence.

But the time draws near; there is but one day left; she timidly asks for the twenty cents, and is refused. She turns away with a sinking heart, but will not give it up so; she may get it of some one yet. She gets permission to go out, with the understanding that she is to return in time to get the dinner. This she readily promises, and intends to perform; but, in her anxiety to accomplish her object, she forgets the flight of time, and, ere she is aware, the hour for her return has passed, and then she dares not go. Poor child! disappointed all around, and all for the paltry sum of twenty cents.

Mrs. Ball could well afford to keep her for a waiter; let her eat at the side table, and make over old clothes for her to wear; but she could not afford to pay out money for her. Not she! But had any one dared to tell her that she was not doing well by the child, the charge would have been indignantly repelled. Why, she had taken her from the street! had given her a home! How much would they have her do?

Stop a moment, my good woman. Let us look at

this thing a little. Suppose your James or your George had wanted the same, or even twice the amount, for a similar purpose. Suppose their mates had all been going out for a holiday, could you not have found the means for them to go? But they have always rejoiced in a father's care, and a fond mother's love, and would not need it half as much as did this poor neglected one. Could you not spare twenty cents to purchase a ray of sunshine to illumine her darkened path?

And "you wished to make her a good girl," you said. Well, what better way could you have taken, than to have shown her that you appreciated her efforts to please you, by saying, "Yes, Jane, I guess I must let you go; you have been a pretty good girl of late, and you deserve a holiday. Go and enjoy yourself; but be careful to do what is right and proper, and when you return, I shall expect you to keep doing better all the time. I know it is hard breaking up bad habits, but you will conquer if you persevere."

Suppose you had taken such a course, instead of the one you did, would you not have been repaid in more ways than one? You may think you did just right; but while you are exclaiming against the ingratitude of other people's children in general, and of this one in particular, others may form a very different opinion.

## MOTTLED SUNSET.

THE lambs that lie a-resting  
 Beside the golden bars,  
 That part the realms of daylight  
 From the region of the stars,  
 Have given to the shearers  
 Their soft and shining fleeces,  
 And fairy little fingers  
 Have pulled them all to pieces.

Like snowflakes in their softness,  
 Like robes that angels wear,  
 Like amber-colored rose leaves,  
 They're floating through the air;  
 Are floating, softly floating,  
 Like the rainbow tints that rise  
 From life-inspiring fountains,  
 In groves of paradise.

O, this world is very lovely  
 When morning shows her face,  
 And brighter still her beauty,  
 As noon comes on apace;  
 But when, at day's departing,  
 The coming in of even  
 Brings such a scene of glory,  
 It makes me think of heaven.

## A HOME IN HEAVEN.

How deeply is the love of home implanted in the human heart! It is ever prompting us to seek some place to which we can turn and be at rest; that place to be dearer to us than all the world beside. The associations of home tend to strengthen the noblest feelings of the soul; it is one of the loves which elevate and refine. But will it endure? Will it pass with us into the future?

I believe it will, for does God create only that he may destroy? nourish all the days of our mortal life that which cannot pass with us through the gates of death? And who does not know that the love of home is stronger at three score than at fifteen? And so, says one, is the love of life. Yes, thank God; and we shall take life, the life of immortality with us, as we shall the love of home. This cannot die, for it is a part of ourselves, and being such, shall be gratified in accordance with the divinest wisdom. Yes, we shall have a home in heaven.

We often hear people speaking of heaven as a home; but to how few has the idea come of a home in heaven, a specific dwelling-place appointed unto us, a mansion where we can collect and arrange our treasures according to our individual tastes? Heaven our home! What would some poor earth wanderer say, if you should attempt to comfort him by telling him that the world was his home? He would tell you at once that that was just what he complained of; his home was too



large; he could not appropriate it; that such general proprietorship suited neither his wishes nor his needs.

Alas! of how many may it be said, "the world is their home," "the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head?" "The world is my home." It is rather an expression of desolation than of rest; and would it be less so if it were true of the world to come? Is heaven so much less capacious than earth? or do we expect that our spirits will become so enlarged, upon leaving the body, that we can fill and appropriate its boundless realms? Believe it not. We shall have a home in heaven—an actual residence, fitted up in accordance with our individual characteristics; a living expression of our inner selves.

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," is an injunction of true wisdom, and, as is our obedience thereto, so will be the beauty and richness of that home. How many, who look upon it as a great misfortune to be poor here, forget the possibility of comparative poverty there. They busy themselves in collecting this world's goods, not one particle of which they can carry with them; but are exceedingly moderate in their aspirations for a future life. If they can only be admitted inside of heaven's gate, they deem it sufficient. But it seems to me that it will not be so pleasant a thing, after all, to be saved, as by fire, while the treasures we have accumulated are burned up, because we have not selected those of a durable stamp.

Such people show that they have no true idea of what heaven is. To them it is no living reality; a something to be wrought out for themselves. The command, to

work out their own salvation, has no meaning which they can enter into and understand; but they seem to expect that it will be given to them, something as one receives a piece of property by bequest. They have no realizing sense that our heaven is, and ever must be, in accordance with our receptivity; that it must flow into, and be elaborated through us into garments of beauty, precious jewels, and glorious mansions, and that only so far as they are thus elaborated can they be ours.

"Those who sow to the flesh shall, of the flesh, reap corruption, and those who sow to the spirit shall, of the spirit, reap life everlasting," while "those who sow sparingly, shall reap sparingly," in one case as well as in the other; and thus shall our home there be just what we please to make it, or rather, a true representation of what we please to make ourselves. The insignia of our moral rank, be it high or low, will be stamped upon all that pertains to us, and wherever we go we shall be known for just what we are. But there is one advantage that those homes will have over the homes of earth. Our mansions will never become old or weather-beaten, nor our furniture covered with dust and cobwebs, if not subject to constant supervision; our fruits will not mildew, nor our flowers wither, because of a worm at the root.

We may go forth through the realms of the infinite, on voyages of discovery, or missions of benevolence, and when we return, all will be as bright and beautiful as ever; meanwhile, we may be permitted, from time to time, to transfer from the garden of our God some transparent evergreen, some flower of perennial loneliness, thus adding to the beauty of that home which

shall continue to grow fairer through the endless ages of eternity.

O, glorious hope! Well might the apostle exhort us to run with patience the race that is set before us!

### A LEAF FROM MEMORY.

LONG years ago, when I was but a child, —  
 Yes, they were long, those years; they did not flit  
 As now, so swiftly by, but paused to gaze  
 On childhood's sunny brow. I sported then,  
 One balmy day, without the cottage door  
 That was my father's home. The western sky  
 Bespoke the waning day's departing hour,  
 When my sweet sister, pausing in her play,  
 Exclaimed, "Papa has come!" My toys were dropped,  
 And springing forward, thought to catch his hand;  
 But there was something in his look so sad  
 It checked the joyous beating of my heart;  
 'Twas so unwont I knew not what it meant;  
 No kiss he gave, nor scarce a single smile,  
 As on with lingering tread he passed to where  
 Our mother watched our baby brother's cot.  
 I paused through fear, of what I did not know,  
 One moment at the door; but the desire  
 Which so predominates, and ever has,  
 Within the human breast, whate'er lies hid  
 To learn, impelled me on, and I saw what  
 I ne'er remember to have seen before —

The tears slow trickling down my mother's cheeks.  
 They fell upon my heart like drops of ice.  
 I stole me to her side; she clasped me close,  
 As if she feared some one would tear me thence.  
 What could it be that grieved my parents thus?  
 They spake of death. I studied o'er and o'er  
 To see what that could mean: I could not tell;  
 But now I know. Alas! I know too well;  
 For I have seen him lay his hand upon  
 That mother's form, till, shrinking from his touch,  
 She hid herself within the silent grave.  
 They spake of death, a lake, and a frail bark  
 Upon its bosom rocked, too roughly rocked,  
 E'en till its inmates grappled with the deep.  
 I tried, but tried in vain, to comprehend  
 The fearful tale their looks and words expressed;  
 In after years, oft told, I learned it all.  
 Assist me, mournful muse, while I attempt,  
 In language worthy of the scene, to paint  
 What is inscribed so deeply on my heart.

Within the bosom of a lovely scene,  
 Itself the centre, stands a little lake: —  
 Go thou, upon some quiet summer day,  
 And looking down into its placid depths,  
 Say if thou see'st ought to waken fear,  
 'Tis so serenely fair? But trust it not,  
 For when old Boreas rises from his seat,  
 'Tis shaken like the heart by passion swayed.  
 On such a time there came unto its beach  
 A band united by the ties of love; —  
 Two brothers, with their wives, and one sweet child;

And maidens too, who doubted not that life,  
 With all its charms, was all before them yet.  
 Unto the beach they came, and gazing on  
 The other shore, they feared to cross thereto,  
 For lo! the winds spake threateningly, and waves,  
 With sullen aspect, said, "Tempt not our rage."  
 They heard, and feared; but, led by strong desire,  
 They ventured forth upon the treacherous deep.  
 Treacherous! Ah, no, for they were fairly warned!

Too soon they learned, that those who take desire  
 Instead of reason for their guide, shall find  
 Their footsteps following in the devious path  
 Which leads away from hope's bright goal of peace.  
 Swayed to and fro, like some tall slender tree  
 When the fierce blast comes sweeping through the  
 vale,  
 Their little bark, unable to withstand,  
 Or buffet with the waves, was soon a wreck.  
 What words can paint the agony of fear  
 That filled their bosoms in that dreadful hour!  
 A hair's breadth 'twixt them and eternity.  
 But here, e'en here, the love of life, within  
 Each human breast so strong, found room to act,  
 Found means to baffle death.

One trembling maid  
 Clung with despairing strength to the frail skiff,  
 And one across it threw her fainting form;  
 The father, husband, brother, with one hand  
 Took it and its load, and with the other  
 Took his wife and child; then, with an energy

Which comes but in extremity, he swam  
 And bore them to the land; — not all of them; —  
 His babe had yielded up its little life,  
 And when the father saw, — "O, let it go,"  
 He said, "for I can scarcely hope to save  
 Those that yet live."

Where are the other two?  
 For there were seven: the memory of one  
 Floats o'er the vision of my early days  
 Like a bright halo. I never dreamed  
 That loveliness like hers could be eclipsed, —  
 That other aunties could be half as good  
 As mine. Alas! alas! that she should die!  
 That one so young, whose prospects were so bright,  
 Should perish thus! But six short months had passed  
 Since she, united with her chosen one,  
 Deemed earth but little less than paradise, —  
 United first in life, and then in death,  
 Together clasped, the waves swept o'er their heads.

## SIMILITUDES.

TO MATILDA.

THE sun, in his glory,  
 Hath set in the west;  
 The earth, 'neath his rays,  
 Lies fainting no more;

How grateful the dew  
That descends on its breast,  
With life and fresh vigor  
Each plant to restore!

Thus, when weary my body  
And sinking thy soul,  
The night cometh on  
To invite to repose,  
Like the dew may the smile  
Of the Father control  
Each troubled emotion,  
And scatter thy woes.

The rays of the sun,  
When he cometh at morn,  
Are not like the rays  
Which burn at noonday;  
The earth filled with gladness  
Now greets his return,  
And the train of Erebus  
Flies swiftly away.

Thus when morning appears,  
May the sun of thy soul  
Compassionate weakness,  
And mild shed his light;  
For should he his noontide  
Of glory unfold,  
Thy spirit, o'erwhelmed,  
Would faint at the sight.

In spring-time the flowers  
And foliage green,  
Give promise that plenty  
Shall be by and by;  
In autumn no fruit  
On the bough shall be seen,  
Unless shower after shower  
Descend from on high.

Thus the spring of thy life  
May promise to thee  
A harvest well worthy  
Thy toil and thy care;  
But thy toil and thy care  
Unavailing shall be,  
If angels of love  
Listen not to thy prayer.

No summer continual  
Sunshine can give,  
But oftentimes with clouds  
Is the sky overcast;  
What is there, without them,  
On earth that could live,  
And sunshine and shower  
Bring the harvest at last.

Though grief cast her shadow  
Full oft o'er thy path,  
Remember that trial  
Makes virtue grow strong;

If hid from thine eye  
Is thy sun, live by faith,  
And the harvest of heaven  
Shall thine be ere long.

When the storehouse is full  
And the fire burneth bright,  
The hoarse blasts of Boreas  
Unheeded sweep by;  
Within the loved home  
There are scenes of delight,  
Though thick darkness cover  
The face of the sky.

Thus the frosts of life's winter  
Unheeded are felt,  
When the fire of God's love  
Burns bright in the heart;  
E'en the cold chill of death  
This hath power to melt,  
And cause thee to welcome  
The hour to depart.

### SOUL PICTURES.

O, THE soul hath many pictures,  
Hung about upon its walls;  
Some are touched with heavenly beauty,  
Some with tints of burning gall —  
Tints of bitter, burning gall.

Some are painted by the angels,  
Bending from their home above,  
Striving thus to give to mortals,  
Glimpses of the charms of love:  
Yes, for God himself is love.

But we, in impatient blindness,  
Snatch the pencil from their hands;  
Then some hideous distortion,  
Emblem of our folly, stands;  
Ay, a lasting emblem stands.

Vainly strive we to erase it,  
Vain to cover up the whole,  
For, indelibly transparent  
Are the pictures of the soul,—  
All transparent in the soul.

And to-day I have been gazing  
On a thus distorted scene,  
Through the many colored paintings  
That have since been hung between;  
By the angels hung between.

Pitying angels, spare your efforts,  
For ye cannot hide the past;  
'Tis my picture, I must keep it  
Long as memory's power shall last;  
Long as I, myself, shall last.

I must keep it; but the future,  
 With its still ungarnished walls,  
 Meets me, with a look beseeching,  
 As I go to walk its halls;  
 Go to walk its untrod halls.

Sent by Him who lives to love us,  
 Your protection I would claim,  
 That on what is there reflected  
 I may never look with shame.  
 Guardian angels,  
 Help me trust in Love's great name.

### THE SMILE OF GOD.

WITHOUT it, earth would be a void  
 As dark as chaos wild,  
 Ere God first said, "Let there be light,"  
 And to create it, smiled.

He smiled; and, lo! the morning stars  
 In circling clusters sang,  
 And with the shouting of His sons,  
 The heavenly arches rang.

And myriad, myriad rolling orbs,  
 Ingulfed in blackest night,  
 Sprang forth upon their shining track,  
 Arrayed in living light.

Aye, living light! The smile of God,  
 That unto being warms  
 The singing birds, and fruits and flowers,  
 As its embodied forms.

For 'tis that ever-living smile,  
 Which, every passing hour,  
 Gives to creation's throbbing pulse  
 Its energizing power.

### GROWING OLD.

THEY tell me "I am growing old" —  
 That on my brow are lines of care —  
 That years have left their furrows there —  
 That Time, with fingers gaunt and cold,  
 Is weaving in my auburn hair  
 His lines of frost as if he would prepare  
 For Death a pathway, and his labors share.

And I repeat, "I am growing old;"  
 Then as I pause to ask the meaning  
 Of words that unto me are seeming  
 Like to an idle tale oft told,  
 Or like the vagaries of dreaming,  
 I see a light from out the distance streaming —  
 The light of life in mellow radiance beaming.

The light of life, the light of heaven,  
 That on the wings of love is flying,  
 To win us from our bitter sighing —

A holy light by which 'tis given,  
 To know that time is only trying  
 The bands to sever that are round us lying  
 Our worn-out garments, and we call it dying.

Go, tell that merry-hearted child,  
 Whose little feet are pattering o'er  
 The pebbles on life's sandy shore, —  
 Whose laugh rings out so free and wild,  
 He's growing old, because the clothes he wore  
 With so much pride a month or two before,  
 Are now with rents and patches covered o'er.

Ah, just as well as talk of age  
 To me because the garb I'm wearing  
 Looks dull — because decay is staring  
 Upon me from life's fairest page.  
 New robes are even now preparing,  
 And angels soon shall shout the reappearing  
 Of life's worn book, the seal immortal bearing.

Then talk no more of growing old  
 To one whose life shall last for aye —  
 Life that throughout unending day  
 Shall still in higher forms unfold.  
 From out the depth of being comes the cry,  
 "God's image, it can never die;  
 Death has no sting, the grave no victory."

## LUCY, DARLING.

O DARLING, Lucy, darling,  
 The sun adown the west  
 Is sinking in his grandeur,  
 As a God would sink to rest,  
 While clouds of floating amber  
 That deck the vault above,  
 Are reflected in the waters  
 As a heart reflects its love.

The splendor of the sunset,  
 The vault of azure blue,  
 The sky and glassy waters,  
 But make me think of you;  
 For the beauty they are showing, —  
 Sun, water, clouds, and sky, —  
 Are all combined together  
 In your love-lit, angel eye.

Then darling, Lucy, darling,  
 Where'er I roam or rest,  
 My heart to you'll be turning  
 As the friend I love the best;  
 For the beauty of your spirit,  
 Surpassing form and face,  
 Has left on mine an image  
 That nought can e'er efface.

## EARTH ANGELS.

TELL me not that angels holy  
 Only dwell in worlds above;  
 Come they not to spirits lonely,  
 Messengers of peace and love?  
 Are they not here all about us,  
 Not as guests, but faithful friends,  
 Watching ever on our footsteps,  
 Wheresoe'er these footsteps tend?

Yes they are, for I have seen them  
 Standing by the couch of pain,  
 Wiping off the clammy death sweat,  
 Or the tears that fell like rain.  
 I have seen them by the hearthstone,  
 With their eyes of heavenly light  
 Scattering every cloud of sadness,  
 Putting every care to flight.

I have seen them in the highways,  
 Thronged with busy, flying feet,  
 And I've seen them in the byways,  
 Where the humble poor retreat,  
 In the cottage, in the palace,  
 By the prisoner's lonely cot;—  
 O, this earth is full of angels!  
 Though too oft we know them not.

Once, when I was very weary,  
 And the path of duty seemed

For a moment sad and dreary,  
 On my vision, lo! there beamed  
 Such a wond'rous wealth of beauty,  
 Such a fair and fragrant mead,  
 That my feet were well nigh tempted  
 In forbidden paths to tread.

I forgot that pleasure's fingers  
 Fashion for the soul a tomb;  
 I forgot that deep morasses  
 May be overspread with bloom.  
 I had walked on beds of quicksand,  
 Covered with deceitful green;  
 But the form of one that loved me,  
 At the moment came between.

'Neath his blue eye, calm and steady,  
 Once again my soul grew strong,  
 For I felt that God had sent him  
 To withhold me from the wrong.  
 Dear earth angels, O, how potent  
 Are your tones and looks of love  
 To protect us when temptation  
 For our strength too strong would prove.

Yes, this earth is full of angels  
 Clothed a while in robes of clay,  
 Some of which are new and goodly,  
 Some are fading fast away;  
 But too oft we fail to know them  
 Till their work on earth is done,  
 And the fluttering of their pinions  
 Tells us that they hence have flown.



## MY FATHER.

GONE from the earth-life to the spirit-land — gone to join her who has been waiting for thee for almost a quarter of a century — the companion of thy youth, the mother of thy children. O, what a change! What a change from the toilsome unrest of the suffering life from which father, mother, sister, brother, and wife dropped away, one by one, leaving thee to "put tired to tired, and at it again," in thy struggle with disappointment, poverty, and disease. My father, I am sad when I remember that I shall see thy bowed form no more in the life that now is, and glad that the sunlight of eternity has risen upon thine enfranchised soul — has risen, not to call thee from thy couch to wearisome toil, but from toil and suffering to soul-invigorating rest.

Father, mother, and the little sister who has now grown to womanhood, in the spirit-land, beautiful womanhood, under the immediate eye of our mother! Father, Mother, Sister, — a triune band, to watch over the six that remain!

My mother, my father, I know that the Infinite Principle governing all things is wise and good. I cannot, I dare not believe otherwise; if I did, I should go mad with despair! And yet, yet there comes a pang of agony when I remember the poverty of your earthly lives — poverty in all that which develops the soul, as well as makes the body comfortable. My mother, O, my mother! my soul quivers with anguish when I think of the accursed gripe of the "Beldame Sprite," holding

thy fine, spiritual nature in abeyance, violating thy tastes, sending thy proud soul back into itself, unappreciated and misunderstood, counted as of little worth by those whose valuation of woman consisted in the amount of physical labor she could perform, and the readiness with which she could enter into the gossip and scandal of the neighborhood; suffering thus, while the wealth that was daily wasted upon the proud fools of society would have developed into sparkling lustre the bright jewels of thine inner life. And, father, when I remember in those years that she was with us, and after she had flitted to brighter climes, when I remember the continuous toil, the coarse fare, and poor attire that was thine, in order that thy children might have bread, and that, while others grew richer for thy toil, — when I think of all this, my soul cries out, "Where is Justice, and where the habitation of her throne?"

Hush! hush! Turn thine eyes away from beholding the past, lest the sympathetic chain, which binds in one, should lead them back to the valley of shadows. They have travelled it once; and is not that enough, without having its image constantly reflected to their view from the heart of their child? Away, away, corroding thoughts! If I can look upon the darkest shades in the past of my own life, and thank Heaven for each trial, believing that

"A more than human wisdom  
Guides us all our journey through,"

shall I think of them as looking from the eternal shores with regretful longing that they suffered here? Nay, nay, it cannot be! And thus the sweet dove of peace

comes brooding o'er the troubled waters with her whispered "All is well." Peace, did I say? Shall I be at peace because MY father and mother have passed safely over? Are not others suffering still from the wrong of injustice, from the selfish cupidity of their fellows? Nay, give me, no selfish rest, but gird me anew for the conflict, ye angel hosts, and

not  
 "Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring  
 Unto my raptured vision,"

"All the ecstatic joys that spring  
 Around the bright elysian,"

but the *principles* which lead to those joys, that I may teach others the way of eternal life.

#### CLOUD FANCIES.

Whither away, thou floating form  
 Of soft and fleecy whiteness,  
 Misnamed a cloud? — no coming storm  
 Rests in thine airy lightness.  
 Thine origin I fain would learn,  
 And whither is thy final bourne?

Hast thou arisen from the earth,  
 The spirit-life of flowers?  
 If so, thou surely hadst thy birth  
 Within her fairest bowers:  
 'Tis fit that such ethereal grace  
 Should now adorn your azure space.

Perhaps thou art of humble prayer,  
 The incense that doth rise  
 Until it entereth the ear  
 Of Him who rules the skies;  
 Then, speed thee on thine upward way,  
 Fair suppliant to the court of day.

Sometimes my humble fancy says  
 A favored infant one  
 Has left its little sports and plays  
 To seek a fairer home;  
 And that thou art the floating car  
 On which they ride through upper air.

And then I think an angel hand  
 Is hovering o'er the earth,  
 As guardian spirits to the land  
 That gave them mortal birth;  
 And that thou art the lovely guise,  
 In which they hide them from our eyes.

By why, through Fancy's wide domain,  
 Should I delight to rove?  
 No lovelier truth I there shall gain  
 Than God's impartial love.  
 Impartial love, for just as fair,  
 The mists that gather in the air,  
 From stagnant pools, as those which rise  
 From crystal founts to seek the skies.

## THE EMBLEM.

YOUNG mother, while you're gazing upon some tiny  
cloud,

Doth e'er its snowy whiteness remind you of the shroud  
In which they wrapped your darling, and bore it from  
your sight,

Your soul as cheerless leaving, as winter's starless night?  
Dost ever think its spirit may be as near to thee,  
As is that beauteous emblem, from every stain as free?

That cloud was once a dew-drop, and rested on a rose,  
A mirror for the beauty its blushing sweets disclose;  
But when the sun had risen, and saw his image there,  
He took it up to heaven, for earth it was too fair;  
He took it, lest defilement its purity should stain,  
And make it all unworthy to mingle in his train.

Then, mother, while you're gazing upon some tiny cloud,  
And thinking of the dear one they covered with a shroud,  
Remember that the dew-drop, on which you loved to gaze,  
Has been attracted upward; is sparkling in the blaze  
Of heaven's eternal sunlight; is dwelling in a home  
Where sin can never reach it, and sorrow never come.

## THE SONG OF THE INVALID.

O, TAKE me away from the city's strife,  
To the peaceful scenes of rural life;  
I long to escape from the withering care,  
And to breathe again of a purer air;  
To listen a while to the songs that rise  
On the wings of love to their native skies.

O, keep me not here, for the gushing rills,  
As they leaping come from their parent hills,  
Invite me to go to their valleys fair,  
And to roam with them where the lilies are;  
To join in their sports, and to help them sing  
Of the matchless charms of the virgin Spring.

There's health for the sons of the fruitful soil  
In the breeze that sings to their daily toil,  
Or toys for a while with their waving hair,  
As it paints their cheeks as the roses are;  
While vainly I seek, in the crowded mart,  
I can find no strength for my fainting heart.

The plains and the valleys are long and wide;  
There is room enough on the mountain side;  
Then why should I stay in this narrow place,  
Where the hapless ones of the human race  
Must dwell in the earth, or must climb so high,  
They can say, almost, that they lease the sky?

## THEN.

YES, then, just as I found the home of my fifth summer. Mother used to say that "partnership was a poor ship to sail in," and father found it true in his case, when forced to leave our pine woods' home and start anew in the poor man's struggle for the possession of God's free gift to man — the soil. This time he pitched his tent on East Hill, and went to work, with hands made hard by honest toil, for which, if ever he has received his reward, it is now, for it was not here.

Does the future give compensation to those who are too honest to succeed here? If not, then justice is but a name. Little did I then know, however, of a parent's care. The air was chill, but the sun had sent the snow rippling down the streams in the form of water, and it was not too cold for a curious child to wander forth in search of the unknown. The first discovery that I made, of sufficient importance to be remembered, was some wintergreens, at the big end of a very large log, out in the old chopping; the next was a small pine, growing so slanting that I could walk right up it, and swing from the top to the ground on the opposite side of the stream, on the bank of which it stood.

This was enough for one day; but it was not long before we, sister and I, found the "hoary old rock," out in "the old pasture field," on which we used to hammer for hours, trying to secure some of the shining particles which sparkled upon its surface. But somehow, when separated from the rock, we always found

that the shine was all gone, and to console ourselves for our disappointment, we would gather up the sand and take it to the house for mother to scour the floor with. The warmth of spring soon brought the flowers, the first of which I gathered from beneath branches of

"The oak in the corner,  
Where acorn cups fell  
From boughs that seemed up in the sky."

Presently the big meadow was covered with yellow blossoms, — daisies, I called them, — then strawberries blossomed and ripened, and blueberries did the same. Lady-slippers, with their pink and white flowers, shaped so like a shoe, were discovered in the woods by the school-house, and sister ran away to go to school, the first day, only three years old at that, went nearly a mile alone, and got punished for it in the bargain. Thus on till the summer passed away, and the winter too, making one more of the five years that we tarried ere we were away to the West complete; five years more of my life, ere we went to live on the shore of Lake Erie.

Away, but the heart was left behind. O, the heart-sickness of the homesick child! The busy scenes of the day may hold the tried spirit, but when slumber comes, it returns to the dear, familiar haunts, to wander there till the dawn of the morning brings it back to life, — better say death and disappointment.

## THE MAGDALENE.

Up from the region of darkness,  
 Up from the valley of thorns,  
 With face that was blanched with the darkness,  
 With feet that were bleeding and torn ;  
 She came, in the strength of her weakness,  
 The strength of a mighty resolve,  
 A strength that was perfect in weakness ;  
 And clasping the horns of the altar,  
 She said, " I will die at the altar,"  
 Had fainted and died at the altar ;  
 But an angel, who stood there in waiting,  
 Threw a strong arm around to support her :  
 To support, and to bid her look upward,  
 Away from the cold looks of scorning,  
 From the looks that were cruel and scorning,  
 Away to the light of the glory  
 Which beamed from the region beyond.

With the arm of the angel around her,  
 And the light that was shining above her,  
 Her feet made a progress so rapid,  
 That the arrows of envy and scorning,  
 Full soon they fell short of their aiming :  
 Fell short of the mark of their aiming,  
 Till those who had looked down upon her,  
 And measured the distance between them,  
 As the gauge of their lofty position,  
 Forgetting their need to move onward,

Forgetting there could be a higher,  
 Found even the lost one above them,  
 Found her as the angel to lead them  
 To the land of the pure and the blessed.

## BEAUTIFUL BY REFLECTION.

Who has not exclaimed "How beautiful!" when looking at a mass of sunset clouds. Beautiful indeed ; and yet, were we to go thither and attempt to analyze the particles of which they are composed, we should not for a moment imagine that they contained the receptive power for the reflection of such beautiful hues. How illustrative of the manner in which the greatest minds of earth are often judged by those who are brought into daily contact with them. Looking only on the present, and the fruitions of the present, they discover nothing remarkable in the results of the every-day routine of toil and rest ; yea, according to their measurement, often only failure, consequently they pass such by without notice, if not with contempt ; do this, little dreaming that they are thus scorning those who are destined, through the reflected light of heaven, to become the morning stars of succeeding generations.

## PATIENCE.

"YES, that's forever the cry! Patience, patience! I want to witness results sometimes; I am tired of seeing those who started in life with me distancing me, one after another, and with but half the effort that I am making; whilst I do not seem one whit nearer the accomplishment of my desires. I sometimes feel as if there must be a wrong, an injustice somewhere."

"You are not very happy to-day, my friend. Let us walk abroad and look upon the face of nature; perhaps we can find something to dispel this cloud. Beautiful, isn't it, the variety which everywhere meets the eye? Streams, forests, rocks, and hills; little flowers and lofty oaks; plants which perfect themselves in a season, and trees which require ages to come to maturity."

What would you think of one who should find fault because the willow had not the strength of the oak, or that the apple was longer in maturing its fruits than the cherry? And yet it would be just as reasonable as for you to find fault because some of your companions mature like flowers or early fruit, while you must wait, like the oak or the elm, for the perfection of your nature, — the realization of your desires.

## SHADOWS

THE fairest flowers cast their shadows. God grant when the flowers of life have departed, that their shadows may not be left upon our hearts.

## COME TO ME, ANGELS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

COME to me, angels; come when the sun  
From his couch riseth;  
Then come from the Father, with food for my soul,  
Manna prepared by your delicate fingers,  
From the great storehouse  
Of wisdom and love;  
Feed me, O, feed me with wisdom and love.

Come to me, angels; come when the sun  
On the earth looketh,  
Like a fond lover, with passion-lit gaze,  
Bendeth to give her his warmest embrace;  
Then come with caresses,  
And love's fondest kisses,  
Come with caresses and kisses of love.

Come to me, angels; come when the sun  
For a while leaveth  
His bride to the care of the matronly moon,  
Who, with her maidens, will watch till the morn;  
Then come to my pillow,  
And ope with your touches  
The eyes of my spirit, your presence to scan.

All the night long with you let me wander,  
Forgetting earth's care,  
And show me in vision the land of Elysian,  
That strength I may gather life's burdens to bear;

And show me so plainly  
My errors and follies,  
That hence from the pathway I never may err.

Come to me, angels, when waves of affliction  
Encompass me round,  
And thorns to my temple are pressed as a crown,  
Then come to deliver, or come to sustain, —  
To pilot my bark  
Past billow and rock,  
To bear it triumphantly on to the port.

O, come to me, angels, in grief or in gladness;  
Come in all changes  
To which, as he passes, old Time can subject;  
Changes that bless us, whatever their guise;  
Come with your living,  
Come with your giving,  
Give as the father is giving to you.

And when our earth garments grow faded and worn,  
Come and unclasp them;  
Unfetter the spirit that longs to inherit  
A body immortal, to go where you dwell;  
Yes, come to me, angels,  
As heaven's evangelists,  
And lead me from earth to heaven's bright portals.

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth; and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

## TWENTY YEARS AFTERWARD.

YES, twenty years had passed; twenty years, during which I had become motherless, a wife, mother, and widow; and now I was to stand again upon the same old place, and what a whirl of contending emotions filled my soul! Uncle's home was near the school-house, and just by the old path that led across the hills to what had once been my home; the same path I had travelled so often, and hurried up the little ones when they lagged, by saying that bears lived in the woods, and would catch them if they didn't hurry; and now I was to travel that path again — travel it to the same terminus, and what should I find? Not my mother, for she had gone to the land of the hereafter; not my father, my brother, and my sisters, for they were scattered and far away. I had purposely prevented the friend to whose house I was going from coming for me, because it was "so little way across" that I could walk it as well as not; but when the hour for starting arrived, aunt was very much afraid that my satchel was too heavy for me; she would go and help me carry it. O, dear! must I be disappointed now, after all my planning!

This matter of fact, practical, good soul could never be made to comprehend that her presence, even, and much more the sound of her voice, would be sacrilege in that hour. No, no, she must not go with me; but how should I prevent it? She was so intensely kind and conscientious, that if she permitted me to go without her assistance, and I should get sick by the means,

she would never forgive herself. I was just on the point of giving up in despair, when she concluded that if I went very slowly, perhaps it might not hurt me. With a great deal of alacrity, I assured her that I should go very slowly indeed, and hurried out, in order to get away before she should change her mind.

How familiar everything looked, and yet how strange! The freshness that I had carried in my heart all these years, was not reflected back upon me from tree, bush, nor hillside; and even the pebbles in the pathway stared at me as if I was a stranger. And I was! I went away a child; I had come back a woman: and how could they be expected to recognize me? I felt, but did not stop to analyze the why of all this, as I hurried on, wooing the warmth that did not come. Surely, when I reached the meadow, the orchard, the spring, and the rock, I should be at home then. Alas! even here they had known only the child. A stranger still; I sat me down and wept.

Here, right here, stood the log cot, that was to me "a cottage fair." It was gone; but not the surroundings, — the hills were the same; the fields and forests nearly so, — but sleeping away in the autumn sunlight, nor waking once to welcome me. Here was the grassy spot where once I laid me down, and tried to count the stars. Here it was still, and as green as ever, but somehow its beauty for me was gone. Yonder stood the old log barn, where I used to go to pray to the God they told me of, who didn't like bad girls; but he didn't seem inclined to answer my prayers by making me good, for, judging by the standard of those about me, I grew no better all the time. It, too, was gone! all

gone, together with the fence, beside which I used to hunt for the hens that stole their own nests — strange stealing that; if every one came as honestly by what they have as did those hens by their nests, we should be a very honest people.

The meadow was there, the same as in the past, but I didn't feel a bit like going around it on the top of the rail fence, as I had done twenty years before; and the "hoary old rock" loomed up into sight just across the creek, but I was too sad even to go to it.

O, dear! O, dear! Well, I had carried this landscape in my heart for twenty years — carried it there hidden from sight, as one of the precious things of earth; and now, as I brought it forth, it crumbled — crumbled to dust, leaving me but the ashes of the dead past with which to enrich the living present. Yes, it had gone — gone from me as my childhood had. They belonged together, and what God had joined I could not separate. The first pang of disappointment softened, and I began to question. Is it not well, I ask, that this is so? If the sunshine, the freshness of the past could remain to us, should we not lose very much of the present, and of the future also, from the too frequent turning of our eyes backward?

Ay, we should; and it is well that we are not permitted to overload ourselves with that which blooms in our pathway. Gone from the external life, both our childhood and its surroundings; but, upon the walls of memory's crystal palace, they are stamped in colors of imperishable brightness, and knowing this, we are content.



## THE RESURRECTION OF THE FAIRIES.

THE fairies have risen  
 Up into the skies,  
 And are looking upon us  
 With laughing blue eyes;  
 The frolicsome fairies,  
 The blithe little fairies,  
 Are looking upon us  
 With laughing blue eyes.

With the earliest Spring  
 They came dancing along;  
 Earth blushed into beauty,  
 The air breathed of song;  
 They tripped on the green grass,  
 They kissed the sweet flowers;  
 They sailed on the streamlet,  
 They sang in the bowers.

When the sunshine of summer  
 Grew fervid with heat,  
 The breath of their myriads  
 Was coolingly sweet.  
 As, with thunder their herald,  
 And lightning their car,  
 With the tempest for steeds,  
 They came from afar.

Came to make our pastures  
 Spring up green again;  
 Came to scatter gold dust  
 On the ripening grain;  
 Came to wind their ringlets  
 Around the ears of corn, —  
 Yellow, silken ringlets,  
 By the fairies worn.

When the matron, Autumn,  
 Came with quiet grace,  
 They heeded not her smiling;  
 But when she veiled her face,  
 Then the blithesome fairies  
 Came dancing o'er the lea,  
 With the winds for music,  
 Piping wild and free.

But the cold breath of Winter  
 Was borne on the blast,  
 And the poor little fairies,  
 They perished at last.  
 Said Echo, in mocking,  
 "They've perished at last;"  
 And the bleak winds replied,  
 "Dead and buried at last."

But I dreamed last night,  
 As I lay on my bed,  
 That the fairies no longer,  
 No longer were dead.

Methought they had risen  
Up into the clouds,  
And were casting upon us  
Their tiny white shrouds.

I woke, and the fields  
Were clothed all in white,  
And people were saying  
It had snowed in the night.  
But I thought of the fairies,  
With laughing blue eyes,  
And knew they had risen  
Up into the skies.

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### DESPONDENCY.

O, this aching weariness of brain;  
O, this heavy beating of the sluggish heart;  
And stagnant seems the current in my veins;  
Still, in life's struggle, I must bear my part.

WHY must my body hang, a leaden weight, upon my over-burdened soul? No, not over-burdened, else 'twould drop its load; 'twould sink and die, and thus escape the torturing weight; but burdened, even to the last point of bearing. Hungry and faint, I stagger on, not falling quite, but reeling sometimes, till my eyes grow blind with dizziness. Hungry, and yet I see and feel the bread of life, in all the rich profusion of abundance, all about; so rich and so abundant, while I feebly

grasp but broken fragments that but half appease. Thirsty, and still the living waters lave my feet. I hear the soothing music of their rippling sound, but O, they do not rise unto my lips, nor have I power to bring them there.

I feel like a young eagle, that, caged from birth, has never known of mountain height, or crag-topped eyrie, nor of the clear blue vault of bracing air beyond; yet Nature's intuition's true; it beats impatient wing against its bars from morn till night. Caged, when I look upon the distant hills, and feel there is a beauty there I cannot fathom. Caged, when I gaze on fields and flowers, and find a veil between me and their loveliness. Caged, when the surging sea of human life comes rolling by in mighty waves, for lo! I cannot grasp the chain that binds them to each other; I cannot get into the stream of their magnetic life.

Yet I have held some hands in mine, have looked into some eyes, and pressed some lips, to drink the current of electric wine, till my whole being seemed filled to its fulness full, and still I turned away and thirsted still. O God! is there no fountain that will satisfy, or being such, must my caged soul be shut from it forever! Cease! cease! I'll rest a while; I'll sleep; perhaps I thus may gain new strength to batter down these walls, and then I shall be free.

## HEAVEN'S NEED OF EARTH.

"And I heard the voice of the angel who spake unto me, saying,  
Come, and I will show thee that heaven hath need of earth."

THE myriad hosts of the shining stars  
Sent a silvery stream of mellow light  
Through my half-closed window frame,  
While the night birds song,  
And the sweet perfume  
Of the opening rose,  
Was borne on the zephyr's wing  
To fan my brow,  
And to soothe my soul,  
As I dreamed of my angel home.

Methought, from the land beyond the stars,  
That a wondrous angel came;  
The thunder rolled from his chariot wheels,  
And his steeds were the lightning's flame.

In stature and form he was like a God,  
And his robe, of the purplest hue,  
Was girdled about with a zone of light  
That looped it back from his vesture white,  
From his vesture white as the snow.

The golden wealth of his flowing hair  
O'er his shoulders went rippling down;  
Went rippling down, like shimmering waves  
That the summer sun shines on.

His eyes were as blue as the bluest depths  
Of the azure line vault above,  
And in them the look that I love to see  
In the eyes of the one that I love.

With a graceful curb to his flying steeds,  
As the chariot wheels drew nigh,  
He caught my hand, and soon by his side  
I sped through the upper sky.  
Away, away through the upper sky;  
The thunder rolled from our chariot wheels,  
As we sped through the upper sky.

On, on we fled through the measureless realms  
That lead to the great hereafter,  
While the thunder rolled from our chariot wheels,  
And our lightning steeds flew faster.

Hark! Another sound is falling,  
Falling gently on the ear;  
Borne upon the wing of silence,  
Sweetly low, distinctly clear.

'Tis the outermost sound  
Of the outermost wave  
Of the mighty rhythmic ocean,  
Where the poetry of motion  
And the poetry of song  
Roll their billowy swells along,  
Bound together by the beauty  
Of the grand harmonic throng.

Still faster flew our lightning steeds,  
 And the billowy sounds grew stronger;  
 But from the track of our chariot wheels  
 The thunder rolled no longer,  
 For softer than down  
 From paradise birds  
 Was the flowery way that we sped on,  
 Till we came at length  
 To the myriad hosts  
 Who dwell in the land Elysian.

But forms are vain, and words are weak;  
 The choicest of their golden fruit,  
 That e'er in pictured silver  
 Have been set, would fail to paint  
 The matchless glories of that realm  
 To which I, with my angel guide,  
 Had come at length.

Yes, words are vain.

The purest, sweetest, loftiest flow  
 That ever fell from mortal lips  
 Would serve me but to weave a veil,  
 Hiding therewith ethereal brightness.  
 Would dim the radiance of these forms  
 That, walking upon waves of light,  
 Sink not, but rather rise and float,  
 Attracting upwards that on which  
 They tread.

I gazed and drank, and drank and gazed,—  
 Drank with each quickened sense of bliss,  
 Ecstatic bliss; drank till my soul was filled,

Even to an aching fulness full;  
 A fulness that, akin to pain, still strove,  
 Yea, travailed to implant in other hearts  
 The germs of that deep bliss which,  
 Welling upwards, sought for place to o'erflow;  
 For place! But where? For, lo! such heart  
 Beat to the bounding pulse of heaven.  
 Each face reflected loveliness,  
 Each eye beamed with the steady light  
 Of ceaseless happiness. No want!  
 No vacuum! Even the very air,  
 Alive with thrills of harmony,  
 And pressing close on every side,  
 As lovers press the lips they love.  
 No room! no room to store excess!  
 Expand, my soul, and still expand,  
 For still the swelling flood rolls on,  
 To pour itself into thy being's depths!

But hark! ay, hark! The sound that comes  
 Like rolling thunder's trebled power,  
 Softened to blend with zephyr's tone.  
 Does some new joy, still mightier  
 Than the last, waken to new response,  
 That thus the deepening swell quivers  
 Through arches of eternal heights?  
 Ay, hark the words! "'Tis found! 'tis found!  
 A place where need exists; a need  
 To which our fulness can apply."

From the fountain of causation,  
 Lo! attraction's gravitation

Brings a germinal creation  
 Forward to a glorious birth.  
 And the morning stars are singing,  
 And the sons of God are shouting,  
 Shouting o'er the new-born earth,  
 While the blending echoes deepening  
 Tell how much the thought is worth.  
 The thought, the certainty, that thus,  
 Their energies shall find full scope,  
 Ay, blissful scope,  
 In leading up to heaven the race,  
 The wondrous race that earth shall give.  
 Full scope for angel powers to pilot through  
 The pathway of their earthly life,  
 Progression's pathway, where experience  
 Sits enthroned as arbiter of fate, —  
 To pilot through the stinging thorns  
 Of which she plaits a crown for all, —  
 To pilot and sustain a race  
 Whose myriads none as yet can tell,  
 "But myriads though there be, still,  
 Unto us 'tis given," — 'twas thus they sang, —  
 "To bring them all to this our heaven."

## LOVE'S TRIUMPH.

WHEN the moon hung high in heaven,  
 And the little stars were peeping,  
 Through the wealth of leaves and blossoms,  
 With which spring the earth had crowned,  
 Sat a maiden on that earth, —  
 Sat a maiden, where the tears  
 That heavens are nightly weeping,  
 O'er the wants and woes of mortals,  
 Could not fall upon her ringlets,  
 For they hung upon the blossoms,  
 Apple blossoms, overhead.  
 Hung and sparkled in the moonlight,  
 Hung and sparkled on the blossoms,  
 Sparkling tears upon the blossoms,  
 Like the pearls on Beauty's breast.  
 Still the moon kept on her journey,  
 Still the little stars kept peeping  
 Through the blossoms at the maiden,  
 While the breath of angels, stealing  
 O'er them, kept a constant falling,  
 Till the earth was white around,  
 And the maiden kept her watching,  
 Patient watching, for 'twas given,  
 Moons before, that aged apple  
 As the trysting place of love.

Moons had waxed from pointed crescents  
 To the fulness of their splendor,

Waxed and waned again to crescents,  
 As the rolling year went round, —  
 Waxed and waned until the May moon  
 Showed the brightness of its face,  
 Making, since her William left her,  
 The year of waiting all complete.  
 For when last the apple blossoms  
 Hung as now upon the boughs,  
 Hung upon the boughs so lightly,  
 That the breath of listening angels  
 Scattered them upon the ground,  
 He had stood beneath that apple,  
 With his arm about her waist,  
 With her head upon his bosom,  
 Resting fondly, yet in anguish,  
 While they whispered words of parting,  
 Words that wrung their hearts full sore.

"Linda, darling, I must leave you, —  
 So my cruel father says;  
 I have plead, — 'tis worse than useless, —  
 I must yield to his behest;  
 Though I yield me but in seeming,  
 For my heart will still be yours,  
 And I'll sail across the ocean,  
 To that land of which he tells;  
 I will go in outward seeming,  
 Like to one that could forget;  
 But the gold that he hath given  
 Shall be spent a home to purchase,  
 Then I'll come again for you.  
 Linda, darling, you can trust me,

Though no word from me you hear;  
 Should I write, they might discover  
 And thus our fondest hopes defeat;  
 But when next the apple blossoms  
 Hang as now upon the boughs,  
 Then come here again to meet me,  
 For 'tis then I'll come for you.  
 Time is flying, I must leave you,"  
 Said he, as he stooped to kiss her,  
 Kissed the hands he held in his,  
 Kissed her eyes, her lips, her forehead,  
 Kissed her where an apple blossom,  
 Borne upon a zephyr's wing,  
 Rested on her cheek a moment,  
 That their tints it might compare;  
 Kissed her there, and then he left her,  
 For he could no longer stay, —  
 Left her for his father's mansion,  
 Where the lofty turrets rise,  
 Telling of their owner's greatness,  
 Greatness such as wealth bestows,  
 While she to the humble cottage,  
 With its unpretending walls,  
 Whitewashed in their simple neatness,  
 By the good old gardener's hand,  
 Turned her when retreating footsteps,  
 William's footsteps, to her ear  
 Sent no more their faintest sound.  
 Turned her to the humble cottage,  
 Sought her couch with snow-white spread,  
 Fell upon her knees beside it,  
 Gave to Heaven her hopes and fears,

Gave herself into its keeping,  
 Asked for him protecting care,  
 Who with her in heart was mated,  
 Asked it all in trusting faith;  
 Then in peace she sought her pillow,  
 For her spirit was at rest;  
 Slept in peace and woke to duty,  
 With the morrow's rising sun.  
 What had she, the loving hearted,  
 She, the pure in heart and loving,  
 What had she to do with doubts?  
 Had she not, a helpless foundling,  
 Born of whom she never knew;  
 Had she not in love been cared for,  
 From her infancy till now?  
 Had not God the Father kept her  
 All her life, and made her blest,  
 And did not young William love her?  
 Why should not her spirit trust?

Yes, she slept and woke to duty,  
 With an eye that beamed as brightly,  
 And a foot that tripped as lightly,  
 In and out the cottage door;  
 And her ringlets, in the sunlight,  
 Looked as much like liquid wavelets,  
 Bathing brow and neck and shoulders, —  
 Wavelets on which fays were dancing,  
 Ringlets through which they were flinging,  
 With their nimble fingers flinging  
 Sparkling gems of golden light,  
 And her cheeks were just as much like

Roses resting upon lilies,  
 As when first she learned that William,  
 Noblest youth in all the country,  
 Loved her with an honest love.

And just as eagerly did he,  
 Young William's father, Lord of Linn,  
 Who scorned it that his only son  
 Had learned to love the lowly one,  
 The foundling child who had been reared  
 Within his gardener's humble cot;  
 Ay, just as eagerly did he  
 Gaze with his wolfish eye upon  
 This pure and unsuspecting one,  
 As he had gazed when William stood  
 A guardian angel by her side.  
 But William now is far away,  
 Not there his watchful eye of love,  
 To guard from harm the pure white dove,  
 Not there his watchful eye of love:  
 Is there, then, no eye that's watching,  
 Fiendish wiles to be defeating?  
 Foolish man, art thou so blinded  
 With the sulphury smoke that's rising,  
 Rising from the fetid passions  
 Of thine own perverted nature,  
 That with all thy fear hast parted,  
 Of the present, or the future,  
 And in heart art boldly saying,  
 "I have laid my plans in wisdom,  
 And my triumphing is sure?"  
 On, nor pause in thy pursuing —

On, but know that God is mocking  
 All the wisdom of thy planning,  
 And the arrow thou art pointing  
 For the bosom of another,  
 Shall be turned upon thine own;  
 Barbed, and turned upon thine own.

But the question here arises,  
 That if figs come not of thistles,  
 If from thorns no grapes we gather,  
 If the tiger's whelp's a tiger,  
 And the eaglet like its sire,  
 Why should Nature's laws, unerring,  
 Be for man thus set aside?  
 How could son of such a father  
 Be so kindly, nobly true?  
 Thistles, they seem worse than useless,  
 Tend them howsoe'er you may;  
 Tiger's whelps will be ferocious,  
 Eaglets turn to eye the sun;  
 But the thorn-tree, by the gardener,  
 It may be so pruned and grafted,  
 That its roots are found supporting  
 Boughs that gracefully are bending,  
 Bending with the choicest fruit.  
 William had a noble mother,  
 But her gentle, dove-like spirit  
 Fainted in the thorny pathway  
 That her feet were doomed to tread;  
 Fainted, died; and left her darling  
 To the father, whose unkindness  
 Had so wrung her living heartstrings,  
 That for grief they snapped in twain.

Yes, she fainted in the pathway,  
 And the angels came and bare her  
 Through the trackless realms of ether,  
 Up to where the gates of heaven  
 Open wide to give admission  
 To the suffering ones of earth:  
 Bore her through the shining portals,  
 On to where the waters gushing  
 From the throne of the Eternal,  
 Living waters are a-hasting  
 Onward to each distant portion  
 Of His infinite domains.

As, on the expansive bosom,  
 Known as space, we find the centre  
 Of each planetary system,  
 I a sun, whose bright attraction  
 Keeps the planets circling round him, —  
 Larger suns with larger planets,  
 Greater in their number, too;  
 So, amid the constellations  
 Formed by sparkling emanations,  
 From the central sun of spirit,  
 Known on earth as the Great Father,  
 We find suns of glorious brightness,  
 With the lesser circling round them;  
 All the Spirit Father giveth,  
 To each one, are drawn unto them.  
 Guided by the heart's attraction,  
 Still the angels bore her onward, —  
 Onward bore our William's mother,  
 On to where the Man of Sorrows,



Once with thorns, but now with glory,  
 Crowned as King and Priest forever,  
 While new gems, of richest lustre,  
 Still are added from our earth sphere,  
 Gems that have been won unto Him,  
 By His tears and bloody sweat;  
 Bore her where He sat, the centre  
 Of the myriads of millions,  
 Central sun of stars unnumbered.  
 For a moment the archangels,  
 Who stood nearest to the throne,  
 Rested on their golden trumpets,  
 Gold refined till more transparent  
 Than the crystal streams of earth,  
 While the cherub and the seraph  
 Paused them till the young earth mother  
 Should receive her crown and blessing,  
 And her place among them take.  
 Lowly, filled with joy and wonder,  
 Knelt she at the feet of Jesus,  
 Raised her eyes in mute appealing  
 To that face so meek and loving,  
 While in tones most sweetly thrilling,  
 "Daughter, what is thy petition?"  
 Came from out his gracious lips.  
 Once again that mute appealing,  
 All the heart's desire revealing,  
 While the blest Messiah smiling,  
 Turned him to the hosts in waiting, —

"Home is wheresoe'er the heart is;  
 And the heart of this young creature,

Angel now, but still a mother,  
 Turneth to the budding blossom  
 That was hers on earth to watch o'er,  
 Asketh that she still may guard it:  
 Love hath granted her petition,  
 Back, conduct her, waiting angels,  
 To the home in which ye found her,  
 And remain ye near to aid her  
 In the earnest, patient labor,  
 Which to love is purest pleasure."

Backward through the realms of ether,  
 To the earth again they bore her;  
 Then, as myriads unnumbered  
 Swept their harp strings, this the chorus  
 Of the symphony they sang: —

"In the earth beneath,  
 On the heavens above,  
 There is naught so strong  
 As the chords of love;  
 Love, love, love,  
 Great is the triumph,  
 The triumph of love."

While the myriads in waiting  
 Sent their answer onward rolling  
 Through the countless courts of heaven,  
 Rolling onward till its echoing  
 Struck and thrilled upon the heartstrings  
 Of the trembling ones of earth, —

"Can a mother e'er forget  
 The child that 'neath her bosom slept?  
 Yes, she may; but O, our Father,  
 Thine's a love that lasts forever!  
 Written on the living tablet  
 Of thy tenderest of hearts,  
 Are the names of all thy children,  
 And thy love shall triumph yet."

A lonely boy of summers seven  
 Stood by his pale dead mother,  
 And strove, with thought beyond his years,  
 His choking sobs to smother;  
 She's gone to the bright, bright world above,  
 She's gone to dwell with the God of Love,  
 For so she said, but she is dead;  
 And his tears flowed on till the angel, Sleep,  
 Kissed his eyes that he could not weep.  
 He slept, and dreamed that his mother came  
 To the side of his couch, and called his name;  
 She seemed to come from the viewless air,  
 As she placed her hands in his clustering hair,  
 And pressed to his lips, that thrilled with bliss,  
 To his lips and brow, a mother's kiss.

Yonder moon, that in her journey  
 Down the western skies went gliding,  
 And the little stars a peeping  
 Through the curtains at the sleeper,  
 Saw the smile of joy that lighted  
 All his face, so sadly mournful,  
 As his mother came from heaven,

Once again to be a watcher  
 O'er the footsteps of her child.  
 Yes, they saw, and winked, and twinkled,  
 As they faded into daylight;  
 Moon and stars that into daylight  
 Faded like that lovely vision  
 From the eyes of William's spirit:  
 Moon and stars were only covered,  
 Only hid in depths of daylight,  
 And the vision, just as real,  
 Was not covered, but the soul's eyes  
 That had opened but a moment,  
 They were closed and could not see.  
 Yes, the vision it was real, —  
 Real as the moon and stars were, —  
 Real as the morning sunlight  
 Falling on the sleeper's eyelids,  
 Waking him again to weeping,  
 As he gazes on the coffin  
 Where the dear, dear face is lying, —  
 On the lips he's kissed so often,  
 Death-cold lips that cannot bless him:  
 Bitter, bitter, is his weeping,  
 For he knows not that an angel  
 O'er him now in love is watching,  
 And will through his mortal life.

In a little cottage,  
 Standing by a brook,  
 Where the very vine leaves  
 Wore a quiet look;  
 Sheltered from the sun's heat,

Sheltered from the wind,  
 By the hills and maples  
 Rising up behind,  
 Lived a gentle maiden,  
 Like a lily fair;  
 O'er her neck and shoulders,  
 Waves of golden hair  
 Flowed in rich profusion,  
 While her modest eyes  
 Were like unto the violets,  
 Or like the summer skies.

With her aged father,  
 In this quiet nook,  
 Lived the blithesome maiden,  
 By the rippling brook;  
 Rising with the day dawn,  
 Singing like a lark,  
 Through the hours of labor  
 Till the shadows dark  
 Stretched across the valley,  
 Then she sought her couch,  
 Slept in peaceful quiet  
 Till the morning broke.  
 Knowing less of evil  
 Than the mourning dove  
 Knows of hate, when singing  
 Of her absent love,  
 Like a placid river  
 Flowed her life along,  
 From the early morning  
 Till the set of sun,

From the blush of spring-time  
 Till the maple leaves  
 Turned a golden yellow  
 And sailed upon the breeze.

But autumn hours  
 Their onward flight are winging,  
 And thrifty vine  
 Around a young oak clinging,  
 With purple grapes  
 In tempting clusters hanging,  
 Has wooed the maid  
 From out her father's cottage.

Her basket filled,  
 Along the vale she wandered  
 To where the stream  
 Gave up its quiet flowing,  
 And down the rocks  
 In silver sheen went dancing;  
 Her voice the while  
 In tuneful notes is singing.

Over the hills  
 The hunter's horn is sounding;  
 From rock to rock  
 The frightened stag is bounding;  
 In swift pursuit  
 The deep-mouthed hounds are baying,  
 As thus the maid  
 Adown the vale is straying.

But dancing stream  
 And her own gladsome singing  
 So filled the air,  
 She knows not of their coming,  
 Till stag and hound,  
 With hunter's steed behind them,  
 In smoking haste  
 Burst through the glade upon her.

Like a frightened fawn  
 She bounded away;  
 But a loosened stone  
 In her path that lay,  
 As her flying feet  
 To its surface pressed,  
 Was torn from its hold,  
 And the maid was cast  
 To the rocks below,  
 Where the silvery sheen  
 Was changed to foam  
 In the dancing stream.

O, let her die now!  
 It will be more sweet  
 With the wreathing foam  
 For her winding-sheet,  
 For her spirit pure  
 Thus to pass away,  
 Than to wake again  
 To the light of day;

To the light of day,  
 Such as earth bestows,  
 Which shines but to blind  
 To its bitterest woes.

O, let her die now!  
 And an angel smiled,  
 As she tenderly bent  
 O'er her fainting child;  
 Smiled with the hope  
 That the trusting heart  
 Would never be pierced  
 With the poisoned dart, —  
 With the bitter pangs  
 That the innocent know,  
 If they tarry long  
 In this world of woe.

O, let her die now!  
 Yet again she cried,  
 As the foremost steed  
 With its rider she spied;  
 For her eye, undimmed  
 With the mists of earth,  
 Could look at the heart  
 In its moral worth,  
 And the heart that beat  
 In that god-like form  
 Was black as the clouds  
 Of a coming storm.

But the panting steed  
 Is riderless now,  
 And the youth has leaped  
 To the rocks below, —  
 Has rescued the maid  
 Ere her failing breath  
 Had carried her quite  
 To the arms of death;  
 But the arms of death  
 Would have given no pain,  
 While these bring to life  
 But to take it again.

Once again the leaves of maple  
 They have felt the frost king's kiss,  
 Changing them to golden yellow,  
 Or to gorgeous crimson hues;  
 Once again the tempting clusters  
 From the thrifty vine are hanging  
 O'er the stream that goes a rippling, —  
 Rippling, murmuring down the vale, —  
 Rippling o'er its pebbly bottom  
 With a murmuring sound of sadness,  
 For the merry-hearted maiden,  
 Who along its banks went tripping  
 With a foot of airy lightness,  
 Who along its banks went thrilling  
 Music of such winning sweetness,  
 That the birds their songs suspended,  
 Pausing on the boughs to listen.  
 She away, away has wandered,

Far away o'er hills and valleys,  
 Searching for the recreant lover  
 Who with gentle words had wooed her  
 Where the torch, at Hymen's altar,  
 Burns to light its devotees.  
 But the torch, it was a false one,  
 Held by hands as basely false;  
 Power assumed by one who had none,  
 Priestly robe and saintly face;  
 Thus they lured the trusting maiden,  
 Thus they snared her youthful feet;  
 But the soul, in unstained whiteness,  
 This their plotting could not reach.  
 Though a lonely wanderer straying,  
 Deemed by others fallen, fallen,  
 Yet the soul, in unstained whiteness,  
 Was caressed by pitying angels,  
 Who went with her in the pathway,  
 Leading her she knew not whither,  
 On and on to where a mansion,  
 Where a proudly towering mansion,  
 Whence there cometh sounds of wailing,  
 Meets her weary, weeping eyes.

O, how lovely is the landscape  
 Bursting on the wanderer's sight,  
 With the mansion's lofty turrets  
 Sparkling in the morning light;  
 With the grand old wood beyond it,  
 And the hills that gently rise,  
 Till they blend them with the mountains  
 Marked against the western skies:

With its valleys and its meadows,  
 Hedges, cows, and browsing sheep,  
 With its little mimic ledges,  
 Over which the streamlets leap ;  
 Peasant's cot and thrifty farm-house,  
 Towering oaks and graceful elms,  
 And the church spire in the distance  
 Seen beneath their spreading arms.  
 But o'er all this scene of beauty  
 Floats the sadly sighing breath  
 Of a sorely stricken people ;  
 For the clasping arms of death  
 Hold the lady of the mansion  
 In their unrelenting grasp.

This is why that thus there floateth  
 On the air such sounds of wailing ;  
 This is why the lonely wanderer,  
 With her hopes in dust a-trailing ;  
 This is why she sees them coming  
 Thus from all the country o'er ;  
 They would look upon the features  
 That from thence they'll see no more.  
 Wait the Flora, by the hedge side,  
 Scan their features one by one ;  
 You, perhaps, may find the truant  
 Who has left you thus alone, —  
 God of mercy ! Yes, she sees him,  
 Not among that peasant band,  
 Not among the squires and farmers,  
 But the lord of all the land ;

With his son and heir beside him,  
 Mourning for his wedded wife,  
 Dreaming not the sight is crushing,  
 Crushing out another life.  
 By the hedge side there they found her,  
 Bore her to the gardener's cot ;  
 But her pulse has ceased its beating,  
 And her heart it flutters not.  
 To the earth a soul is given  
 Heir to all its joy and care,  
 She herself has fled to heaven,  
 Is a white-robed angel there.

O, lay it down softly  
 Beneath the green sod,  
 The casket, whence speedeth  
 A spirit to God.  
 No friend to be watching  
 The place where it sleeps ;  
 No tears for that grave  
 But such as night weeps ;  
 The heart, it was broken,  
 But God is above,  
 And sweet is the healing,  
 The healing of love.  
 O, love, love, love !  
 We yet shall rejoice  
 In the triumph of love.

Treading in the steps of winter,  
 Budding springs have come and gone :  
 Come and gone, until the wee bud,

Taken by the good old gardener  
 From the hedge side, and transplanted  
 To adorn his humble cot,  
 Bloometh now a flower of sweetness  
 Bloometh now a winsome maiden,  
 Gladdening all who look upon her  
 With the innocence of beauty,  
 With the soft ethereal beauty,  
 That so like a dream of angels,  
 That so like the breath of seraphs,  
 Resteth on her fair young face.  
 William, too, has grown to manhood,  
 But, though heir to yonder mansion,  
 Though surrounded by temptation,  
 Yet the ever watchful spirit  
 Of his long since angel mother  
 Hath so guarded all his footsteps,  
 Hath so kept the spirit's portals,  
 That the sweet perfume of virtue,  
 Sweeter than the richest spices,  
 Than the aromatic spices,  
 From the unpolluted altar  
 Of his heart, is daily rising  
 Upward through the exhalations  
 Coming from the fetid passions  
 Of perverted human nature,  
 Till, an atmosphere of darkness,  
 They are hiding, almost hiding,  
 The pure light of love supernal,  
 Flowing from the throne eternal,  
 Up to where the blessed angels  
 Are a-waiting, watching, waiting

For some soul that openeth heavenward, —  
 Upward rising, a conductor,  
 Down which they are gliding, gliding  
 With the blessings the Great Father,  
 Through the pure in heart, is giving  
 To his erring, earth-born children.

As two rays of light  
 Proceeding from the sun,  
 As two drops of water,  
 Mingling, make but one,  
 As the rainbow's hues  
 Are with each other blending,  
 So every human soul  
 Is to another tending.  
 The heir of wealth and fashion  
 Is turning from its glare,  
 And seeking with the way flower  
 His home and heart to share;  
 And heart to heart hath answered,  
 Have mingled into one,  
 For never once she dreameth  
 He is her father's son.  
 But angels are watching  
 Their steps from above;  
 The angels are guarding  
 The pathway of love;  
 For nothing can hinder  
 The triumph of love.

The moon, new-born, a silver crescent  
 Hung upon the western sky,

When the heart that went a wooing  
 First received its heart's reply.  
 Twice that moon had to its fulness  
 Waxed, then waned to disappear,  
 And again it looked in brightness  
 Down upon the vernal year, —  
 Down upon the apple blossoms,  
 Where the lovers, fond and true,  
 Met beneath their spreading branches,  
 Met their pledges to renew,  
 Lingered in the air of midnight,  
 Shrinking from the sad adieu.  
 As the lamb from wolf is hiding,  
 So are they from wolfish eyes;  
 For their future hopes providing  
 By foregoing present joys;  
 Hearts, as open as the sunlight,  
 Forced to wear a masking face;  
 But the dove will hide her nestlings,  
 Lest the vulture's eye should trace.  
 Yes, they met, and pledged, and parted,  
 There beneath the moon and stars,  
 Linda to the humble cottage,  
 William to the distant seas,  
 Where the proud ship in her beauty  
 Rides before the swelling breeze;  
 But there's one who, o'er them watching,  
 On their hearts is shedding peace;  
 One whose eye ne'er knoweth sleeping,  
 One whose care can never cease;  
 And though with eye exulting  
 The vulture marks the dove,

Believing he hath broken  
 The shielding arm of love,  
 Yet Love hath still her pathway  
 Beneath the throne of God;  
 No vulture's eye hath seen it,  
 Nor lion's whelp hath trod.

Apple blossoms, sweet May blossoms,  
 Some have perished long ago;  
 Some have changed them into apples,  
 Where, the green leaves peeping through,  
 They drink in the autumn sunlight,  
 Till they turn a golden hue;  
 Leaves of green, and golden apples  
 Hidden half from view,  
 When the moon is brightly shining,  
 When the stars are on you smiling,  
 When she thinks no eye is watching,  
 Then the maiden from the cottage  
 Comes to you.

From her ringlets,  
 Then you keep the falling dew.  
 Watching, waiting for her coming,  
 Brighter still the stars are shining  
 On the pathway that is leading  
 To the tree with golden apples, —  
 On the maiden moving down it,  
 To that tree, with thoughtful footsteps,  
 Till she passeth 'neath the shadows  
 That its leaves to earth are casting,  
 Taking to themselves the moonbeams  
 That had else illumed the place.



Shadows from the green leaves falling,  
While the moonbeams through them glancing  
Seem like fairy hosts a dancing  
To and fro upon the grass.

On the face of the maiden  
There too is a shade, —  
The glimpse of a cloudlet  
Just ready to fly  
From the love light that shines  
In the depths of her eye ; —  
'Tis the shadow of absence  
Illumined by faith ;  
A rainbow, it seems,  
Overarching her path, —  
A rainbow of promise,  
A symbol, 'tis given ;  
It touches the earth,  
But it reaches to heaven.

Sitting where the lights and shadows  
Chase each other to and fro,  
Thinking that no eye is watching,  
But the wolf may be a-prowling,  
When the lamb doth least suspect.  
Thinking that no eye is watching,  
While a look of holy trusting  
On her face is calmly resting,  
But the wolf her step is tracking, —  
Nearer, nearer he is coming, —  
Nearer, every moment nearer ;  
Soon his fangs will be upon her,

Soon his triumph will be sure.  
Sir Arnold's eyes are on the maid,  
And such the plans that he has laid,  
He hopes, before another hour,  
That he shall have her in his power,  
A victim to his cruel power.

"But who are these protecting forms that came  
Since last I looked, or even while I looked, —  
For once I have not turned mine eyes away?"  
The hoary sinner questioned with himself.  
Three living forms, and yet she heeds them not ;  
For, see ! she draweth from its resting-place  
A likeness forth, then turneth to the moon,  
That by its light the features she may scan ;  
A moment gazes, presses to her lips,  
Returneth it, then turneth to her home,  
But these remain ; and why ?

A sudden fear  
Strikes like a dagger through the villain's heart ;  
A dread of coming ill, a shrinking from  
The scroll on which, unrolled, he soon must gaze.  
'Tis murdered conscience waking into life !  
The fig-leaf robe from off his trembling soul  
Her hand shall tear, and leave him thus to stand  
A hideous form of loathsome nakedness,  
The nakedness of guilt.

These still remain,  
And one now slowly turns to meet his gaze.  
'Tis William's self he sees. "You here?" he cried,

In tones that shook with fiercest rage. "You here?"—

No other word his palsied tongue could frame;  
His lips, so late distort with anger's flame,  
Are blanched with terror now. Beside her son  
He sees the patient wife, who, years before  
Had yielded up her life beneath the power,  
The torturing power of his unkindness;  
There, too, the blue-eyed maiden of the vale,  
The long-forgotten pastime of a day,  
By him forgotten, — God remembers all:  
The unloved wife, the broken-hearted maid,  
There side by side they stand, and on him turn  
Such looks of love and pitying tenderness,  
That thousand arrows, dipped in burning gall,  
Had pained him less.

He strove, but could not fly,  
And e'en his eyes refused to turn away,  
But looked, and looked, till all had disappeared;  
Then, as the tension of his nerves gave way,  
He sank to earth, nor rose till fading stars  
Announced the coming morn. At her approach,  
Back to his home he crept, like one accursed, —  
Back to the home whence, filled with guilty hopes,  
He had so late gone forth. But such is man;  
So hard it is to break the bands made fast  
By years and years of persevering sin;  
A few short hours of troubled sleep, the light,  
The cheering light of day, and face of friends,  
Bring back the courage fled, unclasp the hand  
Of terror wildly clutching at his heart,  
And with an oath he vows that ne'er again

Shall phantom of the brain his plans defeat.  
Mistaken man! There's one upon thy track,  
Whose swift pursuit thy struggles to evade  
Are vain. He seeks, and for his own will have  
Thine inmost soul: each idol there set up  
Shall be destroyed; his power shall batter down  
Each tower of pride, defeat thy fondest hopes,  
Sharpen each staff thou turnest to lean upon,  
Till, stricken through and through, helpless thou  
fall'st

Into the arms, the ever open arms, of love.  
E'en now a message waits thee that shall rend  
Thy soul, e'en as the lightning rends the oak  
That hath so long withstood the storms of heaven.  
Thy son, thine only son, sent hence by thee,  
Lest he should wed him with the lowly one,  
And stain thus rest upon thine ancient house,  
That son is lying in a stranger's grave!  
Sent hence by thee; but God hath used thy pride,  
Else he had been a victim to thy sin.

In translucent robes of amber,  
As the sun is sinking low,  
See the lovely cottage maiden  
Lightly tripping to and fro;  
"Can we tell her,  
Can we fill her heart with woe?"  
Sighed the good wife,  
As they watched her come and go.  
"She must learn it,  
And 'tis better that we tell her now,  
Than some thoughtless hand  
Should strike the blow."

So they called her from her tripping  
 To and fro.  
 Coming in, she saw their sadness;  
 At their feet knelt low;  
 Knelt and listened to their tale of woe, —  
 Listened with an air of absence,  
 Pressed her hand upon her head,  
 Sat a moment, softly murmured,  
 "He will meet me as he said;"  
 Rose, and went about her labors,  
 With reason fled.  
 And the aged pair in silence  
 Watched her come and go,  
 Saw her foot had lost its lightness,  
 That her eye had lost its brightness,  
 From her cheek the rose had fled,  
 Leaving but the lily's whiteness;  
 Saw it all, and yet they spake not,  
 Awed to silence by the bitter woe  
 That thus could overthrow  
 Proud Reason's throne, and so benumb her  
 That she could not know the how,  
 Or why, or even that she was laid low;  
 But autumn days,  
 They, one by one, have fled,  
 And autumn leaves  
 Are numbered with the dead,  
 As thus her feet  
 Their rounds accustomed tread;  
 And autumn winds  
 That whistled round her head,  
 Or kissed the lips

That still would murmur  
 "He will meet me as he said;"  
 These have cold and colder grown,  
 Till, changed into the piercing blast,  
 They chase the flying hours of winter past,  
 The flying hours that seem to linger  
 As we wait their last.  
 The last has come and gone  
 And spring is here,  
 And in the maiden's eye  
 New light appears;  
 Her feet regain their airy lightness,  
 And on her cheek of lily whiteness  
 The apple blossom's tint is stealing,  
 For with joy's ecstatic feeling  
 She hath marked their swelling buds,  
 Tokens of his coming near;  
 Will their bursting fragrance  
 Bring him here?  
 Ah, she doubts not, and she lives  
 But in faith's unquestioning bliss,  
 Dead to every sense but this.

Now again the hour of even  
 Marketh full the rolling year;  
 Now as then the moon is sailing  
 Through the azure vault of heaven;  
 Now as then the stars are peeping  
 Through the wealth of leaves and blossoms,  
 On the couch with snow-white spread,  
 On the pillow that shall never  
 More be pressed by her young head;

For beneath the spreading branches,  
 With the moonbeams dancing round,  
 There she sits in patient watching,  
 There she sinks to sleep profound,  
 Sinks into a dreamless slumber ;  
 As he promised he hath come,  
 And her spirit hath gone with him  
 To their far-off, final home ;  
 Love hath triumphed,  
 Love prepares for them a home  
 Where no ban of kindred blood  
 Twixt the bridegroom and his bride  
 Can ever come.  
 In the morning there they found her,  
 With the apple blossoms round her,  
 Mingling with her golden hair,  
 Drifting in her neck and bosom,  
 Wreathing form and arms around,  
     For the angels  
 Came and decked her couch of bridal,  
 As she lay in sleep profound.

An aged man,  
 With grief and care oppressed,  
 With snowy white beard  
 Low hanging on his breast,  
 Came by that morn,  
 And sat him down to rest  
 Close by the gardener's gate, —  
 An aged, wayworn man,  
 Within whose eyes there was a look  
 Of yearning earnestness,

As if he sought and sought,  
 But never found, and still  
 Was seeking the wide world round.  
 He listening sat  
 To those who, gathering there,  
 Talked but of her whose form  
 Lay cold and still within ;  
 Told of her beauty, goodness, truth ;  
 Said she had died for love ;  
 Spake of her birth mysterious,  
 How she was found, long years before,  
 With her dead mother's form,  
 The hedge beside, as she gave forth  
 The first faint wail of infancy :  
 To this he listened, then arose,  
 And asked to look upon the dead.  
 Some wondered, others led the way  
 To where, in stricken loneliness,  
 She lay. One look he gave,  
 One groan of agony, then fell,  
 So cold and still her form beside,  
 They deemed he too had died ; but soon  
 He woke again, and wildly cried, —  
 " Say, did I dream, or did I see my bride,  
 My Mary's form, as she in beauty lay,  
 Ere death had snatched her from my arms away ? "  
 Then passed his withered hand across his brow,  
 And sighing, said, " O, I remember now  
 The tale you told of a young mother's death,  
 The hedge beside, when first her babe drew breath ;  
 O, say ! is there no sign,  
 No token left to tell

Why this, her child, should wear  
 The face of her I loved so well?"  
 They brought a ring, — "'Tis hers!" he cried;  
 "It was her mother's bridal ring,  
 Who, dying, left it as a legacy  
 To our one precious child. I kept,  
 And placed it on her hand the day she wed;  
 A villain placed another there,  
 Then stole the one he gave, and fled;  
 And she went forth in search of him,  
 And I of her. From that sad day  
 To this I've searched, and now I trace  
 Her mother's image in her dead child's face;"  
 And then the wail wrung from his bitter grief,  
 "Why did just Heaven permit such cruel wrong?  
 And yet 'twas kind to give in death relief.  
 O, Flora, darling, thou art now at rest,  
 Thou and thy mother dwelling with the blest;  
 And this, thy lonely child, hath joined thee there,  
 While I remain a lonely wanderer here.  
 A lonely wanderer, but 'twill soon be o'er;  
 I have upon the earth but one wish more,  
 To look again on him who wronged thee so.  
 Hush! no, I will not curse him, no;  
 I told thee that I would not, years ago;  
 But I would look again upon his face.  
 O, God of love! My prayer is heard!  
 He comes!"  
 The crowd that erst had gathered close,  
 Now parted to the right and left, and,  
 Leaning on a servant's trusty arm,  
 Sir Arnold made his way towards the dead.

When he heard that they had found her  
 Lying where he last had seen her  
 On that fearful night in autumn,  
 A strange yearning filled his bosom  
 Once again to look upon her,  
 Ere her face was hid forever,  
 And thus with faltering steps he came;  
 And thus they met, the wronging and the wronged,  
 And thus he learned, that man of sin,  
 That she whom God had shielded  
 From his wolfish wiles, was his own child.  
 Blow after blow upon the selfish heart!  
 'Twill break at last,  
 Then Love can enter to complete her task.

A few more days, and bared again the breast  
 Of mother earth, that to their final rest  
 The weary head and aching limbs  
 Might, now at length, be borne, —  
 The weary head and limbs are free from pain,  
 While on his couch Sir Arnold turns in vain  
 To woo the peace that conscience frights away,  
 From setting sun, e'en till the opening day,  
 No sweet repose for aching heart and head,  
 The dove of peace broods not the guilty bed.  
 The dove of peace! how could she linger where  
 The echoing tones of unforgiven wrongs,  
 Like murdered ghosts, are floating on the air  
 To fright her with her sad complaining songs?

The light of life, its purest joy is love,  
 The souls, from out whose earthly life his hand

Had plucked that light, were in the spirit land,  
 And he so near its verge, the wall of clay  
 That intervened might any hour give way, —  
 So near its verge, that those he deemed had fled,  
 E'en now were hovering round his restless bed.  
 Should glittering knife, with a dissector's care,  
 The quivering nerve and artery lay bare,  
 While yet the life within the throbbing veins  
 In all its full intensity remains,  
 To paint the quickened agony of pain,  
 Should mortal tongue attempt, 'twould be in vain;  
 But these, the wronged ones, as they lingered near,  
 Of his past life were whispering in his ear,  
 Dissecting every act with sword so keen,  
 That soul and spirit it could pass between,  
 Producing anguish, that exceeds as far  
 The pangs of flesh, as bright-eyed noon  
 Exceeds the faintest glimmerings  
 Of the morning star.  
 Is this Love's work? you ask.  
 Shall those who bathe in that eternal sea  
 Come back to fill earth's erring souls  
 With more than mortal agony?  
 Is this the work of Love?

The mighty God,

Our God himself, is love; but none the less  
 When his swift couriers to his thunder car  
 He chains with lightning links,  
 And rushes on to elemental strife,  
 Than when, with smiling sun and falling dew,  
 He kisses back the blushing flowers to life.

Within the soul there is a fountain hid,  
 Whose waters have the power to make  
 The wounded spirit whole.

This Love would reach;  
 But if she find that granite rocks o'erlie,  
 And adamantine walls surround,  
 May she not drill and pierce and tear,  
 With shivering blast, those barriers hence?

O, holy Love! Thy labor is not lost;  
 Though for a while, like rain on burning sands,  
 It sinks from sight:  
 The final triumph, when it comes,  
 Shall make all earthly wrongs aright.  
 And come it must; for see,  
 The heart, the heart is reached at last,  
 And upward well repentant tears,  
 Repentant tears, hailed by those waiting ones  
 With greater joy than new-made sire  
 Ere hailed his first born's cry.  
 Those waiting ones, — not long they'll wait,  
 For full fruition's nigh. The new-born soul  
 A moment lingers on the shores of time,  
 Then passes over to their outstretched arms.  
 'Twas him they sought, not his,  
 And they have won.

O, love, love!  
 All conquering love! Another soul  
 Owning thy sway, now drinks,  
 And shall forever drink

From that unfathomed sea,  
 Whose waters flood creation through and through,  
 While maiden, wife, children, and all  
 Upon whose earthly hearts were laid  
 The keen maternal pangs that gave  
 It birth into thy fadeless realm,  
 Co-workers with the Infinite, shall share  
 With Him the never-ending bliss;  
 The never-ending bliss, but just begun,  
 For, as their loving arms enclose him round,  
 Swifter than meteor through the vaulted sky,  
 Upward they speed them to the eternal throne,  
 Where, bowing with their love-won gem,  
 New splendors fall upon their dazzling crowns.  
 While, from those congregated hosts  
 Of million millions multiplied  
 By myriad millions, and by millions still,  
 A myriad shining ones arise,  
 Till, hovering o'er them, poised upon the wing,  
 Their varied hues of differing glory form  
 A rainbow arch, on whose resplendent front  
 Flashes in lines of living light,  
 "Behold, behold love's triumph now!"  
 And then, as fire-flakes from love's burning sun  
 Fall inward on their hearts, away they speed  
 On kindred missions to our darkened world.  
 Some, as they go, seek but for single souls,  
 And some the pulses of a nation's heart.

With the sweet dews of peace,  
 Or with the cannon's thunder,  
 Which e'er they must, they'll use.

To burst the bands asunder,  
 The bands of ignorance and wrong  
 That bind us round.  
 When, 'neath the dews of peace  
 The clusters grow and ripen,  
 When, of the coming war  
 Rumors are heard to frighten,  
 Or when, 'mid clashing steel,  
 The wine-press trod by Love alone,  
 Reaches the bridle bits in blood,  
 Not then, not then the end;  
 The final triumph is not yet,  
 For it shall bring a world redeemed  
 To deck love's jewelled crown.

## CHARITY.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

### CHAPTER I.

#### A WOMAN OF PRINCIPLE.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Cleveland was not as large as now. True; but it was large enough to contain the rich and the poor, the oppressor and the oppressed, the virtuous and the vicious, the time-server, and those who sacrifice all for the RIGHT.

One of this latter class had just finished a day of toil, and was preparing for the evening walk, that, when circumstances permitted, she always took at the close of a day's confinement to the long rows of figures in the merchant's ledger, for even then — twenty-five years ago — this woman was fearless enough to fill what was called a man's position, and through the favor of one who knew her worth, and what she had sacrificed for principle, she held the place and received the wages of an accountant in a store.

Ten years before, Marion Tracy, then but eighteen years of age, and the petted child of wealth, became the bride of Lorain Reid, head clerk in her father's store. Her parents opposed their union; he was poor, and what was worse, had imbibed the "pernicious doctrines"

of the Garrisonian school. In short, he was an abolitionist; he believed the black man had rights as well as the white man; that slavery was not a divine institution. This heresy so incensed Mr. Tracy, that, but for the efficiency of young Reid, he would have dismissed him from his employ at once.

The daughter, however, did not feel as did the father. Marion listened to the eloquent words of her lover, as he painted the wrongs of the black man, till her soul became fired with the desire to do something towards breaking their chains, and when, in opposition to her father's wishes, — yea, commands, — she married the "young fanatic," as he was called, and was banished from her paternal roof, she went forth courageously, believing that the right would triumph.

The young couple found a home in the south part of the State, went to work hopefully, cheerfully. In due time two lovely children, two bright-eyed girls, were born unto them. But the black man still groaned in chains, or fled at night through the land of boasting, towards the land of freedom, and Mr. Reid's home became an underground railroad depot, and himself one of the principal conductors, till at length he so exposed his health, in making extra exertions to save a company of fugitives from the human bloodhounds that were close upon their track, that he sickened and died. Their property was not wholly clear from incumbrance, and the vampires of the law swooped down upon it, used it in litigation, while the widow and the fatherless were left destitute.

"I guess Mrs. Reid has had enough of abolitionism by this time," said those who hated, while forced to



admire her intrepid spirit. "Guess she'll have enough to do to take care of herself and children, without minding other people's business, now." "Before I'd expose my life to save a lot of niggers!"

But Marion, while these cruel remarks were being made, was watching over the sick bed of her youngest darling, for her cup of grief was not yet full; or may we not rather say that the husband, whose heart was so knit to hers, still willed to share her burdens by calling one little one to himself? So at least it seemed to the stricken mother, for when, with outstretched arms and a glad smile little Nellie called, "Papa! papa!" and ceased to breathe, Marion murmured, "It is right that papa should have one with him; he can care for thee, darling, better than I can." So she wiped her tears, buried her dead from sight, and people said, that she had no feeling for anybody but a "nigger."

But Marion failed not when they looked for her to fail. Their shafts fell harmless at her feet as she gathered herself anew for the conflict; and those who called her unfeeling because she wept not her strength away, and unwomanly because she sat not down in helpless dependence, knew not what they said, — knew not the soul of her whom they maligned.

But it was not of Marion Reid's trials and victories that I sat down to write; she is not the heroine of my story; but even in her case we may see the lack of "charity;" that charity, without which the great Apostle to the Gentiles said he was nothing; we can see even in her case how prone we are to misjudge the motives of others. I say we; for who among us is guiltless in this respect?

"Mrs. Reid," said Mr. Whitney, her employer, as Marion prepared to leave the store one evening, some three months after she came to the Forest City, and found employment therein sufficiently remunerative to support herself and child comfortably, — "Mrs. Reid, do you walk to-night?"

"I think I shall. It bids fair to be a beautiful sunset — just clouds enough to make old Sol look grand as he dips into Lake Erie."

"Could you not forego your sunset view and make a call?"

"Where?"

"There is a family living in one of Simpson's houses, a mother and three daughters, that I would like to know something about, but I cannot visit them."

"Why not?"

"Because I am a man, and the charitable ones have got it into their heads that they are not what they should be."

Marion looked at the merchant with a curious smile.

"No, it is not that, Mrs. Reid. I am not a coward; but it injures them. The eldest daughter is very, very beautiful; and having imbibed the idea that she is not virtuous, people seem to think that she is irresistible, and the larger the number they imagine she brings into her toils the greater the indignation against her; therefore, for me to seek the acquaintance of the family would only be to their disadvantage; but if the observation and experience of my life so far — and I count myself a close observer — if my past experience is worth anything, those women — they count the mother in with the daughter — are innocent."

"You spoke of three daughters."

"True; but the second one is only fourteen, a cripple, and, they say, sweet and pure as an angel; while the other is but a child.yet."

"If the mother and oldest daughter are what you believe them, why are they so talked about, and why do they think the second one any better than the other?"

"That is what I wish to find out. No one seems to know anything of them positively, only that the lame one—she cannot walk without a crutch—goes frequently to church; while the others do not; and they say that her very look is heavenly, and that she cannot be long for this world, and the church of which she is a member say they pray God to take her home to himself, that she may thus escape the contaminations of her surroundings."

"She belongs to the church, then?"

"Yes, she was gathered in during the recent revival."

"Are you alone in your opinion of these people?"

"No; I have heard several gentlemen express the same; but the verdict of the female portion of the community seems unanimously against them."

"And so you, a man, knowing how much a woman's character is worth, and how easily tarnished, would advise me, a woman, to seek out these people and form their acquaintance."

"Fie! fie! Mrs. Reid; you know there are some characters that fire cannot scorch, nor water drown. You are one of those that could walk in the midst of pitch and not defile your garments. You surely are not afraid to take the step I propose?"

"No, not afraid. If a sister woman is suffering in-

justice, I have sacrificed too much for the right, to be afraid; but it seems to me that those gentlemen you speak of, in connection with yourself, might do more for them than one woman, single-handed, can."

"I tell you we can do nothing; the son of one of my old friends, William Holden, became acquainted with this girl, believed in her innocence, and, thinking to vindicate her, took her to a party, and when she entered the ball-room, every lady left it, and William has been sent away by his father, ostensibly because his business needed some one interested therein to take charge of it in New York, but really that he might be beyond her fascinations. William told me, with tears in his eyes, the day after taking her to the ball, that he did not believe there was a purer girl in the city than Helen Merrill."

"The name is Merrill, then?"

"That is the name of the two eldest daughters; but the woman's name is Taylor; she has been twice married, I understand."

"You seem to know something about them, after all."

"Nothing more than I have told you, further than that they lived awhile in another part of the city, in a house belonging to a noted libertine, but a wealthy man, and as near as I can learn, most of the stories have originated with him."

"And you really believe them innocent?"

"Do you think I would ask you to call there if I did not?"

"Why not?"

"Why not!"

"Yes, why not? If I possess the power you attribute

to me, might I not possibly be a benefit to them, even if guilty? Might I not, by showing that all hearts are not shut against them, lead them back to the path of virtue? Surely the mother and sister of such a one as you have described the lame one to be cannot be wholly depraved. If they are innocent, they *deserve* friends, and if guilty, *need* them; and I shall most certainly make their acquaintance."

"But how will you manage it? Judging from their appearance, I should not think them very approachable; and the proud reserve they manifest is one thing that leads me to believe them innocent."

"That's just like a man; set a woman to do what they dare not undertake themselves, and then, when she accepts the challenge, begin to suggest difficulties."

"Well, well, don't laugh at me, and I will leave the case wholly in your hands."

"Not till you have told me where to find them."

"O, I forgot that. They live in the pretty white cottage on C — Street, No. —, I think it is; you will know it by its standing back from the road all alone, and by the elm in front."

"What! that little bird's nest? I have often noticed it. Just the place for innocence to nestle in. I should as soon think of associating heaven and hell, as guilt with that place; but how came Simpson to build such a residence for a tenant house? It doesn't seem a bit like him."

"He did not. It belonged to a poor widow who was unfortunate enough to become indebted to him, and report says that he took it from her unfairly. The poor woman grieved so at having to give up her home

that she did not live long afterwards, and report further says that since her death she has haunted the house. It is certain that those who went there did not stay long, till at length no one would live there. Simpson had not been able to find a tenant for nearly a year, before these people came, and he has tried in vain to sell it; so, if he did come by it unjustly, it seems to be doing him but little good."

"Glad of it; I wish every one who obtains property unjustly might get as little good of it."

"But you do not believe in the superstitious notion of haunted houses, Mrs. Reid?"

"Why not? God has more ways than one to make the wickedness of the wicked return on their own heads. But if I am to form the acquaintance of these people, I must commence at once. You have interested me in them, and I shall now pursue the investigation for my own sake. I shall walk in that direction, find some excuse for calling, and trust me if I don't get at the bottom of this matter."

"Trust a woman for anything she undertakes."

"A truce to all such compliments, and good night. I must work as well as talk."

"Good night, and God grant you success," murmured the merchant, as he looked after her retreating form, then turned again to his desk.

The next morning Marion was at her place as usual.

"Well, what success?" said Mr. Whitney, as soon as he found opportunity to approach her on the subject of the previous day's conversation, unheard by others.

"Good," was the reply.

"You called, then?"

"Did I not tell you I should?"

"I know you did; but saying and doing are so often two things, that I thought—"

"That I was a woman of words and not of deeds."

"Not that, but feared that you might procrastinate; you know we are apt to put off disagreeable things."

"This was not disagreeable to me in the least. You aroused my interest in those people; I thought it a pity and shame that in a city like this, where there are so many professed Christians, that there should be none to defend them if innocent, or to care for their souls if guilty. Circumstances opened the way for my calling there, without any effort on my part, and not only that, but gave me access to their hearts, and I mean to make the best of the opportunity thus afforded me. It seemed as if the hand of Providence was in it."

"How? In what?"

"Why, the little girl, the half sister that you spoke of, had been sent by her mother to some place of an errand. The child, a sweet girl of seven years, had by some means become bewildered, and could not find her way back. She was crying when I first saw her, and upon inquiry, she told me that she was Mrs. Taylor's girl, and lived in C—— Street, in the little house with a big tree by the gate, but that she could not find it. I remembered the name and the description of the place that you gave me, and concluded this to be the child of the woman I was seeking, and so it proved; so you see that when we wish to do good, the angels open the way."

"It would seem so; I wish, Mrs. Reid, I could feel as you do. Your trusting faith is beautiful; but I find

nothing to build a like one upon. The world, and even the church, is so full of suspicion — there is so much injustice and so little charity, that I feel sometimes as if there was no God, no heaven; indeed, not anything worth trusting in or living for."

"Is there not goodness, justice, and charity also?"

"I suppose there is, though I find so little of it. But what do you think of those people?"

"I have not made up my *'think'* yet. I am an investigating committee at present, and will report when I have obtained sufficient evidence for such a proceeding."

"And I, meanwhile, must wait?"

"Certainly."

"Well, as I cannot help myself, I shall abide by your decision."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE TRACT DISTRIBUTORS.

ONE Sunday morning in December, 1835, the following notice was read from the desk, occupied by the Rev. Mr. Schoolcraft:—

"The members of this church are requested to meet in the vestry on Tuesday evening next, in order to devise some means by which religious reading may be circulated through every portion of the city."

"And now, friends," continued the reverend gentleman, still holding the notice in his hand, "and now, friends, nay, more than friends, brothers in the cause of Christ, and sisters beloved, I beseech you that there be a full attendance. Think of the importance of the work to be performed — nothing less than to furnish religious reading to this great and growing city. While the enemy of souls is going about seeking whom he may devour — while his emissaries are actively engaged in leading souls astray — while the theatre draws its victims — while the gambler watches for his prey — while yellow-covered novels, filled with corruption, find their way into the hands of our young people — while the rum-seller sends his customer staggering home to his innocent wife and babes — and while the wiles of her whose 'steps take hold on hell' are constantly leading our young men into the path of destruction — while these, all these things are being done under our very eyes, what are we doing to stem the tide of corruption? Nothing, comparatively nothing. To be sure, we pray, and profess our faith in the saving efficacy of the precious blood of Christ, but what are prayers and faith without works! And of what avail will our professions be, if we do not practice! I tell you, friends, that there is something more at stake in this thing than merely the interests of others; momentous as these may be, they are not all, for our own eternal safety is involved therein. Not that I would teach reliance upon works; far be it from me; I know that salvation comes through faith in Christ; but, friends, it must be a living faith. We must have the spirit that was in Christ, the love divine that constraineth us to labor for others. And

besides, look at the exceeding great reward! 'He that converteth a soul from the error of his ways, hideth a multitude of sins.' Poor miserable sinners that we all are, who is there that does not need such a covering! What are a few paltry dollars, and a little time spent in this cause, if even one soul can be saved? I propose, brethren, to take up a collection for this purpose just now, while the subject is fresh in our minds. Brother Wilkins and Brother Smith, please go through the congregation, and receive what the friends are willing to bestow in so worthy a cause. Remember, it is to furnish religious food to send into the highways and hedges — not the food that perisheth, but that which gives eternal life; not that which is to sustain these vile bodies, but that which feeds the immortal soul; and remember also, that 'there is he that scattereth and yet increaseth, and he that withholdeth more than is meet, and tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat.' The choir will sing while the collection is being taken, and then I will address you from these words, found in First Corinthians, xiii. 13: 'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.' And may the God of all grace help us to practise the charity we preach."

Many were the comments made, during that and the two following days, upon the piety and zeal of the new pastor. "Surely the cause would prosper in such hands." The collection was good, and the meeting on Tuesday evening well attended. After due deliberation, it was decided that the city should be divided into districts, and the sisters, going two by two, should, as far as possible, visit every house and every family, and

leave such religious tracts as appearances indicated were needed. Another meeting was agreed upon for the sisters to arrange their committees, and appoint their fields of labor. In the mean time, the brothers were to furnish funds, purchase tracts, and give such information as they thought beneficial in advancing the cause.

The minister was in earnest. Naturally of an active temperament, with warm, strong feelings, and being religiously educated, those feelings of course found vent in that direction. He was full of zeal, and, like the prophet of old, could not hold his peace; he thus became a focus, a sort of central sun for the minds he came into more immediate contact with, sending forth his warm, magnetic life into theirs, quickening them to action, till soon the church was all aglow with life.

The city, even to the very outskirts, was canvassed, pages containing words of counsel, warning, or entreaty were left with every family, reports were brought in, and the time set for another general visit of the same nature, Mr. Schoolcraft counselling in the mean time a series of prayer meetings. "We have sown the seed," said he, "but God only can give the increase; let us meet and pray for

'Showers of grace divine,'

that our labors may not be in vain."

And so tri-weekly prayer meetings were appointed, the circle of magnetic life deepened and broadened till the rooms overflowed with anxious inquirers, even till scores were added to the church, and amongst the number Eloise Merrill, the cripple, and sister of the beautiful Helen we have before spoken of.

The child — for she was but a child as yet — had been induced to go at first by a neighbor's daughter, and becoming interested, the mother or Helen sometimes accompanied her. But while Eloise was always greeted with kindness and warmth, there was something in the atmosphere that so chilled Mrs. Taylor and Helen that they soon ceased entirely to attend; though loath to deny their darling aught that could add to her happiness, they still permitted Eloise to go, till in time she was baptized, and became an accepted member of the society. Sweet Eloise, innocent as an angel, she dreamed not, as yet, of the dark suspicions that hung around her mother and sister, and wondered why they did not love to attend church as well as she did.

The time set for another exploration of the city had expired, and again the tract distributors brought in their reports. Some brought in goodly accounts of success, and some said there were giant evils in the place that could not be overcome. Some were hopeful, and some were desponding; but we have principally to do with the minister's mother, Mrs. Schoolcraft, who resided at the parsonage, her son being unmarried, and a maiden lady of some forty summers by the name of Prudence Crowell.

These ladies had labored together, and, after giving in their testimony on other points, Mrs. Schoolcraft said, "Now, ladies, I have something very sad to tell you," while Miss Prudence put her handkerchief to her eyes as if to hide the tears she wished to shed. The ladies looked up inquiringly, and Mrs. Schoolcraft continued: —

"You know that sweet lamb of our flock, Eloise

Merrill, and the dark suspicions that hang about the conduct of her mother and sister. It is one of the mysteries that such a lamb should dwell in the very den of the wolf; still no one can look upon her pure, spiritual face without feeling that she is one of God's elect, and he will doubtless take care of her. But perhaps you have not generally known why we believe this woman and her eldest daughter vile; and, lest you may think us mistaken, or lacking in charity, I will tell you: Spending much of my time, as you know, among the sick, last October I learned that a poor woman was occupying an uncomfortable room on B—— Street, with a sick child, and, further, that she was a stranger in the city; therefore I felt it my duty to call on her. I there found this same Mrs. Taylor, with scarcely the comforts of life about her, and our Eloise quite sick. I made some inquiries into her circumstances, asked if I could be of any assistance to her, &c., &c., all of which she received quite coolly, thanked me for my kindness with a manner as proud as a queen, but thought she could get along without aid at present. I then turned to the little one, and she looked so sick that I really thought she could not live, and I began to talk to her of Jesus, when the mother interrupted me by saying that the child was weak, and she did not wish her to be disturbed or to have her mind excited on any subject. 'But, madam,' said I, 'this child may die, and without the salvation that Jesus gives she is lost; she is not too young to understand the story of the cross in its simplest form, and if you will not yourself accept the pearl of great price, do not withhold it from your child.' And what do you suppose was her reply?"

Here Miss Prudence gave a sob, and Mrs. Schoolcraft, after pausing a moment to mark the effect of her words, continued:—

"It was this: 'I hope I have found the pearl of common sense, and I tell you I will not have my child disturbed.' I have no words, ladies, to paint my feelings as I looked upon that apparently dying child and upon that heartless mother. I left the house, praying that God would have mercy upon them all."

"And it seems that God heard you in behalf of the child at least," said Mrs. Deacon Barnes. "Surely we should take courage when we remember her providential restoration to a state of health that would admit of her coming where she could hear the works of salvation."

"That we should," replied Mrs. Schoolcraft; "but to go on with my story: In December, when we were first appointed for the blessed work in which we are now engaged, where do you suppose we found this woman? In a pretty cottage owned by Stanford, one of the most noted libertines in the city, and it was well furnished with all that was needed to make one comfortable, and Stanford himself had just left the house. Now, my sisters, what could we infer from this change? For my part there was but one conclusion that I could come to, and I tell you it made my heart ache; but I felt that I must do my duty, so, nerving myself for the task, I uttered such words of warning against sin as I could command at the moment; told them that God's love and mercy extended to each and all; that no sin was so great but, if repented of, would find forgiveness. But I might just as well have talked to stones, for all the

impression I could make; and were it not for the story of Mary Magdalene, and the words of Jesus in reference to the woman taken in adultery, I should think that there was no hope for such creatures. But I have not told all yet: I left some tracts upon the table, and as we passed through the gate I heard Mrs. Taylor say, 'Don't do that, Helen.' Sister Crowell here looked back. The door was standing open, and she saw Helen putting the tracts into the stove; so you see that the daughter is even more hardened than the mother."

"It seems to me," said Miss Prudence, "that I could put a stop to such doings had I the law-making power. Why, I would shut up every woman that wouldn't behave herself; they should be kept in close confinement, and not permitted to lead our sons and brothers astray. It's a burning shame in a Christian land."

"And that brings me to another point," said Mrs. Schoolcraft, "and no doubt it is the thought of what I am now about to relate that drew the last remark from sister Crowell. It seems that by some means the only son of one of our most respectable citizens, though not a member of this church, became acquainted with this Helen Merrill, and was actually so infatuated with her that he attempted to take her into company in spite of her reputation. It almost broke the hearts of his parents. Their remonstrances only made him angry, he declaring his belief in her purity! *Purity!* when Stanwood boasts indirectly of his success. True, he calls no names, but he intimates plainly enough who is intended. Finding that William would not hear to reason, Mrs. Holden wrote to a brother in New York city, and they managed between them to find a situation

for him, in a business in which his father has some interest, in order to get him away from this girl's influence. Well, to-day, as we were walking along C—— Street, a well-dressed young lady came out of a cottage just ahead of us, and just a few steps from the gate she dropped a letter. Miss Crowell picked it up, calling after her at the same instant to inform her of her loss. She turned just as we glanced at the direction. It was Helen Merrill, and the letter was directed to William Holden, New York city. We were too astonished to act promptly, and, ere we had time to think, she had reached her hand and taken it. No one was to blame, it was all so sudden; but that letter should have been kept and handed to his father."

"I felt so shocked," said Miss Prudence, "at the thought of the disgrace of being seen speaking to such a creature on the street, that I forgot what duty was; and all we can do now is to inform Mr. Holden of what we have discovered. I don't know as it is Christian-like, but if it was my brother that she was trying her deceitful arts upon, I really believe I should feel like taking her life."

"God help us to leave vengeance in his hands," responded Mrs. Barnes; "but it is indeed a hard duty to keep up a feeling of Christian meekness and resignation under all circumstances. Still we must not be disheartened; the work goes bravely on. Our church was never in so prosperous a condition as now. Let us continue to pray in faith, and who knows but God may convert even these wretched women."

Here a little meek-faced woman, who had not hitherto spoken, said that she could not understand why it was



that so much indignation should be expressed against outcast women, and so little against the men who make them so. "We talk of the outcast leading our sons astray, and forget that somebody's sons first led her astray. Now, ladies, I think that the virtuous women of society are as much to blame for this state of things as any one. You may think it a strange assertion, but I believe it to be true."

"Pray explain yourself, Mrs. Blackman," said Mrs. Schoolcraft, with dignity. "I am not aware of encouraging vice in any form, and as to yourself, why you ought to know as to that; the world is full of wickedness."

"Yes, and self-deception too," said the little woman, with more spirit than usual, "and it becomes us to pull the beam out of our own eyes, that we may see clearly to pull the mote out of the eye of another. Now what I mean is just this: we all of us look upon a man who is guilty of sin in this respect with more leniency than upon a woman. In the case under consideration, that of William Holden's trying to take Helen Merrill into society. He waited upon her to a dance not long since, and every lady left the room, so I am told, and it was looked upon as evidence of their purity, of their hatred of sin; but was it?"

"Certainly it was!"

"Do you think that I would stay in the room with such a creature?" exclaimed Miss Betsy Jones and Miss Prudence in the same breath.

"I suppose not; but my informant tells me that some two weeks afterwards another ball was held at the same place, and nearly the same company present. Henry Stanwood, this same libertine you have spoken of, was

there, however, and not a lady left the room, or even refused to dance with him. What had become of their horror of vice?"

"These people were not Christians, Mrs. Blackman; and I hardly think it fair to cite them as evidence of our being at fault," said Mrs. Barnes.

"But the question is, do we not act upon the same principle? Do we not shrink from these poor creatures as from contamination, while we have scarcely a frown for their companions in vice? Which of us would refuse, suppose you, to treat Henry Stanwood with common politeness?"

"Common politeness is due to every one, Mrs. Blackman."

"But do we accord it to the outcast, Mrs. Schoolcraft?"

"While we are in the world we cannot wholly ignore its customs," was that lady's reply; and then, to put a stop to further remark of the kind, added, "we wish nothing introduced here to disturb the harmony of feeling which should prevail in order to successful effort, and I think such discussions unprofitable. Will the secretary please read the minutes of the last meeting?"

This, of course, prevented further conversation, except the whispered asides; but Miss Betsy Jones was heard to say, as she glanced towards Mrs. Blackman, "Poor thing! she is no doubt thinking of her sister; no wonder she feels badly. It was a sad case. Susan Smith was a pretty girl, and we all thought a good one; no one supposed that she would turn out as she did."

"What, Mrs. Blackman's sister?"

"Why, yes; did you never hear of it? I supposed

everybody knew it. She was promised in marriage to one of the first young men in the country, when a gentleman from the East somewhere, I forget where, came into the place, and, attracted by Susan's beauty, paid her particular attention. This caused trouble between her and Winslow, she taking part with the new lover. The stranger bringing forged references, as it was afterwards ascertained, deceived her into a false marriage, lived with her a few weeks, and then deserted her. The poor girl became reckless, left her friends, and, they say, is now a woman of the town."

"Well, she should have been true to her vows. What right had she to be flirting with another? I should have considered myself as much bound as though I had been married; for my part I see no necessity for such mistakes, nor do I believe there is any."

"Neither do I," said Miss Betsy; "but somehow I always felt sorry for Susan."

The business of the meeting was soon finished; the laborers chosen, and their field of operations for the month assigned them, and each returned to her respective home. Meanwhile let us look in upon another scene. It is the Sabbath. Mrs. Reid has so far won upon Mrs. Taylor's confidence as to draw from her a promise of her history; "but not now," said she; "I cannot tell you all in the presence of Eloise. I cannot burden her young mind with the knowledge of what her mother and sister have been accused of. I should have left this place before now, and gone among friends, but she has been too delicate to bear the fatigue of the journey; the least excitement would prove fatal to her. I have not the time to tell you now, for she has only

gone for a short walk with Helen, and will be back soon. If you will come next Sunday I can talk with you, for Eloise will be at church, and after church she stays for Sabbath school. Poor child! she is not really strong enough to go, but she enjoys it so much that I cannot deny her."

And so, on Sunday, the very one after the meeting of the tract distributors last referred to, we find Mrs. Reid at the house of Mrs. Taylor instead of at church.

Very wicked, no doubt, to forsake the sanctuary for the society of one whom the world has rejected; but so it was. Let us look in upon that home for a moment. Helen is weeping; and Mrs. Taylor can hardly keep back the tears that her proud spirit will not permit to flow.

We will reserve the history for another chapter, only giving here some of the conversation that followed it.

"I think, Mrs. Taylor, I may speak plainly to you; you will not be offended?" said Mrs. Reid.

"Certainly not. I feel that you are a friend; no Pharisaical idea of superiority, no feeling that it was your mission to seek and convert the sinner, has led you here time after time. You have shown none of this, but only that genuine sympathy which one can accept from another without a sense of degradation."

"I honor you, Mrs. Taylor, for your self-respect; but still we must adapt ourselves to conditions, to things as we find them; and do you not think if you had been a little more yielding, not quite so proudly reserved in reference to your own affairs, that it would have been better?"

"Perhaps it might; but what right had they to intrude

themselves upon me in the way that they did? It was not the fact of their calling, but their manner that offended me. Their every look and movement said as plainly as words could have said it, 'You are a poor, needy creature, that we, out of the abundance of our goodness, have come to assist, and you should recognize this fact, and be particularly grateful to us, and subservient to our superior wisdom.' Bah! I understand such Christianity as that. Surrender all you have into its keeping, — give up your own judgment, self-respect, and all, and then they will make you the objects of their peculiar care, because, doing so, ministers to their self-righteousness; but dare to be yourself — to keep your own counsel, use your own judgment instead of theirs, — and you might as well be in a den of tigers."

"What you say has too much truth in it; but it only confirms me in my position, Mrs. Taylor. If you really were in a den of tigers, you certainly would not let them rend you and yours if you could prevent it by studying and adapting yourself to their natures. Now it seems to me that if you could have so far conquered your pride — for I must call it pride — as to have made some explanation of your circumstances to those people, it seems to me that you would have had their sympathy and protection."

"Yes, every shepherd watches over his own sheep, and every merchant over his own goods; and had I permitted them to own me, they would doubtless have cared for me. No, I will be a free woman, and suffer the consequences."

"And I," said Helen, "will sustain my mother and suffer with her. I should scorn to see her receiving the

sympathy of people who have insulted her as they did the second time they called on us. Why, had she been the keeper of a brothel, they could not have been more rude to her; and then the tracts they left — those written for the vilest of sinners. I felt like putting them out of doors, and I did put their tracts into the stove as soon as they left."

"Do you know the names of those who visited you?" asked Mrs. Reid.

"I have since learned that one of them is the minister's mother, and the other a Miss somebody — an old maid, one of the prudish, sanctimonious ones; I should think from her appearance that a man was her especial horror."

"Don't reflect on old maids, Helen," said Mrs. Reid, laughing; "you may be one yourself yet."

"And if I am I will not cry 'sour grapes,'" was the quick retort.

"But in reference to those tract distributors," continued Mrs. Reid, "they are not all the church; neither are all like them. There are good people there — those who would gladly be your friends if they knew how to reach you. But the way has been hedged up; appearances are against you; their minds have been poisoned, and it was a duty you owed to yourself to explain the unfortunate circumstances which have caused you to be suspicioned. You have not done this; you have not done yourself justice, and still you blame others for injustice. Are you consistent?"

"Perhaps not; I have never looked upon the subject in that light," was the reply. "I know I am proud, but I am not haughty or insulting; and I cannot accept such

treatment from others in a spirit of meekness, I assure you."

"Eloise finds friends and kind treatment."

"I know she does, Mrs. Reid; but a demon right from hell could not do otherwise than treat her kindly. If there is an angel anywhere in the universe, she is one; but I see her coming, and we must say nothing further on this subject now. I feel that I shall not keep her long, and I must protect her from sorrow as far as possible."

Eloise came wearily up the walk. Helen met her at the door, and took her in her arms.

"Are you tired, darling?"

"A little, Nellie, sister; but we had such a good time, I wish that you could have been there. The minister told us of Jesus taking children in his arms and blessing them, and saying, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven;' and while he was talking, little Mary Gray, who died before we left Rochester, came to me. She did, mother. I saw her plainly, and she was so beautiful; I saw her but a moment, but it made me so happy, and I have felt ever since as if God and angels were all about me."

Helen and her mother exchanged glances, and the mother said, "It must have been beautiful, darling. But here is Mrs. Reid; you have not spoken to her yet."

"O, Mrs. Reid, I am so glad to see you; but what do you suppose it means?"

"It means that God loves you, dear; but you are weary now; would you not like to be quiet, and let me soothe you to sleep?"

"Yes, I should like it so much; your hands are so soft, and they make my head feel so good."

"Well, lie down here and close your eyes then, for I must go soon."

The child was soon fast to sleep under the magnetic touch of her friend's fingers, and then Mrs. Reid took her leave.

But few words were spoken, for a holy awe seemed to have fallen upon each, even as if they were in the presence of the angels that Eloise had spoken of. Yes, they parted, and to meet very soon under circumstances that they little dreamed of, while those who remained pondered upon the words the child had uttered, and she that left doing the same.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MRS. TAYLOR'S STORY.

"I WAS the youngest child of rich parents. There were five of us, three sons and two daughters. My father owned one of the largest farms in — County, in the old Empire State, besides some city property. I was the pet and darling of the household, and my days passed like a summer dream. At twenty I married the man of my choice, for some years a clerk, and afterwards partner in the store of my mother's brother, in the city of New York.

"We went to housekeeping in a pleasant cottage, that has since been torn down to make way for the advancing tide of business, and a splendid block of stores now

stands in its place. In about fifteen months my Helen, here, was born. She grew finely; and I doubt if there were many happier homes anywhere than ours was. But, alas! our sunshine did not last. True, the clouds at first were not dark enough to obscure our heart happiness, still they were clouds, and heavy ones.

"George had gone largely into business, depending upon father to help him if he should get into a close place. Indeed, father had encouraged him to do this; but just as he was about to avail himself of the offer, word came that through some unfortunate speculations, together with a heavy indorsement for a friend who had failed, and left the debt for him to pay, my father had lost his splendid property, and had become a poor man. One of my brothers came forward and saved a small remnant of what had been so ample, but the other two were still at home, and what little they had saved went in the general wreck. The shock was too great for one who had never known aught of poverty, and poor father sank under it. Mother went to reside with the brother before spoken of, but she tarried not long. The loss of property, I believe, she could have borne, for she was a woman of great fortitude, but of a deep, strong, affectional nature; and when father left, and soon after brother Henry was accidentally killed, under circumstances that were particularly painful, she sank under the accumulation of grief. It was more than her frame, already weakened by disease and years, could bear.

"I thought I should go wild with grief; but I saw that something troubled George, and I strove to be as cheerful as possible on his account. Finally he came to me one day and said, 'Amy, darling, I might as

well tell you all. I must bring my business to a close. I can go on no longer. I may possibly save a few hundreds, but that will be all, and we shall have to leave here with comparatively nothing, go into some new place, and start anew.' 'I can bear it,' said I; 'anything, if you and the children are left me.' Eloise was then about six months old; Helen five years. George had struggled on two years after father's death, and he could struggle no longer. I said that the clouds at first were not dark enough to obscure our hearts' happiness. They were light compared with what followed. I loved my parents, I loved my brother; but the love I felt for them was as nothing compared to that I bore my husband; and looking back, all clouds seem light compared with the one that overshadowed my life when he was taken from me; but I anticipate.

"Mr. Merrill made a statement of his business to his creditors, and told them that if they would leave things in his hands, so that he could dispose of them without sacrifice, they should lose nothing, or next to nothing; but if not, there would be loss, and he could not prevent it.

"They trusted to his honor, and left him to dispose of his goods at the best advantage he could. Every creditor was satisfied, every debt was paid, and we saved just one thousand dollars. With this money we moved to Rochester, bought us a little home, and my husband went to clerking again; and I tell you, Mrs. Reid, I never was prouder of him in my life than then; for had he not been honorable?—had he not come forth like gold tried in the fire, with not only name but conscience untarnished?

"We were happy in our new home, for I cared not

for wealth, so that my husband and children were with me; so you see that the clouds had not even yet obscured the sunlight of our hearts. A year sped away — a year of blissful content, and then the thunderbolt fell, and the lightning reached my heart. My husband sickened and died, and the light went out of my life. I would have gone too, but my children held me — my children, his children, and for his sake I must live and care for them. There were no debts, and George, when he bought our little home, had it deeded to me; consequently there was no court or law to step in and interfere with me. It was mine, and no one could take it from me.

"So you see I had a home, but what should I do for a living? How should I support myself and children? I would sooner have died than part with them. I had no resources but my own hands and brain, and I set to work. I commenced taking boarders. I had some nice things that we brought from New York, which I sold, and bought plain, substantial ones to put in their places. I sold my gold watch, my best jewelry, and two of my best dresses, and also Mr. Merrill's clothes, for I knew that if he could see me and know what I was doing, nothing could please him better than to have all that belonged to him used for the benefit of his family. With the money thus obtained, together with a hundred and twenty-five dollars that was due to him from his employer, I put up an addition to my house, giving me more rooms, and soon I was in a condition to take ten boarders, and make them comfortable.

"Helen was in her seventh year, and Eloise about two years old, and with the help of a small girl to wash the dishes, and a woman to wash and do what else she

could one day in a week, I did the work for ten boarders for six months. Then, finding that I should break down if I did not, and that I could afford it, I hired a good strong girl to take my place, and took care of the children, and did my sewing myself. And this I kept up six years. I then married Mr. Taylor, the father of my little Mary. I had been acquainted with him about a year, he boarding with me a part of the time. He was not willing that I should continue to toil as I had done, so I gave up my boarders for a while, and he supported us with labor. I say labor, for he had no means, only his salary as head clerk. Having been out of health a great portion of his life, he had never married, and never accumulated property.

"We lived very happily together for about three years. He was very kind, and his love and sympathy were far better than living alone; but my trials were not ended. At the end of that time his old disease, — that with which he had suffered so many years, and had finally believed cured, — came back upon him with redoubled force. He was taken with bleeding at the lungs, and after six months of suffering he went hence, and I was again a widow.

"I went back to my old business of taking boarders, and kept it up till some seven months since, and then, as some of my old neighbors were going to Cincinnati to make themselves a home, I sold my place and started to go with them. I came as far as Cleveland, when Eloise was taken sick, the journey proving too much for her. I stored my things in a warehouse, renting a single room for a month, and, taking such things as would make her comfortable, moved into it, intending

to go on as soon as she got fully rested and able to travel. But she became very sick; and when she was at the worst, and so weak that I knew the least excitement might carry her off, these tract distributors came to see me. They were not distributing tracts then; but some one had told them of my child's sickness, and they came, seeming fully impressed that I was an object of charity, and would be thankful for whatever crumbs they chose to offer.

"I was full of anxiety for my darling; my heart was sore with grief lest I should lose her; and their manner was so patronizing, it seemed to me insulting, so I don't suppose that I was very gracious; and besides, I never did believe in their hell-fire religion, my parents being Universalists. They took it for granted that I was a hardened wretch, who rejected God's mercy, and seeing the condition Eloise was in, seemed to think it their duty to save her if they could do nothing for me, so they began to talk to her about dying, asking her about Jesus, and other things of the kind, and I had absolutely to forbid them saying anything to her, to tell them I would not have it, ere they would desist; and then they left, filling my ears with warnings of the wrath to come. Eloise became so excited from the scene that I feared for her life; but by giving her as strong an opiate as I dared to, I at length got her quiet.

"And this was my first experience with those who are now distributing religious reading through your city, and they have been the bane of my life since."

"How so?" asked Mrs. Reid. "I do not see why they should wilfully injure you."

"Well, wilfully or not, they have injured me by

their mean, suspicious, and slanderous tongues, till I feel sometimes that I cannot forgive them, even if God does."

"Forgive us, as we forgive those that trespass against us."

"True; but one cannot always feel that. I am not like you, Mrs. Reid — I wish I was. You are the only woman that has treated me as a Christian should since I have been in the city. Do you believe in their three Gods, their election, and their hell-fire?"

"I cannot say that I do; at least, not as these things are generally understood."

"I thought not."

"I know many good people who do."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Taylor; while Helen asked, "Do you not think that such a belief has a tendency to make people hard and unfeeling towards those who differ from them?"

"It may," said Mrs. Reid. "I never have thought much upon that point; and still it must be so, for how else can I account for the cruelty of this professedly Christian nation towards the black race?"

"What else could you expect from those who believe that God from all eternity elected some to salvation and left others for damnation? What else could you expect but cruelty, not only to the black race, but to all who do not come within the pale of their sanctified circle? But to continue my story. Eloise gained but slowly, and I saw that she was not going to be able for some time to stand a journey of three hundred miles by the slow process of canal travel, so I rented a cottage on — Street, took my things from the warehouse, and

concluded to make myself as comfortable as I could there.

"I had been there about six weeks, when those women came again, and this time they were distributing tracts. Stanford, the owner of the house, had just been there, and his manner had been such that we were exceedingly annoyed thereby, so much so that I resolved to leave as soon as the month was up. They seemed surprised to find me there, and, feeling bitter, no doubt, as they remembered my want of submission to them on their previous call, came immediately to the very worst conclusion they could possibly arrive at.

"You seem much improved in your condition since we last met," said the elder lady, glancing about the room.

"My child is some better," I replied.

"Glad to hear it; but I was not thinking of that particularly. You seemed to be needy before, and that was what induced us to call; we think it a Christian duty to see that the poor do not suffer, especially when sick. Now, however, you are well situated, with all the comforts of life about you. To what shall we attribute the change?"

"To what you please," said I, for I was vexed at their impudence. Their manner said more than their words; still I did not dream of what they were insinuating. I had passed through much, but my character had remained untouched, and I never once imagined that aught could be brought up against me in that direction.

"To what we please!" she repeated. "We should be very sorry to think anything wrong." They had already told their business, and seemed to be selecting

such tracts as they thought would suit my case. 'We should be sorry to think anything wrong, but circumstances are against you.'

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"It is plain enough what we mean. Your beautiful daughter, and your changed circumstances, — changed from that poor, scantily furnished room to this beautiful, well-furnished cottage, belonging to one of the worst libertines in the city, and he leaving here just as we came in, and with the air of one who belonged here."

"I was dumb with astonishment. I do not believe I could have spoken to save my life."

"And yet, a few words of explanation right here would have saved you much trouble," said Mrs. Reid. "We need to be wise as serpents, as well as harmless as doves. Had you quietly told them of the mistake they had made — that you had just learned the character of your landlord and wished to find another house, asking them to assist you in the matter, you would have turned the tide in your favor. Ah, Mrs. Taylor, with all your independence of character, I find you do not understand human nature."

"Not the nature of wolves in sheep's clothing, I confess, Mrs. Reid, and I do think that these extra religious ones are the most impudent people upon earth; and as to doing what you speak of, I could as easily have died as to stop to make explanations, and ask the assistance of those who had so grossly insulted me. As I was saying, I was struck dumb with astonishment. They took my silence as evidence of guilt, and proceeded to warn me of the terrible consequences of sin, and to tell of the mercy of God that would be extended to those



who turned from the error of their ways. They were proceeding to say more, but something in my look must have startled them, for they broke off abruptly and left. I don't know what I should have done if they had not."

"They didn't forget to leave their tracts, though; but I made short work of them," said Helen.

"Yes, Helen put them into the fire before the women were fairly out of the house. I tried to check her, but she was too excited to listen. I should like to have looked at them, just for the sake of knowing what selections the Pharisaical hypocrites had made."

"Ah, Mrs. Taylor," said Mrs. Reid, with a smile, "you will never be happy so long as you entertain such feelings. Bitterness of spirit is incompatible with true peace of mind. Why not pity their weakness and self-conceit, and let them go at that?"

"That we may do, Mrs. Reid, when not affected thereby; but when we are so situated that they can sting us to the soul, it is quite a different thing. I know that there are not many like you, but I doubt if even you could have borne it with perfect equanimity."

"Perhaps not. I have borne much, however, in my time."

"Let me see: this was on Monday," continued Mrs. Taylor; "and the next evening a young man by the name of Holden came and invited Helen to go to a party with him the following night. She went, and was treated in such a manner that he was obliged to bring her home again."

"Where did Helen become acquainted with this young man?" asked Mrs. Reid.

"O, he was one of Eloise's friends; she always attracts

every one to her. He had been to Albany on business, and came in the packet with us from Rochester to Buffalo, and there we took the same steamer for Cleveland. Well, the attraction between him and Eloise was mutual; she thought there was no one like him, and when taken sick she could not bear to have him out of her sight for a moment. I expected to go to Cincinnati, as I told you; and still intended to go on when we parted with Mr. Holden at the landing. I thought the child would be better off on the lake; but she grew worse instead, and I was obliged to remain. Soon after we moved into Stanford's house, Eloise, having so far recovered that she could go out a little, the girls met their, or rather *her*, old friend — for Helen had barely spoken to him on the boat — on the street, and Eloise was so delighted that, child-like, nothing would do but that he must go and see where we lived; thus the acquaintance was renewed. We found that we were near neighbors. The young man brought his sister to see us, promised that his mother would call, and things were going on very pleasantly till those women came around. From that time everything was changed. The young man went to New York city soon after, and with the exception of an occasional letter to Helen, the acquaintance was entirely broken off."

"Yes, mother," said Helen, "and the last letter I wrote him, telling him that I was not willing to keep up a correspondence, with his family feeling as they do — it was last week, you know — well, I had it in my hand, with two or three other letters, on my way to the office, when I dropped it. I should not have known it, only some one who was walking behind me saw it fall,

and called to me. Upon turning about, I found myself face to face with these very women."

"Did they read the address, think you?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

"I think they did; indeed, I am certain they did; and had they known who it was that dropped it, I don't think they would have called to me at all. I believe, from their looks, they would have kept it as it was, had they had time to think before I took it."

"I wish they had kept it, and given it to William's father, for then they would have known that you are not seeking to entrap their son. Yes, I wish they had; it would have been much better than now, for those saints will be sure to inform the Holdens, and it will make trouble; you see if it don't, now."

"You say," said Mrs. Reid, "that from the day these women called at your house last, the pleasant relations between your family and the Holdens ceased. What reason have you for thinking that they had anything to do with it? You have been complaining of them for drawing conclusions without a proper understanding of the facts in the case. Are you sure that you are not running into the same error?"

"Helen, my daughter, are you willing that Mrs. Reid should see the first letter Mr. Holden wrote you after he left the city?"

"Certainly, mother; I will go and get it."

The letter was brought, and put into Mrs. Reid's hands. There was nothing in it but what one friend might write to another; but the portion that most particularly interests us was as follows:—

"I can never forgive myself for subjecting you to the

insult you received on that never-to-be-forgotten evening. Strong in my consciousness of your innocence, I thought I could protect you, and make others see as I did; but you see how miserably I failed. But I am most vexed when I think how the reports against your fair fame originated. I always did hate those long-faced, sanctimonious people, who are always talking of man's depravity and God's mercy and goodness. As for the mercy and goodness, I can't see it, if their doctrines are true. As I was saying, I always did hate that class of people, for if you fail to accord to them the certain degree of deference that they demand of you in virtue of their saintship, they are as cruel and vindictive as they represent God to be to the finally impenitent. Well, my folks seemed well pleased with you till these tract distributors came around and filled mother's ears with a long story of *charitable* conclusions drawn from certain facts, put together to suit themselves, to wit: that Stanford—the old sinner—had boasted of his 'pretty bird,' and that they had found you in a miserable room, with scarcely any furniture, the first time they saw you, and the next time you were in that nice cottage, with everything comfortable about you, and Stanford just leaving the house. Now mother does not pretend to be a Christian; but she always accords those who do a certain amount of respect that keeps her in favor with them, and she is particularly sensitive in regard to the honor of her family; so when I came home she began to upbraid me with keeping such company, and above all for taking my innocent sister there. This made me angry, for I had seen enough of the world to know that you were as innocent as beautiful. Would

to Heaven you were less beautiful, for then you would not excite the envy of cross old maids and ministers' mothers! Perhaps it is not just according to etiquette for me to tell you this, and I would not did I not know that you and your good mother have been cruelly wronged, and I believe the most of it has been caused because you would not kiss the Pope's great toe, in the form of modern Protestantism. Yes, I became angry, and in a spirit of defiance invited you to that party; but Heaven knows that I would sooner have cut my right hand off than to have taken you there had I supposed it possible that you could be so cruelly insulted. One thing is sure, however: I shall never see a tract distributor without hating him."

This was all that had any bearing upon the subject in hand, so I make no further quotation.

Mrs. Reid handed back the letter without a word of comment, while a look of triumph from Mrs. Taylor said as plainly as words could have spoken it, "You see that I have evidence in the case."

After a moment's silence, Mrs. Taylor resumed:

"I thought my poor girl's heart was broken. She wept incessantly for two days; but she had not borne enough yet. On Saturday of the same week Stanford came back. - This time he did not stop at hints, but came out boldly with his infamous proposition; offered a price for my child; and when rejected, with indignation, said that her character was gone now, and she might as well be his in deed as in name; and when peremptorily ordered from the house, left vowing vengeance. This was on Saturday evening, and on Monday morning, just as I was preparing to go out to

look for another house, a gentleman called and asked to look at the place, saying he understood it was for sale. He looked over the house and yard, talked with Eloise of the book she was reading, asked what books she liked, and managed in one way and another to prolong his stay, till I began to be impatient for him to leave; still he was so gentlemanly and respectful that I could find no excuse for dismissing him. I noticed, however, that he was one of that class of persons who have their eyes open; keeping boarders so long made me somewhat observant, and I saw that he was studying us without seeming to do so. I saw also that he had not made known the real object of his call. At length he said to me, 'Madam, I hope you will not consider me intruding, but do you know the character of the man to whom this house belongs?'

"I have recently become aware of it,' I replied.

"How?"

"In a manner that leaves no possible room for doubt."

"Pardon me,' said he; 'I should not have asked you that question, but if you will permit me to be frank with you, I will acknowledge that my excuse for calling here this morning was a feigned one. I am bad enough, Heaven knows, but I have never yet been guilty of betraying innocence; and my advice to you is to leave this house as soon as possible. Reports are in circulation prejudicial to you; but they don't deceive Ben Wilson. I have seen enough of the world to be a good judge of character, and I know that you do not deserve the name they give you. I called for the purpose of learning for myself whether these things were so. I

am satisfied that they are not; but Stanford is utterly destitute of principle. I know him of old. He is not only a libertine, but a malicious, vengeful one. He seems to have an especial spite towards those he takes a fancy to, if they hold out against him. I have known of more than one poor girl who has been made desperate, and at last fallen into his power, through reports that he first set in circulation against her. I tell you he will stop at nothing; therefore I advise you to leave this house as quickly and as quietly as possible.'

"Thank you, sir," said I, 'for your advice, but it is uncalled for. I was just preparing to go out on that very errand.'

"He seemed confused at the promptness and quietness of my reply, but rallying therefrom said, 'Madam, I know I am a villain for intruding myself upon you, and especially as I acknowledge the motive was not a good one; but when I learned my mistake, I desired to make all the recompense in my power for ever daring to think ill of you; and now I most humbly ask your pardon, and hope, for the sake of that sweet child,—turning to Eloise, who had been absent during the latter part of the conversation, and now re-entered the room,—I hope, for the sake of this child, that you will permit me to be your friend, for I feel that I can learn lessons of virtue from her innocent face.'

"The past is forgotten," I replied, touched by the earnestness of his manner, 'and the future depends upon yourself.'

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, madam; I will see that you have no cause of complaint," said he, bowing himself out. I then started on my tour of house hunting,

and succeeded in finding this little cottage, where I have since lived in peace.

"It being near the church, Eloise can go to Sabbath school, and sometimes to church once a day. Helen and I do not go, for, as I was saying, the minister's mother is one of those who made me so much trouble, though they say he is a good man. As warm weather comes on, Eloise seems better, and I hope after a little to be able to leave the place. Warm weather always seemed to agree with her better than cold, and that is one reason why I left Rochester last autumn. I knew that the climate was milder in Cincinnati than there; but, poor child, she was not strong enough to go through, and so I was obliged to remain here. Could I have known how it would be, I should have staid where I was."

"Do you ever hear anything from the gentleman you last spoke of,—the one who advised you to leave Stanford's house?" asked Mrs. Reid.

"He calls occasionally, and brings Eloise books to read. He seems kind-hearted and respectful; but I do not encourage him, and so he comes but seldom. I should not permit him to come at all but for her sake. But the child is lonely; she has not been used to so retired a life, and she hails his visits with delight. Then he always brings her something to read, and his selections are excellent."

And here comes in the conversation related in the last chapter, when the return of Eloise puts a stop thereto, and Mrs. Reid, after having soothed her to sleep, returns home.

## CHAPTER IV.

## FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS OF CHARITY.

MRS. REID had been trying to induce Helen and her mother to go to church with her, and at length succeeded in obtaining a promise that they would go on the Wednesday evening following the Sunday that she had spent at their house. Eloise was so much better than usual that for the first time she was permitted to go out at night, and together they entered the well-filled church and listened to a fine discourse from the Rev. Mr. Schoolcraft, given especially to the young, and more particularly to the young converts who had recently been gathered into the fold.

He painted in glowing colors the snares that beset the feet of the young, and especially the young men of our large cities. "Daughters," said he, "are more particularly under the eye of the mother; but our young men go forth to breast the storms of life, and the seductions of vice meet them on every side; bright eyes and sparkling wine, and all the allurements that appeal to the senses; and while all need the grace of God, surely our young men need it in an especial manner, if they would keep their feet from falling and their souls from sin."

William Holden's mother and sister were there, but they brushed by our little company in haughty silence; and Mrs. Reid noticed that whenever the minister spoke

of the temptations that beset young men, scores of eyes were directed towards where they sat.

"I never realized," said she, to Mr. Whitney, the next day, "what it was to be under the ban before. It made me sick and faint. I do not wonder that the outcast is seldom, if ever, reclaimed; the manner in which society meets them is enough to sink them to the lowest hell of degradation. Why, I would not go through another such ordeal as that of last night for anything; that is, nothing but a sense of duty or the hope of doing good could induce me thereto. It is worse than working for the slave."

"You believe them innocent, do you not?" he asked.

"I do."

"And you yourself was acting under a sense of duty, or rather a desire to do good?"

"Most certainly I was."

"Then you have not half estimated the difficulties under which the outcast lies; for instead of conscious innocence and a noble purpose to sustain them, they have the added load of guilt to bear."

"Yes; and God help them, for man will not."

"Rather say, woman will not; for if ever so innocent, and they get the reputation of being otherwise, the more a man tries to do for them the more it injures them."

"But woman does not pull them down; she only puts her foot on them after they are down, or are supposed to be," replied Mrs. Reid, with some spirit.

"Woman is sometimes man's most efficient aid in dragging woman down, Mrs. Reid," answered Mr. Whitney.

"Not till she has herself been first degraded by him."

I know that woman is cowardly, and sometimes cruel to her own sex; but her reputation is her all, and she knows it. Were she treated as leniently as man is, even by your sex, it would be different; but with the man is power; he controls the whole machinery of society; can do about as he pleases, consequently can afford to be generous. When your sex pleads superiority over us in that respect, it makes me think of the generosity of the southern chivalry, compared to that of the northern laborer. One is called whole-souled and generous, because another earns his money for him, and he hardly knows how he gets it; the other, close and small in his dealings, because having every dollar to earn by the sweat of his own brow, he knows just how it comes. Reputation, virtue, as the world styles virtue, is cheap to you, but to us it is not. The old adage expresses it correctly; I remember reading it in the old-fashioned spelling-book, so long ago as when I first learned to read: 'Man tarnishes his character and brightens it again, but if woman chance to swerve from the strictest rules of virtue,

"Ruin ensues; reproach and endless shame;  
One false step forever blasts her fame;  
In vain the loss she may deplore,  
In vain look back to what she was before,  
She sets like stars that fall to rise no more."

With this state of things to contend with, I think it hardly fair for man to boast of his lenity, when compared with that of woman. Why, the highest men in the nation, many of them, are guilty of that which, had a woman been guilty of the same, she would have been sent to Five Points instead of Congress."

"Hold, hold, Mrs. Reid, and I will give up beat!" said Mr. Whitney, laughing. "Your arguments are just, and I only wish there were thousands like you, to advocate the cause of your sex."

When Mrs. Reid returned home at night, she found the minister's mother, Mrs. Schoolcraft, waiting for her; and after the usual salutations were over, the lady began:—

"I called, Mrs. Reid, to see what your idea was in coming to church last night with those women?"

"What my idea was? Why, I supposed you held your meetings on purpose for people to attend; and I think it the duty of a Christian woman to ask her neighbors to go with her to the house of God."

"And so it is our duty to encourage the humble penitent, wherever found; but there is a limit to all things. There comes a time, the Bible says, when even the Spirit, God's Holy Spirit, ceases to strive with the rebellious."

"Have we a right, Mrs. Schoolcraft, even if this be true, to decide when it has taken place?"

"Perhaps not; still we have our reason, and must judge something from appearances; and these women seem perfectly hardened; their conduct is shameless, and it is a disgrace for any decent woman to be seen in their company."

"Had you seen them weep, as I have, you would hardly call them hardened; and what have they done, Mrs. Schoolcraft, to merit the appellation of shameless?"

"What have they done! Why, isn't it well known that Stanford, one of the worst libertines in the city,

kept them for a while, and then becoming offended with him, or he with them, I don't know which, they took up with Ben Wilson, a man of the same stamp, only he has no family to be disgraced thereby! They stole away from the cottage that Stanford provided for them the very next day after Ben first visited them, and have kept themselves so sly that he never knew where they were till yesterday."

"How did you learn that?"

"Mrs. Holden told me last evening. Stanford told her husband so yesterday."

"And how did he happen to learn where they were at last?"

"Why, you see, Holden's folks have a son, who is perfectly infatuated with this girl; she has made him believe that she is purity itself; she evidently designed to entrap him into marriage. They sent him to Mrs. Holden's brother's in New York city, in order to break up their acquaintance; and now it is ascertained that they are corresponding."

"How did they learn this?"

"Well, you see, sister Crowell and myself were out distributing tracts last week, and we saw a lady just ahead of us drop a letter. We called to her, to let her know of her loss; picking up the letter at the same moment, we found that it was addressed to William Holden, and as the person turned to take it, we saw that it was this very Helen Merrill. It seemed providential, for now Holden's people will be on their guard."

"And so you told Holden's people?"

"Certainly; I thought it my duty."

"Would it not have been more providential had you

kept the letter and given it to them? They would then have known just what the girl was writing."

"I should have done so had I thought quick enough; but as it was, I could only inform them what I had discovered."

"And where they lived," continued Mrs. Reid, with an imperturbable coolness that somewhat disconcerted her visitor, in spite of herself.

"Yes, I told them where I saw Helen go in soon after."

"And was that the way that Stanford found out?"

"Through the Holdens? Yes. Holden himself is a rough, good-natured sort of man, and meeting Stanford yesterday — he says he loves to tease the old scamp — well, meeting him yesterday, he says to him, 'Hello, Stanf, have you found your women yet?' 'What women do you mean?' he replied. Now this is what Holden told his wife, and she told me last night. She would not have thought of it, probably, had she not seen them at church. 'What women do I mean? Now only hear the man,' said Holden; 'he has so many he don't know who I mean. Why, the pretty widow, with her still prettier daughter, who slipped away so quietly.' 'What! the one your William was after? Ha! ha! it was a rich joke to hear the boy rave about her innocence. No, I have not found them, neither do I care to; I have had all of their company I want.' 'What, both mother and daughter?' said Holden. 'Yes, both,' replied Stanford; 'I don't want anything more of them; but where has Ben stowed them away? I understand he has them now.' There, Mrs. Reid, what do you think of that? Isn't it horrible to have such characters around?"



"If you mean such men as Stanford, I say yes. I think it horrible that such men should be allowed to run at large, and more especially that a Christian woman should take aught that such a wretch can say as evidence against any one."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Reid? Do you intend that as a reflection on me?"

"I mean just what I say. I am astonished at hearing a Christian woman repeat the slurs of so vile a wretch in evidence against one of her own sex, and as for Mrs. Taylor and her daughter, I believe them pure, so far as what they are accused of is concerned, notwithstanding all that has been said against them."

"Why, Mrs. Reid!"

"I do, Mrs. Schoolcraft, and am prepared to give my reasons; but first let me give you a little of my own experience as to the maliciousness of unprincipled men. You know that I am rather independent in my nature, advocate what I think is right, whether others think so or not."

"I know that you have suffered and sacrificed much in the cause of the poor slave, and I honor you for it. Would to Heaven that all our women were as earnest in this matter; the curse of slavery would soon be swept from our land."

"That is true, Mrs. Schoolcraft; were all the women in our land to unite in any one cause, they could make their influence so felt as to accomplish the desired object. But there are other slaveries than that of the black man. Woman is herself a slave, and if she dare to go contrary to the established usages of society, no matter how innocent and praiseworthy her object may be, she is

soon made to feel her chains. Soon after Mr. Reid's death, I accepted an agency that required me to travel. I was poor. He had devoted his life to the cause of the oppressed, and we were left without means. Woman's employments are anything but remunerative, and I felt it my duty and privilege, if I could, to do something by means of which I could earn enough to support and educate my remaining child comfortably, so I took a step somewhat, or I might say entirely out of the ordinary track in which woman is accustomed to travel. I said I accepted an agency; I should have said solicited, and with difficulty obtained the position. Stopping to canvass a little village in the central part of the State, I boarded a few days at the public house, and one night at the table the anti-slavery question was introduced, I, of course, defending the abolitionist. The landlord also kept a store in a small way, and it so happened that the man whose business it was to furnish the country merchants with ready-made men's wear, from a wholesale clothing establishment in the city, was there that night. He was very warm in his opposition to me, and became somewhat excited when some of his arguments were too readily answered to suit him. Some three months afterwards he chanced to come to another village where I was stopping, and learning that I was there, he took occasion to have his petty revenge. 'Mrs. Reid?' said he, with a contemptuous sneer; 'I know all about that Mrs. Reid that I wish to.' The conclusion of those who heard him was that I was a vile woman, and the report went through the village like wildfire; and had I kept a proud silence, as Mrs. Taylor has done, I have no doubt that I should have been driven from the place;



but a little prompt action, and the forcing of the gentleman to an explanation of what he meant, by the means of the strong arm of the law, soon put a different aspect to affairs."

"And were you really strong enough to face such an accusation and defend yourself?" asked the minister's mother, in astonishment.

"To be sure I was. Why should I not defend myself as well as another? I should stand by another to the last, if I thought them wronged; and for my child's sake, if not for my own, it was my duty to do myself justice. Besides, it taught that man and that community a lesson, and should another woman go there, intent upon her own honest business, they will be a little more careful how they listen to or circulate reports against her. So you see that I not only defended myself, but left my footprints there, —

'Footprints, that, perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked sister,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.'

"I know all about that Mrs. Reid I wish to." These were the words the man used, and the community pays him just the compliment he wishes them to, to wit; that he is a sensual man, and therefore the only interpretation that can be put upon such an expression is that the person alluded to is vile. I have no doubt that many a vile man can say of a virtuous woman that he knows all about her he wishes to, simply because of her being virtuous, and consequently of no use to him."

"Mrs. Reid, you ought to have been a preacher."

"Perhaps so; and yet it would be contrary to Paul's instructions."

"Well, a lawyer, then."

"I think the day will come when women will preach and plead law too; but let me give you a little more of my experience. I went to one place where people seemed quite shy of me at first, but after a while I gained their confidence, and things worked so pleasantly that I staid several weeks. One day my landlady said to me, 'Mrs. Reid, were you acquainted with a family of Johnsons when you came here?'

"In this place, do you mean?' I asked.

"Yes."

"No, ma'am; I know no one here but Mr. Peirey. I met him at his brother's, in Monkton, and it was through his influence that I came; but I have met a Johnson somewhere in this place, and I cannot recollect where. O, I know now; it was at Mr. Warner's, the other evening."

"That is not the one I mean," she replied; "he is Mr. Warner's brother-in-law, and a very fine man; but there is a family of Johnsons living opposite to where the old tavern was kept. They are very low people, the woman especially; and when you first came here it was reported that you met him on the corner near Burke's store, and talked with him half an hour, and the conclusion was that you were old acquaintances; but as I have seen nothing to find fault with in you, I concluded it must be a mistake." And now, Mrs. Schoolcraft, what do you suppose that story was started from?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. Some of your eccentrici-

ties, I suppose; something like your going with those women to church last night."

"Well, all I could ever find it started from, was this: The first day I went into the place, after getting a little warm, I went to the post-office for my letters, as I had ordered some directed there. The directions were given me where to go, but I got a little confused, turned the wrong corner, and stopped at the place the lady named, that is, by Burke's store, and inquired the way of some one who stood there. He stepped just around the corner, and pointed out the place I sought. I did not then know, and perhaps never should have known who he was, had not the landlady's question, and the story she told me in reference to it, led me to make some inquiries, and I learned that that man was the Johnson referred to. I might tell you several more incidents, Mrs. Schoolcraft, to illustrate the question in point, to wit, the unreliability of these flying reports; but these will be sufficient, and such experiences have taught me a valuable lesson; consequently I never judge till I have heard both sides of the story — particularly where a woman's reputation is concerned. What would you think, madam, of a judge who should listen to the evidence against a prisoner, and then remand him for punishment without hearing the defence?"

"I should call him a very unjust judge, Mrs. Reid; but I see what you are aiming at, and I think it hardly fair for you to make me condemn myself. You think I have judged Mrs. Taylor and her daughter without hearing the other side of the question."

"Well, have you not?"

"Perhaps I have; but I have not intended to be

unjust, and where was I to go for evidence? A woman as vile as circumstances compel me to believe that she is, would hardly stop at a falsehood when necessary."

"Suppose we dissect some of those circumstances, and then see if you will feel compelled to believe as you have done. In the first place, you found her with a sick child, in a poorly furnished room, and you concluded from that circumstance that she was very destitute."

"Who told you this?"

"She told me herself."

"How did she learn what my inferences were?"

"From a letter that William Holden wrote Helen."

"Did you read the letter?"

"I did; and he accuses you of being the first one to make trouble between his family and them."

"Me!"

"Yes; he says that you and Miss Crowell came and poisoned the minds of his parents and sister by the inferences that you drew from circumstances, and he feels very bitter towards you for it."

"Better feel bitter towards me than to be drawn into a snare — to take a step that he would always regret."

"Well, as I was saying, you inferred from what you saw that she was poor, and she tells me that she sold her house in Rochester for fifteen hundred dollars, besides some money that she got for extra furniture, such as she did not wish to bring with her. She started to go to Cincinnati, but the sickness of Eloise prevented her going on with her friends, but as she hoped to proceed in a few days, she did not wish to bring all of her things from the warehouse. It became too cold for her to travel ere the child became better; she then rented a

house, and decided to stay till spring, and then she, of course, had her furniture brought up and put into it. The fact of her leasing a house of a bad man was simply her misfortune, not her fault."

"And do you believe the story she tells?"

"Why not?"

"It may be true, Mrs. Reid—I hope it is. I am sorry to believe evil of any one; but people think that she has told this to cover her conduct."

"I know it to be true so far as the furniture is concerned, for I have been to the warehouse, examined the books, and find names and dates just as she told me; find that she did leave her things there for a time, and that she took them away just when she told me she did."

"Well, you are a wonderful woman, I must say. Who but you would have thought of taking such a course?"

"I am sure any one ought, before taking upon hearsay that which, if true, destroys the reputation of a fellow-creature; and true or false, the effects are the same, so long as believed to be true."

"But why did she not tell us this when we called? We would have been glad to assist her, but she repelled us."

"Mrs. Taylor is a proud woman, naturally reserved, and does not give her confidence readily; and the very fact of your believing her destitute made your offers of assistance offensive, in that your manner touched her pride."

"Yes, pride is pretty sure to bring trouble. I consider it one of the deadly sins."

"And yet, Mrs. Schoolcraft, we are none of us free from it."

"I know we are all miserable sinners before God, and so much the more need that we should be humble; for my part, I can't see why our offers of assistance should offend the woman."

"It ought not to have done so, but it did; some people are very sensitive on this point, and nothing touches them quicker than being considered objects of charity. I presume we all have our weak points: Besides, her child was very sick, and her anxiety—a mother's anxiety—might well be pardoned for forgetting to be as social as at another time."

"Yes, the child was very sick, poor lamb! I feared she would never be any better; but God has willed it otherwise; but when I attempted to talk to her of Jesus and heaven, the mother peremptorily forbade it; and how could I believe her other than a wicked woman?"

"She did this because she feared that if the child was excited it would make her worse; and besides, she has been brought up a Universalist, and does not see these things as you do. She had no fears for the child's future, and did not wish her disturbed."

"Yes, and that is enough to condemn her; a person who believes in no future punishment, thinks that the sinner goes to heaven as well as the saint—how can we expect such to be good? For my part, I think those who teach such doctrines should be indicted as destroyers of the public morals, and kept in confinement."

"And doubtless they would, were all of your opinion; but we live in a country of religious freedom, and such things are not allowed."

"Why, you don't believe such teachings right, Mrs. Reid?"

"I do not believe the sinner goes unpunished; but I have had some acquaintance with the Universalists, and I do not find them so much worse than other people. My grandfather, on my mother's side, was a Universalist, and an excellent man."

"Well, it may be so; but for my part, I can't see how any one can believe such a doctrine and be good. I can't believe, after all you have said, that these women are good; we cannot all have been so mistaken."

"They must have grown bad very suddenly then; they were considered good people when they left Rochester."

"How do you know that?"

"I have written and ascertained. I received two letters from there this morning, and they corroborate what Mrs. Taylor and Helen have told me at different times, and speak of the family in terms of the highest respect."

Mrs. Schoolcraft was confounded. She looked at Mrs. Reid as if she had no power to utter another word. She managed at length, however, to ask, —

"Does Mrs. Taylor know of this?"

"She does not; neither does she know that I went to the warehouse and ascertained the facts in reference to that; but I intend next Sabbath to have these letters read in church, as an especial piece of good news, and I have no doubt that you will all hasten to undo the wrong that has been unwittingly done to this family."

"Why, Mrs. Reid, you will not do that!"

"Why not? The wrong has been a public one, and why not make restitution publicly?"

"Perhaps you are right; but I must go home, it is getting late. Good night, Mrs. Reid," and the lady left, evidently more chagrined at being found mistaken, than rejoiced at learning that a sister woman was innocent of the great crimes imputed to her.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FINALE.

ELOISE had never seemed better since they left Rochester. Mrs. Taylor and Helen were joyful in their anticipation of soon leaving the place that had been to them the scene of such bitter experiences. The month was up the following Monday, and then they would start for the city of their original destination.

'Twas thus they talked and planned on that very evening in which the conversation above related had occurred at the house of Mrs. Reid. 'Twas thus they talked and planned, but they saw not the storm that was approaching. They had lived so quietly, minded their own business so thoroughly, that their immediate neighbors scarcely knew of their existence. Good Mr. Whitney had accidentally learned their place of abode, after leaving Stanford's cottage, but had said nothing further than what we have already related of his conversation with

Mrs. Reid, and had it not been for those women with their tracts, they could have left the city in peace.

These charitable souls, however, were so filled with righteous indignation that they could not restrain their tongues from utterance, and so they horrified the good people of the place with the information that they had a vile woman, or rather two of them, in their midst.

The story of young Holden was repeated with variations, till every mother looked upon her son as devoted to certain ruin if these creatures remained in the place.

Husbands and sons laughed at their fears, but this only exasperated them the more. Groups were seen conversing here and there, anxiously asking what should be done. They supposed there were such women down in the heart of the city, but that they should come into the suburbs, and settle down among decent people, was altogether too much to be borne.

Stanford, who had panted for revenge ever since he was so summarily dismissed from their presence, sent one of his female friends up into the neighborhood, in order to spy out and report. On returning to him with an account of the excitement people were in, he hired her to go back and represent herself as a great sufferer on account of Mrs. Taylor and her daughter; they having decoyed both her husband and son by their snares. And this woman, once virtuous and good, but who had fallen a victim to Stanford's too well-laid plans, and, losing all self-respect, had since become the agent of his will, actually performed the part assigned her so well, that a company of quiet, well-to-do wives and mothers were raised to that pitch of excitement that they

went to Mrs. Taylor's house and pelted it with stones and rotten eggs.

And while the inmates were trembling with fear, Eloise having fainted from terror, the police descended upon them and took the whole family to the station-house, to answer to the charge of disturbing the peace. It was too late that night to investigate the matter, consequently they must remain in custody till morning.

"This is the work of those Christian women who have followed us with their persecutions ever since we came to the city; and may God reward them accordingly," said Mrs. Taylor, in the bitterness of her spirit. Helen was silent, and the wretched mother continued: "Yes, may God reward them accordingly; they are murderers! they have killed my child. Eloise will never recover from this."

"O, mother, don't say that," fairly shrieked Helen, while sobs shook her entire frame.

"Don't cry, sister," murmured Eloise, faintly; "I shall soon be better."

Every sign of emotion was suppressed almost instantly. They could do anything for her dear sake. They had believed her unconscious, and finding that she was not, they grew calm in a moment, while Helen, stooping and kissing her, replied, with a smile, "Yes, darling, you will soon be better."

"Thank you, sister; now don't cry any more; God and the angels will make it all right. Kiss me, mother; I am tired and want to sleep;" and with her head pillowed upon her mother's breast, she sank away into a condition of unconsciousness, that seemed more like death than sleep. Little Mary lay in one corner of the

room on a temporary bed that had been prepared for her. She had cried bitterly at first because she could not have her own bed; but childhood soon forgets, and now she was sleeping soundly.

But there was no sleep for Helen or her mother. All night long they watched over the pale sufferer, and when morning dawned, the mother knew that it would soon be over. The mother knew this, but Helen could not, would not admit the terrible truth; she could not give up her darling sister.

When the hour arrived for the keepers of the peace to look into the cause of the previous night's disturbance, not an accuser was there; but Stanford was on hand, and with a hypocritical smile, stepped forward and offered to go security for the ladies, and pay all costs if they could be set at liberty.

"I have no doubt," said he, with an insulting look towards them, "that they have their friends; but I have never found them inclined to make trouble, and I think the excitement of last night was wholly uncalled for."

"Hold, wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Taylor, with flashing eyes; "wretch! hypocrite! You have caused this, and you know it; and you think by this means to accomplish what you have failed to do otherwise. I will not accept your offer. I would rather rot in prison than to fall into your power."

"Come, come, now!" he replied, with the same smooth smile; "it isn't worth while to hold anger; perhaps I have neglected you, but I am willing to make all right, and I can't bear to see you here."

"Great Heaven, murmured the wretched woman, "will no one protect me from these insults?"

"Here comes one who will protect you, no doubt," said Stanford, with a sneer, as Ben Wilson appeared on the scene.

"Yes, I will protect them with my life if necessary," he replied. "Sir," he continued, turning to the officer in charge, "I demand the instant release of this family; there are not two better, purer ladies in the whole city."

"Very devoted lover," sneered Stanford.

"Silence, or I will wring your worthless neck for you," thundered Wilson; then, turning to the justice, he added, "Ben Wilson is bad enough, God knows; but he has never been guilty of circulating false reports of a woman, out of revenge, because she resisted him, as that miserable puppy has done in this case."

"You must be careful how you conduct yourself, Mr. Wilson, or we shall have to commit you for contempt of court," said the justice.

"Will you permit me to be sworn?" was that gentleman's prompt reply.

"Certainly."

The oath was taken. "Now, sir, I shall recollect that I am under oath, and must speak nothing but the truth."

"Nothing but the truth," responded the justice.

"Well, then, gentlemen, some four months ago I became acquainted with these ladies. Through the insinuations thrown out by Stanford, and from remarks that were made by a couple of women whose business it was to go through the city and find out what they could of other people's business, — pardon me, sir, I did not intend to say that, — whose business it was to go through the city and find out the religious condition

thereof, and to distribute tracts to both saint and sinner; through these two sources I inferred these ladies to be of a very different character from what I found them to be. I made an excuse to call on them; motives none of the best, it is true; but, your honor, I found such an atmosphere of purity there that I could just as soon have approached an angel right out of heaven with anything like disrespectful familiarity. They never encouraged my visits; still, I have called occasionally, for I felt a better man in their presence: and particularly was I attracted to that sweet child who lies there so still and pale, so much like the angel that she is, that one forgets even the thoughts of sin in her presence."

The sound of his voice had aroused Eloise, and when he said this, she fixed her eyes upon him with a bright smile, and said, "I shall be with the angels soon."

Tears rushed to the strong man's eyes, as she said this, and bowing hastily, with "I am done, sir," he left the stand.

Two other parties now appeared upon the scene in the persons of Mrs. Reid and Mr. Whitney. After pressing the hand of Helen and her mother, and kissing the lips of Eloise and little Mary, Mrs. Reid requested permission to say a few words. She then gave a short history of her acquaintance with the family, and of the circumstances which had prejudiced people against them; stating further what she had done to remove these suspicions and the result. When she spoke of going to the warehouse books to confirm that part of Mrs. Taylor's story, the stony look of despair which had settled upon the poor woman's face began to give way, and when Mrs. Reid referred to the letters she had received

from Rochester, and at the same time producing them, both mother and daughter wept such tears as are a relief to the overcharged heart.

Wilson listened with a countenance expressive of so much joy that one expected momentarily to hear him burst out with "Hail Columbia," or "Hallelujah;" but Stanford slunk away like a whipped cur.

A carriage was provided, and the wronged family were taken back to their home; but it was evident that its most loved member would soon be beyond the reach of earthly troubles. Indeed, she seemed beyond them already, so calm and happy was her frame of mind. Her perfect trust in the Infinite was beautiful to behold.

"God and the angels will make it all right," was her only reply to all that had occurred. "They were with me last night, mother, the beautiful angels, and they made the prison a palace."

Towards evening she asked to see the minister, and he quickly responded, his mother coming with him. Mrs. Schoolcraft had thought much since her conversation with Mrs. Reid on the previous evening, and as much as she desired to justify herself in the part she had acted towards Mrs. Taylor, when she compared her course with that taken by Mrs. Reid, she could not fail to see the difference. But what she felt most keenly was the fact that she was the minister's mother, and, as such, should have been first in defending the innocent, instead of being found among the maligners. What would people say when they learned the facts in the case? She found herself in an awkward position, and was glad to lay hold of anything that would help her

out of it, so when Eloise sent for her son, she offered to go with him.

When Mrs. Taylor saw her coming, a spasm of agony passed over her face. "O, I cannot have that woman here," she murmured.

"Yes, mother, let her come," said Eloise.

The child did not ask who; she seemed to know instinctively. Mrs. Taylor had not intended the words for her ear; but it was impossible to keep anything from her; her quickened senses took in all.

"Yes, mother, let her come, I want her," and so the mother schooled herself to bear for the sake of her child.

Eloise extended a hand to both, greeting them with a smile. "I am most home," said she. "I wanted to see you both before I went, and I am glad you have come. Mother and sister tried to keep everything from me that they thought would make me unhappy; but I have known more of things than they supposed. It would have troubled me to have my good mother and sister misunderstood so cruelly; but something kept saying to me, 'God and the angels will make it all right.'"

"Taught of God," murmured the minister reverently, while Eloise continued:—

"You have wronged my mother, Mrs. Schoolcraft, and my sister, too; but you were always kind to me. I feel that you did not intend to wrong them, so I am sure they will forgive you."

The proud woman was completely broken down, and, as the tears streamed from her eyes, she extended her hand to the stricken mother. Mrs. Taylor shrank from

taking it, but the eyes of her child were upon her, and she could not refuse.

A satisfied smile played over the features of the dying. The whole company were in tears.

"O, Miss Eloise," sobbed Wilson, "when you get to heaven, tell my sister Mary that her brother Ben will try to meet her in peace."

Eloise cast her blue orbs, radiant with the light of that heaven he was speaking of, full upon him. "O, yes, you must come; we could not do without you." Then, turning to her minister, she said: "I wanted to thank you for all the beautiful things you have taught me, but the angels are coming and I must go. Mother, sisters, friends, they have come for me. I shall wait for you all. Good by." And without a struggle the beautiful eyes were closed forever.

The funeral was held in the little church where Eloise was in the habit of attending. Mrs. Taylor at first objected; but Mr. Schoolcraft said, "We ask it as a favor, madam. You and yours have been cruelly wronged, and do not deny us the privilege of making all the reparation in our power, by thus publicly testifying our respect," and so she consented that it should be as they desired.

The tide that had so long set against this unfortunate family had now turned, and it rose as high in the opposite direction. The church was filled to the overflowing, and again the minister spoke from the words, "And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these three is charity;" and this time the seed fell not among thorns, for the fallow ground had been completely broken up. There was not a dry eye in the



house, and Mr. Schoolcraft, in parting with Mrs. Taylor, said, —

• “Madam, what you have suffered here — the wrongs that you have been called upon to bear — has made a deeper impression upon the minds of this people, will be productive of more lasting good, than all of my preaching for a year past.”

The body of Eloise was not laid in the Cleveland cemetery, but in an air-tight coffin, and packed in ice, and on the following morning, instead of starting for Cincinnati, as she had hoped, the bereaved mother went with the beloved dead and her remaining loved ones on board a steamer on her way back to Rochester, where the dear remains were deposited beside those already resting there: and now we will bid them farewell. •