

TRUST IN GOD.
I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And though I have and shall have
To trust in God's hand,
The blessed rest he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.
No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but trust in God and love,
And leave the rest to him.
And so be still the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where his islands lift,
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.
J. G. Whittier.

The Haunted Schoolhouse at Newburyport, Mass.

[CONCLUDED.]
The climax of this long series of visitations and troubles was reached on the date previously suggested—the 1st of November. It fell on a long, from early morning till the middle of the afternoon session, the customary disturbances were in full force. By long experience the fears of the boys had become somewhat deadened, and the furious uproar now afforded them rather more amusement than terror. While in the midst of the meditation, a general alarm from the whole school was raised. The face of the boy was again staring in at the window. A lad named Lydston, who sat at the head of the class, looked into the entry, and at once exclaimed: "There is a boy out there!"

Miss Perkins hastened into the passage, and beheld what Lydston had discovered, standing at the further end. She approached it hastily, until within six or seven feet, when she became impressed with its true character, or rather with the fact that the figure was not substantial. She described it as representing a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, slender in body, and of a pale face. He was dressed in brown clothing, and had his arms partially folded, as if to receive something. His face, though plucked, had a pleasant expression. His eyes were blue; his hair was of a yellowish white, such as is common among the fishermen's children in that part of the town, and was cropped off at the back of the neck and was disarranged upon the top of his head. About the neck was a bandage of coarse white cloth. When Miss Perkins discovered that she was encountering something unreal, she faltered, and, being partially overcome, she seized the coat-hooks beside her for support. At this moment the figure of the boy started from its position in the corner beside the window and advanced toward the door opposite him, which led to the garret-stairs. It opened of itself, and he passed through, followed by Miss Perkins, who attempted in vain to seize him. He ran up the steep stairs, closely followed by the intrepid girl. Midway up she stumbled over a brush, and when she again raised her eyes, the figure was standing at the top, looking fixedly at her. In this interval it had changed somewhat—its dress, which had apparently been composed of jacket and trousers, had given place to a grayish black, which still retained the distinct outline of its form. Miss Perkins hastened on, and the figure retreated. When she got to the landing above it, it was but a few feet in advance of her. She ran toward it, but as she did so, it began to lose its shape and to every particular she made so vigorous a grasp at it, that her finger-nails cut the palms of her hands, but she seized nothing. The figure sank beneath her feet with a muffled, muffled, muffled sound, and its eyes still fixed upon the fainting teacher, it wholly disappeared.

Her account of this extraordinary incident is clear, and perfectly intelligible. The boy Lydston is a lad of the speculative and observant type, and his description of the appearance, as well as that of his clothes, bears out in every particular the story told by the mistress. On the succeeding Friday, this vision was again seen, at about the same hour in the afternoon. Miss Perkins followed it with even more resolution than before, but it disappeared from her sight when midway up the stairs. The expression of its features, in both cases, though pleasant at first, became sad before they faded away.

Between these two dates Miss Perkins conceived a new terror. Up to the same day in question, the voices which had been heard from time to time in the garret had been, with one exception, muffled and indistinct. This exception, I have described. They manifested themselves in a fresh manner. One afternoon, when the noises had been unusually loud and the influences especially active, there issued from the teacher's end of the school room a loud and coarse tone, which seemed to echo at the top, and then, with a laugh instead of a diminished voice of its own character. This was frequently followed by a loud and coarse tone, which seemed to echo at the top, and then, with a laugh instead of a diminished voice of its own character. This was frequently followed by a loud and coarse tone, which seemed to echo at the top, and then, with a laugh instead of a diminished voice of its own character.

One of the largest boys declared himself ready to go, provided the teacher would accompany him. The expedition was then arranged, and the two armed themselves with sticks and proceeded up the stairs. They nearly reached the centre of the garret floor, when from behind them the laugh again arose, with twice its former volume. The teacher, for the first time in her long experience with all these unnameable terrors, felt a thorough sensation of fear. She pursued the sound, when it was repeated in another quarter and now and then said faintly about her with her sick. But as she started to the roof and the chimney in her efforts to bring down her enemy, the laugh rose higher and higher, until the place was alive with the chilling sounds.

The teacher and the boy entered, and that nothing was to be discovered, and being filled with dread, left the spot; and as they descended the stairs, a perfect triumph of sounds pursued them until they re-entered the school room.

All the accumulated wisdom of the school-committee, the town officers, and hundreds of foreign visitors, has not obliterated the phenomenon in the smallest degree; and it seems that the history of this schoolhouse must take an undepicted place with that of the celebrated Wesleyan Parsonage at Bristol, England.

Naturally enough, the Spiritualists have been quick to appropriate these manifestations as proof of their peculiar principles, and the "cleans" have received an extraordinary impulse. But if the troubles were to be the schoolhouse, the examination of kindred circumstances and annoyances—why, then, have they not given them the same?—*Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

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