

Terms of Publication. THE AGITATOR is published weekly on Thursday morning, and mailed to subscribers at the rate of ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM in advance. It is intended to notify every farmer in the county of the term for which he has paid shall be stamped on the paper. The paper will then be stopped until the amount is received. By this arrangement no man can be brought in debt to the paper.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. VI. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 1, 1859. NO. 18.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
will attend the Court of Tioga, Putnam and McKean counties. (Wellsboro, Feb. 1, 1853.)

S. B. BROOKS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
at Wellsboro, Tioga Co. Pa.
"In the multitude of Counsellors there is safety."—Bible.
Sept. 23, 1858, 1y.

DR. W. W. WEBB,
OFFICE over Con's Law Office, first door below
Farr's Hotel. Nights he will be found at his
residence, first door above the bridge on Main Street,
towards Samuel Dickinson's.

C. N. DARTT, DENTIST,
OFFICE at his residence near the
Academy. All work pertaining to
his line of business done promptly and
warranted. [April 22, 1858.]

DICKINSON HOUSE
CORNING, N. Y.
D. C. NOE, Proprietor.
Guests taken to and from the Depot free of charge.

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE
WELLSBORO, PA.
L. D. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR.
This desirable house is centrally located, and
convenient to the patronage of the travelling public.
Nov. 25, 1858, 1y.

AMERICAN HOTEL
CORNING, N. Y.
J. FREEMAN, Proprietor.
Meals, 25 cts. Lodgings, 25 cts. Board, 75 cts. per day.
Corning, March 31, 1859. (1y.)

J. C. WHITAKER,
Hydroptic Physician and Surgeon.
R. L. KLAND, TIOGA CO., PENNA.
Will visit patients in all parts of the County, or re-
ceive them for treatment at his house. [June 14.]

H. O. COLE,
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER.
SHOP in the rear of the Post Office. Everything in
his line will be done well and promptly as it
can be done in the city saloons. Preparations for re-
moving dandruff, and beautifying the hair, for sale
cheap. Hair and whiskers dyed any color. Call and
see. Wellsboro, Sept. 22, 1859.

GAINES HOTEL
H. C. VERMILYEA, PROPRIETOR.
Gaines, Tioga County, Pa.
THIS well known hotel is located within easy access
to the best fishing and hunting grounds in North Penn-
sylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation
of pleasure seekers and the traveling public.
April 14, 1859.

THE CORNING JOURNAL
George W. Pratt, Editor and Proprietor.
Published at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., at One
Dollar and Fifty Cents per year, in advance. The
Journal is Republican in politics, and has a circulation
reaching into every part of Steuben County.—
Those desiring to extend their business into this
and the adjoining counties will find it an excellent
advertising medium. Address as above.

COUDERSPORT HOTEL
COUDERSPORT POTTER CO., PENNA.
D. F. GLASSMIRE, Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL is located within an hour's drive o-
f the head waters of the Allegheny, Genesee, and
Susquehanna rivers. No efforts are spared to make
it a home for the traveling public at all times.
Jan. 27, 1859, 1y.

JOHN B. SHAKESPEAR,
TAILOR.
HAVING opened his shop in the room over
Wm. Roberts' Fin Store, respectfully informs the
citizens of Wellsboro and vicinity, that he is prepared
to execute orders in his line of business with prompt-
ness and despatch.

WATCHES! WATCHES!
THE Subscriber has got a fine assortment of heavy
ENGLISH LEVER HUNTER-CASE
Gold and Silver Watches,
which he will sell cheaper than "air" on "Time," i. e.
he will sell "Time Pieces" on a short (approved) credit.
All kinds of REPAIRING done promptly. If a
job of work is not done to the satisfaction of the party
ordering it, no charge will be made.
Past favors appreciated and a continuance of patronage
kindly solicited. ANDIE FOLEY.
Wellsboro, June 24, 1848.

HOME INDUSTRY.
THE SUBSCRIBER having established a MAR-
BLE MANUFACTORY at the village of Tioga,
where he is prepared to furnish
Monuments, Tomb-Stones, &c.,
of the best
VERMONT & ITALIAN MARBLE
respectfully solicits the patronage of this and ad-
joining counties.
Having a good stock on hand he is now ready to ex-
ecute all orders with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.
All work delivered if desired.
JOHN BLAMPIED.
Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa., Sept. 28, 1859.

W. M. TERBELL,
CORNING, N. Y.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer, in
DRUGS, And Medicines, Lead, Zinc, and Colored
Paints, Oils, Varnish, Brushes, Combs and Burning
Fluid, Dry Staff, Sash and Glass, Pure Liquors for
Medicinal, Patent Medicines, Artists Paints and Brushes,
Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Flavoring Extracts, &c.,
&c., &c.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP!
OPPOSITE ROY'S DRUG STORE.
Where you can buy Stoves, Tin, and Japanned
Ware for one-half the usual prices.
Large No. 8 Elevated Oven Cook Stove and Trim-
mings for \$15.00.
All kinds of
Tin and Hardware
in proportion for Ready Pay.
It will pay any one who wants anything in this line
to call and see our prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Recollect the place—two doors south of Farr's Ho-
tel, or opposite Roy's Drug Store. CALL AND SEE
April 21, 1859, 1y.

H. D. DEMING,
Would respectfully announce to the people of Tioga County
that he has now prepared to fill all orders for Apple, Pear,
Peach, Cherry, Nectarine, Apricot, Evergreen and Deciduous
Ornamental Trees. Also Currants, Raspberries, Gooseberries,
Blackberries and Strawberries of all new and approved vari-
eties.

ROSES—Consisting of Hybrid, Perpetual and Sum-
mer Roses, Moss, Bourbon, Noisette, Tea,
Bengal or China, and Climbing Roses.
SHRUBBERY—Including all the finest new va-
rieties of Althea, Calycanthus,
Dentzia, Lilacs, Spiraea, Syringia, Viburnum, Wignilia &c.
FLOWERS—Hyacinths, Narcissus, Jonquils, Lil-
lies, &c.

TO AGENTS.
We will send to any agent the exertions of
our Agency WANTED in this County. Terms made
at the discretion of the Publishers. [Aug. 11, '59.]

For Sale,
A second-hand STEAM ENGINE.
The quantity of cheap farming lands.
F. E. SMITH.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

Who has not heard in early years,
Behold through Him I stood up!
"Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughty guise
He had hung an aim to leprosy,
When he caged his young life in gilded mail,
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul."
The leper no longer crouched at the side of
Sir Launfal, but stood transfixed, glorified
before him,—
"Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Thine own the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man."
"His words were shed softer than leaves from the
pine.
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."
"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

From the Age.

Mild Mary's Son acknowledges nie,
Behold through Him I stood up!

"Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughty guise
He had hung an aim to leprosy,
When he caged his young life in gilded mail,
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul."
The leper no longer crouched at the side of
Sir Launfal, but stood transfixed, glorified
before him,—
"Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Thine own the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man."
"His words were shed softer than leaves from the
pine.
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."
"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and
hereafter. In our own humble homes, in our
endeavors to be useful to others, we may fulfill
the law of God, find the realization of our
hitherto unattained desires, and drink of that
Sacred Grail, whose waters of Faith, Hope,
Love and Charity, are for the healing of every
thirsty soul.—Potter Journal.

And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
'Lo it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst distil at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
'T is Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need,—
Not that which we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

"Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoon—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor upon the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall,
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."
"The castle-gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
And the hangings is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turret walls,
The meadow we share with another's land!
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Country
But is lord of the earldom as much as he."
Unlike the Holy Grail in whose search the
mid-day of Sir Launfal's life was vainly spent,
the good, the freedom of soul, the more perfect
life which we seek, is no myth, but an ever
present reality,—a want of our natures unsat-
isfied with the aimless, hollow lives we live.
We may wander in the fair fields of Utopia-
land for fancied pleasure, akin to the real. We
may look with a christian's hope for the rest
and quiet of the grave, but true happiness is
found in taking up life's crosses and duties,
not as burdens, but as joyful helps toward a
preparation of heart and spirit, meet to enjoy
the society of the loved and good, here and