

that she never would wish another home than in his heart. I was sorry to undecieve him; but the bitter draught might do him good.

"Joseph, the defect was in her own heart, and would have embittered your whole life. Blake loved the poisonous seeds when she was a mere child, and they fell into congenial soil. She was just able to read and be amused by fiction, when he placed books in her hands that have moulded her character for life; she was disgusted with the plain, homely duties of a wife and mother, and craved excitement; she wanted to be one of the heroes that her depraved fancy had learned to picture. Blake is a man just suited to such a taste—handsome, accomplished, fascinating, but wicked as Lucifer himself; he knew well all the time that he was forming her taste and sending her books, what the result would be; he has been long in accomplishing his object, but none the less sure. There are many such victims—their fortune we can foresee; a few months or a year of gaiety and pleasure—then death or a life of remorse and suffering."

It was almost cruel to inflict this suffering upon Joseph. His pure soul could not comprehend the depravity of Blake's heart, and when I proved it to him, his soul was filled with indignation against the man. It was a healthy reaction—at least it turned his thoughts from dwelling so much upon himself. I advised him to keep himself busy, and not spend a moment in idle reverie. As an amusement, he began the study of the French language with me, and in return he was to hear Henny's lessons in arithmetic. It was amusing to hear them—Henny was very slow at figures—it seemed as if she would never comprehend fractions; but her teacher was patient; he cut up apples into fourths and eighths, and made squares on the slate, and when he had pie for a luncheon, he would call Henny to cut it—and she, poor child was so humble and so sweetly patient, and would look up with so much reverence to her teacher, and yet with so little comprehension, that it was half painful and half comic to see them. But when at last she did really understand that she could multiply a fraction, and yet not increase its value, her delight was unbounded. From that time she made some progress.

CHAPTER XX.

Henny and Mark had been out for a walk. It was a pleasant day in June, and I had dressed him in little pants and a velvet jacket, with a broad belt around the waist, and an embroidered collar in the neck. His curls hung from under his broad-brimmed hat, and his bright face was dimpled with smiles, as he held up his foot to show me his new gaiters and said, "Aunt Martha gave them to Mark." I kissed him, and he bounded away, while my eyes followed him with all a mother's pride and love. Yes, (I did not know it, but my child was my idol) when I felt that my husband's heart was not wholly mine, then I turned to the love of my child, and, as a mother, my heart was satisfied. Day and night my thoughts were with him—so intense and unselfish was this love, that I did not spoil my child. No, the highest, purest love is not that which leads a mother to seek her own ease by the indulgence of the child, but is keenly alive to faults, and spares herself no pains in correcting them. My boy was naturally high-spirited and willful, but even now was learning to govern his temper, and by his gentle, loving ways had wound himself around our hearts. I had just sent his daguerrotype to his father, not with my own, as had been requested, but by itself—how it would delight John, for the boy had grown so much during his absence. But to return to the walk; I was reading when the children returned. My little boy came with a heavy, slow step towards me—"Mamma, my head aches so, it seems I shall die; take off my pretty clothes, and let me sit in your lap."

I gratified him, and after putting on a loose sack, he climbed into my lap, and resting his head on my bosom, sat there for the remainder of the day, refusing to eat, or to play, but making no complaint. At evening the heat in his head increased, and I gave him a warm bath, and laid him in his crib. Towards midnight his mind wandered; he called for papa, and I gave him his father's picture, which seldom failed to amuse him; he looked at it languidly awhile, then laid it one side, and stretched out his little arms—"Take me, papa—take me—I so like it!" I became alarmed, and sent for the doctor. He pronounced the disease scarlet fever. I knew the danger, but the good constitution of the child, we hoped, would carry him through, as the rash came out well.

"All right," said the doctor, and added—"by good nursing I hope to save your boy."

I thanked God and took hope. I did not leave the room, save to eat, and then only from a sense of duty, and to gain strength. I dared not trust any other one for a moment, and I was unconscious of weariness or a desire to sleep. The fever passed its crisis, and all our hearts were glad. "Now the danger is over," I said to myself, and for the first time for ten days drowsiness came over me. Henny sat by the child's side, while I lay down in the same room to sleep. I slept many hours, and my boy slept also. Once during the time Henny awakened him and gave him his drops, and then she said she sang and he fell asleep. I awoke refreshed; Henny brought me a cup of tea—I took a bath, and made my toilet, which had been sadly neglected. As Henny combed my hair, which had grown long and thick again, we had a pleasant talk about "the baby," as we still called him; how good and patient he had been, and how dearer than ever he would be to us. My heart was buoyant, and my step light. I felt that one fearful part of child-life had been safely passed.

How strange it is, that the greatest trials of life always come upon us in an hour when we expect them not! We feel secure; we have passed a great danger, and are triumphant, when suddenly our joy is turned to mourning, and we lie, crushed and bleeding, beneath the pressure of some overlooked calamity.

That very night a change took place in my child; the heat in his head returned, his cheeks were red, and again his mind wandered. The doctor looked grave; he, too, had become attached to the child, and was gratified at the ease with which so violent a disease had been conquered.

He stayed some hours. His looks expressed a doubt. Finally, turning to me, he said:

"There are some indications of a brain fever. Would you like some one to counsel with me?"

"No," I said at once; "I feel safer to have him wholly under your own control. I have a strong prejudice against these counsels."

There was no lack of skill or attention on the part of the doctor; but in the fever increased, and the delirium also. Once, in an interval of reason, he called again, "Papa, papa!" I brought the picture and held it to him, for he was too weak to raise it. He smiled and said: "Good by, papa—good by."

It was nothing new—he often said this when he was well—but now it sent a sudden pang to my heart, that made me seize the child and clasp it to my bosom. I did not ask myself "Can he live?" I said, "He must not die!"

I did not ask the doctor if there was danger, for I would not admit the thought. Alas! life and death are not in our hands; the strongest love cannot ward off the shaft of the destroyer; we may have our own bosoms to receive the stroke, in vain; he is pitiless, and our most precious treasures, the most dearly loved, are taken.

My little boy grew worse daily. His fever was on the brain, and his suffering was great. In his restlessness he would want often to change from the bed to his arms. "I was holding him, at one time, when he seemed more quiet. Suddenly he stretched out his arms, and came near springing to the floor; then his limbs relaxed, his head fell back upon my arm, the little hands dropped, and his face was very pale. Aunt Martha was with me. She bade Henny go quick for the doctor. The little one gasped as if for breath.

"What is it?—what is it, Aunt Martha?" I exclaimed.

"My dear child," she said, as she bent tenderly over me, "this is death!"

Then she took the child from me, and laid it gently in her own lap. Alas! alas! its little life was ended.

How I lived through that day and night, I cannot tell. All I can now remember, is a feeling as of sinking in deep waters, and my soul exclaimed, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me! Oh, for death, that I might hide myself in the grave, and be no more!"

I had not, I confess it, either Christian resignation or its cold prototype, calm philosophy. I had worshipped, and my household gods were taken from me. Life, henceforth, had no charms for me.

I was lying in a darkened room, and thought myself alone, when suddenly a low voice said,

"The Lord chasteneth whom he loveth." He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.

One little affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!"

I knew the voice. It was one that had always spoken in kindness and love, and the speaker had known a like sorrow. But I was not patient under my trial, and I turned away, and refused to be comforted. "Surely no sorrow is like unto mine."

Aunt Martha left me, and I remained until the day that my child was to be buried. Then she came to me.

"Anna, if you wish to see your little boy once more, come with me."

I arose mechanically, and followed her. She took off the covering that lay upon the dead, and then I beheld the sweet, calm face of my child, beautiful in his dreamless sleep. Strange revulsion of feeling! I was calm now, and as I gazed, a strange quiet stole into my heart.

"He is not lost, but only gone before," whispered Aunt Martha; and there was something in the face of the corpse that told me so. Can it be that the disembodied spirit lingers for awhile around the tenement from which it has so lately escaped, and that it imparts something of its peace and joy to the mourner?

I have sometimes seen a bird linger lovingly around the nest that has sheltered it, sometimes for days, and then when its wings grow strong for flight, rise higher and higher into the blue expanse above, till the forsaken nest was forgotten, and the bird knew it no more.

I have since had this feeling of sudden calmness and peace while gazing upon the corpse of a beloved friend, but never with such power as when I lingered over that of my child.

We buried him as the sun was setting; his little grave was made close to Uncle Mark's, and it seemed a consolation to me that I could leave them there together.

"Not here, not here!" said Aunt Martha, as we wept together at these graves, "but united in heaven!"

Oh, those days and weeks following that funeral! How the sight of a worn shawl, a toy, the crib, his little plate and cup, would shake my mind, and cause the tears to flow!

The only event that broke the monotony of the four weeks following, was a letter from John, in which he says:

"Yesterday I had a narrow escape, which I must relate. I was in company with our friend Ward, whom you remember well. We were on our way to establish a trading post in a part of the country where miners had just gone in great numbers. We were on horseback ourselves, and had two pack-mules, well laden. We were riding along, and conversing pleasantly, with no thought of danger, when I heard the report of a gun, and at the same instant Ward exclaimed, 'They have killed me!' I sprang from my horse, caught him in my arms, just as he breathed his last—and while I held him, another ball came, and entered his heart, and thus was I saved. I laid him down, for I could do no more, as his death was instantaneous, sprung upon my horse, and rode to the nearest settlement for help; but I heard the reports of other guns, and one bullet whistled past me.

Death was very near. I seemed to see the faces of my wife and child, and heard distinctly, as I thought, the voice of the later crying, 'Papa, papa!' A kind Providence spared me, and I returned in a few hours to bury my friend; but already had the dead body been robbed of its clothing, and our goods stolen.

Such are some of the dangers of California life. But time passes quickly. I trust in God, and work hopefully.

My time is more than half out, and then for home once more, where my wife and child, dearer to me now than all the riches of California, will give me a welcome that will obliterate past peril and toil."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

OLD FRIENDS.—Old friends are the blessings of one's latter years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking. I have many young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate, but can they grow old friends? My age forbids that. Still less can they grow companions. Is it friendship to explain half one's own? One must relate the history of one's life and ideas; and what is that to the young but old stories?—HOMER WATSON.

Dr. Adam Clarke had a perfect abhorrence of both pork and tobacco. He is reported to have said: "If I were to offer sacrifice to the devil, it would be a roasted pig stuffed with tobacco."

Written for the Banner of Light.

SMILE ON ME.

BY MADON CARROLL.

Smile on me, blessing of blue,
Arch'd the mountain walls;
Smile on me, blessing of green,
Kissing the valley falls.

Breathe on me, summer wind,
Laden with lighthearted bloom;
Sing for me, forest-plumage,
Birds of the rainbow-plum.

Speak to my sorrow and low,
Voices I love to hear;
Linger on me, tones, come ye and go
Over the waters clear.

All that is good and great—
All that is bright and dear—
Tenderly give me about—
Angels are hovering near.

Maidens, with voices sweet
As the river's murmurous tune,
Children smiling and golden
As the sun of a bright June.

Greet me with winning words,
Like silvery music falls;
Then smile on me, blessing of blue,
Arch'd o'er mountain walls.

And smile on me, pilgrims of earth,
Bring with me thankful psalms,
For my joyous soul uplifts
Into the heavenly calms.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY CHOICE.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

"Good bye, Cousin Harry!"

"Good bye, May! and take care of yourself until my return," said my handsome and dignified cousin, Henry Ritchie, as, after having shaken hands with the remainder of the small party of friends assembled upon the wharf to witness his departure for Europe, he turned hastily to take leave of me.

My aunt and uncle were both in tears at the thought of a five years' separation from their darling son, and only child. As for myself, I could not even force a tear-drop into the corner of my eye, and so returning, carefully to my pocket the new embroidered handkerchief which I had determined to christen upon that particular occasion, I stood silent and aloof from the rest of that sorrowing group, watching, with no slight degree of interest, the varied movements, and anxious countenances of the several passengers, as they hurriedly looked on board.

"May Ritchie, have you no word of farewell to offer your Cousin Harry, at this sad hour?"

The stern tones of my aunt's voice startled me, and it was with a feeling closely akin to shame, that I turned to meet the full gaze and extended hand of my cousin. Involuntarily I reached forth my hand, and stammered out the words at the commencement of my story. But with all Henry Ritchie's native coldness, I could not help noticing that my apparent indifference concerning his departure had wounded his pride, if not his heart, considerably, for a faint flush momentarily tinged his forehead, as he carelessly said:

"Good bye, May! and take care of yourself until my return," then, with a heavy and lingering pressure of the hand, turned quickly away.

This was indeed a sorry parting between two persons, who, aside from the close bond of relationship, had been from earliest infancy betrothed to one another.

The last bell struck, and the next instant, as if by magic, the heavily freighted steamer swept gracefully away from the wharf, while a loud huzza from the crowd on shore rent the air mingled with the waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

I flattered my kerkiof in the breeze, until the proud vessel dwindled into a mere speck upon the surface of the horizon, while my poor aunt, unable longer to control her emotions, fell weeping like a child upon my neck.

I tried to offer some few words of comfort to one who had so faithfully performed the office of mother to the orphan girl, as my uncle handed us into the coach waiting to conduct us home; but even they lost their power to soothe, because they came not up from the depths of a truly sorrowful heart.

Henry Ritchie was just five years my senior, and more of a man at twenty, than some persons are at thirty, or thirty-five. As his only living cousin, I ought to have been extremely dear and near to his heart, for the same roof had sheltered our youthful heads ever since the death of my parents, which occurred when I was about eight years of age.

I was by birth a child of the South, my father, the twin-brother of my Uncle William, and the namesake of his only son, having in early life married a French lady, and settled in Louisiana. After fifteen years residence in the Crescent City, both fell victims to that terrible scourge, yellow fever, during the summer of the year 1836.

So short was their sickness, and so sudden their death, that my childish mind did not for a moment realize the extent of my loss, or the extreme loneliness of my situation. A letter, written by an intimate friend of my father to his only brother at the North, announcing the sad tidings, brought the latter to New Orleans, some three or four weeks after the burial of my parents. There was but one course for my Uncle William to pursue in the matter, namely, to settle up his brother's affairs at once, and make the orphan child an inmate of his own family.

The idea of traveling was something new and novel to my youthful imagination, and it was with a feeling amounting almost to joy that I bade farewell to my native land and friends, and stepped on board the packet destined to convey me to Boston, my uncle's place of residence.

I shall never forget the day of my introduction into my aunt's family, or the first night which I spent under her hospitable roof, when, after two or three hours' continued weeping, I at last sobbed myself to sleep.

I had often heard of my Cousin Harry, through the medium of my father, who, until a month or two previous to his death, had kept up a constant correspondence with his brother in New England. Each in their union had been blessed with but a single child, and it was but natural, with all their fraternal devotion to one another, that they should have desired a marriage in after years between the idolized children of their respective hearts. Thus it was that Henry Ritchie and myself were betrothed to each other in our very babyhood, and before our infant minds could fully comprehend the meaning of the sacred contract which our worshipful parents had so readily made for us.

I remember perfectly well the hour of my first meeting with my cousin, at that time a shy and reserved boy of thirteen years; and the strong agreeable impression which he made upon my mind at that time. That he was handsome in his close-fitting, black, or, as he called it, "Bacon" style of beauty, no one could deny; but there was a softness in the light that gleamed from his clear blue eyes, which chilled my beating heart, and made me to shrink away from the fond caresses he would have bestowed upon me. My relatives noticed my singular manner, but attributed it to a matter of course, to the entire strangeness of persons and things about me, and the usual diffidence of childhood.

But I soon found that the bright picture which my fancy had painted of my new home, was losing its charm and brilliancy of color. Although surrounded by everything that was needful to my comfort, I was far from being happy, according to the general acceptance of the term. I missed my mother's kiss and prayer, my father's smile, and even the untiring devotion and attentions of my colored nurse Rosa—who at the death of her master and mistress, had been sold, together with some five or six other slaves, to a trader in Alabama.

My entrance into one of the public schools of the city; however, soon diverted my thoughts into a new channel, and banished the feeling of utter loneliness to which I had for a short season so entirely yielded up my youthful heart.

Time flew on, but each succeeding day only strengthened the great dislike which I had taken to my cousin Henry, upon the occasion of our first interview. Ours was, to all appearances, an acquaintance which would never improve with age, for I really believe that our first impressions of one another were mutually repulsive and unfavorable.

I called Harry an idle tale and a book-worm by creation; he called me a tease and a hayden, and, when angry, a perfect miniature Vesuvius during an eruption. Thus we retaliated upon each other, until Aunt Sarah overhearing our loud tones and excited conversation, would constitute herself Magistrate of Peace for the time being, and settle our difficulties by sending Harry to his own room, and me to my music or embroidery. That I was not blest by nature with a gentle and passive disposition, I was well aware. But conscious as I was of my own imperfections and infirmities, I could not bear to have them constantly held up before my eyes, (and glaring upon me like evil monsters in their great magnitude,) by Cousin Henry, who, to speak the truth, was a perfect juvenile reformer in his way, and always labored to impress upon my mischievous mind the truth of that scriptural passage, which says, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Both Cousin Harry and myself were spoiled children, although perhaps in a different way. Having neither brother nor sister to share with him the comforts of life, Henry Ritchie had early learned to depend upon himself for amusement and instruction. Early in his very loneliness of condition, he possessed the selfish part of his boyhood's days in the solitude of his own little room, which his indulgent parents had fitted up handsomely with a library, writing-desk, maps and globes, purposely to gratify the intellectual tastes of their only child, whose mind seemed form infancy bent upon the acquisition of knowledge, rather than of youthful sports and pleasures. His sedentary life made him a brilliant scholar, a dutiful but not particularly interested son, and a most indifferent friend.

My abrupt and sudden entrance into his father's family must have been a source of annoyance rather than of pleasure to a person of his peculiarly quick temperament. Accustomed from the days of babyhood to having my slightest whim and caprice humored, with slaves ever ready to come and go at my bidding, it was but natural that, warm and impetuous as I was in my disposition, I should have looked for some similar tokens of indulgence among the few relatives of my northern home.

Had my Cousin Henry been disposed to look upon me at the outset as a companion and equal, I should undoubtedly have opened to him the well-spring of my heart, and lavished upon his barren and desolate soul the entire wealth of a sister's affection—for it was a part of my very existence to love and be loved.

Even my aunt and my uncle, who were to me the kindest and best of relatives, failed to understand me, else they had not attempted to check the exuberant flow of spirits which are so necessary to the vitality of some beings, and lend such an exquisite charm to the person of childhood. Thus things went on; Henry studying and I laughing and coquetting with all his boy-associates at school, until my poor aunt, in her despair, would turn reproachfully to her husband and say, "It is evident that Harry and his Cousin May were never destined for one another."

"Pshaw! let them alone," my uncle would say, who never uselessly troubled his head about the affairs of others, more especially young people. "Time will bring them to their senses. May is pretty, wild and romping, while Henry is sober, bashful and reserved. Both are as yet mere children, and cannot be expected to evince the judgment and wisdom of persons of maturer years."

But even years wrought not the desired change in our hearts which my dear uncle had so earnestly declared would sooner or later take place.

Henry Ritchie had arrived at the age of twenty, and now looked but a single year of his majority. In his studies he had more than realized the expectations of his adoring parents, having received from the hands of his teachers numerous testimonials in the shape of diplomas, books and medals. My cousin was ambitious for further improvement; he desired to go abroad, and spend from three to five years in study and travel upon the continent. His father being endowed with a good supply of this world's riches, could not reasonably refuse the request of an only son, though a trifle exorbitant in its tone; so after many misgivings and fears upon the part of Aunt Ritchie, it was at last decided upon that Cousin Harry should make a trip to Europe. The reader has already witnessed our parting, and whether our future meeting will be less chill and ceremonious, is a problem which a few minutes' close attention cannot fail to solve.

After my cousin's departure, the proposition was made to me by my uncle that I should spend the time occupied by Harry's absence, in some excellent boarding-school, or first class seminary. Such a one was to be found in Brooklyn, New York, and without hesitation I accepted to my guardian's plan.

One thing, however, surprised me not a little, which was the perfectly business-like manner in which my Uncle William spoke of my contemplated marriage with his only son, when he should return to his native land. It was clear to my mind that the

subject had been from time to time pretty thoroughly discussed between my close-minded cousin and his parents, although the former, during my seven years' residence in his father's family, had never once alluded to the matter when in my presence.

I thought that my cousin perhaps considered me too young to entertain a contrary opinion, or exercise my choice in the matter, provoked and maddened me for, at fifteen years of age, I imagined myself quite a woman. I had no doubt but that my aunt had spoken the truth, when she had told me so many times, in the privacy of her own chamber, that my deceased parents had earnestly desired that a union might take place, in after years, between Henry and myself; but I could not bring my mind to the belief that there either was, or ever would have been—allowing that my parents had lived—anything compulsory in regard to my wedding a man, toward whom I felt not the slightest love or sympathy, but merely respected because of the intimate and close degree of relationship existing between us.

Like Mary of old, I said nothing either one way or the other upon the subject, but "pondered all these things in my heart."

To Brooklyn I went, without delay, where I made the acquaintance of a young Philadelphia girl, whose strange resemblance to my cousin Henry Ritchie caused me to shudder perceptibly when first presented to her. But I soon found that her looks quite belied her, for a kinder or nobler heart was never bestowed upon woman, than that which throbbed in the breast of Blanche Malcolm. Like most school girls, we soon contrived to get up a most devoted attachment for one another, which we often declared eternally could not lessen or sever. Blanche protested that I was the most beautiful and bewitching little Southerner that she had ever met with, while I returned the compliment by saying ardently that I should have christened her the fairest flower of the North, were it not for her terribly close resemblance to my odious cousin Henry, toward whom most people called handsome.

Together we read and laughed over the letters which my dignified and scholarly cousin sent me from Europe by nearly every other mail, and to which I, in my replies, often insisted upon her adding a postscript. I wish you could have seen those letters from Henry Ritchie—so thoroughly business-like in their tone, that even you would have laughed heartily at the idea of calling them love-letters.

"So you will marry this cousin Harry of yours, May, when he returns home, without feeling for him the slightest portion of love?" said my friend Blanche one day, after listening to a long dissertation of mine upon the follies and imperfections of my betrothed.

"Why, yes—that is to say, no, if I can only have the good fortune to meet with some loving and chivalric knight who will esteem my beauty a prize sufficient worth adventuring the loss of a broken neck for, by wooing and carrying me off in triumph as his bride, before the face and eyes of my cold and exacting cousin."

Blanche laughed lightly at my words, and replied that I would probably change my opinion of Henry Ritchie, when he returned to America a thorough scholar and a highly-intellectual man.

"May be, and may be not," was my significant reply, as together we prepared to enter the schoolroom.

Nearly five years have passed since my cousin set sail for Europe. After a year spent in traveling, Henry Ritchie had at last settled down for three or four years' hard study at the University of Heidelberg, preparatory to his entering upon the practice of medicine in his native city of Boston.

His letters stated no set time for his return, and so, having finished my studies at the seminary in Brooklyn, I availed myself of my friend's kind invitation to spend the coming winter with her at her Philadelphia home.

There my acquaintance with her only brother, Clarence Malcolm, began, who had recently returned from Europe after some three years residence abroad, with the view of improving his health, which had been materially affected by too close attendance upon his profession as a lawyer. It is said that like attracts like. This was the case with Mr. Malcolm and myself. He was frank, generous and enthusiastic; I was warm, impulsive and ardent. Love spoke in silent eloquence through the medium of our eyes, although neither dared to breathe a word upon the subject to mortal ears.

Days and weeks rolled on, and the time came for me to return to Boston. Clarence grew gloomy and dejected, while a similar feeling of sadness and nervousness seemed fastening itself upon my heart. Seated in the drawing-room together, the evening previous to my contemplated departure, Clarence rose from his seat beside me upon the couch, and began rapidly pacing the apartment. We were alone, and though I kept my eyes intently fixed upon the book which I held in my lap, I had a faint presentiment of what was about to follow. Of a sudden Clarence Malcolm paused in his perambulations, and sinking impulsively upon his knees before me, poured into my not insensible ear the story of his deep love for me.

"Rise, I beseech you, Mr. Malcolm!" I entreatingly said, "for, although my heart is wholly yours, I am unfortunately betrothed to another!"

The words had scarcely escaped my lips when a servant ushered a tall and light-complexioned gentleman, of decidedly foreign aspect, into the room. One glance at that face, convinced me of its identity. With a slight scream I would have made my escape from the room; but Clarence Malcolm, rising quickly from his lowly position at my feet, detained me.

"I confess, sir, that your countenance is an unfamiliar one to me," said Mr. Malcolm, as, after handing me to a seat, he extended his hand to the stranger by way of courtesy, who was standing in the centre of the room, like one struck dumb with amazement, after the singular discovery which he had just witnessed.

"Do you not remember, sir, a person, who some three years since, rescued you from drowning in the Seine?"

"I do, indeed, sir; and it is to you, my brave friend, that I am at this moment indebted for my life. God knows I tried hard enough to seek out the name and address of my preserver—when reason, after long hours of unconsciousness, at length resumed its accustomed sway—but in vain. Now, sir, that I have at last found you out, let me extend to you that hospitality and friendship, which, as the noble preserver of my life, you so richly deserve."

My readers can easily imagine the scene of emotion and confusion which ensued, when, upon Clarence Malcolm presenting me to his unknown friend, he discovered that we were by no means strangers to each other, as the world, "Cousin May!" and

myself, had been from time to time pretty thoroughly discussed between my close-minded cousin and his parents, although the former, during my seven years' residence in his father's family, had never once alluded to the matter when in my presence.

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Like Mary of old, I said nothing either one way or the other upon the subject, but "pondered all these things in my heart."

To Brooklyn I went, without delay, where I made the acquaintance of a young Philadelphia girl, whose strange resemblance to my cousin Henry Ritchie caused me to shudder perceptibly when first presented to her. But I soon found that her looks quite belied her, for a kinder or nobler heart was never bestowed upon woman, than that which throbbed in the breast of Blanche Malcolm. Like most school girls, we soon contrived to get up a most devoted attachment for one another, which we often declared eternally could not lessen or sever. Blanche protested that I was the most beautiful and bewitching little Southerner that she had ever met with, while I returned the compliment by saying ardently that I should have christened her the fairest flower of the North, were it not for her terribly close resemblance to my odious cousin Henry, toward whom most people called handsome.

Together we read and laughed over the letters which my dignified and scholarly cousin sent me from Europe by nearly every other mail, and to which I, in my replies, often insisted upon her adding a postscript. I wish you could have seen those letters from Henry Ritchie—so thoroughly business-like in their tone, that even you would have laughed heartily at the idea of calling them love-letters.

"So you will marry this cousin Harry of yours, May, when he returns home, without feeling for him the slightest portion of love?" said my friend Blanche one day, after listening to a long dissertation of mine upon the follies and imperfections of my betrothed.

"Why, yes—that is to say, no, if I can only have the good fortune to meet with some loving and chivalric knight who will esteem my beauty a prize sufficient worth adventuring the loss of a broken neck for, by wooing and carrying me off in triumph as his bride, before the face and eyes of my cold and exacting cousin."

Blanche laughed lightly at my words, and replied that I would probably change my opinion of Henry Ritchie, when he returned to America a thorough scholar and a highly-intellectual man.

"May be, and may be not," was my significant reply, as together we prepared to enter the schoolroom.

Nearly five years have passed since my cousin set sail for Europe. After a year spent in traveling, Henry Ritchie had at last settled down for three or four years' hard study at the University of Heidelberg, preparatory to his entering upon the practice of medicine in his native city of Boston.

His letters stated no set time for his return, and so, having finished my studies at the seminary in Brooklyn, I availed myself of my friend's kind invitation to spend the coming winter with her at her Philadelphia home.

"Cousin Harry" simultaneously burst from the lips. A month later, and things were amicably settled to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. Knowing his friend's deep love for me, my cousin, with a degree of generosity and nobleness, of which I had deemed him incapable, released me from an engagement, which, if fulfilled, promised anything but happiness to both our hearts.

The following Christmas there was a double wedding at the residence of my uncle, in Boston; that of my dear school friend, Blanche Malcolm, and my cousin, Harry Ritchie, and Clarence Malcolm and my humble self.

Five years have passed since then, and I, for one, can truly say that I have never for a moment regretted "My Choice," for a more devoted upholder and loving wife, Philadelphia does not contain.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ANGEL GUIDES.

BY MARY A. MASON.

They come to us on the still hour of night,
And bring us wisdom from a higher light.
They bring us visions of purest delight,
So perfect that naught can compare with it.
They speak to us kindly with words of Love;
They bid us return from our sorrow,
To seek the bright sunshine that comes from above,
That life from its light we may borrow.
We hear their still whispers, their sweet presence feel,
And lessons of Truth we're receiving;
They tell us their mission is Truth to reveal,
That man may be blest in believing.
Then onward! and fear not the way, though long,
With beautiful goals it is beaming;
And toil for the righteous, but make him more strong,
While radiance from Heaven is streaming.
How sweet to our weary souls, when at eve
They come to us kindly caressing;
"True joy to you, loved one, how only believe
The Infinite gives you his blessing!"
Bright angels mission! forever abide
To bless and protect us from sinning;
With Hope for our day-star, and Truth for our guide,
The pathway to Freedom we're winning.
COURTESY, Va., 1834.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Devil in Denmark.

BY JACOBUS.

"The Devil is in"—Your's Assailant.

The devil has played a prominent part in the social history of the Northern nations. Their legends and traditions have a "powerful smell" of sulphur. Take Denmark for example. Denmark—the State in which "there's something rotten"—according to the admission of its most celebrated Prince. The devil has been there, and, indeed, on one occasion, it is written, "left behind him a most loathsome stench." This is how it happened:

Cyprianus was worse than the devil. He lived in one of the Danish islands, and wrote a wonderful, but wicked book on Witchcraft. It was so bewitchingly bad, that no one could read it without selling his soul to the Evil One. The devil, it is said, appeared to every one who read it, and woe! woe! to them if they could not drive him back or outwit him.

Outwit the devil? Very hard to do, we admit, but the thing has undoubtedly been done.

A few miles from the town of Horsens, in Jutland, lived a miller, who owned one of Cyprianus's books. A wonderful man was he. He astonished every one by his feats. One day he loaned an axe to a neighbor, who promised to return it before night. He forgot it. At midnight he was unpleasantly reminded of the fact, by being drawn from his bed, and thrown on the tops of the tallest trees near the house of the indignant miller. A fellow-workman, curious to know how the feat was done, surreptitiously entered his private room, and saw there an old, black-lettered book, which he instantly opened and read. In the twinkling of an eye stood Satan at his side! Overcome with terror, he could not utter a word. He did not know that it was necessary, in order to expel him, to give him some "little job" to do. So he fell down on his knees—and was silent. Luckily for the poor fellow, who would soon have been seized as a lawful prize, the miller entered the apartment, and saw how matters stood.

He opened the book, and read another portion of it. But the devil was not to be defeated. He would not attend to more than one thing at a time, and he had not yet received a commission from the terrified intruder.

"Here!" cried the miller, holding out a sieve.

"What shall I do with it?" asked the devil.

"Empty all the water out of the pond near by, and carry it, in this sieve, ten miles distant!"

"Sold!" said the devil, in a devil of a rage, as he disappeared, "leaving behind him," says the Danish historian, "a most loathsome stench."

We do not doubt it.

This is not the only instance on record of the devil having been out-general.

Once he engaged himself as assistant cook to the monks of Esrom. Their reputation, for piety extended throughout the earth. The devil, therefore, was anxious to conquer them. He engaged himself under the name of Russ. One day he quarreled with the head cook, who struck him for his insolent bearing. The devil killed him, and set him on his head in a kettle of boiling water. When he had done the deed, he ran, weeping piteously, to the Abbot, and gave him a false account of the affair. Supposing that the cook had met his death accidentally, the monks, as a reward for his industry, elected him to fill the vacant situation. This was what he wanted.

"Now, then," said he, "I have them. Give me the stomach, and I'll soon have the soul!"

He prepared the rarest and richest viands. Through the cooks that the devil sent to sailors, a wretched hand at his trade, the Old Boy himself, as the monks soon found, is the atest that ever touched a ladle. They resigned themselves to luxury. Such graves were not compatible with grace—no such sumptuous pies and puddings with prayer and praise. It is even hinted in the chronicles of the convent, that the devil went further still. There are dark suggestions of scarlet sisters. But let us give the devil his due—the benefit of the doubt—and deny that of his own agency than delicious viands. That, of itself, was quite enough to turn the heads and the hearts of the lay, old, luxurious monks.

Brother Russ, however, betrayed himself. Like many of his children, he could not stand success. His schemes succeeded so admirably that he forgot his prudence. He saw a cow in the woods near the convent one day, slew it, took a quarter to the kitchen, and hung up the remainder on a tree. The

owner saw it there, but did not suspect who had slaughtered it. To catch the thief, he climbed up a tree near by, and determined to stay there till he came for the parts that were left.

The devil soon came, sure enough, and many others with him. They applauded Brother Russ. They said, in their glee, that they would soon invite the Abbot and his monks to a feast in hell.

The peasant heard and trembled. Next day he apprised the Abbot. The monks were instantly assembled, and with prayers and psalms sought to exorcise the fiend. Brother Russ heard them say that his favorite plan was frustrated—and tried to sneak away. But he had a penance to perform. The Abbot seized him by the cow, transformed him into a horse, compelled him to bring 820,000 pounds of lead from England, for the roof of the convent—and then, with solemn rites, committed him to the power of hell once more.

For many years after this event, the pot and gridiron of Brother Russ were religiously preserved in the convent of Esrom.

The priests, if the records are authentic, have outwitted the subject of this memoir—as the biographers say—very frequently, and with the greatest alacrity. They tell, for example, how the devil was once deprived of a victim by a priest of Jutland, of whom it is said that "he knew more than his paternoster." A thing or two more, no doubt. He was called, one night, in great haste, to attend a very wealthy, landed proprietor. He found him in the greatest distress. He had sold himself to the devil, and the devil claimed his due. The priest vainly tried to induce the fiend to grant the respite of a year—a month—a day. Not an hour would the Old Harry grant. A piece of candle—nearly burnt out—was standing on the table.

"You will allow him to remain here, at least," said the priest, "until the candle burns down to the socket."

The devil consented.

"Thank you kindly," returned the priest, as he blew out the candle. "It will never burn down as long as I can help it!"

He put the candle in his pocket! The devil left in his own name, of a rage. The man repented of his sin, and never had anything more to do with his Satanic Majesty from that time till the day of his death!

Again! Once on a Christmas eve a party of young men were playing cards in the town of Lemvig. They staked immense sums, and won, and lost in proportionate amounts. In their delirious excitement they were very profane. Late in the night they heard a knocking at the door.

"Come in!" they shouted with drunken energy.

A well-attired gentleman, clad in black, opened the door, and entered the room. He asked to be permitted to join them in their game. They willingly agreed to allow him. He lost every game. A card happened to fall on the floor. One of the party stooped down to pick it up.

"Quelle horreur!" From the boots of the stranger protruded a cloven hoof—the only part of the body that the devil cannot change or conceal. The young fellows were alarmed, and sent for the priest. The holy man came and ordered the devil to depart, but the devil would not stir!

"By their profanity and gambling, they brought me here, and I will not go until I taste warm blood!"

The students shuddered! A little dog was running about the room. The priest caught it, tore it in pieces, and threw it at the devil. He seized it and eagerly devoured it.

"Now," said the priest, "you must go!"

The devil howled, but sat still. The priest took a gimlet and bored a hole through the lead of the window.

"Go out there!" he said to the devil.

"Thank you," returned the devil, "I would rather go as I came."

"You shall not do it," replied the priest, as he shut and locked the door, "for if I allow you to depart as you entered, you can come again. Make yourself small—and go out of the gimlet-hole!"

The devil sat still! The priest opened the Bible and began to read it. The devil couldn't stand that. "I'll go!" he said, and disappeared. But it cost him so much to make his exit through so small a hole, that his howls were heard for many miles around.

The devil has even left his footprints in Denmark—on one of a row of stones in a field near Sonnerod. One night he ran away with a bride from her marriage feast. He could only run with her—had no power to harm her—until some one, a man, should take off her bridal wreath. The bridesmaids had placed it on her head in the name of Jesus, which was a charm so potent that it destroyed his power. He offered a handful of gold to every one he met if they would only take off the wreath; but no one would do it, and he ran round the country carrying his burden, until he came to the field near Sonnerod, where he rested on the row of stones. You can see his foot-mark there to this day. If you do not believe it, you may go there and see it for yourself. I tell the story as I read it in the legends of Denmark, and legends, you know, always speak the truth.

The danger of having anything to do with the devil is illustrated in the history of the lady of Klobygaard.

Her mansion is in a valley—a very lovely spot—on the road from Aalborg to Histed. She was a very wicked lady. She was given to the practice of sorcery. She delighted to hear of every crime that was perpetrated in her neighborhood. She frequently showed her favorite servant a large chest full of silver coins, and offered to give him as many as he could take. He tried often and tried hard and tried long to lift them, but he never could raise a solitary piece. When once he said that he wished he was the owner of so vast a treasure, she sighed deeply, and said—"Ay, ay! but then the horrible death!"

One night, a tenant came to pay his rent. Every room was dark. He didn't know what to make of it. He walked, or rather groped, from room to room, until he came to an apartment in which he saw a solitary light. In the middle of the floor was a half-bushel measure. Suddenly a ferocious-looking dog walked into the room, went up to the measure and barked! A silver coin fell from his mouth! He barked again, and again a coin fell into the measure. He barked full and running over, and then left the room as mysteriously as he had entered it.

"Well," said the peasant, "that's an easy way of making money and a very useful quadruped. Here, every one, in the house is asleep and their dog is busy barking them rich. I suppose I may as well help myself, as they will never miss it in the morning."

So he took thirty pieces of silver, and offered them to the lady, on the morrow in payment of his rent.

She instantly recognized the pieces, and accused him of theft. He told what he had seen on the previous night. The lady was so terribly alarmed at the discovery, that, in order to secure his silence, she made him a free gift of his farm.

Shortly after this event she ordered her coachman to harness her horses. The night was very dark, and the coachman objected; but she insisted, and he complied. He drove her over unfrequented roads, precipitous and rugged, until they came to an ill-lit castle, of which the coachman, although he knew the district well, had no previous knowledge. The lady alighted and entered the saloon, which was brilliantly lit with tapers. She ordered the driver to remain till she returned. He stayed with his horses for several hours; but at length he became so weary that he determined to seek her. He went up to the window and looked in. Why did he start, turn pale, and run for his life? He saw his lady sitting in the middle of the room, undressed. A man was combing her hair. A pile was burning at her side. No one ever heard of the lady afterwards. The coachman swore that she had gone to hell. Who knows? Who's been there? Now "don't all speak at once!"

With another diabolical legend I will conclude my notes of the Devil in Denmark. It illustrates the impropriety of taking the devil's name in vain.

A girl saw her mistress take some ornament from a pot and anoint a broomstick. As swift as thought it ran between her legs and flew up the chimney with her. The girl was surprised—astonished, we might say. You do not wonder at it, I hope? Really, if you reflect on it, it was excusable in the damsel to be surprised. It was not an every-day occurrence, this greased broomstick method of locomotion. Let us hesitate, then, to blame the girl. She thought she would be as good as her mistress—a common thought with aspiring Bridgets. So she went to the pot, anointed a wash-tub, and coolly sat down upon it. Whew! Away—away up the chimney—over rooftops, rivers, forests, fields—dismal swamps and fertile lands—away quicker than the birds fly—quicker than the lightning flashes, flew the maiden on the ornament-eating tub. Down—down from her domicile among the stars—down—down till the mountains could be seen again—down—down till the trees and the rivers could be traced with ease—down—down toward the rooftops of a foreign city—came the damsel and the tub—down—down through the soot of a chimney she descended until she sat in a room of hideous witches, chattering of unearthly things. There, too, sat her mistress—chief among them. The devil, as in duty bound, was among them. After he had danced and paid the fiddlers, he came up to the girl and told her to write her name in a book which he gave her. Instead of doing so at once, she scribbled a few words to try the pen. The devil swore. He could not take the book back in consequence of this act. Next morning they all started for home. They flew in company—the wash-tub rivaling the fleetest broomstick. They came to a brook, and the girl hesitated.

"It won't do," she thought, "to take such a leap in a wash-tub."

But she had excellent pluck—this maiden of the tub.

"I'll try it," she said.

And she did! She accomplished it easily and well. She looked back.

"That was a great leap," she said, "a devil of a—"

Down she dropped—down to the ground. There was no use in trying to urge her wash tub again. It would not stir.

"Miles and miles from home," she sobbed, "oh, ho, ho, what's the matter?"

"Do not mention my name," said the devil, "except when you need my services. Do not mention above all, when you are in a dangerous situation."

"Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho!" cried the girl.

"The book! the book! give me the book!" said the devil.

She gave him the volume, and had to trudge home afoot, carrying the tub, and sobbing sadly.

This illustrates, as I have said, the very bad effects of mentioning your father's name unnecessarily. Remember the lesson!

Written for the Banner of Light.

Memories of the Past.

BY CORA WILBURN.

"And alight, withal, may be the things which bring Back on the heart the weight which it would fling Aside forever—It may be a sound, A tone of music—summer's breeze, or spring, A flower, a leaf, the ocean, which may wound, Striking the electric chain whereby we're darkly bound."

BYRON.

In the glorious light of the new dispensation, that brings the truths of first-born time to the longing hearts of the present, the gloom and the sorrow hitherto enveloping the past is rapidly passing away, to give place to deep reflection; thanksgiving for trial, and gratitude for suffering; as the mind emerging from gloomy views of life, from superstition's rules and man's authority, compiles the lessons of the past, with all its anguish of deception and bereavement, that its history may serve him for guidance in a future, better path. That for bitter ness he may substitute charity; for angry and rebellious feeling, gentleness and self-control; for worldly justice, angel mercy; for every wrong, forgiveness; for every error, reformation; for every evil deed, restitution, expiation.

This is practically taught by the faith that holy sinners call "the demon's lure for the destruction of souls," this extracting of the one drop of honey from the bitterest draught of suffering, is urged upon the true believer by this faith of guiding angels. If a change of heart is to be effected, in order to gain our admittance to the Father's kingdom, it is by the gradual, slow and sure development of our higher faculties, that this change from the rebellious, combative, unfeeling, hostile animal, to the meek, strong, forgiving and submissive spirit, can be brought to pass. The work must begin, and must be continued within our own awakened and aspiring souls. And to avoid the shoals and quicksands of life, we have the beacon-lights of the past, its landmarks, its very tomb-stones, its haunting memories even; for, while the human heart throbs in its earth-encasement, there will be longing and regret for the familiar places, here lost to sight; for the forms and faces gone where mortality dare not follow; who even, when they return have wrapt around them garments so resplendent, we are compelled to veil our dazzled sight, and have not look at what once was ours. But, the haunting, ever-recurring memories of the past need no longer grieve and wound and alarm. Our direct foe is disarmed

by potent love; in the trusting, soul no fear need enter. The broken friendship, has long since been renewed; its chain extends from earth to spirit-land; the tolls and miseries of the past uprise, only in contrast to the blessedness of the present, to incite the heart to gratitude. The sound of the bell at twilight—it moves the heart to sorrowing reminiscence—it fills the eye with tears, it chimed so low and mournfully when a mother's last earthly sigh was drawn! If you deem her sleeping beneath the sod, unconscious, inanimate, feeling not of life or love, well may you weep! But you know that she is living, blest with love and consciousness, with energy and power; that she is beside you often; by your heart's thrill of joy you feel her presence; then let the bell toll on! It was the signal of an angel's birth, no sound of despairing woe.

The sun shines brightly over the calm, scarcely wind-stirred waves; the sweet south wind dallies softly 'mid the fluttering leaves; repose and beauty have impressed their spirit on the scene; the white-sailed skiffs float gracefully over that summer sea. What haunting memories invade the holy stillness? The thankful joy of earth and sky—why is it broken by that human sob? Alas! the seaweed floating on the pebbled beach, now laved by the playful waves, now left upon the sand, recalls a bitter, poignant, early grief—a father's form was buried 'neath the ocean-wild; it was never found, but his well known cap floated ashore entwined with this memento of his fate. Not yet submissive heart! arouse from selfish mourning; wert thou pure and true and aspiring as he, thou wouldst in mortal garb behold his radiant brow and eye of triumph, his princely form in all its angel grandeur of truth and majesty; thou wouldst not weep again in presence of thy immortal guardian. And though thine eyes be veiled, thy hearing sealed, thy heart is not all closed to revelation from the land of souls. What means the pulse of rapture stirring in thy heart, as thy lips say, "Father, my earthly father, now in Heaven?" It means that unconsciously thy lips re-echo a spiritual truth, that thy sense cannot take cognizance of. The haunting sorrow is the earthly remembrance of the living, loving father, thus attracting his child's better thoughts and holy feelings by the strong tie of sympathy, of earthly recollection. Look, then, abroad o'er earth and sky and ocean with a cheerful spirit, and render praise unto him who doeth all for good.

I cannot see the myrtle twined amid dark or sunny tresses, without a sigh of memory—a quick pang at the heart. She, among whose jettied braids I often fastened the glistening sprigs, was false and cruel to me, to whom she had so often vowed perpetual love. That girl—all gentle as she was—with her pensive, Madonna-like loveliness, trampled on my heart with a giant's strength and recklessness. Then (it is many years ago) I felt bitter, and grew weary of life itself; now I have learned to forgive, and I think of Solita with a loving, pitying heart.

There is one strain—it is a German household melody—I hear it seldom; yet, when heard, it nestles to my heart with all subduing, overwhelming power, that vents itself in salutary tears—an offering to home and youth; home, shrouded by the chestnut trees, the climbing roses, the luxuriant vines of "fatherland," far, far away; youth, as it beckoned me from a gilded barge, sceptred and crowned with love and hope and conquering power. But, with the tears of memory, mingles the quiet joy of present happiness, the upwelling gratitude for the true friends found beneath strange skies—the kindred spirits met with on the distant strand.

See, the blue heavens are decked with fleecy clouds, quick gathering—rarely grouped. I called them "angel heads" when a child. A feeling akin to childhood's light-heartedness comes over me when I gaze—and the past, all brilliant, unclouded as it once was, returns to me—and not a household tone is wanting, not a ray of light has gone. The memories of the past are not all shadows; there is much sunlight—much heart-warmth there.

A package of letters, tied with emblematic blue; I have not opened them for years. There is friendship—love—all that is beautiful and cheering in life contained in those letters; but the hand that penned those sentiments turned from my proffered clasp, and disavowed the written pledge. That heart grew hard as marble, icy and vindictive; I never could solve the mystery. I know not is he dead or living; he turned from me in the hour of my sorest need, and I felt stricken—an outcast from all faith in humanity, drifting rudderless upon the sea of doubt. I recovered from the chillness and the gloom; other hands pressed mine, and turned not coldly away. I found true, great and noble hearts, ever steadfast and fond; and I have forgiven—almost forgotten—the false and cruel friend.

There is a picture I cannot yet unclose, to look calmly upon the fair and treacherous face. I thought her too unworlily to deceive—too childlike to smile and betray. I crossed the ocean to clasp her in my arms, to hear her lips repeat the written words of love. I found her cold and artful—I knew all too soon—she loved me not for myself. I shed no tear over this new grave; but piled upon it the soft, hazy, winter snows, and sang its requiem with unfaltering voice. I turned to my daily and absorbing duties, pleasant and congenial as they are; I turned to my holy mother—to Nature in her forest wilds and rocky sanctuaries—and she gave me her benediction, and poured her healing balsams on my wounded heart. I sang aloud with sea and wild-bird, and they cheerfully responded; I basked in the sun-rays of God's sanctuary—solitude; and felt the reviving warmth of the love that passeth not away. I questioned leaf and flower, and they responded truly; I sailed heavenward with the sunset clouds, and worshipped with the first star of night, and met with no deceptive voices, no false embraces, no broken faith. And to the few human friends I turn with quiet reverence, for they are my guiding, saving angels. From the past, I endeavor to teach my soul—to curb my yet undisciplined heart to submission and faith. In the present, I live with hopeful, ever-cheerful spirit, singing for very thankfulness—praying for grateful joy. In the future, a dazzling sun smiles, a land of beauty gleams, dear familiar faces smile, and white hands beckon in the spirit-land of reunion and fulfillment.

PHILADELPHIA, November 29, 1858.

LITTLE EXPENSES.—What maintains one vice, would bring up two children. You may think that a little tea, or a little punch now, and then, diet a little more costly, clothes perhaps a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no matter; but remember, many a little makes a mickle; and further, beware of little expenses; a small lake will sink a great ship.—FRANKLIN.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HAPPY SPIRITS.

BY MRS. E. M. ALLEN.

Happy spirits, waiting near,
Whispering gently in thy ear;
"Come, my sister, come away,
In full glory view our day."
List! a voice is ringing near,
"Never falter, never fear;
Truth will bear thee safely o'er—
Hence thy sorrows are no more."
Come, my brother, come away,
Leave thy turmoil, for a day,
And list to music from above,
Where each breath is fraught with love.
"It will fill thy soul with love so pure
That thought of earth-joys can assure
Then leave thy sorrows for awhile,
And bask in angels' sweetest smile."

HOUSTON, TEXAS, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARCUS CURTIUS.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

Night, cloudy and dark, settled upon Rome—the Eternal City. The wind howled fearfully upon all sides, while the heavy falling rain soon drove to their various dwellings such of her inhabitants as stern necessity compelled to linger late at their employments.

Neither moon nor stars relieved for a moment the ebon hue of the firmament above, whose sombre, unnatural appearance, struck a chill of terror into many a stout heart that had never before known fear.

At midnight the trumpet sounded forth its echoing peal. Cries of frenzy and affright, mingled with the clashing of arms, were now heard in every direction. Through the blinding rain and mist, men might have been seen hurrying to and fro, whose ghastly faces, uplifted to the rolling thunder, betokened signs of sudden fear and woe.

Scarcely had the order been raised, when, with a low and dying moan, the tempest ceased. But sleep came not to human eyes that night.

From his marble turret, the proud nobleman peered forth into the intense darkness, while the humble peasant, paralyzed with fear, sat speechless within his cottage walls. Upon the summit of the highest mountain stood the Augur, in his white flowing robe. In one hand he held the mystic staff, in the other a quaintly pictured globe. His large and full eyes glanced rapidly from star to cloud, from cloud to birds.

Rome seemed like a terrible camp, invaded by the savage foe. Through the livelong night, "footsteps, ceaseless as the flow of water from their mountains gushing," fell upon the listening ear; while a darkness, deep as that of the tomb, pervaded the entire city, except where the Capital, in middle air, "Sent from its altar's golden frame, The whirling pyramid of flame."

At last more slowly dawned upon the thickly populated city; but alas! the long-desired light reveals an immense gulf, yawning frightfully in the centre of the Roman forum. An earthquake threatens total destruction to the city, and a common grave to her sons. On, on, the fearful chasm spreads, devouring in its mighty jaws, tower and temple, palace and cot. Can naught be done to stay the deadly work, and save a million souls from instant death?

Through the dense throng comes one with floating hair, torn garments, and unsandaled feet. It is the Oracle, whose dark eyes seem flashing with an unearthly light. The multitude fall back, and listen with glaring eyes, and half-suspended breath, to the sibyl's words:

"What shall fill that sullen tomb,
But thy noblest treasure, Rome?"

Like a watchword, the cry passed from lip to lip, while, hurrying to the cavern's brink, rushed young and old, bending beneath the weight of costly burdens. Into the fathomless depth they threw marble statuary, golden urns, fragrant spices, robes from Tyre, and precious gems from India's shores. But even these could not appease the hungry and all-devouring earthquake. Like a huge wound, that man has not the power to heal, spread the terrible gulf.

But hark! the clattering of a steed is heard. The next moment a solitary warrior is seen advancing!

"This Marcus Curtius!" shout a myriad of human voices, as, putting spurs to his horse, the weary soldier dashes madly through the trembling throng. All gaze upon him in amazement, but have not power to ask from whence he comes. His wild and disordered air seem to betoken the tired and time-worn traveler. His raven hair lays in damp and heavy masses upon his noble brow; his snowy plume is soiled and bedabbled with the rain, while stains of blood are plainly discernible upon spur and cuirass.

"Forbear!" the haughty rider cried, as reining in his panting steed, he cast a hurried glance from face to face in that vast crowd.

"What's richer than the miser's hoard?
The patriot soldier and his sword!
Rome, wouldst thou but that yawning grave?
What treasure hast thou like the bravo?"

All stood aghast, as with one fierce bound that gallant steed, with its rider firmly seated upon its back, neared the brink of the precipice. At that instant, while man and horse stood trembling on the very verge of eternity, a loud and piercing shriek rang clearly out upon the morning air. The warrior's face grew deadly pale, as, turning in his saddle, he beheld his lovely bride kneeling and weeping at his side. One longing, lingering look of love he bent upon that fair, young face, then wheeling round and waving high his plumed hat, he cried,

"Rome, the Eternal, 'tis for thee I die!" then, with a lightning plunge, the noble warrior sprang with his horse into the gulf below, which immediately closed, burying from human sight "the boldest of the bold."

Centuries have passed since then, and time has crumbled in the dust the old gray stone which marked the spot where Rome's proud son so nobly yielded up his life to save his fellow-men; yet on history's page the glorious deed is still inscribed, and to the world the name of Marcus Curtius shall be a beacon-flame, a star, whose lustre ages cannot dim!

The head is dull in discerning the value of God's expedients; and the heart, cold, sluggish and reluctant in submitting to them; but the head is lively in the invention of its own expedients, and the heart eager and sanguine in the pursuit of them. No wonder, then, that God subjects both the head and heart to a course of continual correction.

Though God extends beyond creation's rim,
Each smallest atom holds the whole of him.
ORIENTAL.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 18, 1858.

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GIVE AND GET.

Men do not yet understand that the very first condition of their having is their giving. Yet no truth is more true, and no fact recorded in the soul's experience is more plain. Niggards and misers, whether in matters spiritual or matters worldly, are poorer even than those that have nothing at all. Narrowness visits due and speedy punishment upon itself—never upon another. Nature will have her revenge on these things. If a man thinks privily to be selfish, and keep all that comes to him, it is not long before he learns to his cost that he has parted with a vast deal more than he has kept. There is a fixed law in these matters, and no man has special license to transcend or disregard it. There are plenty of inconsiderate and unreflecting ones—the blind and the foolish of the world—who inwardly boast that they, at least, are privileged or protected against its operation; but they deceive no one by their hollow boasts but themselves.

This law of Giving and Getting, which runs through all nature, is more perfectly and more beautifully illustrated in the soul than in any of those affairs that pertain to mere worldly fortunes. In spiritual matters, one can, with patient observation, behold its uninterrupted operation. We are large, are great, are godlike, just according to the measure of the divine breath and spirit with which we are filled. The act of inspiration is not our own, but God's. We can study and obey only the conditions of that inspiration. We may put ourselves in receptive attitudes of the soul, which necessarily imply patience, humility, love, simplicity, and trust. And then the divine current flows in of itself, while we, as it were, are prayerfully awaiting the influx. Only, therefore, as our souls become humble and inclined to love, may we expect that they will become great, and exalted, and godlike; making even what Jesus said to be literally true—that he that is least shall be greatest in this spiritual kingdom.

We wonder, when we observe the selfish ways of men, that they are so inconsiderate; that they do not see for themselves how their very short-sightedness soonest defeats its own aim. Just as long as a man keeps himself completely in the good Father's hand, with all the confidence and trust a little child feels in the arms of a parent, and with a feeling of love to correspond, just so long may he expect that the divine current, which is life itself, will flow through his soul in a free and generous stream; but the moment he ceases about, seeing his present glorious advantage, and seeks selfishly to dam up this life-giving stream in order to turn some ignoble wheel of private advantage, the stream suddenly falls away, subsides, and dries up at the source altogether. And why? Simply because the man has foolishly thought, he could enjoy all the indescribable delights of the current, without regarding and obeying the primary conditions of its coming. He vainly thought to be divine and selfish at the same time. He supposed that God could put his good gifts into his soul, whether that soul was ready to receive them or not. He meant to get all he could, and keep all he got; and this sort of spiritual suicide he found out, too late, to be the natural result of disobedience to a law of his own soul. His fault was in not recognizing that law, the moment he found what a wealth of happiness conformity with it heaped up within his heart.

Give that you may get; that is the true spiritual law. In obeying this principle, or law, no gift can be even grudgingly bestowed; but all must be generous, free, and hearty. What though the gifts are more frequently spurned than gratefully accepted; it does not therefore diminish the value of the gifts, nor yet detract from the nobleness and worth of the giver, but rather certifies to the present pitiful unworthiness of him on whom the useless largesse is bestowed. Does the sun play the niggard, and peevishly pout and refuse to shine, because, forsooth, there be those ingrates on earth who hate the sight of its glory? or yet because there be so many waste tracts, by sea and by land, on which its fruitful warmth seems thrown away?—No, does God himself withhold his bounteous blessings—does he ever turn aside his face, because the little, selfish, blind, and ignorant soul shuts itself up against his coming? Does he not rather stand always ready and waiting to enter, the moment the scales fall from our spiritual eyes, so that we may behold the exceeding glory that shines all around us?

He who suffers himself, therefore, to stop and calculate to what limit of generosity he may allow his spirit to go, in extending love and sympathy and kindness to others, has already, by that single act, set a bound to his own capacity for expansion and growth. For it is the immutable condition that there is no influx without an eflux to correspond. The instant we begin to trouble our little selves about keeping, and accumulating, and laying away, we turn our backs upon the condition of possessing these divine gifts, and, in thinking to selfishly set up a condition for ourselves, throw all we have away. This is spiritual suicide, as we have termed it, and of the most foolish character, too. Nothing is more fatal to the growth and enlargement of the soul than any attempt on its own part to limit and establish a law contrary to that simple law which God has written there from eternity.

Give that you may get; we would not cease to repeat it with every breath, or pulsation of our hearts. We get only because we give; and we give

again in order that we may get. There is beautiful harmony and balance in it all. The poet receives, because he gives; and the more he receives, the more the very necessities of his soul urge and compel him to give. Every divine man is divine, because he comes so very near to God, every day and hour; and he comes near, that he may give again of what he receives in such plentiful measure.

It is not with spiritual wealth as with worldly riches; a man cannot hope to lay away a store against coming want. For him who receives bounteously, there can be no want in any future. He grows only richer instead of poorer. There are no disasters for him; no shipwrecks; no disappointments even. Dispensing freely, he as freely receives; God fails not to take ample care of that. And when the disembodied spirit passes glorified into another sphere, how will it not rejoice over its recognition and obedience of this its own primary and healthful law! There the measure will be spiritual alone; and he whose spirit has enlarged and exalted itself most while on earth, will, however humble the earthly circumstance and condition, be envied by many another who turned up his nose in purple and sue linen while here, but now feels and laments his poverty and inferiority in the other's purer presence, every hour. There is a day when all these balances are finally struck.

SPEECH AND SILENCE.

More is said without talking than with. Put two souls together, that are already truly one, and speech seems at moments almost profane. More language passes from soul to soul through the look, than the tongue could ever utter, or the lips fashion. The countenance then becomes radiant with a living expression. The eyes speak—oh, so eloquently!—and without an interpreter. Every changing glance gives up a new phrase of spirit language. Every faintest smile draws them—oh, so much nearer to each other!

Silence is more eloquent than speech, always. It goes deeper, and produces more permanent effects. Beauty speaks most powerfully when it is dumb; for then all imaginations are inflamed to the highest pitch, at thinking what it might say if it would. The few moments of silence in the church, before the public services commence, are far more crowded with thought, and more redolent of sweet and calm reflections, than all that the minister may say in his happiest mood for the next hour afterwards.

In this country, and particularly among our own people, the theory is, that "gab" is the great gift; as if what Carlyle terms "spoken wind," were what we should all strain after and aspire to; as if the world got on more by blowing than by quiet thought, which, after all, originates, fashions, and establishes events. It is a fatal popular error, and we should be glad to see it speedily and thoroughly eradicated. For it incites us all to become talkers, which of course implies that the great majority of us are mere talkers. This produces superficiality, and, what is worse, a disposition to be satisfied with superficiality alone; so that we must needs abuse those who do think and feel deeply, by calling them stupid as owls.

Silence is sweet and blessed. It is not to be forgotten that God himself is silent; and what wonders and marvels does he not work! All spiritual growth and activity is silent in the very nature of things. Noise signifies nothing to the purpose. "Sound and fury" do not enter into the real calculation. Only they who know how to be silent, really know how to speak; for unless they have first gained an experience through the mysterious processes of silence, how can it be possible that they should have any real thing to utter? Oh, that men would receive so significant a truth into their souls! Should we not then be hedged about in our lives with fewer platforms, fewer organizations, and fewer resolutions of reform—and find ourselves directly on the way to purity, and simplicity, and truth? Who can intelligently answer No?

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

This document, which was sent in to Congress on Monday, the first day of the session, is occupied with more topics than any other similar document ever written. After congratulating the country on the establishment of peace in Kansas, the President goes on to address himself to the state of our foreign affairs.

With Great Britain we are at peace. She has conceded to all that we demanded for our flag on the high seas, and, although she has proposed to us to suggest a plan whereby that flag may be properly verified, so that pirates and freebooters may not take unlawful advantage of its protection, still our government has declined taking the initiative in the matter, and waits patiently for England to bring forward a plan of her own; which it is not very likely she will be disposed to do.

We have troubles of a slight character with Spain, which it is believed may easily be adjusted; and the President thinks that if we proceed to their adjustment in the right temper, and with a truly generous disposition, the Spanish Government will be all the more willing to entertain seriously a proposition from us for the purchase of the island of Cuba. This purchase is evidently one of his favorite plans; and he does not hesitate openly to recommend to Congress to furnish advance money enough for our Minister at Madrid to lay down the first instalment of what he may choose to offer, as soon as he makes the proposal definitely. There are many who think the time has not yet come for the acquisition of Cuba; national necessities not yet urging us to that step. When, however, that time manifestly has come, there will probably be found a very slight resistance made to the measure from any quarter.

The recommendation of the President to occupy northern portions of certain of the Mexican States, and fortify them until stable governments shall be set up in them, meets with quite as much disfavor over the country as favor. Most people are agreed that there is urgent need for us to interpose in some way in Mexican matters, especially as we refuse to tolerate interference on the part of others; but all are not yet prepared to seize and hold for ourselves now and distant territory, even for the sake of securing a doubtful guaranty for our citizens.

The President further favors the opening of the transit route across the Isthmus, and the keeping it open for all nations of the globe; also an alteration in the revenue laws, adopting in certain cases special tariff for *ad valorem* duties, and the project of a railway to the Pacific. The message is written in a fair, and displays no great amount of literary ability or force of thought.

There is not a heart that has its momentary longing, yearning for something better, nobler, holier than it knows now.

MORE TESTIMONY.

Men have already begun to doubt in politics, theology, and social science. Doubt has led to inquiry, and mankind, while still clinging to those moral truths to which nothing has been added since the time of Moses, have begun to reject the accumulations of rulers, priests, and oligarchists. The divine right of kings has been discarded, the rule of intolerance in religion and politics has been overthrown, theories of class prepotence of all kinds have been exploded. —*New York Herald.*

Even the self same presses that affect to scout and scorn free inquiry at one time, or in relation to one topic, inadvertently confess to its being the characteristic of the present age when they come to discuss other topics. The Herald above quoted, for example, would, probably never have allowed itself to make an admission of this kind, had it been speaking directly of religion and religious matters; but it finds itself obliged to make it, when, considering politics and matters of government, in order to sustain its position.

The illustration thus furnished above, is worth heeding seriously by the public. It ought to teach people that they are but blind, led by the blind, if they are satisfied to swallow all that partisan and selfish presses assert for them, without first examining into the truth of such assertions for themselves. Men ought to exercise that "inquiry," of whose prevalence the Herald makes such a boast, and not to be bullied out of their right so to do by the very papers that, like the Herald, insist it belongs to them. If really "the rule of intolerance in religion" has been discarded, then by what law of consistency can the press that declares the fact undertake to howl down those honest and courageous souls that simply insist on enjoying the benefits of that intolerance? It cannot be done, either with propriety or decency. Men must and will pursue free inquiry, and the press will find at last that it will have to admit it even in practice, in order to secure that public support which is now its first and last principle.

LOVE THAT'S PURE.

Love that's pure, God-like and holy,
Knows no shade of melancholy.
Ah, instead of jealous hate,
Oh, the every step to wait,
It doth court the love of all
On its own loved one to fall.
In the heaven that is above us,
There are many who do love us.
Many whom we also love;
God, sweet labours would sing us,
Into our dear fold would bring us,
In the beautiful above. J. B. A.

MRS. F. O. HYZER AT PLYMOUTH.

Mrs. Hyzer gave her second lecture in Plymouth, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 30th, to a highly appreciative audience. In a brief notice, it is wholly impossible to do her justice, but those who had before heard her, testified that it was unsurpassed by any previous manifestation of her mediumship, and none but the veriest skeptics could doubt that she was under the highest inspirational influence. For a clear, logical sequence of ideas, sound reasoning and an eloquent and persuasive style, she has never been equalled by any medium who has addressed us. Her subject was Spiritualism in its various phases—presenting both the dark and light side. The divine idea embodied in the mission of the new revelation to mankind, was set forth in a clear and forcible manner, and the conclusion of her discourse, wherein so many varied and brilliant changes were rung upon the question—"Adam, where art thou?" which deity has been asking through all past ages to man, as the highest representative of matter, fell with a masterly effect upon the audience. We do not desire to over-estimate Mrs. Hyzer's powers as a medium, but we feel that she must be thoroughly known and studied to be appreciated. Others may be more brilliant and attractive in address, but in metaphysical reasoning and amplitude of thought she compares favorably with an Emerson or Carlyle. May God speed her in her mission, and preserve her for much future usefulness. —*Plymouth, Dec. 8th, 1858. A. HEARER.*

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL ITEMS.

The long-anticipated prima-donna, Piccolomini, has at last arrived in our city. Her first appearance in the role of "Violetta," did not make so marked and decided an impression upon the large audience assembled to witness her debut in Boston, as might have been expected, when we consider the high encomiums of praise which were awarded her performance of "The Frivolous Coquette" in New York. Those of us who remember Madame Gazzinga's beautiful and impassioned rendition of the same role, had ample opportunity for observing the striking contrast between the particular merits of these two artists, on last Thursday evening. In "The Child of the Regiment," however, Mlle. Piccolomini appeared to much better advantage; her youth, beauty and petite figure, peculiarly fitting her for the daughter of the gallant 21st. The non-production of "Le Huguenot," on Friday evening last, caused general disappointment among our spectators; who were on the *qui vive* to witness the first appearance of several new artists, who have acquired most popularity in Europe. Brignoli and Formes are artists of the highest order, and it is needless to say that their talents are justly appreciated in the Athens of America.

"Sibbad the Sailor," continues to draw large houses at the Museum. The spectacle is superbly got up, with fine scenery, rich dresses, and excellent music. We would advise all our readers to take their children to see it, as such spectacles always leave a pleasant and lasting impression upon the minds of the young.

The orous of Nixon & Co., at the Howard Athenaeum, is attracting the notice, and receiving the liberal patronage which it so richly deserves. The Tournament is a fine equestrian performance, taking one back to the glorious days of chivalry. The several members of the company are all stars of the first magnitude, in their respective positions.

J. B. RANDOLPH AT THE MELODEON.

Dr. Randolph, the "Reformed Spiritualist," will lecture in the Melodeon next Sabbath afternoon and evening. We shall expect that his opponent journals to do him full justice in their reports—whatever position he may occupy—and we shall endeavor to do the same. It will be seen by this, that Spiritualists are not afraid of opposition, and are perfectly willing to hear both sides, instead of selfishly themselves to the favorable side. Let truth prevail, say we, and we know it will.

Free Love.—A Methodist minister in Troy, N. Y., has eloped with one of the sisters of the Church, who has converted, during the late revival excitement. The runaway husband has left a wife and three children behind—no hyphen of our exchanges.

BOSTON REFORM CONVENTION AT THE

BROMFIELD STREET, MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 8, 1858.

Subject.—Fate and Free Agency. A live and fixed law, nothing is governed by free will. Fate is law—the undeviating and uniform determination of the forces of nature. Free will, we say, is to do what one desires to do without opposing the fixed laws. Free will is free agency. Man's will being exceedingly capricious, makes his free will at best but a chance. The effect of natural laws acting upon man produce certain habits, character and condition; these "create" what we call choices and produce action. This action is said to be the result of free will. The laws of nature lying behind all these are the causes, directly or indirectly, of every result. There is a semblance of a belief in free agency; but this does not alter the working or the credit due to the action of unseen laws. By these laws God provides every supply; the desire is only a means to an act which is in keeping with law, and which law is fate. Man cannot avoid the action of natural laws that govern him; he cannot make himself grow taller than he is; he cannot make a hair grow white or black; he cannot avoid death at a certain time. It is not possible for man to avoid the laws that govern him. If there be any freedom for man at all, it lies in the ability to modify his condition; and deeper research leads him to discover and trace this ability to the "unerring" effect of natural laws. There are two popular objections to the doctrine of fate. 1st. It is said we are conscious of the contrary—man feels the liberty within. But consciousness is a fallible guide. What it wove for me in my boyish days, it unraveled for me in my maturer years. The little plot of ground it surveys to-day, may be enlarged to-morrow, and the picture of yesterday may vanish in the better vision of to-day. Consciousness is as good a thing for the "Hindoo" as the Englishman, and for the Chinaman as the American. It is true, it is a sort of sun for the moral system; but like our rolling sun, has its motion—onward, upward. 2d. It is said that the motion of fate destroys man's accountability. Whatever is free, is accountable. What is crime? A man may break our penal statutes without being a criminal; but what is crime? Is it a violation of Nature's laws? The thing is impossible. The fire is the gentlest hint nature can give us of self preservation. Pain is hell—hell is only the negative side of life, and just as necessary as the positive. So as of sins or systems, mountains or atoms—it is for us in the world of spirit and of intellect, that to know there is a deity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we shape.

Mr. Trask said—I cannot accept the doctrine of those who call themselves fatalists. I may at times be led to see truth in their reasoning; but, it seems to me, their doctrine be true, there is no such thing as right and wrong—we cannot help doing just what we do do—there is no responsibility. It seems to me it denies the highest idea that man has given to him—the consciousness of right. It may be well to say that a certain class of animals are governed by fate; but to say this of man is ridiculous. No man can deny that he is subject to laws—God's laws; but because we are limited by the action of these laws, it does not argue there is no freedom. There is a certain amount of freedom that prevents a man from damning himself for all eternity. My will can make me do what I have a mind to do.

Mr. Colman said—I believe man to be a free agent. The more I think on the subject, the more abstract it seems; it involves many things we cannot reconcile. Yet I believe that God has endowed man, with certain powers and faculties, and given him the privilege of using them as he deems proper. I must acknowledge that the laws of God—the power emanating from him—limits man's free agency; yet I believe that man creates, to a greater or less extent, the circumstances that surround him.

In the performance of any act, the strongest motive governs; but the act is evidence of my free will—for the motive is mine. God has given the power that creates the motive, and it is given for our use, and man, not God, is responsible for the acts.

Mr. Newton said—The question is a difficult one. Every one must be convinced there is truth on both sides. To look at one side exclusively, will produce wrong conclusions. The question is solved in defining what the will is: Man has a dual nature—animal and spiritual. As an animal, man wills to obey his animal nature. Inside the animal he has a spiritual nature, which is pure and good, on the side of God. These two wills are acting at the same time, and the stronger triumphs.

Mr. Pike said—Man is within himself a sovereign sovereign. Nobody claims that man is a sovereign outside the territory of his own soul. I never had any sympathy with the doctrine of fate; I do not like the idea of human machinery; I believe that man has power to control any one of the faculties that God has given him. I have power to continue my life—to go and come as I please. Man is a free agent to act to the full extent of the powers that God has given him.

Mr. Knab said—Man is formed in the hands of God, as clay is formed in the hands of the potter. We look on nature; we see her laws adapted to conditions, fixed and unvarying. The birds build their nests, each according to their natures—one on the ground, one on the branch of a tree, and another swinging beneath it. Their natures give each its peculiar direction and desire. So it is of human nature. Human life, in all its forms, is positive existence; there is a ruling power over each and all. Some men are remarkable as merchants, others as mechanics; some are scholars, some teachers. We find distinctive characteristics in speakers—some have levity, and some solemnity, etc. What means the difference?

It occurs to me that the Great Power of the Universe has given to each a destiny. The reason there is so much discord in the world, is because Providence left it so. God has a plan for us; for you, for me, for every place for every peculiar relation and condition in life.

Mr. Bradbury said—What was the original cause of all things? Was there more than one cause? If there was but one cause, all things flowed from that cause. Preponderance of the development of certain organs, caused the direction of action, which is outside of the individual; and behind all is the cause—the original mind—from which all things flow. From the original cause is a chain of cause and effect, which shows out the possibility of any act being as free agency for man.

Many of the people are shocked at the word "fate," but let them remember that the Parental Cause has not

abandoned his productions; his love, his power, and his wisdom, still exist. Fatalism is the most beautiful of all doctrines; it takes away from life all care, and all anxiety—it brings us to a perfect rest in God, to a consciousness of his absolute love and wisdom. In fatalism we exchange our trust in man for a trust in God; we rely on Providence, instead of self.

Sabbath in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.

[Abstract Report by R. CHILD.]

Sunday Forenoon, Dec. 12.

After a voluntary from the choir, a hymn was sung, beginning,

"O help us Lord, each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, in word, in deed,
Each hour on earth we live."

PRAYER.

O thou who art everywhere, who givest the night her solemn darkness and tonest: with beauty the radiant cheek of day, "Whither shall we go from thy spirit, or whither shall we flee from thy presence! If we take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth—even there thy hand shall lead us, and thy right hand shall hold us." In the darkness of our sin thou art with us still. We know thou lovest the saint and the sinner too. O thou who art our Father and our Mother, for time and eternity, we know that we need not ask thee to be with us or to help us. We know that we are wrapped in thy arms of love, and thou dost visit us with thy tender mercies. We know that thou needest no entreaty, but art ever ready to do us good. We thank thee for this hand, some day, for the sunlight shed so fair across the scene. We thank thee for the night, and for the bright orbs glistening, for the moon that walks in silent beauty, and the stars that twinkle thy rays of love to earth. We thank thee for our own material bodies, so curiously and wonderfully made; for every limb, bone, muscle and nerve; and for all the faculties of the mind wherein goodness is enhanced. We thank thee for the soul that ennobles this body to life and blesses it with wondrous power. We thank thee for the vast capacities thou hast given the human race to serve the needs of the body; and for the power thou hast given us, whereby the spirit is made to control and rise above the desires of the flesh. We again thank thee for the immortal soul given to each one of us, over which decay, sorrow and death can have no control, and that it is destined to inhabit those mansions not made with hands, whose joys the eye of man hath not seen, the ear hath not heard, nor the heart conceived. We thank thee for thyself—the Being of all Existences. May we remember thy tender mercies, thy justice, thy infinite wisdom and love. On thy infinite perfections may we plant our hopes and build our trust, and recognize thee in all the eye can see and the heart can feel. We remember before thee the sorrow, the darkness, the doubt and temptations with which our lives have been beset; and may we remember that by them we grow wiser and stronger, that toil and the bitter sufferings of transgression raise us, and we become brighter and better. We pray for pious love and holy trust in thee—in thy motives, means and ends. May we use every faculty of our spirits, and so live, that a greater consciousness of thee in all things may quicken our love, philanthropy and goodness day by day, until we shall attain the statue of perfect manhood, so that when the angel of death shall be sent for us, we shall be ready to inhabit that more glorious existence in thy kingdom forever.

The choir sang the hymn, beginning—

"Oh love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise;
Oh Father! nothing may I see,
And nought desire or seek but thee."

DISCOURSE.

Text.—Ezekiel, 18th chapter, 2d verse: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Several Sundays ago I spoke to you of the needlessness of sickness and premature death. To-day I will take up the thread I then dropped, and ask your attention to some thoughts on inheritance—parents transmitting their own character to their children.

The character of each race of animals depends on the peculiar organization belonging to each. Character is an effect of organization, consequently a necessity of nature; organizations are tools of the Divine workman. Animals cannot alter their organization or character; hence to them there is neither progress or retreat. There is no change from century to century, in wolfdom or in tigerhood; and the bear can do no more than the tiger or the wolf. Man can change, by cultivation and improvement, the organization and character of animals—thus out of one species of the horse, man has produced many; it is so with hogs, and other animals; immediately under the influence of man. This is man's work, forced on the animal, not in the nature of the animal. When these animals are left again to nature, after many years they will return to their simple, unimproved condition; the varieties would vanish, the organization and character would be found yielding to nature, without improvement.

The human species has its character from its organization; a woman is a mother of babies, not of whelps or cubs. Each race of the human species has an organization and character peculiar to itself. The American Indians have children in their own type; whittitype has not changed for centuries. The child-born of African parents has an African head, trunk and limbs. So of other races, each repeating in successive generations the peculiarity of their race. From the time—three thousand years B. C., neither race has changed its type. How quickly can you tell the Irish, the English, the French, and other nations, from their peculiar characteristics. The type of the Jews remains the same; just the same to-day that existed two thousand years ago. Not an alteration in a bone, muscle, or fibre. The race to which it belongs may be told by the form of skull bones three thousand years old, from their exact resemblance to those of the same race to-day. Similar organizations and characteristics run through families, being transmitted from father to son. Tall fathers have tall sons; the color of the hair, eyes and skin is transmitted; this transmission continues for centuries. The likenesses of the few New England settlers are still kept among us. One of the old Hapsburgs had a huge, ugly, prebentship; and all his descendants had the same; this peculiarity is known as the "Hapsburg lip." Let an old man, after fifty or sixty years absence from his native town, go back, and he will find the likeness of his own family; and he will find the likeness of his own family; and he will find the likeness of his own family.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim was given by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. CORAN, Trance Medium, who allows her medium powers to be used only for this object.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than white beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while his gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted. In order to prove to the public that these messages are received as we claim, our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend, on application to us.

They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at half-past two, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirit governing the manifestations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.
The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will every Spiritualist, who reads one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? By so doing, they will do as much to advance the cause of Spiritualism, as we can do by their publication.

Nov. 17—Dr. Henry Kittredge, Sarah L. Barnard.
Nov. 18—John Robinson.
Nov. 19—Young William Shapley, Deacon David Oakes, Mary Ripley, Alexander Clark, Elizabeth to Henry Woodward, Benedict Baker.

Nov. 22—William H. Miller, Benj. Adams, Charles Wilson, Ann Paul, Nancy Seaward, Moody Dodge.
Nov. 23—Samuel Barr, Joseph Sherman, Capt. James Marton, Mary Chauden, Rev. Dr. Burnap.

Nov. 24—Charles W. Matthews, William Hall, Hugh Maloney, Louis Pazzolito, Samuel Woods, Caroline Mason.
Nov. 26—Samuel Buck, Harriet Fells, Henry Harwick, Rev. John Moore, Albert Kneeland, Chas. Hutchins, Joseph Grace.

Nov. 29—Alfred Mason, Patrick Welch, George Dixon, Nancy Judson Cleveland, Light, Charles Clark, Robert to Fanny Wells.
Nov. 30—John Gage, Joseph Wiggins, Samuel Dow, Sally Reed, John Stewart.

Dec. 1—Helen, the Eastern Belle, to Julia, William Herbert, Gulinda, Dr. George Rich, Bangor.
Dec. 2—Eliza Cook, Samuel Hodges, Nathaniel Weeks, James Barrett.

Dec. 3—Charles Morse, John Mills.
Dec. 4—Wm. Barr, Joseph Sherman, Wm. E. Channing, Patrick Donahue, Richard D. Winn.

Dec. 6—Samuel Garland, Joseph Waters, Geo. Kittredge, Wilcox, Richard Tombs, Wm. Adams.
Dec. 7—George Hanly, James Capen, Charles Spinner, Charles Suetevant.

A. H. WEEKS, EXETER, N. H.—Nathaniel Weeks died in Cambridge, at the age of 24. Born in 1821, in Boston. It is not your friend.

Anonymous.
How sweet a thing it is to know that by virtue of love all men are redeemed. How sublime a thing to be able to conceive of a God of love—an intelligence that lives and actuates all things. That by and through that divine source, all mankind shall eventually become happy. When darkness covered the earth like a gloomy pall, and men's minds shrouded in gloom, it was then the fearful, revengeful God was fashioned—an idea coming from darkness. Now ye men and women of to-day, cannot, will not be satisfied with such a God; and as Nature, from her bounteous store, is supplying you with gems of wisdom, ye are daily perceiving more and more of God, daily coming in contact with that God, as he exists in others than yourselves.

The poor slave of sin passes from the first state of existence to the second, with a crown of fear upon his head, which can only be removed by a knowledge of the one true God. When that slave of sin becomes free, and is no longer bound to sin by fear, he is free indeed, and can never retrograde, but passes on—from one sphere of existence to another, until he, too, becomes a perfect living soul—a God. That tiny spark of goodness, that flutters among the degrading embers of darkness within the soul of that poor child of sin, shall grow bright, become strong, and shall burn out all that is evil, and, in time, the little spark becomes a mighty flame, and by it many shall be brought to a knowledge of the Father, the God, the Source of Love.

How deplorable the condition of those who still live upon earth, clinging to foundations already marked with decay. A new and more substantial foundation has been offered them; upon which they may stand securely, but they fear to let go of the dark past, they fear to grasp Love and Truth, and seek to quench their desires from the insipid store of the past. That stream cometh not from the hills of intellect, but is being forced up from the rough sea of darkness, by minds who live in the past, who are over endeavoring to send forth these waters; yet their march is slow at this time, as man progresses in wisdom, and soon the tide shall recede, and be seen no more.

Ever and anon, along the margin of the dark stream, we find a pretended guide-board, pointing the way to heaven through hell, telling the traveler to take up this cross and bear it, until he shall be welcomed into the land of the Father, or doomed to dwell in the company of the devil and his angels. These guide boards move not themselves; they are firmly planted in a soil of self-esteem. I know the way, says the guide-board—go on, you will find all in the end, as I have told you.

Men should not consult guide boards on their way to heaven; their feet should not tarry by the way, but wherever Reason dictates, there turn their feet, and march steadily onward; and whatever light shines upon the soul, be guided by it. Light is Truth, and will never lead man astray. The guide-board bears upon its face Truth; but no Truth is there. It is a false Christ, pointing the way, and going not therein. Men call these guide boards babbles. Men sometimes fall down and worship these guide boards, praying unto them to intercede with the Great I Am for mercy. All men are furnished with a light that belongeth especially unto themselves; they need not tarry by the way, for, by tarrying, the darkness of the past may overshadow them, and they may lose the right path. Therefore it is well for man to be guided by his own reason, his own wisdom, his own light, which hath been given by Nature, which is God. When one approaches you from the land of the Unseen, and carries upon his face the mark of fear, you may know such an one has, at some period of his life, consulted a guide-board. The consultation may have been silent, yet the work is visible. Seek every one for yourself, and when you shall have passed beyond this vale of temptation, where darkness seems to reign, then shall ye fully understand self; then shall ye know the past has been a dark and unwholesome stream, while the present is one of use. The past might serve the children of the past, the present is adapted to the present time, and ye, oh mortals, should thank God that ye hold a position in the existence of to-day; that your feet are well shod, and your hands full of blessings. Gather ye specially of the fruits of your hour, that you may be happy as you pass along the stream of Eternal Life. I have no name to mortals.

Oct. 29.

William Jones.
I have a son living in East Cambridge. My name was William Jones. My son lived by making furniture; his name is William. I died most twenty years ago, at sea. I want to talk to my son. He lives on Sixth street.

Oct. 20.

Charles H. Healey.
What's the use of talking? There's nobody here I know. My people were to come here—this is the place, I know. That is the way I always was fooled. They were to meet me here—might have known they would not come. They live in Hartford. Then they are at home in Hartford, and I am here; that is a queer way to serve anybody. I might have expected it—I was always getting fooled. You want my name—it was Charles H. Healey. I didn't live in Hartford myself—the folks are there—I worked in Williamsburg, Pa. Don't I know there is a

Williamsburg in New York? I didn't live there. I died in Williamsburg; a car of coal fell on me; I was drunk; I didn't drink now. My trade was bottling coal; a chain broke; I was underneath fixing cars; I was drunk—if I hadn't been, I should not have met with the accident. I was not carried home to be buried—they wrote to bury me there. I want to know why they would not have me brought home to be buried with my folks?

You see I left home about two years before, and was always getting drunk; they thought I had no money, but said if I had, to take it and spend it in burying me. I had been pretty steady for most two years, and had saved some little money—not much, only about four dollars and a half—enough to buy a pine coffin; I had that. Nobody cried when I died. I should like to had them feel a little bad.

My father was Irish—died about sixteen years ago—worked in a distillery, and he drank so much that he killed himself. The amount of it was, he killed himself one way by rum, and I another. I had a car drop on me, and he died in a fit. The folks said I never would be any better, because the old man was like me. I went to Hartford once, and they would not let me in. I guess I was drunk—I remember it.

Don't you know in Pittsfield how they hoist coal? This coal is brought up on to the track, to be carried to the country. It was my duty to be on top, and I went below. It was my duty to see that the chain was fixed right; but something was wrong, and I went below to fix it, and it came down on me.

Your medium was n't going to let me come at all; now I'm here, I am going to stay as long as I'm a mind to. I don't have any appetite for liquor, only as I come here to-day.

You tell those folks I came here, and they weren't here; they'll know it, though, won't they? Well, tell the folks I'm dead, and tell them, too, when I come there now, I won't be drunk, and they won't be ashamed of me, because they want me.

I always thought it was bad to get drunk. I'm reforming now—always was reforming. There was an old fellow came to me once, and wanted me to stop drinking—he used to preach. I see that old fellow drunk now, myself. Yes, I always did have a desire to do better.

Look here, where's God—I ain't seen him! And where's that old chap, the Devil—I aint seen him! Guess I'm waiting till I get smart to get my sentence. God knows whether I shall get here again if he gets me.

Do you know where Sam Healey is? He and I were n't on good terms. No, he weren't my brother; he was kind of a half uncle. He and I had a brush once, and I got the worst of it. I always said I'd pay him, and all I'm afraid of, is that I shan't be able to pay my debts before the devil calls for me. The worst of it is, I can't get close to him, and when I do, and try to pitch battle with him, he don't take any notice of me.

I kept steady most two years, and went drinking about a month before I died. Yes, I was sorry all the time I lived as I did; could n't get rid of it, somehow—could n't get money enough to live, and then used to get drunk, so I thought nothing of sorrow when I was so.

There's an old fellow in Williamsburg gave me a suit of clothes, and fixed me up first rate, and I promised not to get drunk. Well, I kept the promise till my clothes got bad, and then I thought I might as well get drunk, and I did. My family turned me out of doors—would n't have anything to do with me. I died in 1853. I'll tell you how I remember—come to think of it, I was born same year Queen Vio was born—that's 1819. I guess I've been dead about five years. I know the last year I was on earth fast enough—it was 1853—that's the last year I was on earth. I was drunk, and could n't tell the last month. Well, look here, just tell them I'll come round, will you? I left two children. Oh, one was born, they said, after I went away, and that made three. One was named James, and the other Frances—one girl and one boy.

Yes, I did have an unhappy time of it in this world. Oh, it's no use trying to get along. You never saw me getting drunk when I had money in my pocket; when I had n't, I spent the last shilling for rum.

Wonder what they'll set me to doing, when I get down there. Where? Why, in hell, to be sure. I can't go to heaven. Yes, I saw my father once, when I first died. We didn't speak—I never did like him.

Yes, I signed the pledge; but was sorry for it next day, and was drunk within a week.

If I happen about this way, perhaps I'll call again. Good bye, all.

Oct. 29.

Edward Tucker.
So this is the place where the just and the unjust are wont to gather. Some come to confess their sins; some come to receive the first kind word they hear after passing through the change called death; some come to take the first step in happiness. All come for something, and although millions come here and gather about you, I am told that no one comes without the sanction of the Great Spirit. I come here to confess. My story is a sad one. It may be some tears may be shed as they read—some may shudder at my tale, and some will say it is well he has gone from us, for now the grave covers him and his sins.

I must first tell you that the body I once called mine is scarcely cold in its last resting-place, but it has gone from me. I have no more control of it, but by the kindness of God's ministers, I am assisted to speak here to-day, that I may no longer drink the dark waters of sorrow.

I will not tax your patience or your time by giving you a history of my early life, but I will say this much—near forty years ago I was born of honest parents. I passed an honest life until I had attained my twenty-eighth year. Then commenced my sorrow. One misstep in life may bring to the subject a death that may last ten thousand years. Oh, how strange it is, that every sin must bring its sorrow. But they tell me it is the fire that carries away the dross and leaveth that only that is pure.

At the period I have just spoken of, I was engaged as an engineer of the New Haven Railroad. When I first occupied the position I found it would require much self-possession on my part to do my duty, and God, if there is one, knows I strove very hard to do right; but sometimes evil is present when it is uncalled for and unwelcome. Well, to my story—I had been running on the road a few months, when I had some difficulty with one of my employers. Perhaps it will be well for me here to state that I was naturally possessed of a violent temper and one that was not easily governed, sometimes. Yes, for some slight offense I received harsh words from one of my employers. These words aroused all the evil that had been slumbering within me, and I said, I will be revenged if it costs me my life—yes, if I buy revenge by the lives of many.

After forming my plans, I set apart a day on which I was to complete my revenge and make for myself a hell. That day I drank deeply, that I might be fit to carry out my project; that I might not make a beginning and fail to make an end. Well, I felt sick, but at the same time I affirmed my ability to conduct my business, although some demurred at my going on my route in my state. But I said, "I am capable of performing the work—you need have no fear."

My plan succeeded better than I expected; but when I learned that so many lives were out of my mortality, and I was the sole instrument, then I began to repent, and I said, oh God, that I had not done this thing. But it was too late. None have suspected me of playing the part I did, yet I was discharged for gross carelessness. I have kept my sorrow—my hell—close in my bosom.

Wherever I went, the faces, the forms, the groans of those I cast into the spirit-life, were ever before me. Sleeping or waking, drunk or sober, in company or alone, this was ever present to me and this was my hell.

For a time after that terrible tragedy, I resided in New York, and again after a time I went west; I started for California, but I could not get there. It

seemed as though all the devils in the lower regions were at my heels; I thought if I could get away from the place that had known me, I should be happy. But I seemed doomed to dwell in the valley of death, and disaster seemed to be in my pathway. Poverty seemed to be my lot. I have gone three days without food; I had no money, no friends, and I could not beg. I courted death, and hoped it might come through the medium of starvation; but it did not. I was once told that, during a drunken fit, I raved constantly about the murders I had committed. I was questioned closely about it when I was sober, but I said, you must not believe what a drunken man says. It is well they believed it, for my hell was sufficient—quite as much as I could bear.

When life had become too hot a hell for me, when poverty had me by the right hand and death by the left, I said—"Death, I will help you; you and I have traveled long together, and I'll not part with you now. Perhaps you will lend me to a merciful God; perhaps to one of revenge—it matters not to me—I cannot suffer more." But I find no God here; and I have ascertained that I must return where my sin was committed, and confess my sin, and hope for pardon.

I have come here to confess to the world. There is one soul on earth that will know these things; will scarcely believe that blood was on my soul; but who will say, it must be so. I hope that person will not shed tears for me, but pray that I may be delivered from this hell of torment and made pure by a merciful God.

My name was Edward Tucker. The tragedy was on the New Haven road. Oh, don't bid me repeat that story. If it is right for me to come again, I shall do so; but if it is not demanded, I shall never come to earth again.

New Yorkers will tell you I died as I lived, a miserable vagabond. Well, I have a soul, and that soul will live, and live to all eternity. Perhaps I shall frequently review my past life, and be sorrowful, and perhaps I may yet be happy.

Nov. 15.

Margaret Clements.
A long space divides me from my mother, but they tell me I can speak with her. In 1846, in the month of January, I died at home in my mother's house in Liverpool, England, Mercer street. I would speak with my mother. She lives there now—will you send my message to her?

They tell me I must give you something of my life, that my mother may know that it is no one else, but her child Margaret. My father died when I was seven years of age, leaving my mother with a small fortune of 1000, I think, and the house we lived in. I was the only child, and was seventeen years of age when I died of small pox, in 1846.

My mother is sick; before three months she dies, and I would speak with her by this message, ere she comes to me. Tell her how happy I am, and how there is no hell, and how I find everything so much different from what I supposed. Tell her how I will be all ready to receive her, and how my father longs to speak with her. I have an uncle in Liverpool. He is my father's brother; his name is William Clements. My father wishes him to attend to my mother's affairs as she may desire.

Tell my mother how I am with her so often, but I cannot speak, and I want her to know she will be very happy when she comes here, and that I will receive her. When I died, I had no light—all was dark. I feared something, I scarce knew what.

Tell mother that the music she was so anxious about before I was sick, I excel in now, for I have had kind teachers here, and those who were willing to bear with all my faults. Tell her I am very, very happy, and have no wish to come to earth.

She often wonders if I see one I loved so dearly when on earth. I often do, and so will she when she comes to my home. My mother is a medium, but she does not know it. I have been told I could make sounds by reason of this, but I fear it is so weak. She often thinks of me, and I fear it is to be with her, and wonders if spirits do come to earth—why I do not come, and why father does not come. And now she will wonder why I go so far away among strangers to send her a message. But tell her that I do so because I cannot go nearer and be successful. And now when my message is printed, you send a copy of the paper to Elizabeth Clements, Liverpool, Eng? She will receive it. Direct, in charge of my uncle, if you think best; but you need have no fear. My father tells me my mother will receive it, and he never lies. Good day.

Nov. 16.

Nathaniel Brown.
It takes some time before I get things in order, so I can speak. Can't seem to manage here as well as some folks can. I've got to tell my story—everybody has a story to tell. You need n't think I'm so very unhappy, because I ain't. How comes it there ain't none of my folks here to-day? Don't know why I should expect them. They do n't believe I am come, I suppose. It's one thing to believe, and another for me to come.

I was born in Barre, Vt. Yes sir, that's the State; I calculate I know. No sir, I wasn't born in Maine or New Hampshire. I didn't live there long, didn't die there. I died in Kansas, in a place called Onotago; don't know how to spell it. There's two on's, and a t, and a g, so spell it to suit you. There's a but here and there, and if you got there, you'd think there was nobody there. Taint like your city. Been dead since 1850, and they tell me this is 1858, and that makes eight years. You want to know what I did with. That's more than I can tell, and I guess nobody else can. Was sick about three weeks, and died—I suppose it was fever. I have a wife and two children—one of them is a medium, and I have been there, and said I would come here. Some of my folks have been here; one tells another he has come, and that sends more, and so am here myself now. I don't know what to say here. I only want them to know that I come—that's the most I care for, and I want them to know that it's me that comes there, and not the devil. That's hard talk, but they think so sometimes. They say if it is not me, it is the devil, and that's putting me and the old fellow pretty near together.

I didn't do very well of earth, but I'm happy enough here; don't want to be any happier. I don't have any clothes nor food to look out for, and I'm very happy.

Oh, by the way, tell that old fellow by the name of Wilson, that came to my house about three months before I died, that I ain't no longer the devil than I was. He thought, besides I didn't go to meeting, and all that, I'd go to the devil. He was one of those traveling concerns that belong to churches. He is likely to be round there for I have heard he has been there since I died, and had the kindness to tell them he thought I'd come to hell.

Well, stranger, what else do you want? Oh, my name? I knew it was myself, and I thought everybody else knew so, too. Well, call me Nat or Nathaniel Brown, just as you please. Stranger, haven't you got some news to tell me? I ain't so mighty stuck up but what I'd like to know what's going on on earth.

You need n't pride yourself of what you get from me, for I can't talk so well as others. Oh, I could read the Bible, and such like, but I never had much learning. This is queer business, coming here, rigged up in somebody's else clothes, ain't it? Seeing as you have no news to tell me, I'll leave.

James Campbell.
I have been induced to come here to-day, by what seems to be a very strange purpose. I have a friend residing in Cincinnati. That friend is no believer in God, and cannot be induced to believe in a superior state of existence. The case is this: It seems that a friend of his who is in earth-life, had been conversing with him upon modern Spiritualism. My friend said, it would like to believe in it, but he cannot see any truth in it. After holding a long conversation, the friend, who, by the way, is a stranger to me, made a remark something like this: "Now, friend Campbell, suppose that some one of your earth-life should go to some stranger medium, and should there speak of our conversation, and that you should be fully satisfied that I had nothing to do with the communication, could you be persuaded to believe in the future existence?"

"Yes," said my friend, "if one spirit could come, I think I could be persuaded." My friend then said: "If James Campbell, who died some ten years ago, by whose body I stood some three days previous to his death—if he should come, from spirit-life, and should tell us of our conversation to-day, and should answer me one question, I should believe in a spirit-life."

The question was this: "If there is such a spirit life, by the name of James Campbell in existence, will he come here and answer this question—Did such a person as Jesus Christ ever live? If he will, I will believe."

My friend says that no work of ancient history mentions that such a person ever existed. I beg leave to differ with my friend. He will find mention of him in Josephus. By the way, most of my friends are of the Jewish faith. I might bring a great many reasons why such a person, as Jesus lived on earth, but I will not at this time.

I do remember my friend Davis well, and I know that in time I shall have the power to converse with him. Ponder well over these words, my friend Davis, and believe me your true friend.

Nov. 15.

James Campbell.
We thank thee oh Source of souls, for all thy benefits, and while we gather here in the earth plane to aid one portion of thy children in casting off the chains that bind them to earth, we would not forget to bless thee for the privileges we enjoy. We, oh Father of souls, would constantly stretch forth our hands to cover all those who are beneath us who are struggling to free themselves from the dense darkness that surrounds them.

We ask no more, oh Father, because we know thy mercy is unlimited, thy judgment is all wisdom. And as we have found thee developed in perfect souls in every state of life, we, oh God, will bow before thee, and acknowledge thy power there.

We ask thee for nothing, oh Father, for we know it ever pleases thee to bestow upon thy children all they need. We thank thee for these thy children who are striving to gather light from the celestial heavens. We would thank thee for them, for we find their souls are seldom offering thanks. Thanks, thanks, oh Father! And while we shall be permitted to be in this work, and to lift some souls to peace, we would not forget to ascribe all thanks to thee, knowing that thou art in the darkness, in the light—in sin and in goodness—in the wind and in the storm—thy wisdom is in everything.

We thank thee for our mediums, for we know thou hast given them to us. We will not ask thee to prolong their natural lives, for we know thy power is unlimited and thy mercy is boundless, and when one soul by reason of folly passes from this life, another is given us; inspiration is poured upon them, and thou bleisest us. We know thee for a kind parent that knoweth all our necessities.

Peace, mortals, like a celestial dove, descend from the clouds upon you. Go hence, for we are done with you.

Nov. 15.

Stillman Hewins.
I have a very ardent desire to speak to my sons, or at least to commune with them in some way, and I have been recommended by friends in the spirit-world to come here. Do you think I shall do as well here as elsewhere? I have been told that all must give a brief account of their earth-life, if they would be understood by those they have left on earth. Have I been correctly informed?

Between forty-four and forty-five years ago, I left my home, and friends, and wandered forth in the world to seek a livelihood. The place I called my home was Sharon, N. H. I passed about two years in New York city and vicinity. I then shipped on board a merchantman, bound for Havre. I went in the capacity of steward. Not well liking the sea, I determined to stop in Havre a while, to see how fortune would favor me in that strange and foreign land. Fortune smiled upon me; I did well, but fate seemed to urge me away from that place, and after striving against her for a while I found myself once again in New York city. I then occupied myself for a time at various branches of business. Becoming again discontent, I left New York and went to London, and when there, I was offered a situation on board an English ship, bound for South America. I took up with the offer, and again left all that was familiar to me. After cruising around some two years—perhaps it may be three, I was again offered a still better situation, would I go to Danube, Guatemala. I stopped awhile there, and then went to Nicaragua on business. I then went back again, and determined to make for myself a home in that foreign land. I had been there attending to my business some few years when I became acquainted with one Captain William Cobette, of Baltimore, he being then at that port in company with his wife. While in port he was taken sick and died. His wife also was taken sick, and for the sake of the affection I bore the husband, I took care of her. When she became well enough to travel, she refused to leave the place, saying she had no call to go home—by the way, her home was in Baltimore—as she had learned of the death of her mother, her father and only brother. She stopped there, and suffice to say, I married her. Ten years ago I lost that wife. She left me two sons; one was called William and the other was called Stillman. William is now twenty-two years of age. Stillman is in his nineteenth year. William is at Danube, carrying on the business I left. Stillman is now on his way to France, where he intends to study medicine. It will be well for me here to add that I have one daughter with me in spirit-life.

Now I have been told if I would come here and report myself as being ready to commune with mortals, my son Stillman will receive the communication at Paris, when he shall arrive there, and that I shall be enabled to commune with him through some medium in that country.

I was sixty-four years of age—between sixty-four and sixty-five—when I left earth. I died of consumption of the lungs and cancer of the liver. I was sick about two weeks—confined at my home about two weeks. My son will receive a letter informing him of my death, when he reaches Paris. I dictated a letter to him two hours before my death, informing him I was then suffering no pain, but felt myself gradually sinking—passing to another state of life.

I have one brother who, I am told, at this time is a short distance from me, but I am not able to visit him. I am also told that he has not much time to pass in this life. I hope I shall be able to commune with him ere he comes here. Many, many years have passed since we spoke together. Indeed, my friends have scarcely heard from me, I am told, since I left them.

I have many things I would like to communicate to-day, but I do not feel myself able to do so at any advantage. My name was Stillman Hewins.

My friends tell me I have no opportunity to commune with my elder son; I wish so, but they tell me I shall not at present. I will bid you good day.

Nov. 16.

Thomas Blake.
So you receive whatever may come to you—is that it? Suppose I should come to you, and tell you a lie. I would be my fault, I suppose. Well, I don't mean to lie; but suppose I should, you'll excuse it, if I do n't make a very great blunder.

To begin with, I was born in Boston. To end with, I died at Salem, Cal. I suppose you want more than a beginning, and an ending—something to fill up with. I've got a mother and a brother somewhere here in Boston, and if fortune favors me, I shall get my communication from them.

I have been dead some years. I went out in 1849. I died almost as soon as I was there. I was sick all the way. Borrowed money, and came here in Boston to go out with. Wonder how the matter stands to get his pay? He was in Boston when I left. I saw him at his place of business on Commercial street. I've been trying to think of his first name, and I can't; but the other was Thomas. He was a pretty good fellow—had a good knowledge in people, though. When I went, I don't know if I should pay him.

Nov. 16.

William Loudon.
By listening to the remarks of the spirit who has just left, I have learned what is expected of me. I am a native of Fall River—or, rather, I was, before I took upon myself the new life. This was rather less than a year ago; for it took place the week following the last Christmas.

You may know me by the name of William Loudon. I died in Cincinnati very suddenly—ruptured a blood vessel, as my physician said, in the lungs; but I have learned that it was in the stomach. I died in about five hours after the accident.

Now I have relations and friends in Fall River and the adjoining towns, to whom I am very desirous to speak. I have nothing to say of spirit-life—of what I have or have not seen. It seems to me everything is different from what people expect. I, for one, was very happily disappointed. I knew I was not, despoiling of the heaven that was pictured out to me in my early days, and I hardly thought I was despoiling of the hell—but of the two, I thought I should go to the latter place.

I heard something about Spiritualism before I left earth; but I did not investigate it. My friends were opposed to it, and I never had any very good way of investigating it. I never supposed at that time that I should so soon be a spirit, and speak through a stranger form.

Well, dear sir, say that I, William Loudon, would like to communicate with my friends, and one in particular; and I have no doubt that it is one friend, who is a lady, will have the curiosity to commune with me, if so more. I know that woman's curiosity, when on earth, would lead her to a great deal—and I suppose woman has not changed since then. My age was twenty-eight.

Nov. 17.

Thomas Blake.
I have been told if I would come here and report myself as being ready to commune with mortals, my son Stillman will receive the communication at Paris, when he shall arrive there, and that I shall be enabled to commune with him through some medium in that country.

I was sixty-four years of age—between sixty-four and sixty-five—when I left earth. I died of consumption of the lungs and cancer of the liver. I was sick about two weeks—confined at my home about two weeks. My son will receive a letter informing him of my death, when he reaches Paris. I dictated a letter to him two hours before my death, informing him I was then suffering no pain, but felt myself gradually sinking—passing to another state of life.

I went, overland—that's what killed me. I took fever, and when I crossed the Isthmus, I was pretty sick. I got sick in Sacramento as soon as I got there, before I saw the elephant. I suffered so much on the way, I had just as lief die as live, and then all the prospect I had, was to work and pay up the money I borrowed, and so it did not make much odds to me whether I died or lived.

I shall never forget the shanties I saw there—they changed enough for stopping there. I shall never forget them—no paper or paint there—they were of cloth. My mother's name was Nancy Blake, God know where she is now—she was here when I left. My name was Tom, or Thomas Blake. Now if I could talk with her, or George, I should do well. They don't know much about my death; somebody told them I was dead, but they don't know if I died happy or not. Tell them I died pretty happy. I thought, if I die, there's a chance of my being pretty well off—there's a chance of being worse off; but I preferred to take the chance.

The Public Press.

[This page is opened to the public for a free expression of opinion on the phenomena of Spiritualism.]

OBSESSION.—THE NEW TESTAMENT THEORY.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I have read with deep interest, and, I trust, with profit, the very sensible and judicious remarks of Dr. Hatch upon the "Obsession of Spirits," and am forcibly impressed with their truthfulness, and the close resemblance they bear to the New Testament theory upon this subject; and, also, with the similarity of his ideas to those of my own, in reference to these things.

The subject in question is an important one, an awfully momentous one, and merits the attention and investigation of every moral and philanthropic mind, and presents a boundless field of labor for the hearts and pens of every literary well-wisher to the cause of progression in all those graces which alone can purify the soul, and fit it for the higher spheres of eternal life.

I have also read the communication of Warren Chase, which I take to be a reply to Dr. Hatch upon the same subject, and which appears to me to be extremely inconsistent with itself. He asserts, in the first place, that mediumship does not unfit a person for domestic and social relations; and then subsequently says that mediumship does render the subject an unfit companion for persons of opposite condition, and that they often render less harmonious unions with persons of sensual, tyrannical or animal conditions, and that this unfitness has manifested itself in many mediums of both sexes. Now, it seems to me that Mr. Chase is somewhat paradoxical; I leave him and others, however, to harmonize his remarks, and proceed to make a few of my own. I profess to be a Spiritualist and a believer in the New Testament Spiritualism, and also in that of the present day, as far as it accords with true morality, and tends to the soul's progression in wisdom, love and truth, and not one step short of these Divine attributes.

For the last seven years I have closely watched the progress of modern Spiritualism, and its effects upon the minds and hearts of its votaries, and I am compelled, from a sense of duty, to say—though with painful feelings—that in its track I have seen many a crushed and bleeding heart—many a cheek wet with tears of grief, and many a spirit broken down, and writhing with anguish not to be uttered. I have seen husbands and wives, once living happily, esteeming each other better than him or herself, performing in mutual love all the kind offices due to each other, and setting a pattern of kindness, honesty and sobriety to their children, relatives and friends. I have seen this peaceful, undisturbed harmony suddenly broken in upon by the demon of discord, purporting to come from the spirit world, in the form and the aspect of an angel of light, and yet, with a withering touch, blighting every sweet and cherished flower in the garden of domestic love, and scattering in their stead the infernal seeds of discontent and bickering, which have produced such a harvest of wretchedness as to fret the cord of conjugal love to a mere thread of gossamer, which at the slightest touch snapped asunder, and this once happy family were scattered to the four winds—a miserable example of wrecked domestic bliss to all observers. I have seen the fond, confiding wife, sinking under the heavy burden of woes inflicted by these demons of darkness, coming in the beautiful robes of light, and lustrating into the heart of her beloved husband the doctrine of devils—viz.: the ignoble and sensual idea of a spiritual union, as to his conjugal relation; but not until his eye had been captivated by another object. Likewise has the idolizing husband, from the same cause and by similar influences, had his heart torn asunder, and all his brilliant hopes and glowing affections crushed in the dust. Yes, I have marked its progress with anxious eye, and too frequently have I seen in its track skulls and crossbones, and written in letters of blood, upon its wide, open scroll, have I plainly read of "tears, lamentation, and woe." I have seen bare-faced licentiousness boldly strutting in its ranks by virtue's side—but, because of these evils, shall I discard Spiritualism? Shall I denounce its philosophical truth, and deny the fact of the phenomena? By no means; but rather would I, if possible, make plain the distinguishing line between the good and the evil, that he who runs may see it.

As in ages past there were mediumistic persons, through whom evil spirits or demons manifested their powers, and that these persons possessed a pre-dominating evil organization, thus constituting them fitting channels of evil communication, seems to me very clear; so in our day, there appears to be at least two classes of mediums, who draw around themselves their own peculiar kind of spirits or influences—the good and the evil. It may be asked, how can the good and pure be distinguished from the evil and impure, seeing that both good and evil come forth from the lips of some mediums? The answer is, "by their fruit ye shall know them." A medium, whose desires and motives are impure, can no more conceal the evil that is in him or her from the eye of penetration, than the light of the sun can be hidden from the eyes of the world. They may deceive for a season, but not finally; the truth will one day burst forth, and they will appear to the world what they really are. Who does not remember the medium Maffei, with all his rich and glowing eloquence, fascinating and holding in golden chains, for hours together, thousands of chorused listeners?—and who has not heard of his delinquencies in matters of moral rectitude? And yet, hundreds, if not thousands, were added to the church, as fruits of his mediumship, and the eloquence of evil spirits.

The great model medium, Jesus, has laid down a rule whereby we may be permitted to judge of the true quality of the character of every medium, both in and out of the church, as well as of every individual. He has told us that "a sweet fountain sends not forth both sweet and bitter waters," and that "men do not gather figs of thistles." It is well known that this is not in accordance with the laws of nature, and, as philosophical Spiritualists, we should apply this same rule to man. And now let us come to the test, and, though painful, let us clear away the rubbish, that the line of distinction may plainly be seen, and learn from thence, that, although some mediums may speak with the tongue of angels, and burning eloquence of angels, they are not sending forth brass and tinkling cymbals—nay, that evil as well as good spirits can assume the form of angels, and the soothing eloquence of angels—who, said to the gods, "knowing good and evil, they shall die." In the first place, does the life and conversation of

a medium accord with that morally held forth and practiced by Jesus and his Apostles? Does his conduct prove him to be greedy of filthy lucre, or, like a medium of old, does he say, "Thinkest thou the gift of God can be purchased with money?" Does he practice the divine precept in reference to the conjugal relation? (Jesus was very precise upon this point, his meaning extending even to the thoughts of the heart)—or does he, like Herod, covet his brother's wife, and torture with mental agony, even unto the death, he who may lawfully oppose his adulterous wishes and plans? Does he in all things practice the Golden Rule, by doing unto others as he would that others should do unto him? or does he, regardless of the feelings of his brother man, cheat, defraud, slander, backbite and undervalue him, or seek by any means to flog him from his sight, that he lawfully possesses? Does he practice self-denial, forbearance and meekness, and is he patient and long-suffering under provocation? or, when opposed in his wishes and disappointed in his anticipations, does he indulge in anger and resentment? Is he humble, gentle and forgiving? or is he proud, self-conceited and imperious, esteeming himself better than others who are not professed mediums, and seeking revenge for fancied or real wrongs, even upon his or her own bosom companion—yes, to the breaking in twain of that holy tie which was formed in the presence of God, angels and men? In short, is he peaceful, kind, modest, prudent, honest, truthful and sincere, and upright in all his motives and pure in all his intentions—is he earnestly seeking to be what a disciple of truth and a true reformer of depraved morals should be? or is he but a living lie to his profession in thought, word and deed—a copy of moral death and desolation?

Is not the distinguishing line between the good and the evil sufficiently plain? "By their fruits ye shall know them." I am painfully aware that in this day of Bible deprecation and liberalism, that the doctrine of every man is his own moral standard, and the overthrow of Jesus, as our standard, is being preached, promulgated and practiced by too many spirits in the body, if not by those out of the body. Jesus, and the doctrines of the New Testament, say they, are not to be the rule of us gods and goddesses of the nineteenth century. Oh, no! Every man is his own standard. If every man is a standard of right, and every woman likewise, then, whom of all the multitudes shall be our copy of true excellence? The child truly needs a written copy for imitation; if he would excel in penmanship; should he strive to imitate a badly executed one, he must fail to become a good penman; and man, in the most correct sense of the term, is a creature of imitation. To whom, then, of all the millions of mankind of this nineteenth century, shall we look for a model of true goodness, worthy our imitation? Shall we take the drunkard, the libertine, the debauchee, the thief, the gambler, the adulterer, the liar, the swindler? What character shall we select from the black, long list which composes the ranks of the enemies of truth and righteousness?

If every man and every woman bears a true standard, then surely does the vilest debauchee, as well as the most noble and upright man. The votary of unlawful pleasures, while revelling in the blackest crimes, and wallowing in the filth of sensuality, will tell you that he feels no condemnation for all the evil he is practicing. The merchant, who is every day swindling and overreaching his neighbor, will tell you the same story, and the woman who advocates and practices, as one of "women's rights," the abominations of free-loveism—will coolly and unblushingly tell you that she feels justified in severing as many hearts, and robbing as many wives of their lawful husbands, as her judgment shall decide best. The abortionist will deliberately tell you, while the blood of murdered innocents is dripping from his hands, that his conduct is in accordance with the rule of right, and that he is conferring an immense benefit on the world.

Will any true, heaven-devoted Spiritualist assert that either of the above criminal characters carry within them the standard of right? If so, why do they constantly practice that which is evil? I am aware that some, who ought to know better, and to be engaged in better business, have asserted that there is no such thing as evil in existence; but so long as man is blessed with reason, and has the use of his senses, he will see that this is mere fallacy, without so much as even send for its foundation, while others assert that conscience is the true criterion of right. I think this to be a mistake also, in reference to far the largest portion of the world, and yet I am happy to believe that this rule is applicable to the remainder.

The conscience of man can never be a truly genuine rule of right, save under certain conditions, viz.: It must be pure, tender and enlightened; void of these, it cannot be a safe guide, nor can it even point out to man the path of progression in rectitude. But I find that I have digressed.

We have endeavored to lay bare the dividing line (as far as external character goes, to demonstrate the truth), between the pure and the impure, of such as profess to be gifted with mediumistic powers. We will next attempt an examination of the doctrines or theories set forth, and purporting to come from the spirits of the departed from earth; and truly these doctrines or theories may be called, for their diversity of sentiment, legends, and for their obscurity (many of them) mystical indeed. But let us, if possible, separate the wheat from the chaff; let us closely survey these doctrines, and compare them with those which have shown brighter by the test of ages. We may thus discover whether those purporting to be good spirits are, in reality, such, or only nice imitations of the good, employing sophistry out of the body, as they did while in the body, and thereby leading the mind into darkness and error, and spreading delusion and moral death over the nations of the earth. And here a question of vast importance presents itself. It is this: Whether it is at all likely or consistent to suppose that God would employ evil or false prophets to make known his will to man, or that pure and good spirits could feel any affinity with an impure and badly balanced mind, with less, and that organization for the purpose of revealing to the world their pure and lofty thoughts.

My readers, tell me this does not look like the economy of Heaven. One of the greatest and best mediums that ever set foot on this earth, asked the question, "Who can be a clean thing out of an unclean? And how a fountain send forth both sweet and bitter waters?" Another said, "To the Lord and to the Father be the glory." They speak not of truth, but of lies. There is no light in their words, and a later heaven-inspired medium said: "Try the spirits, and judge whether or not they are of God." It is extremely painful to solemnly

test between the doctrines and precepts of Jesus, whose life none will presume to deny, is the highest standard of moral perfection ever held up to man, and the doctrines advanced at the present day, purporting to come from good spirits.

Where, in all the teachings of the divine Nazarine, or in those of his apostles, can be found such an undefinable and mixed up medley of unreliable theories as are set forth for the world's belief and practical experiment, by such as claim to be spirits of the departed? I would deferentially ask all modern Spiritualists, in what single item these spiritual teachers have added to the beauty, richness, or the utility of the truly divine and illustrious code of morals, established and practiced by the man Jesus; and if they fail to point out any amendment, why, then, all this mighty hubbub? Why all this turning the world upside down? Why all this seeking after the opinions of departed spirits, fallen, erring and depraved, many of them, as are those in the body? Truly, it looks to me like a species of insanity, to trample under foot the beautiful, salutary and immutable doctrines and precepts of Jesus, and substitute those of erring spirits. Why, it seems to me like a world turning mad, and I would simply ask, even were it admissible, where is the need of all this?

We come, now, to a contrast of the doctrines of the New Testament, and those taught by too many spirits, said to be disembodied, and practiced by too many we know to be still embodied.

Jesus taught the doctrine of chastity and conjugal fidelity: "Thou shalt not commit adultery," but the spirits (the evil ones, at least,) say there is not, nor can be, any such thing as adultery, for lo! there is no evil in the universe. Thou mayest take such a man's wife with impunity, if thou desirest her, and she desirest thee, and we will assist thee. We see that her sensibilities are too susceptible for a man of her husband's nature; she is a medium, and thou art better fitted for her—thou art her spirit-mate.

Reader, reflect upon such influences, and shudder at their probable results, and weep over their already actual consequences. Jesus said: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." How does the above spirit-teaching accord with this simple precept? Does the professed Spiritualist practice this golden rule, while he, either by precept or example, is undermining the foundation of domestic peace and happiness by gradually, and almost insensibly, corroding the tender cords of conjugal love, and wounding the affections of the wife from the once almost idolized husband, in order that he may twine them around himself? Does he follow the golden rule when he extorts money from his fellow man for permitting his hand to be used for a few moments by a spirit? Or in charging three dollars as a guaranty for a correct answer to a sealed letter, and one dollar only where there is no guaranty. Verily, the spirits seem mercenary!

Jesus taught—"Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction, and many there be who go in thereat." Evil spirits contradict this, and say—"Broad is the road that leadeth unto life and heaven, and many, yea all, go in thereat." Jesus said—"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal;" but evil spirits declare that the sinner, although his whole life hath been one continued course of the blackest and foulest crimes—nay, even though with his latest breath he curses the God who made him, he shall nevertheless become as pure and as happy as an angel of light; yea, in the highest spheres. As if the sinner, who loves and commits sin while in the body, will be transformed by death and the spirit world.

Jesus said—"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." But evil spirits are not willing to permit the existence of a union sanctioned by the laws of the land; where there is uncongeniality of disposition, sever the bond, say they, instead of teaching submission to the powers that be, and a mutual forbearance towards each other. Nor are they willing to render unto the Church all that is her due. I have seen some good arising from Spiritualism, but never yet have I witnessed such great and thorough reformations in heart and life, as those brought about by the doctrines of the New Testament, through the instrumental aid of sound, devoted ministers of the Gospel. Bags of bones, white doves, upsetting of chairs and tables, tying and untying of persons, playing upon pianos and fiddles, moving of good old standards, and upsetting domestic bliss, can surely have no tendency to benefit the world, but quite the reverse. I would therefore advise all good, moral Spiritualists, to be careful not to tamper with the new-fangled nonsense of evil spirits, nor to cast away a pure diamond for a worthless pebble. The time is coming and now is, when Spiritualists shall be divided, the sheep from the goats, and this mighty revolution is just now commencing. There must be a separation between the pure and the impure. It is a law of nature, which God hath established, that "birds of a feather will flock together." And I would also remark, that until modern Spiritualism can furnish at least as good a code of morals as Jesus has given us, we will do well to hold on to the latter.

H. T. MUESE'S DELL, VA., Nov. 6, 1868.

DR. ROBBINS, TO THE "MEDIUM."

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Brother Hall, of Buffalo, in reply to my article on the Fanaticism of Spiritualists, proceeds to remark, that he never made my acquaintance, does not know me, and complains of my speaking in familiar terms of Buffalo, "our hall," etc.

Now the precise words and statement complained of, was a quotation from an article penned by one of the most able, fearless, self-sacrificing Spiritualists of Buffalo. The article from which I quoted, appeared the week before our article. It was of that truth-seeking type, that it commanded attention. If the quotation points used had not been there, the phraseology would have shown it to be an editorial article. I was not, however, under the necessity of going to Buffalo, for illustrations of fraud, fanaticism and folly, practiced by mediums, who baptize it with the name of "Spiritualism," for enough of it is at hand, but it was to avoid the appearance of personalities.

Friend H. says, "Spirits from the sixth sphere may condescend to hold communion with the lowly and ignorant of earth." That is true; so the angel of the Lord made use of an ass as a medium; yet we are not to infer that every ass, be he even a piped, is thus made use of. As to the case of David meeting Goliath and Swedenborg, in the graveyard, I can only say that, while the fact is conceded of proved, our Spiritualists are not to be misled by the Spiritualists of Buffalo, who are in that graveyard, and who are the mediums of the last paragraph, they need no further proof.

SPIRITUALISM—WHAT IS IT, AND TO WHAT DOES IT TEND?

First, let us consider who and what was Christ. The Bible says, however much it may conflict in other matters, that he was the promised Messiah—that he was born into this world for the purpose of fulfilling the law, and presenting to mankind the tangible evidence of that Jehovah, whom they had previously known only through Jewish law givers, prophets, and priests. He was a man, in so far as the material interests of the world were concerned, and in that regard, he manifested but little care for human ambitions, being among the humble, and giving his patronage to mechanics, the purer, in a practical point of view, the greatest on earth. His kingdom was not of this earth; he spoke of a glory which he had with God, the great first cause, as we believe, before the world was claiming a personal experience above man and angels. If there is any truth in the Bible whatever, Christ was a God on this earth, in the personality of man, who came among us to atone for our sins, by taking upon himself their burden, and thereby rendering to each individual soul the right of being immortalized through him—that is, a belief in his atonement.

We cannot go back of this, and ask why this need of a sovereign and immaculate spirit thus to humiliate himself for man; there is the *fact*, presented in the Bible; we must accept it, or discard that book as one of the basest and most successful impostures ever palmed upon the world. If we accept the atonement, we know precisely where we are, for it is the cornerstone of humanity; of progression, and of spiritual power, that cannot and will not mislead. That Christ was a God, his most unnatural life, his purity, his aspect, his noble and miraculous deeds, attest.

From him we have received law enough, for the government of any conceivable amount of mind in a ministry of about three years. His Sermon on the Mount is the perfection of Deity! No mere human and finite mind would have been impressed with any such rule for the government of men. There is no wisdom that surpasses it; there is no condition in life to which it does not address itself, and commend itself as just! By Christ we have been taught, in this condition of our being, we must be content to know of the future life, only as we may get glimpses of it in the ideal, and by cultivating our moral nature; therefore it is time thrown away to go on voyages of discovery for facts pertaining to our life beyond the tomb, which we may not gather from the spirit and teachings of Jesus—to pass beyond is not necessary, and is most dangerous to those who attempt it.

Can any man admit that Christ spoke with the authority of heaven, and have the hardihood to declare he has not said all that is necessary to our spiritual peace and guidance on earth? That is the question! Is it not enough for any man or woman to know that their hereafter is to be a state of happiness, through faith in the mission and atoning grace of Jesus, without seeking to know precisely in what that happiness will consist?

Our salvation is certain through him, and all the Spiritualism in the world cannot, consistently with his teachings, put it upon any other basis. We see clearly, through Christ, into the fact that we are immortal, and that this state of being is the more act of beginning, in which we have the choice of revealed and evangelical religion with its certainties, or natural religion with its mystified speculations, all tending to disquiet ordinary minds, to render them reckless and ungovernable. With Christ and his doctrine, all tends to order and subordination; with Deism—denial of the Divine nature and authority of Christ—all is confusion, uncertainty and despair. Spiritualism is in precisely this position; it sets up, as it seems to us, a road to Heaven which has no foundation but a man's self—his virtue and his truth. Now, of the mass of men, who, we should be glad to know of that vast number weighed down by the physical necessities of their being, can travel such a road with any sustained confidence; tell them that they may go to heaven without the Bible—that it is an error and has no connection, and never had any connection with their salvation, and at once they are thrown into a series of inquiries which are calculated to unsettle the mind, and weaken it to distraction. Thus it is; Spiritualism we fear has failed to produce any more actual advance in the religious character of man as a rule, than though the philosophy had never been bronched. Its course has been marked by a confusion of ideas painful in the extreme, that stamps it with an authority of the most unreliable nature—too contemptible to be attributed to God, and almost too subtle to be charged to the wit of man; we think in connection with him there is an influence at work positively opposed to the true spiritual advancement and virtue of man. Spiritualism we cannot but declare to be the most specious infidelity ever sprung upon the world. Its teachings are no better than Pagan philosophy. Its teachings are no better than those of Socrates or Plato; its tendency is to materialize the soul, while professing to spiritualize it, and to lead us into a maze of unsatisfactory speculation, abusive of ordinary minds, and annihilating weak ones.

If persons who are inclined to consult the unseen, would open their Bible and consult it, we think their spiritual advance would be quite as satisfactory, and their knowledge quite as useful. We deny that Spiritualism is from God. Prof. Robert Hare, in his work on this subject, distinctly says, and so do nearly all of his sympathizers in this field, that the Bible of the Spiritualists is the book of Nature, the only one which by inward and outward evidence can be ascribed to divine authorship. This gentleman was the first to demonstrate by mathematical tests the fact that spirits were in communication with the world through mediums.

Mrs. Cora Hatch says Christ was only one saviour of many, which the world had had, naming Washington, Napoleon, etc., thus throwing the Bible into the ditch. If the scriptural plan of salvation is not worth something to mankind, Christ was an impostor, and is no authority whatever; and to talk about the life of Christ, as our guide, as Spiritualists are in the habit of doing, is simply absurd. We should prefer the religion of Mahomet to Christ's, if Christ is not the Power that governs this world, and administers to the spiritual needs of man. Spiritualism ignores the Bible, and carries us down to the level of human invention—opens the door to fraud and blasphemy in every variety of form, and takes from man all the moral restraints of Christianity; it inculcates virtue, it is true—but at the same time it fosters a self-reliance and confidence in spiritual matters in the bosom of man, through which sedition angels have fallen.

Spiritualism as an adjunct to Christianity—going hand and hand with the atonement—has much to commend itself to the heart of society; but when it

comes in the form of infidelity, it stands forth the enemy of humanity and God, and tends unquestionably to civil, political, and social confusion and decay. It is absurd to talk about doing unto others as we would be done by, as a condition of human society to be arrived at through intercourse with the departed. All human experience is against any such a possibility. Spiritualism can have no advantages, as infidelity, over the doctrine of the atonement.

To sum up, then, we say, first, that the Bible is of God, and Christ was the personality of Deity in human form; secondly, that his death in consequence of his doctrine was in atonement of sin; and that mankind, through his love and his death, received a light which alone can safely conduct us through this life to the next. Thirdly, that we must either regard Christ as God—that is, as one "having a glory with the Father before the world was, and a personal experience far beyond man and angels," also we must brand him as an arrant knave. Fourthly, that Spiritualism is infidelity, and most dangerous as a religion. Fifthly, that mediums should be regarded only as their communications are adapted to the advancement of science, and therein the physical, as well as moral, condition of the world.

IMMORTALITY—MUSICAL MEDIUM.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The thinking and unbiased minds of this age, having been brought to the conclusion that spirit-communication is a reality—is truly a fact, any theory in the shape of facts that tends to establish the belief more firmly in the public mind, is looked for with interest. It is so looked for, because of the importance of the intercourse sought to be confirmed. The immortality of man—his destiny throughout the countless ages yet to come—must be of more than common interest to the world of mankind.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is a question that has been often asked and speculated upon. Some have been so material in their feelings and aspirations—so much confined to the gross matter of this lower world—that they have altogether denied the future existence of man. Others, however, have intuitively embraced the idea, that if a man die he shall live again.

The conditions of the human mind are so diversified, different individuals being constituted differently, that an amount of proof necessary to convince one would be insufficient to convince another. Thus, while one almost intuitively embraces the spiritual theory, a vast amount of proof, both of fact and argument, is necessary for another.

The immortality of man has been, and is, believed by all nations now existing, or that ever have existed. Even the most barbarous have notions of immortal life, and it matters not what shape their ideas may take, or how curiously they may be expressed; still the fact remains, that heathen and barbarous nations possess an intuitive belief in immortality. And it is a fact to be noticed here, that all men desire immortality, and this desire, being universal with the races of men, must be God-given, and, being such, will he not gratify this desire? Or has he planted this desire in the minds of men for purposes of torture and cruelty?

If men are, therefore, immortal, will not the Almighty furnish us with tangible, indubitable proof of the fact? The religiousists of today will tell you that men have had such proof, and the records of it are to be found in the Sacred Scriptures. They will tell you that the transfiguration was an evidence of immortality—a tangible evidence—and still they stoutly deny that spirits of the departed have ever communed with the inhabitants of earth. They will tell us that we must receive these records as teaching us all we need to know concerning the future state. Must we of this age be content with only the records of the past? Are we not entitled to tangible proof of an existence in the future, as much as those who lived eighteen centuries ago? And is there not as much need of these evidences now as then? The religiousists of today will tell you, No; you have the Bible—the last revelation that will ever be made to man—and that is sufficient. What consolation to the soul bowed down with a weight of doubt and uncertainty! These records of the past to him possess little vitality; he seeks to draw from a deeper fountain, and to drink from a more beautiful stream those waters that heal the wounded, thirstify soul. And, thank God, the "angel-deception" of to-day comes in with its pools of love, light and life, and beckons to the weary traveler, and says, "Step in and be made whole. Drink deep from the waters of life; and go on thy way rejoicing."

I have lately visited a medium in this vicinity, who has for the last four years been controlled by the most eminent ancient and modern musicians. The variety and number of tunes played through her is hard to be computed. Her parents say that near three thousand different tunes have been played by her on the melodeon, through spirit-agency. Tunes of all descriptions, such as waltzes, marches, etc., have been beautifully and properly executed. Ever since she was twelve years of age these musical manifestations have been witnessed, and she has had but slight opportunities to become acquainted with music, and that of the simplest kind and most easy to be executed. The fact of her extraordinary mediumship has been known to but few, as she has had, and has now, an aversion to popular notice in this direction. Her age (sixteen) and simplicity of manner entirely preclude the possibility of the charge of willful deception.

B. SMITH LAMKIN.

LEDRAND, N. Y., Dec. 11th, 1868.

ORATION.

"We cannot conceive of any Creation."—[Mrs. Hatch's Discourse.]

MESSRS. EDITORS.—This idea can only apply to all substance or matter, perceivable or unperceivable, with which the universe is filled; and this perceivable substance is the only manifestation of the great, infinite, first and existing cause of all things, called God. But the expression, although true of matter in its eternity of duration, cannot be true in relation to *forms*. Substance or matter is subject or liable to an infinite variety of conditions, brought about by different circumstances or laws. It is not necessary to attempt to account how these modifications are brought about, further than to say that the cause invariably uses instrumentalities; and matter may be brought with the principle subject to certain laws, or expressions of the divine will.

The Creation spoken of in the Bible may mean the formation of unperceivable substance into perceived substance; the act of making, by new combinations of matter, and which new combinations, producing new forms, perceived and unperceived, are invested with endowments of various character, peculiar to each organization, form or type. It is intended that, in the creation of man, the

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