

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 17.

THE SERMONS

OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER and EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published fortnightly every week in this paper.

THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.
EIGHTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

For the Banner of Light.

ADOLPH.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

Translated from the German of Franz Hoffman, BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONCLUDED.)

Adolph, alone with the wounded Indian, sat down by his bed; and did all he could to alleviate his sufferings. But little could be done for him. He called incessantly for water; the burning thirst seemed to oppress him; but gradually he ceased to complain of the pain of his wound.

A couple of hours passed on. For awhile the Indian lay quiet and with closed eyes; he breathed painfully, and a cold perspiration covered his brow. Adolph thought he was asleep; but, suddenly, he opened his eyes, looked wildly around, and sought to raise himself. He fell, moaning, back; Adolph sustained his head, and endeavored to arrange his bed more comfortably.

"I thank you, son," he whispered. "You are very kind to the poor, despoiled Indian."

"It is my duty," replied the sympathizing watcher, "and I do it gladly; you need not thank me for it."

"Good, good! And yet you shall see that an Indian can be grateful. Are we alone?"

"We are; you know my man, Gottfried, has left us, to go for a physician."

"Is too late—death is nearing my heart—I must hasten. Go and see that no one is prowling near. No other ear must listen to what I have to say. Go, I implore you! Go quickly—there is urgent need of haste!"

Adolph obeyed his impatient entreaties; he left the hut, and looked all around him; no human being was in sight. He returned and told the Indian so.

"That is well. Now sit down; place your ear to my mouth, and do not lose one syllable of what I whisper to you. Write down the words: *Valle de Dios*—a grove of mahogany trees—a glen to the north—entrance to the rock at the right! Have you written?—write, write it, that you may not forget it—write it! I say!"

"But wherefore?" demanded Adolph.

"Oh, write it down! write it quickly! I have not much time—my strength is all departing—write, before it is too late!"

The young man drew his memorandum-book from his pocket, and wrote down the words. *Valle de Dios*—a grove of mahogany trees—a glen to the north—entrance to the rock at the right. "I have written as you told me," he said, and read it aloud.

"That is right," said the Indian, and a gleam of satisfaction passed over his swarthy face. "And now listen further. The valley of *Dios* is distant two hours' ride from here. To reach it you must go westward. There is no path, but you will know the spot by a mass of rocks, on the summit of which arises a weather-beaten wooden cross. You must descend the rocks, and follow to the north, until you reach a grove of mahogany trees. You cannot fail—it is the only grove in the valley. Five hundred paces from there there is a ridge of rocks; a little stream winds among them. You follow the course of this stream until you reach a cave, to the right of the stream; the entrance is difficult to find, for it is overgrown with bushes. It is seven hundred paces from the beginning of the stream. You must count and search. When you have found the entrance to the cave you must creep through the narrow opening. The cave receives light from above. You then turn to the left. Ten paces from the entrance you will find a picture of the sun, hewn out upon the solid stone—that is the place. In a cleft you will find a crowbar; turn it in the cleft; it will give way, and you will find the source whence I derive my wealth. Enough; I can speak no more. Remember the picture of the sun—seven hundred paces—the stream—*Valle de Dios*—oh, oh, oh!"

The effort had exhausted his remaining strength; his thoughts grew confused; he fell back, with deep suffering imprinted on his countenance; he groaned several times, then relapsed into unconsciousness.

Adolph, almost stunned by the bewildering communication that opened so glorious a vista into the future, yet left nothing undone that could administer to the wants of the wretched man. He used every effort within his means to recall him to life; he sprinkled his face with water, poured water into his half-opened lips, chafed his hands and feet, and finally succeeded so well that the sufferer once more opened his eyes.

"Not yet released!" he whispered, as if astonished to find himself yet alive.

"I hope you will be restored—that you will escape death," said Adolph.

"No, no—my fate is sealed!" replied the Indian, in a low voice. "Do not forget what I have told you. I mean well with you. You will find treasures enough to last you a lifetime—to give you wealth for you and yours."

"But I must be dreaming!" said the astonished youth. "I have been told that an Indian never reveals the source of his riches to a white man."

"It is so," replied Adolph; "but you have been kind to me; you took my part against the treachery of the white man; you took my part, and sought to save my life; you left your companions, to render me assistance; you have been a brother to me. Adolph is the last of his family; he has no brother, no sister, no relations who should inherit his secret. He had determined it should go to the grave with him; but you came. Adolph is grateful; he gives you his riches; you shall be his heir. Promise me only one thing—do not let my body become the prey of wild beasts—promise me this!"

I promise, and shall keep my word, so help me God!" said Adolph, solemnly. "If die you must, you can die in peace! But I still hope for your recovery; Gottfried will soon return with the physician, and he will use his art to restore your feeble strength."

With a faint smile, the Indian shook his head. "No, no," he whispered, "it cannot be; I am a dead man. But you—you now know my secret; will you forsake me? Will you seek the cave, and leave me here to die alone, to be devoured by wild beasts?"

"Oh, no! I will not leave you; be calm, I entreat you," soothed Adolph, taking the cold, nerveless hand. "I am no promise breaker; I shall not forsake you. Fear not; I remain with you."

A grateful look was the poor Indian's reply. He closed his eyes and lay quietly awhile. Adolph moved not from his bedside, and relinquished not his hand. A sudden shudder passed over the frame of the sufferer; he opened his eyes, and beholding Adolph's pitying face, a smile passed over his own, a sigh escaped his lips, a slight pressure of the hand, and he again lost consciousness. As before, Adolph made every effort to restore him, but all was in vain; the Indian awoke not from this swoon.

The young man was still occupied in his humane efforts, when the sound of hoofs was heard, and soon after, Gottfried, accompanied by a physician, entered the room.

"God be thanked!" cried Adolph. "Please, hasten, son—the wounded man has fainted."

The physician went to the bed, and bent over the Indian. "I have come too late," he said. "This is no swoon, it is death! There could have been nothing done to save him; this wound was a mortal one."

"Poor Adolph!" sighed Adolph. "But the murderer must not escape his punishment! I will return with you to Pasco."

"Who is the murderer?" inquired the physician.

"A gambler, and villain! they call him Don Overo."

"He? oh, then you need not trouble yourself any further," replied the questioner. "He has fled beyond the reach of justice, and will take heed not to return to Pasco. He has gone to Chili, or to some other country, where he is unknown and can feel safe. So spare yourself the trouble, young sir; but if you desire it, I will state the case to the authorities; but I know they will not take pains regarding the death of a miserable Indian."

"It is a sad state of things, when crime has so much license in a country," said Adolph, with a deep sigh.

"It is sad," responded the physician. "But I believe that every crime punishes itself. I have always observed that the divine retribution has reached the transgressor whenever human justice failed to exercise its power. Soon or late, it will reach the murderer; and the ball or the dagger of the gamester will reach him; even as his treacherous weapon killed the poor Indian before us. Travel on in peace, son! nothing can be done here, save to trust in the justice of God."

The good physician was liberally rewarded for his time and trouble, and as he returned to town, Gottfried was about to urge his leader to continue their journey, but Adolph motioned him to remain. They both dug a grave beside the hut, and with an inward prayer, consigned the body of the Indian to it, and covering it well, placed thereon large stones and rolled several pieces of the rock upon it, to secure it from the aggressions of the wild beasts abounding in that region. When this last duty of gratitude had been fulfilled, Adolph was ready to depart. He and Gottfried mounted their mules, and hastened on to their place of destination, which they reached next day, safely and without interruption.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TREASURE.

Although burning with impatience to convince himself of the truthfulness of the dying Indian's statements, Adolph was compelled for several weeks to hope and fear alternately, without taking a step to seek the indicated place. There was so much to put in order, to arrange, so much work to superintend, that it took all his time, and all his strength, to attend to the business in Yomera. He had scarcely the necessary time for repose, and the journey he meditated would be one of several days. Strange to say, as time passed on, he lost his faith in the communication of the Indian; he began to doubt whether the secret confided to him was not the mere raving of delirium. It almost appeared to him as if it were a dream, that promised boundless wealth, to be dispelled on awakening.

Adolph was mortally wounded, he suffered from fever; and all that he had told me, is probably a fevered hallucination," said Adolph to himself.

Yet one day he inquired of the miners if they knew of such a place as the *Valle de Dios*. They had never heard of it, and knew not that such a valley existed.

This renewed his doubts; the workers in the mines, acquainted with that region, surely would have known of its existence, if indeed such a place there was, save in the fevered phantasy of poor Adolph. And yet, whenever he looked at his memorandum, he saw the spot so clearly indicated; and then he remembered his conversation with the stranger at the Inn in Pasco. Hope and doubt alternately claimed possession of his feelings, but doubt predominated; for the promised treasure was of so vast, so fabulous a nature, he could not bring himself to accept of its reality.

At length there came a time that renewed the hope, and afforded the opportunity so anxiously desired. Adolph received the order to go to Pasco to conclude some necessary business arrangements for the mines. The road led almost to Adolph's hut, and Adolph determined to make at least one effort to find the valley. He requested, therefore, permission to have a day or two allotted to his own use, which was cheerfully granted; and so, despite of himself, full of hope and expectation, he pursued his way.

Before noon he had reached Adolph's hut, for he had started long before daybreak. The Indian's grave was undisturbed. Once more, he took the memorandum from his pocket and read the words inscribed there.

"Well," said he, "the information is plain enough; the question is, whether such a place exists. I will try, at all events, to find it."

He urged on his mule to the westward; there was no path, and he rode thus for an hour and a half over a hilly country, looking out for every prominent rock and the wooden cross, indicated in the directions. He saw only barren moors, rough hills, and rocky defiles. The mule appeared to weary of the rough, stony road; his pace slackened, and at length the animal stood still and shook his head, as if refusing to proceed any further in that direction.

"Perhaps you are wiser than I, good male," said Adolph, as he softly stroked the creature's neck. "But we must sometimes take this road; and, as we have gone so far, it will not make much difference for a half hour more. Come, my good beast, forward! One half hour more, and we shall have certainty. Come on, my good mule, come on!"

The animal, thus urged, obeyed, and continued on his way. Adolph, from time to time, looked at his watch and then looked around for the valley that led to the hidden mine. The hand of time moved on, but no such valley met his eye.

"Five minutes more!" said Adolph. "If I meet with nothing then, we turn back. I have allowed myself to be deluded long enough."

Five minutes longer! but, to make the best use of his time, he urged the mule on to a quicker pace. The patient animal passed swiftly up a steep hill, and reaching the summit, suddenly planted his fore feet resolutely together, and stood motionless. Adolph uttered a loud cry of joyful surprise; the reins fell from his hands, and with brightening eyes he gazed upon the scene before him, upon the valley spreading beneath his feet!

He saw the rock in the distance, the wooden cross upon its summit. He could no longer doubt; he had found the valley, even before the expiration of the allotted five minutes.

"So poor Adolph spoke the truth," he cried. "The rock, the cross is found, the valley is before me; but shall I find the way to the cave?"

Adolph had almost given up all hope of ever finding the valley. Great and pleasurable was therefore his surprise on finding it stretching before him; lovely and blooming as an oasis in the desert it spread from north to south; and like a silver thread a stream wound in its midst. Green fields and blooming hedges formed the banks, and rocky walls enclosed it. In the distance he thought he saw a grove—his heart beat wildly, his head grew dizzy—could it be the grove of mahogany trees the Indian had spoken of? So far, all was realized; it was no dream. He dared to hope, to find the glen, the cave, the wealth therein; the treasures that would restore peace and competence to the laboring ones at home!

Adolph spent several moments to recover from his joyful surprise. Still dizzy with hope and expectation, he led his mule down the steep side of the hill, and then mounting again, sped swiftly across the blooming fields. Remembering the advice of Adolph, he rode in a northerly direction; and in half an hour he reached the grove. One glance convinced him; it was the indicated place.

"Found I found!" he cried. But a sudden doubt overshadowed his triumphant joy. What if Adolph had deceived me? he murmured. "telling me of treasures in order to ensure my attendance, the careful interest of his body. The Indians are a cunning race; it is not impossible."

Then he remembered the fervent gratitude of Adolph, and his courage rose. "Oh, no!" he continued; "he could not so disguise himself; he was candid and truthful. I will continue the search."

Adolph dismounted, and fastened his beast to a tree, and pursued his further investigations on foot. No human being was in sight; and he counted the paces as he went on. He walked, thus until he reached the designated glen.

"I have nothing else to do now, than to follow the stream, and count seven hundred paces, in order to find the cave," said Adolph, as he passed quickly on.

At the end of his counted walk he paused and looked round him. To the right was a huge rocky wall, covered with thick bushes and mosses, that seemed to reveal no opening. But Adolph would not permit his hopes to sink, and he sought diligently. With the sharp glance of a falcon he searched amid the bushes, and at length found a place somewhat less densely covered; in a few moments he found a sort of path amid the bushes, and, following it, he stood before the entrance of the cave, at which aspect he could not retain an exclamation of the deepest joy. Without a moment's reflection, he threw himself upon the ground, and crept through the narrow entrance. He succeeded in gaining the interior without much difficulty; it was sufficiently lighted from above to render all objects visible. Adolph sought with tremulous haste for the picture of the Sun, of which Adolph had spoken; and when he beheld it, in the very spot he had designated, he uttered a new cry of delighted surprise. But little remained to be done; to seek for the cleft in the rock and the iron crowbar. One moment, and he held it in his hand. He placed it in the cleft, used all the efforts his youth and strength were capable of the rock gave way, a wide aperture was disclosed. He was about to press through, when he suddenly stood as one paralyzed; his arms fell to his side, the instrument fell from his hand, deathly pallor overspread his face. He had been interrupted in his labor by a low, mocking laugh from without.

"I am betrayed," he murmured.

Again the mocking laugh resounded. Adolph summoned all his resolution, and, taking up the only weapon at his disposal, hastened to the entrance of the cave.

He saw no one; carefully crept through the entrance, and carefully looked around. "If it is a wanderer," he said, "honestly passing by, I will share with him; but if it is a robber, I will defend my property with my life, for it has been given to me by Adolph."

He still saw no one, and heard no footsteps. "He is concealed in the bushes," whispered prudence. Suddenly, and quite near him, sounded the ringing, sarcastic laughter. He drew back in alarm.

"Who laughs there?"

No one to be seen! At last he broke into his hearty laughter himself. "Fool that I was, to be so frightened," he said. "It is only a bird."

It was indeed a small parrot that had uttered that shrill laugh. As Adolph discovered him, he was in the act of repeating it; and when he found himself discovered, he spread his variegated wings and flew away. Our adventurer quickly returned to the cave.

He found everything as he had left it; he pressed through the opening he had found, and beheld himself in a sort of cavern, in which an uncertain twilight reigned. He saw glimmering objects scattered upon the ground; he seized upon the one nearest to him, and returned to the daylight; he held a heavy bar of silver in his hand!

He was now utterly overcome; he panted for breath, and leaned against the stony wall, that he might not sink to the ground, overwhelmed by his tumultuous feelings. Feebly and gaspingly he cried:

"Oh, God, my mother! She is saved; she is no longer threatened with poverty and trouble! God, I thank thee for being the instrument of thy grace!"

It took him some time to recover himself. When somewhat calmed from his joyous excitement, he retraced his way into the open air. He gathered an armful of dry sticks, and returning to the grotto, he piled them together and set them on fire. By the vivid light thus obtained, he could see the extent of his treasure. He found imbedded in the rock, a vein of solid silver of astounding thickness. An axe lay there, which had probably been used to hew off pieces of the precious metal. A quantity of pieces lay upon the ground, as if they were so many pebbles. Adolph gathered them carefully, and then proceeded to provide himself with more. In a few hours he had accumulated a goodly portion of the ore, and wrapping it up, and putting some of the pieces in his pocket, he closed the aperture, concealed the crow in its usual place, and left the spot.

He found his faithful mule where he had left it. He mounted, and pursued his way to Pasco. When he reached the town, he went into a jeweler's shop and offered one of his pieces of silver for sale. The owner of the place weighed it, and paid for its full value.

"This silver is good and pure," he said. "If you can bring me more, you will always find a purchaser here. I presume you have discovered a mine?"

"Have, sir," replied Adolph; "and here, if you will buy silver, I have more."

The jeweler was amazed.

"That must be a splendid vein, that yields such ore," he said. "I wish that you will continue to find plenty such."

"I shall find enough for my needs, I doubt not," said Adolph. And he took his money and departed.

His pulses beat, his heart throbbed with joy. His most fervent, holiest wish was realized. "Oh, my mother," he said in his heart, "this is the fruit of thy tears and prayers; for I am unworthy of such blessings!"

Adolph completed the business required of him in Pasco, and returned, happy and contented, to Yomera, without another visit to his silver mine. It was enough for him that he had found it; and having proved by his own experience the mighty power that conscience exercises, he was now too conscientious to endanger the interests of his employers by any negligence or self-interest on his part. He had engaged his services for a year, and he fulfilled every duty that was required of him, remaining at his post like a brave soldier, moving not from the spot to which honor and duty bound him.

A beautiful summer morning shed the fullness of its glory upon the earth; the air was full of fragrance, the gardens were musical with the song of birds. The same Herr Freising who the year before had so sternly turned away from his suppliant clerk, now entered the room in which Madame Brackenber and Emma sat at their usual work. His face was absolutely radiant with joy, as he saluted mother and daughter.

"Always at work, always so industrious!" he said, gleefully rubbing his hands. "You must for this time take some recreation, madame. You need not work so hard, especially since the time the good Captain Renger brought you Adolph's earnings."

"It does no harm to be industrious, cousin," replied the lady; "beside, that money belongs to Adolph, and not a shilling of it shall be touched by me. Thanks be to God, we earn what we need, and Adolph may sometimes use the money to better advantage than we can. I am contented and happy to know, by the captain's report, that he has reformed, and has become a good and honorable man."

"Yes, God knows he is!" said Herr Freising, heartily. "I have heard of him this morning, and the news is glorious! The Messrs. Bache & Company cannot sufficiently praise him. And for that reason, I do not want you to sit so quietly here to-day. The morning is so beautiful, the sunshine is so cheering, the heavens so blue, you must take a walk with me. I will take no denial. Quick, Miss Emma, get your bonnet and shawl—you will take a stroll along the banks of the Elbe."

The mother hesitated on account of the accumulated work; but Herr Freising threatened silence upon the good news received that day, if she did not immediately accompany him with Emma; so she yielded the contested point, and they left the house. They passed out of the city, toward the banks of the Elbe, further and further, until they stood before the pleasant house and garden once owned by the widow. Madame Brackenber shook her head, and said, sadly:

"You should not have brought me here, cousin; the sight of this place awakens painful recollections."

"Pooch, pooch! I mean to take you still further; I shall take you into the house and through the garden," said Herr Freising, as he opened the gate and urged his lingering companions to enter. "So," he continued, "now think yourselves at home, and try to forget all that occurred since then and now. Take heart, cousin! enjoy the present. It is so beautiful here; it makes one forget everything else. Courage, courage—my cousin! Do you not find the garden greatly improved?"

"Very much so," replied Madame Brackenber. "The present owner has added many improvements; and our dear little house looks fresher than ever. Well, he is a rich man, and can afford it."

"Yes, yes, he can afford it," said Herr Freising, with a peculiar and meaning smile. "But look well around you; you will find many things that will please you."

Mother and daughter walked up and down the garden; and were much pleased with all they beheld. The familiar trees, bushes and flowers, appeared to greet them like trusty friends, met with after a long parting. A thousand recollections were awakened, and all were so sweet and lovely, their thoughts gladly lingered upon them. But, as they approached the house, the brow of the mother clouded, and with a deep sigh, she said:

"Yes, then—then all was hopeful and cheering; but now—ah! with this little property, I have lost much of the joy of my life. The melancholy thoughts re-

turn—let us go, cousin; let us not enter the house; I fear I am not strong enough to retain my self-possession."

"But, how is it, cousin, if the house and garden again belonged to you?" said Herr Freising, with a triumphant smile.

"To me? Oh, my God! what did you say?" eagerly inquired the mother. "I entreat you not to mock me—I cannot bear it!"

"I am not mocking you, my dear, good cousin," he replied. "A friend of yours has made you a present of it, or rather has returned it to you."

"A friend—present—returned? Surely I am dreaming!" said the bewildered mother. "What friend would do this? You are jesting with me. Come, Emma, we will go."

"You do not leave the spot!" cried Herr Freising. "Take heart! be strong and steadfast! You shall see this friend—he is close by—his name is Adolph—and there—look there! there he is himself!" Breathless and delighted, he stepped aside.

A young man stepped from the house, with radiant countenance and joy-illumined eye; with outstretched arms he approached, and fell at his mother's feet.

"Mother—dearest, best beloved mother!" he cried, in a voice that trembled with emotion. "Your son, your repentant son, has returned! Your blessing and the blessing of God has rested upon him. I can pay the heavy debt incurred; house, garden and all are yours again!"

The mother wept; Emma cried aloud for joy—all three mingled their tears, and sobbed in each other's arms. It is impossible to describe such a meeting; the pen cannot portray it; its blessedness and beauty can only be felt and understood by the sympathizing heart.

"And, how, my dear son," somewhat later inquired the mother, when the first stormy joy had subsided, "how did you succeed in obtaining such privileges?"

"By the mercy of God and your precious blessing, my mother!" replied Adolph. "When my frivolous conduct, my sinful thoughtlessness had destroyed your peace, then God awakened my conscience, and I beheld the enormity of my offence. The power of conscience impelled me to every effort to atone for the past. I left home, and your blessing followed me. I found a place where I could make myself useful, and I did all in my power to render satisfaction."

Adolph told them how he obtained the good will of the captain how he remained in Peru, and came in possession of the silver grotto.

"I said nothing about the treasure I had found," he continued, "until the year of my engagement was past, and my friend the captain came to take me home to Europe. I would not remain in Peru, for my heart yearned to share its happiness with my beloved mother and sister. So I confided my secret to one of the firm, under the condition that one half of the proceeds of the mine were to be my portion. The condition was gladly accepted; and, rich and happy, I returned to Hamburg. The house of Bache & Company ratified the contract, and I then sought the means to execute a favorite plan. With the help of our friend Freising I succeeded; I bought your former property, and now give it into your hands, and may you enjoy it many, many happy years, dear mother."

"What blessedness, what joy is mine!" said the mother, with a grateful look to heaven. "To Him be the honor and the praise! And you, too, my son, can look tranquilly upon the past. Your errors have been atoned for by sincere repentance, by your unflinching efforts to do right. Thank the Lord! that he awakened your conscience, and imposed on you the bitter pangs of remorse. Without these pangs and sufferings, that were a revelation of the power of conscience upon the heart, you would have been a lost, an erring soul! Yes, yes, the voice of conscience is a powerful and awakening voice! Blessed are those that hear it and obey; for it is the voice with which God the Lord, speaks to our souls in the hours of temptation and danger."

In America, we are all living to work; in Europe, there is little of this feverish unrest—they barely work to live; and it is folly to say which is right—each people do as an unseen destiny impels them. A great overruling power governs the life-pulse of one nation, and sends bounding along in a hot, feverish, throbbing tide, the life-current of another; and it is only when cycles of ages have passed, that the great events intended to be gained by this wise direction are shown; but individual man, like the silly fly on the wheel in the fable, will continue to fret and fume, and fancy he creates all that is mine; he may mar for a while, and cause jerks and harmless confusion in the great whirling machinery, but that is all—he is still but the fly on the wheel, or one of the trifling accessories to a great system.

Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.—*Ecclesiastes*, the preacher.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HONEST AND MERRY.

BY OUDIN BENZA.

"It is well to have a ten-pound note at interest on demand; 'Tis well to own some stock in trade 'Tis honest you can! 'Tis well to count one's friends among The mighty and the small, But a merry, loving, honest heart, Is better than them all!"

"'Tis well to have a mansion made Of granite, brick, or wood; 'Tis well to have one's table spread With dainties from abroad; But should the needy chance to call, Oh, bid them long remain, For a merry, loving, honest heart, Should never know a stain!"

The rich man has his bags of gold, And acres without number; But I would not give my merry heart, For all the wealth and splendor; For when Death rob him of his wealth, Oh, how he'll shake and shiver, While I shall take my merry heart, With me across the river!"

Thatchedwood Cottage, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY JOHN W. DAVIS.

Respectfully dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. G. E. MacN...

BY JOHN W. DAVIS.

Soft the sunlight wakes the morn—
 Broad its kindling splendours dawn!
 Bright the million dappled gleams
 Like the pearls of eastern stream!
 But with neontides heat they rise
 Whence to their native skies!

Wheels the sun o'er noon's crest—
 Trooping downward to the west,
 Four his glittering legions, free
 As thy waves, oh "Forest Sea!"
 Noiseless, to the twilight shore,
 Evening brings the dew once more!

Thus, oh love, thy dawn appears,
 Brightening through a mist of tears—
 At its noontide, pure and high,
 Swift its fancied terrors fly!
 Be its evening calm and bright—
 Dimless as the Polar night!

Friendly eyes with moisture fill—
 Friendly hearts would shield from ill;
 Live in truth, and nobly dead,
 Noticing the moments speed!
 Let your pure example shine
 Clear as day's meridian line!

Never may friendly eyelids fall
 Through your journeying calm and still—
 'Till the evening grey and cold
 Shrouds life's rearward brandeis bold!
 And before death's heaven-bound gale
 Sweeps your galaxy's trembling sail!

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 3, 1893.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY S. D. BRITTON.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PHANTOM CREATION.

The organs of sensation do not always convey correct information to the mind. When the corporeal instruments are not perfect in their structure, or their general integrity otherwise impaired, the functions may still be temporarily deranged by the improper distribution of the medium of vital motion and sensation. The subtle agent that transmits the images of outward objects to the sensorium, may be so disturbed from causes within and without as to occasion all sorts of illusions, and

"Strange phantoms, rising as the mists arise,"

deceive us with their mysterious semblance of reality. Whenever the nature of the case suggests the possibility of deception, it is proper to test the revelations of one sense by the exercise of all the others, (so far as they may be employed in the trial,) and by aid of our Reason. It is seldom that an illusion of more than one sense occurs at the same time; and hence, if we have the concurrent testimony of two or more of the senses to the fact of the existence or occurrence of any outward object or event, the probability of our being deceived by sensational illusions is greatly diminished; and the strength of the evidence—of the reality of what appears to have an objective existence—is increased in proportion to the number of those witnesses and the coherence of their testimony.

Wherever substantial things exist we may reasonably expect to find their shadows, more or less clearly defined, and as widely varied as the nature of the objects themselves, the degrees of light—state of the atmosphere, and the strength and clearness of the individual powers of perception. The iridescent arch has its secondary bow formed by the second reflection and refraction of the sun's rays, and those are segments of concentric circles. Descartes doubtless furnished the true theory of the exterior bow, in his *Dioptrics*; and the philosophy of this splendid meteoric phenomenon was clearly explained—and the disposition of the colors in the solar spectrum accounted for—by Newton's great discovery of the unequal refrangibility of the different prismatic rays. The shadows or images of natural objects often appear at great distances from the bodies they represent, as in eclipses of the sun and moon and the transits of the planets. But the optical phenomenon known as the *mirage*, offers a more suggestive illustration. This is sometimes seen by the traveler on the great Eastern deserts, but more frequently by persons at sea. Ships have been perceived and recognized at the distance of thirty miles or more—before they were visible above the horizon's verge—by their inverted images seen in the upper strata of the atmosphere. This singular illusion—known among the Italians as the *Fata Morgana*—is perhaps nowhere more perfect than along the Straits of Messina, where—if we may credit the testimony of travelers—the various objects on shore are represented with remarkable fidelity in the aerial regions above the sea. M. Monge, who read a philosophical paper on the subject, before the Institute at Cairo—at the time of the invasion of Egypt by the French—referred this singular phenomenon to the difference in the density of the upper and lower strata of the atmosphere. He supposed that the rays coming from the lower portions of the atmospheric heavens are refracted by coming in contact with a stratum of air of different density, and in such a manner as to produce the images of terrestrial objects in the sky.

The laws of light and the philosophy of vision may possibly aid us to suggest the proper explanation of many optical and spectral illusions. It is worthy of observation that *ideas have forms*, which are only imperfectly represented in their material incarnation; and a mental conception may be sufficiently forcible to leave a distinct image seemingly before the eye as well as the mind. When the electric forces of the brain are deranged, and, especially, when they are greatly intensified in their action, from whatever cause, the ideal images become so vivid that they may be depicted by reflection, and thus be made to assume every appearance of outstanding forms of the objective creation. A whole Phantom World is thus suddenly called into being. The fantastic shapes stand by the midnight watcher in his lonely vigil; they haunt the untenanted houses; they appear in the dim twilight about graveyards; they are multitudinous in the deserted halls of old castles; and they start out from the deep shadows of every venerable ruin; while the gully man hears their low wail in the autumn winds, or their footsteps in the rustling of the leaves. The brain and the visual organs become a kind of *phantasmagoria*, the images of what is within being cast up from the cerebral camera, and made to appear like tangible objects. Even in the broad light of day

The soul—
 Weeps in strange visions of the unreal,
 Paints the illusive form.

That our ideas and emotions do, in some important sense, take forms, are as ultimately or expressed outside of ourselves—even at a distance—is made evident from the capacity of thousands to receive impressions from other minds, through some noiseless agent and by an invisible process. Moreover, if ideas or mental conceptions, by their more direct action, occasion a similar electrical excitation at the sensorium, to that which is produced by external objects through the subtle medium that pervades the optic nerve, it must be obvious that our ideas may—when conceived with sufficient energy—assume visible forms. In every case where tangible objects are presented to the eye, their images are subjective. In other words, they are all in the brain, and remain more or less perfectly defined when the material forms have been withdrawn from the outward field of observation. Though the objects themselves are *outstanding*, the pictures presented in the ocular spectrum are all in the man, doubtless on the

chitoid membrane, or second coat of the eye. When the images are derived from external forms, they are transmitted by means of the electrical excitation at the extremity of the optic nerve, occasioned by the rays of light reflected from the surfaces of such objects. That an intense mental action and cerebral excitement may suffice to produce similar pictures on the same delicate membrane, and that such images would appear to be objective—often at a distance from the observer—there can be no room for a rational doubt. Thus highly imaginative persons, whose thoughts and passions are strongly conceived and powerfully exercised, sometimes project images of their ideal conceptions from the brain, and are startled on beholding the forms of their own creation.

Some of the phrenologists profess to have discovered and located a particular organ, whose office is said to be the production of *spectral illusions*; but this assumption does not so well accord with the facts in the case as the view in which they are regarded as reflex images of ideas, produced by the retroactive powers of the mind, more or less clearly defined according to the distinctness of the primary image. Dr. Abercrombie refers to the experience of Dr. Ferriar, who, after viewing any interesting natural scenery; a military review; or some venerable ruin, could reproduce the whole picture at pleasure—whenever he had occasion to retire to a dark room—and with all the apparent reality and brilliancy of the real scene as actually viewed by daylight. The same author speaks of a man who had been looking steadily, and with intense interest, at a picture of the Virgin, until—on suddenly raising his head—he was startled and amazed at beholding the same figure at the opposite end of the apartment. Sir Isaac Newton appears to have been the first scientific observer of the phenomena of ocular spectra. Concerning his observations in this direction, I extract the following passage from a popular author, already named in this connection:

"When he produced a spectrum of the sun by looking at it with the right eye, the left being covered, upon uncovering the left, and looking upon a white ground, a spectrum of the sun was seen with it also. He likewise acquired the power of recalling the spectra, after they had ceased, when he went into the dark, and directed his mind intently, as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which is difficult to be seen." By repeating these experiments frequently, such an effect was produced on his eyes, "that for some months after," he says, "the spectrum of the sun began to return as often as I began to meditate upon the phenomenon, even though I lay in bed at midnight with my curtains drawn."

If you stop in the street with the attention fixed, and—pointing in a particular direction—you proceed in an earnest manner to describe a balloon which you have just discovered at a great altitude, you will be surprised to learn that about one in three or five of the bystanders—after gazing for a few moments—will be able to see it, though no such thing exists save as an ideal image. Thus the more susceptible and imaginative observers discern the form of a mental image or conception, produced by the cunning device of a trickster, aided by the psycho-dynamic action of their own minds. The psychological hallucinations, of which I shall treat in another chapter, are in part illustrations of this class. The sense of hearing is often deceived in a similar manner, by the remarkable ventriloquist powers of certain persons—different voices appearing to proceed from above and beneath, and likewise from various localities remote from the position occupied by the speaker. This extraordinary deception altogether depends on a skillful imitation of sounds, aided by the capacity of the hearer to assign them any specific locality, as may be determined by his preconceived idea.

An interesting story is related of Louis Brabant, who was valet de chambre to Francis I. The accomplished but mischievous Louis was deeply enamored with a young lady who possessed all the attractions of youth, beauty and wealth; but he had been rejected by her parents on account of his inferiority in rank and fortune. At length the father of the beautiful heiress departed this life, and Brabant soon found an occasion to visit the widow and her daughter. During the interview he successfully personated the deceased husband and father. The widow was most impressively addressed by a voice so much like that of her husband, that she was forced to believe that he had spoken to her from within the veil. The oracular shade commanded her to give the daughter to their guest—who was worthy of her—and he declared that he was himself suffering the pains of purgatory for having refused his consent to their union. Of course young Brabant was politely complimented as a man of fine accomplishments and an excellent character. It is scarcely necessary to add that with this emphatic endorsement from on high, the venerable matron decided to accept the unscrupulous valet for her son-in-law.

But the drama was not yet complete. The next scene opened at Lyons in the mansion of a rich banker by the name of Corneio. After cultivating this man's acquaintance, and acquiring his confidence in a good degree, he one day interested him in a conversation concerning the invisible world. During the interview, the banker heard the voices of his father, and other deceased relations, commanding him in the name of God to assist his guest by giving him a large sum of money, for a certain humane and religious object. The cunning valet did not omit to affect the utmost surprise on the occasion, accompanied by expressive signs of awe and apprehension. Corneio took time to deliberate, his aversion, however—more than anything in the nature of the performance—having excited his suspicions. The ghosts were more imperative at a subsequent interview, and the banker could no longer resist the voices which appeared to come from above, and with the authority of Heaven. Corneio yielded to the mysterious oracles, and Louis Brabant returned to Paris with ten thousand crowns, and soon after the object of his idolatry to the altar.

M. St. Gill, the ventriloquist, having on one occasion sought shelter from a storm in a convent, found the community overwhelmed by a great bereavement. The fraternity had just been deprived of one of its most distinguished members. While M. St. Gill was standing by the tomb—in conversation with several persons who accompanied him, and who spoke with much feeling of the virtues and graces of the deceased—the voice of the departed was suddenly heard in tones of deep lamentation and words of stern reproof. The voice seemed to fall from the roof of the choir, and to inspire emotions of the deepest solemnity in the minds of all who were present. The shade complained, as in the former case, that he was in purgatory, and he called for the performance of special religious services in his own behalf. The whole community was immediately called together, and while they were chanting a "de profundis," in a full choir, the ghost employed the occasion—during the intervals in the performance—to express his satisfaction, and to intimate the timely relief derived from their devotional exercises.

The phantoms that haunt the minds of the sick are very numerous and greatly diversified. They often take form and appear to the sense of vision as independent objects, and the patient never once suspects that he has had ought to do with their origin or continued existence. A patient on recovering from the mesmeric—so says Dr. Abercrombie—saw all objects diminished to the smallest discernible proportions. When a patient who had typhoid fever began to convalesce, he all at once discovered that he was ten feet high, and that his bed was about eight feet from the floor! The same author mentions, on the authority of Baron Larry, the case of a gentleman who—after being partially cured of amnesia—saw all objects immensely magnified; and it is also recorded of the man whom Jesus restored, that he saw "men as trees walking." While I was suffering

"Inquiries Concerning the Intellectual Powers, etc.," by John Abercrombie, M.D., F.R.S. Harper's Edition, p. 64.

from a bilious fever, for many days I could see my own body and conceive of myself altogether, only as *spite of Hilary plank by the roadside*. Being greatly worn and attenuated by a long confinement, it was not without an adequate reason that I was constantly troubled by great pressure on the bottom plank, which was required to support the superincumbent weight of all the others. Thus the senses are deranged by disease. In inflammatory fevers, especially when the electro-nervous excitation is very great, the shadowy hosts of the Phantom World often gather in great numbers about the sick man.

Ambition and fancy build their airy castles; the living creations of Genius are unveiled in our presence, and Utopian visions, born of the poetic imagination, are cast up from the mental camera into the moral heavens. If the phantom throng were all of this description they might be comfortably endured, and many, no doubt, would be inclined to say with Pope, "Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!"

But, alas, the hosts of hell follow in the train! Those who make a free use of narcotics and stimulants, sooner or later disturb the forces of the nervous system, and many learn at last, that their own disordered faculties are the open portals of Pandemonium. The senses of the opium-eater are often strangely deranged, and his faculties sadly impaired. The poor wretch rendered delirious by alcoholic stimulants, is left to wrestle desperately with foul demons and every nameless monster. Basilisks charm him with their fatal magnetism, and fiery serpents coil about the distracted brain. When the delirium subsides and the fearful lesson is succeeded by the reaction, the nervous system resembles an untuned lyre. The nerves are morbidly irritable; all sounds seem to be harsh, and all scenes are repulsive or terrible. The poor victim starts at a footfall, or turns pale at the rustling of a leaf. The gentlest music of the summer winds is hollow and mournful as the despairing wail of imprisoned spirits. Where once he beheld only graceful forms, warmed with youthful fire, and all glowing with love, now cold, spectral shapes appear—grim featured and ghastly—to haunt the long, deep midnight of the soul. It is granted that these are extreme conditions, and yet in delirium tremens and other forms of disease, which result from excessive dissipation and protracted abuse of the nervous system, they frequently occur. Such cases most impressively admonish us that we tread with our peace, when we defile the temple of the soul.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER THREE.

With many writers there is an educational and moral cowardice which withholds them from measuring their own by the same rules with which they would measure other people's religion. Their own is sacred—their neighbor's is not. Their own is directly from heaven—their neighbor's is fabulous, though the mode of obtaining it be the same. Even Sir Wm. Jones, before paying tribute to the many beauties of Persian religious teachings, deems it proper first to throw a sop to the three-headed Cerberus of his own theology. Rawlinson and Wilkinson, in their notes and appendices to their new publication of Herodotus, sometimes throw a similar sop to such "weak knees" as suppose that the tutelary God of Israel had claims not common to those of the adjoining nations; yet these latter authors admit that the same mode of carrying the Ark, where God dwelt between the cherubim, was common in that early age to a much wider range than to Palestine. Says Wilkinson, "The Gods of Babylon, as well as of Egypt, were borne and 'set up in the place' in a similar manner 'to that of Israel's God,' and was adopted by the Jews." Though these had their pompous title of their tutelary divinity, as King of Kings and Lord of Lords, yet neither in this did they surpass the vain boasts of their neighbors, who set up like claims for theirs.

Diodorus informs us that when Antiochus took Jerusalem, he "entered into the temple of God, into which none was to enter by their law but the priest; in which, when he found the image of a man with a long beard, carved in stone, sitting upon an ass, he took it to be Moses, who built Jerusalem, and settled the nation, and established by law all their wicked customs and practices, abounding in hatred and enmity to all other men." Again, this author, in noting the claims of different nations in referring their laws to some good Genius or Godhead, as Jupiter, Apollo, etc., says, "that Moses alleged the God called JAO to be the author of his." He also speaks of the common practice of totting Gods from one locality to another in arks or tabernacles. He says, "The Egyptians every year carry Jupiter's tabernacle over the river into Africa, and a few days after bring it back again, as if the God had returned out of Ethiopia;" hence, probably, our Bible explanation that "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God."

By the same author we learn that doves or pigeons were adored as the visible manifestations of the Syrian Goddesses, as well as when they were the messengers of the spiritual guardians of Jesus. He also speaks of some of the people of India as being "skilled in matters relating to the affairs of the dead in the shades below"—that they were skillful in prophecy of future events, and that if any of these philosophers proved to be mistaken in their prophecies, they were to remain silent ever after.

Grote, in his history of Greece, has the manhood to let fully appear the prophecy and fulfillment and other manifestations of the Grecian Mediums without trying to make them inferior to her father in the art of divination. It appears that the Gentiles were even more successful in divining future events. In early days, the Prophet Tiresias was considered an infallible oracle for all Greece, and his daughter Daphne, as Diodorus relates, was nothing inferior to her father in the art of divination. She was a priestess at Delphi, and spoke as the spirit gave her utterance in such prophetic verses, that it is claimed that Homer borrowed from her for the adorning of his poems. She was an inspirational or trance medium, and was supposed to have been inspired by the tutelary God of Greece.

Herodotus, in character with his times, was a Spiritualist, and was initiated into the mysteries whose religion is interwoven through his history. We touch only upon a case here and there as seeking for our purposes to show that divine revelations were as common without, as within, the pale of Palestine, and that soothsayers or prophets were as reliable on Heathen as on Hebrew ground. Both were clairvoyant, and in rapport with the inhabitants of the impalpable world, whom we term Gods, Angels, or Spirits. "The Gods of popular religion," says Cicero, "are the souls of mortals defiled." This intercommunion of the two worlds was then as now but darkly understood, and the priest-caste have ever striven to maintain an ignorance of mysteries as the mother of devotion.

Mr. Gibson has well remarked that "Every mode of religion, to make a deep and lasting impression on the human mind, must exercise our obedience by enjoining practices of devotion for which we can assign no reason." Hence Dr. Bellows, with fossilizing preclivities, would clothe naked Unitarianism in the cast-off rags of old imbecillities. But when we meet our guardian angels, and talk to them face to face through our home circles, with no priest to mystify, there is short work made of forms, ceremonies, or ritual fooleries. True, we must be observant of the delicate laws and harmonies which govern the inter-relations of spiritual with incarnate spheres; but, in this, there is no room for the dross of the old theologies.

We have already alluded to Polycares, who, unheeding the predictions of the prophets, and the vision of

his daughter, was put to a miserable death. Full as is ancient history of that linked causation which can only be clairvoyantly or spiritually discerned, yet there were not wanting those of old time, as now, ready to maintain that "mortals know nothing of futurity, and these prophetic Seers are all impostors." Dr. Feiten would say amen to this, unless, perhaps, you should disturb the clairvoyants and Seers of the Bible.

The ancient Getae bear a close resemblance to the Jews in the exclusiveness of their religion. "They affirmed Zamolxis, their God, to be the only true God, and ascribed the worship of all other nations to be addressed to mere fictions and chimeras." They differed from the Jews in that they believed in the immortality of the soul; but they were as barbarous, bloody and ferocious in their exclusiveness, as even the Hebrews of their time.

It would seem from Herodotus, that Lot's wife is not the only pillar of salt that angles in the dews of the Orient; but that in the deserts of Africa "vast pillars of salt are discovered, from the summits of which flows a stream of water equally cool and sweet." How many a weary pilgrim may thus have slaked his thirst from the ever-flowing tears of Lot's wife, the Niobe of Palestine.

We also learn from this author, that a certain Pharaoh was so provoked the indignation of the Gods, that "whilst alive, her body was the victim of worms, and so perished miserably." This, says the translator, the Rev. Wm. Beloe, cannot fail to bring to the mind of the reader the miserable end of Herod, surnamed the Great.

"And he went down to Caesarea, and there abode; and upon a set day, Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a God, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory; and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost."

By the same author, we are informed that Hipparchus had received intimation, in a vision, of the disaster which afterwards befel him, and that Perandor received a test of the spiritual identity of his wife, Melissa, by sending to consult the test medium and oracle of the dead, the Cumanian Sibyl, which was equivalent to sending to inquire of God through Elysis, Seers or Prophets of the Bible; as we read in Samuel, "Beforetime in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, he said, Come, let us go to the Seer."

Wilkinson says, "The religions resembled each other, partly from having a common origin, partly from direct imitation, and partly from adaptation," and that "Many early Greek philosophers admitted an ideal deity as a first cause, a divine intelligence, the 'holy infinite spirit' of Empedocles, or other notions of the One."

The dove was sacred to Astarte, queen of heaven. It was also supposed to be a medium for holy spirits in the time of Jesus. "Jonah" signifies a "dove," and the connection between "fish" and "dove" is remarkable. Say Rawlinson and Wilkinson, in their appendix to Herodotus, "Both the Syrians and Assyrians considered the dove a goddess," or symbol of a lovely and beautiful spirit; and Homer sings:

"No dove of swiftest wing,
 Thus bears ambrosia to 'th' ethereal king."

Nothing stands more distinctly out than the similarity of ancient beliefs in the interpositions of tutelary Gods; nor is it possible to make an exception of Judaism, as beyond the plane of contemporary civilization. Josephus and Philo-Judaeus, as well as the Bible itself, represent the interposition of Providence from the same standpoint, alike in their claims with the Gentile authorities. If the tutelary God of Israel was fond of the blood of bullocks and the fat of rams, with libations of wine, had respect unto Abel and his offering, as a sweet-smelling savour unto the Lord, so, too, the infernal Gods of Homer:

"Thick and more thick they gather round the blood,
 Ghost thronged on ghost (a dire assembly) stood."

If the Hebrew Lord cast down great stones from heaven" upon the enemies of Israel, so too we read in the Grecian religion that it was by the beneficent intervention of their Gods, who opposed to the invader the more terrible arms of storm and hurricane," that the Persian invasion was destroyed.

In matters of divination, the parallel will hold as applicable to Jew as to Gentile. If it be replied that parts of the Bible forbid this, so, too, was it forbidden by the esoteric or private religions of the Gentiles—that is, the vulgar or people should not practice it, but only the initiated or priests. The Elysian Mysteries condemned necromancers to death the same as Moses; for should such mysteries be known at large, to the people, as may be in modern democratic spirit-intercourse, who would go to the priest, when circles would be formed for open intercourse with angels or with Gods.

Josephus does not speak of divination as forbidden in the Hebrew religion, but he highly commends the medium of Ender, through whom the spirit of Samuel spoke to Saul. Saul had destroyed "the Lord's priests," or those "who had familiar spirits." The Lord then refused to commune by Urim or by Thummim, though in the spirit of Samuel, he did speak through the medium of Ender; and Joseph was a diviner by the silver cup.

Let us hear Cicero: "Will you then be able to persuade your mind to speak against the arguments which I adduce on the subject of divination? What, do you ask me, Carandaeus, why these things take place in this manner, or by what art it is possible for them to be brought about? I confess that I do not know; but that they do happen, I assert that you yourself are a witness."

Again: "What shall I say more? From whence have you received that staff of yours, which is the most celebrated sign of your augurship? That is the staff with which Romulus parted out the several districts, when he founded the city."

Here is the parallel of the Bible staffs with which Moses and the prophets divined—sometimes called the rod of God. Our clerical augurs use the Bible now, instead of the staff, as the rod of God, and come down rather heavy on the ignorance of the people.

In speaking of the trance or inspiration condition, Cicero says: "And under this head we ought also to rank oracles—not those which are drawn by lot, but those which are uttered under the influence of some divine instinct or inspiration. . . . Come, then, you vain and deceitful barbarians, has the history of the Greeks likewise spoken falsely? Who is ignorant of the answer (that I may speak at present of natural divination), which the Pythian Apollo gave to Croesus, to the Athenians, the Lacedaemonians, the Zegans, the Argives, and the Corinthians? Chrysisus has collected a countless list of oracles—not one without a witness and authority of sufficient weight; but as they are known to you, I will pass them over. This one I will mention and defend. Would that oracle at Delphi have ever been so celebrated and illustrious, and so loaded with such splendid gifts from all nations and kings, if all ages had not had experience of the truth of its predictions? . . . Only let this fact remain—which cannot be denied, unless we will overthrow all history—that that oracle told the truth for many ages."

Cicero, after much of the same import, passes to the consideration of presentiments and dreams, and quotes the poets, prophets, or diviners, as saying: "Dreams are, in general, reflex images of things that men, in waking hours, have known; but sometimes dreams of loftier character rise in the trance soul, inspired by Jove, prophetic of the future."

The Eastern Magi are cited as being true predictors of future events; and, continues Cicero, "Among all

barbarous nations, indeed, we meet with proof that they likewise possess the gift of divination and presentiment. The Indian Calanus, when led to execution, said, while ascending the funeral pile, 'Oh, what a glorious departure from life! after my body has been consumed by fire, my soul shall depart to a world of light!' And when Alexander asked him if he had anything to say to him, 'Yes,' replied he: 'we shall soon meet again.' This was also foretold by the Chaldean Magi, Seers, Prophets, or Mediums, who warned Alexander of his impending crisis.

In giving a synopsis of these things, Cicero adds, "All history is full of similar accounts; and the experience of real life is equally rich in them."

"Again," he says, "what a man, and how great a man, is Xenophon, the pupil of Socrates. He, too, in his account of that war, in which he accompanied the younger Cyrus, relates the visions which he saw, the accomplishment of which was marvelous. Shall we, then, say that Xenophon was a liar or dotard? What shall we say, too, of Aristotle, a man of singular and almost divine genius? Was he deceived himself, or does he wish others to be deceived, when he informs us," &c., &c.

Again: "The body of one who is asleep lies like that of one who is dead, while the spirit is full of vitality and vigor. . . . And that the dying are often possessed of the gift of divination, Pseudoion confirms by that notorious example of a certain Rhodian, who, being on his death-bed, named six of his cotemporaries, saying which of them would die first, which second, which third, which next to him, and so on."

"There are, he imagines, besides this, three ways in which men dream under the immediate impulse of the Gods; one, when the mind intuitively perceives things by the relation which it bears to the Gods; the second, arising from the fact that the air, being full of immortal spirits, in whom all the signs of truth are, as it were, stamped and visible; the third, when the Gods themselves converse with sleepers—and that, as I have said before, takes place more especially at the approach of death, enabling the minds of the dying to anticipate future events."

Here we find Milton's expression, that "Millions of spirits walk the earth," and divination by lot was practiced by the Christian Apostles, who divined by lot to fill the place of Judas.

Bacon was rather inclined to the reception of the truth of divination, but as it will be some time before we reach his time, let us continue a little more with Cicero, who says, "There exists in the mind a presentiment, which strikes the soul from without, and which is enclosed in the soul by divine operation. If this becomes very vivid, it is termed frenzy, as happens when the soul, being abstracted from the body, is stirred up by a divine inspiration."

"What sudden transport fires my virgin soul!
 My mother, oh, my mother!—dearest name
 Of all dear names! But oh, my heart is full
 Of divination and impending fate!
 While dread Apollo with his mighty impulse
 Urges me onward!"

This is equivalent to the Bible expressions—"The spirit of the Lord is upon me," "Thus saith the Lord," &c., &c.; and though Hebrew and Gentile prophets had not always the gift of clairvoyance to foresee in every case correctly, yet says Cicero, "It is sufficient to prove the existence of divination, that some event should have been once so correctly divined that none of its circumstances appear to have happened fortuitously. And as a multitude of such events have occurred, the existence of divination ought not to be doubted. . . . I have already quoted in its favor Pythagoras, Democritus and Socrates. There is no exception but Xenophanes, among the ancients. I have likewise added the old Academicians, the Peripatetics, and the Stoics; all supported divination; Epicurus alone was of the opposite opinion."

We have said that Cicero was a Spiritualist or believer, for the weight of his argument appears to lie on this side; but he is a lawyer withal, and urges the other side with as much skeptical force as prevails among the sceptics of to-day. Modern knowledge will confirm many of his spiritual phenomena, and disprove his negative philosophy. With much garniture of fable in Hebrew and Gentile clairvoyance and divination, there yet remains a basis of truth which reaches to our day, and will be redeemed to light.

In Solop's Dream, Cicero has given an apt counterpart of modern unfolding. The soul or spirit of the elder Solop appears to the younger of that name, and says, "Consider your body only, not yourself, as mortal. For it is not your outward form which constitutes your being, but your mind; not that substance that is palpable to the senses, but your spiritual nature. Know, then, that you are a God—for a God it must be which thinks, feels, and recoils, and foresees; and governs, regulates and moves the body over which it is not, as the Supreme Ruler does the world which is subject to him."

Cicero has very much more on kindred topics, but we have not room to cite him further. Every step in Gentile and Hebrew theology shows their esoteric and common origin from the impalpable or spiritual world; and that all their crests and ritual worship were only the gross coverings and swaddling-clothes of the undeveloped spirit. It is the effort of our dying churches to bind up with the ligaments of the ancient states, and many a younger birth will be so swaddled, and thus deformed in growth; but the strong will break the bands, and walk in larger newness of the modern life. Not what exclusively was said by them of old time, as utterance from the spirit-world; but what does the same world utter now, and what are its diviner revelations? Wherein the old is better or as good, let us adopt, not as dominating authority, but as congenial with divine outgrowth of to-day. Then it is that the dead fathers shall speak with the living God—Jesus shall be the shining light, and every scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven shall bring forth out of his treasures things new and old."

C. B. P.

Written for the Banner of Light.

EFFIE GALE.

BY MARY D. W. DAVIS.

Her heart was as light as the air,
 For sorrow had ne'er carried there,
 Our sweet Effie Gale.
 Her brow was fair as the morning,
 For virtue sat there adorning.
 The pride of our date.

Her voice with its music would thrill
 Every ear, and hearts would stand still
 To catch the rapt song;
 The birds sang sweet at her coming—
 The bees gave welcome with humming;
 But now she has gone.

Bright angels from yon bounteous land
 Brought "our darling" for one of their band;
 And smiling she went
 To her home; and though we're weeping,
 We know that to our fond keeping
 She only was lent.

We know that at eve's hallowed hour,
 As we meet within yon sweet bower,
 Her Eden on earth,
 She'll come, her loved ones caressing;
 Then let us breathe God a blessing,
 For Effie's new birth.

Her purity, like a crown
 O'er her brow, will shed light adown
 On those that still wait
 For the hour when angels shall come,
 And lovingly shelter them home
 To yon bright, blissful state.

Providence, E. I., Jan. 1st, 1890.

December 25th, 1889.

"The Philosopher of Concord" lectured before the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, in Boston, on Christmas day. His theme was *Consecration*.

Conversation is a game to which a man goes. He only to play upon others, but to be played upon himself. For it is a capital benefit of society, that, in effort to unfold our thought to our friend, our thought hitherto only wrapt in our consciousness, detach itself wholly, and allow itself to be seen as a thought, and is thus as entertaining to us as to our companion. Money does not more burn in a boy's pocket, than a piece of news burns in his memory until he can tell it. There are difficulties in this attempt, as well as in that of obtaining the knowledge which others possess. We know not the key by which to get at the views of another man has, and which we want to use, for another purpose than his. To give this, was the prize which Mesmerism made to the hopes of mankind. Unhappily, on trial, this bubble broke. It was found that what a gain of the other's mind is obtained at the expense of so much experience of our own. The old Spartan rule of one to one, is usually enforced. Discourse, when it rises to its highest pitch, is between two. In Jeremy Bentham's room, where I received his guests, there were but two chairs. In such conversations we have owed the best hours of our life. It is the best thing we have in our life. In such

EDWIN H. CHAPIN

[illegible]

But, my friends, what is involved in the love God has for us? Some people may have an idea very vague and very weak sentiment floating before them when the statement comes up, God is love. If this is the case, the love of God is not the love which is involved in it. Justice is involved in it. Justice is the love of God. Nothing that could cause God our reverence, nothing that could cause us to be ashamed before him for our sins, nothing that could cause us to tremble in his presence, is wanting. Only is the majesty, purity and justice of holiness, the majesty, purity and justice of love. How can we be so sure to show that we are not loving? We do not exist to show that we are loving, and that all qualities must have love at their core, on the other hand. There can be no love without purity, that is true. There can be no love without justice, that is genuine. There can be no love without rectitude. All qualities which make up the little we comprehend of God are involved in the love of God. We are involved and contained in this fundamental, eternal quality of love.

And, in sin, what do we need but to know that we are sinners? The love God has to us is that he cannot man's own feelings as an outcast. The conviction of his own baseness and iniquity, and the worst of all, adds to that. When a man commits a wrong he knows it is wrong, and that alone in its hopefulness is an incentive to further evil; and if the world aggravates that evil by making it a sin, the man's heart becomes. To feel, to know that in the love God has for us he loves us even in sin, that we do despite the infinite grace, and against everlasting mercy, that we are adding wounds to the body of Christ, new thorns to his cross, a keener point to the spear which pierced him, that are repudiating what he has given us, and that we are adding to his death, and thus to his pain, to touch us, these things will awaken us to shame and lead us to godly repentance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. M. E. BLACKSTONE, Mass., writes that Mr. C. T. Irish of Taunton, Mass., has lectured in Taunton, to good houses and has given excellent satisfaction. He speaks with power and eloquence, from subjects chosen by the audience, in both prose and poetry.

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Banner of Light.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

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NAPOLEON AND THE POPE.

A pamphlet has lately been published in Paris, that calls forth most decided expressions of applause from the liberal English press. The title of it is—"The Congress and the Pope." Inasmuch as the European Congress was to assemble in Paris on the 20th inst., it is an unavoidable inference that this pamphlet, like the previous one on Italian affairs, was dictated substantially by the Emperor Napoleon, and, of course, represents his peculiar views respecting the Pope and his present position. What causes this pamphlet to attract such wide attention, and call out such general approbation, is the very significant fact that the French Emperor has, in its pages, taken a step in advance of his former position, and declared in so many words that the spiritual authority of the Pope is not compatible with his extended temporal power! Thus does Napoleon heed the signs of the times. If he maintains this position, as he has hitherto maintained all he has chosen and taken, he will have introduced reform into the political affairs of Europe indeed.

The pamphlet asserts, in the first place, that it is essential to the spiritual dignity and independence of the Pope that he should be an independent sovereign:

"If the Pope were not an independent sovereign, he would be either French, Spanish, Austrian or Italian, and the title of his nationality would deprive him of his character as universal Pontiff. . . . The spiritual power, the seat of which is at Rome, cannot be displaced without shaking the political power, not only in the Catholic States, but in all Christian States. It is equally important for England, Russia and Prussia, as it is for France and Austria, that the august representative of Catholic unity should be neither constrained, nor humiliated, nor subordinate."

This is sensible and sound, and a good basis upon which to proceed. Yet the writer freely admits the great difficulties of the case. The problem manifestly is—How can the Pope be at the same time pontiff and king? How can the man of the gospel who forgives, be the man of the law who punishes? How can the head of the Church, who communicates heretics, be the head of the State, who protects freedom of conscience? If we were to seek for the solution of this problem in the customary forms of the government of peoples, we should not find it. There does not exist in the world a constitution of a nature to conciliate exigencies so diverse. It is neither by monarchy nor by liberty that this end can be obtained. The power of the Pope can only be a paternal power; he must rather resemble a family than a State. Thus, not only is it not necessary that his territory should be of large extent, but we think that it is even essential that it should be limited. The smaller the territory, the greater will be the sovereign. A great State would wish to follow up the politics of the day, but the Pontiff cannot do this. "His laws will be shackled by dogmas; his authority will be paralyzed by traditions." Either the people will submit, and nothing of public life will remain, or else the "noble aspirations of nationality" will break forth, and the Pope will have to rely on Austrian or French military occupation. A painful resource, for every power that does not exist upon its national strength and public confidence is simply an institution—is but an expedient. The church, far from finding therein a condition of independence, would only find a cause of discredit and incapacity. This is not what France can wish. This is not what truly religious men can desire.

The writer, from this point, goes on very truly to observe—

"Thus, then, the temporal power of the Pope is necessary and legitimate; but it is incompatible with a State of any extent. It is only possible if exempt from all the ordinary conditions of power—that is to say, from everything that constitutes its activity, its development, its progress. It must exist without an army, without a parliament; so to say—without a code of laws or a code of justice. It is a distinct system, and which approaches nearer to family authority than to the government of a people. The city of Rome is the natural centre of such a government. In losing her political domination she has acquired a domination of a more elevated character in the spiritual order, and she styles herself 'The Eternal City.' Religion, sovereignty, and the articles form a nationality of those who live at Rome, under the authority of the Head of the Church, are doubtless subject to peculiar conditions of social and civil life—but they are still the citizens of a glorious metropolis, which extends its influence wherever faith is maintained and spreads. History, religion, politics, justify then, completely, a derogation from the regular and normal conditions of the life of peoples. Nothing more simple, more legitimate, and more essential than the Pope throning at Rome and possessing a limited territory. To satisfy so high

an interest, it is fully permitted to withdraw some hundred thousand souls from the life of nations, without, however, sacrificing them, and giving them guarantees of welfare and solid protection. The government of the Pope must be paternal in its administration, as it is by its nature. He who calls himself the Holy Father ought to be a father for all his subjects. If his institutions are beyond the principles which guarantee the rights of government in a political society, these ought to be only the more inapplicable, and when he is called by any one, he will be the envy of all men. We look, therefore, upon the temporal government of the Pope as the image of the government of the church. It is a pontifical and not a dictatorship. The large development of his municipal area relieving him from the responsibility of administrative interests, he can maintain himself in a sphere far above the management of affairs. A member of the Italian Confederation, he is protected by the Federal army. A Pontifical army ought not to be more than an emblem of public order. When enemies are to be fought, either at home or abroad, it is not the Head of the Church to draw the sword. Blood shed in his name seems an insult to Divine mercy, which he represents when he raises his hand, it ought to be to bless, and not to strike."

Another very important point is, that the Catholic religion does not remain exclusively at the charge of the subjects of the Pontifical government. The Pope is the spiritual sovereign of all his flock; it would not be equitable that the necessary expenses to maintain the splendor which appertains to the majesty of the Head of the Church should be supported by the populations of his States. It is for the Catholic powers to provide the means which concern them all by a large tribute paid to the Holy Father. His budget will thus not be exclusively Roman, and will be international, like his authority which, in a religious point of view, is recognized and respected everywhere where the dogma which he represents is the law of consciences. In this manner a double result, equally precious, will be maintained. On the one hand, the Pope will find in the tribute of the Catholic powers a new proof of the universality and unity of the moral power which he exercises; and, on the other, he will not be obliged to press upon the people by taxes which would not fill his treasury except by throwing discredit on his name. In short, there will be a people in Europe, who will be ruled less by a king than by a father, and whose rights will be guaranteed rather by the heart of the Sovereign than by the authority of the laws and institutions. This people will have no national representation, no army, no press, no magistracy. The whole of its political existence will be limited to its municipal organization. Beyond that narrow circle it will have no other resources than contemplation, the arts, the study of ruins and prayer. He will be forever disinterested of that noble portion of activity which in every country is the stimulus of patriotism and the legitimate exercise of the faculties of the mind of superior characters. Under the government of the Sovereign Pontiff, there can be no aspiration either to the glory of the soldier, or the triumphs of the orator or of the statesman. It will be the government of peace and reflection—a sort of oasis—where the passions and interests of politics will not trespass, and which will only have the sweet and calm contemplations of a spiritual world.

The sum and substance of the reflections and ideas thus brought forward, therefore, in the pamphlet, are as follows:—"The necessity of maintaining the temporal power of the Pope; Necessity of divesting it as much as possible of all the responsibilities incumbent upon a government, and of placing the head of the Church in a sphere where his spiritual authority can neither be shackled nor compromised by his political authority; Necessity, to achieve this, of restricting instead of extending his territory, and of diminishing rather than increasing the number of his subjects; Necessity of giving to the population of these States, thus deprived of a political existence, compensations by a paternal and economical administration."

The writer adds, that Rome evidently is in a situation quite exceptional, which traces her destiny. She is destined by her past greatness to the position she occupies since the establishment of the Papacy. She cannot escape from it; her fate is settled. It is the decree of civilization, of history, and of God himself. That is why it is necessary for Rome also possible for the other cities of the Roman States? We do not think so, for the inconvenience of that intervention, already so considerable as regards the metropolis of Catholicism, would be far more serious if it became necessary to lay siege to every town of the Legations. It would be the moral ruin of the authority of the Sovereign Pontiff. Instead of reigning by acknowledged right, and by the respect he inspires, he would have to reign by force.

And on this point, we quote, for the benefit of our readers, the following eloquent and significant passage from the pamphlet itself—

"Let us go still further, and ask who will be charged with this restoration by force? Would it be France? Would it be Austria? France! But she cannot do it. A Catholic nation, she would never consent to strike so serious a blow at the moral power of Catholicism. A liberal nation, she would not compel a people to a government which their will rejected. Catholics who seek such a triumph for the Church, appear to us as dangerous for it as would be for the monarchy the royalists who would dream of re-establishing the ancient legitimacy by the aid of a new invasion. As regards compelling peoples, France is not used to such work. When she must have them, she has them, she enfranchises them, and not to oppress them. Under Louis XVI. we went to the New World, to help it to achieve its nationality. Belgium and the Danubian Principalities are indebted to us for their political existence. It is not the Emperor who could prove unfaithful to these generous traditions. In Italy, more so than any other country, France is bound to uphold the principles of her liberal policy. France has fully availed herself of encouraging and recognizing the governments de facto in Central Italy—she has exhausted her diplomatic efforts to reconcile the princes with the population; but she cannot forget those governments sprung into life the day Austria retreated. They arose from a legitimate reaction against foreign occupation, and from a noble outbreak of nationality toward France, which came to save the independence of the Peninsula. But, if France cannot intervene, let her allow Austria to have her way. This is what the partisans of foreign intervention in Italy say. And should we have run the risk of a great war, gained four victories, lost 50,000 men, spent 300 millions, and shaken Europe, if Austria might, on the morrow of peace, resume in the Peninsula the domination she exercised on the eve of her defeat? Magenta and Solferino should be simply trophies of contemporary history! Shall our soldiers have shed their blood for vain glory? French heroism has expired. No, not French policy does not harbor such inconsistencies and degradations. The domination of Austria in Italy is at an end. This is the grand result of our campaign, consecrated by the peace of Villafranca. For Austria to return to Florence, to Parma, or to Bologna, it would be necessary to admit that it was she who vanquished us. Let us render justice to her honesty and common sense. She does not pretend it, and those who in France make the pretence, forget at the same time what our principles impose upon us, and what our honor prohibits us. Our principles bid us leave Italy to herself, and respect the sovereignty we have restored to her, on the condition that she will know how to conciliate its rights with the equilibrium of Europe. Our honor prohibits us from recognizing the right of Austria to armed intervention, which we do not admit for ourselves. France, then, cannot intervene for the re-establishment of the temporal power of the Pope in the Romagna, and she cannot allow Austria to have recourse to force to compel the populations when she rejects its employment on her own account."

It is then shown that the King of Naples cannot intervene. "By provoking a struggle, he would run the risk of a revolution at home." There is only one intervention that can be regular, efficacious, and legitimate—it is that of the whole of Europe, united in a Congress to decide all the questions that affect the modifications of territory or the revision of treaties. The Congress of Paris has full power to alter what was settled by the Congress of Vienna. Europe, combined at Vienna in 1815, gave the Romagna to the Pope; Europe, combined at Paris in 1860, may decide otherwise in regard to it.

And the writer says, whirling up his reasonings and reflections—

"First, we wish that the Congress should recognize as an essential principle of European order the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope. That is for us the chief point. The principle here appears to us to have more value than the territorial possession, more or less extensive, that will be its natural consequence. As for this territory itself, the city of Rome includes all that is most important in it; the rest is only secondary. The city of Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter must be guaranteed to the Sovereign Pontiff by the great powers, with a considerable revenue, and protection to the Head of the Church. An Italian militia, chosen from the elite of the Federal army, should assure the tranquillity and inviolability of the Holy See. Municipal liberties, as extensive as possible, should release the Papal government from all the details of administration, and thus give a share of public life to those who are disinterested of political activity. Finally, every complication, every idea of war and of revolt, must be forever banished from the territory governed by the Pope, that it may be said, where reigns the Vicar of Christ, there also reign well-being, concord, and peace."

No political measure has been advanced in this age, so fraught with influence on the destinies of the European peoples, if not finally involving the sentiments of men and women all over the civilized globe. It is just like Napoleon, and betrays at once his silent, thoughtful sagacity, and his brave boldness when the hour comes in which to speak and act. The present position of the French government, therefore, relative to the affairs of Italy, and especially of the Pope, will give a fresh and remarkably wide significance to the discussions of the present European Congress, and lead men to speculate on the results it will be likely to arrive at, with much more than the ordinary interest of mere politicians. Concerning this pamphlet, the London Times remarks in the following highly candid manner:—

"Government, it is now proclaimed, must, if it is to inspire that content among its subjects which can alone give it durability, be at once liberal and progressive. But the very nature of the Papacy, as it is established for good or for evil, denounces liberality and progress. Progress, because the Pope is a monarch, and we may say, for the same reason, that every Pope must be a reactionist. The part that he is to play as a sovereign is not left to his own choice; it is marked out for him by immemorial tradition. And there is no doubt that, if he is not to exhibit himself as grossly inconsistent and hypocritical, he must, in the eyes of the world, be a reactionist. The Pope, in fact, is a monarch, and we may say, for the same reason, that every Pope must be a reactionist. The part that he is to play as a sovereign is not left to his own choice; it is marked out for him by immemorial tradition. 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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner of Light* was taken by the spirit of the person who wrote it, through the medium of a spirit who is called the "Trance" state. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as a record of spiritual communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than virtuous beings. We hope the public should know of 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 expression so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely relative to things not experienced.

As our medium would in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to us, did we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 113 North street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed 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 those who read one from a spirit recognize, write us whether true or false?

From No. 1793 to N. 1811.

Thursday, Dec. 1.—"Are there animals in Spirit-Land?" *Alfred Allen, Albany.*
Friday, Dec. 2.—"When and how shall there be a new heaven and a new earth?" *William Ogden, Boston.*
Saturday, Dec. 3.—"Is it right for men to lay out a toll and to hold in bondage their fellow-men?" *Daniel M. Wilson, Sacramento, Cal.*
Sunday, Dec. 4.—"What is sin, and how are we in mortal to avoid it?" *James H. Spencer, Thomaston, Me.*
Monday, Dec. 5.—"Are spheres in Spirit-Land localities?" *Stephen Carroll, Iowa.*
Tuesday, Dec. 6.—"Is it possible for mortals to understand God?" *William Pope, Salem; Jack Howard, New York; Ellen Fraser, Georgetown, D. C.*

Wednesday, Dec. 7.—"What is the condition of the Drunk and after death?" *Josh. Houston, Boston; To John Reink, prisoner.*
Thursday, Dec. 8.—"How are we to know when we serve God?" *To Kahngahgahnow; Anna Maria Foster, Buffalo.*
Friday, Dec. 9.—"Is the spirit of man affected in any way by death?" *John Loring, to Mary Elizabeth Loring; Mary Moore, to her son John.*
Saturday, Dec. 10.—"Slavery and the Bible;" *Francis Smith, Belfast; William Gay, Boston; Capt. George W. Knight, Olean, Florida.*

Sunday, Dec. 11.—"What is Magellan?" *Lacy Lee, Brighton; Harriet Nichols, Taunton; Samuel Richardson, Boston.*
Monday, Dec. 12.—"How do we know that God dwells everywhere?" *Mary Cassin, Boston; Robert Sudworth, Philadelphia; Julia Brown, Cambridge.*
Tuesday, Dec. 13.—"Is God the Author of Evil?" *E. M. Gage, Corvallis.*

Wednesday, Dec. 14.—"What is the religion of modern Spiritualism, and who can understand it?" *George Williams, Taunton; Daniel to John S. Collins; Horace Woodard, Corvallis.*
Thursday, Dec. 15.—"Is modern Spiritualism ancient witchcraft revived and refuted?" *Silva Brown, Boston; Calvin Woodard; John Barrow, Lowell; Bobby Lindsey, Dismore, N. C.*

Friday, Dec. 16.—"Had Jesus attained the highest possible state of perfection?" *William Barnard, New Bedford; Samuel Billings, Boston; Hannah Edgerton, Bangor.*
Saturday, Dec. 17.—"Is the spirit of man affected in any way by death?" *John Loring, to Mary Elizabeth Loring; Mary Moore, to her son John.*
Sunday, Dec. 18.—"Slavery and the Bible;" *Francis Smith, Belfast; William Gay, Boston; Capt. George W. Knight, Olean, Florida.*

Monday, Dec. 19.—"What is Magellan?" *Lacy Lee, Brighton; Harriet Nichols, Taunton; Samuel Richardson, Boston.*
Tuesday, Dec. 20.—"How do we know that God dwells everywhere?" *Mary Cassin, Boston; Robert Sudworth, Philadelphia; Julia Brown, Cambridge.*
Wednesday, Dec. 21.—"Is God the Author of Evil?" *E. M. Gage, Corvallis.*

Thursday, Dec. 22.—"Why are evil spirits permitted to communicate?" *Edward Perkins, East Boston; Louisa Herbert, to Daisy Colton.*
Friday, Dec. 23.—"What is the religion of modern Spiritualism, and who can understand it?" *George Williams, Taunton; Daniel to John S. Collins; Horace Woodard, Corvallis.*
Saturday, Dec. 24.—"Is modern Spiritualism ancient witchcraft revived and refuted?" *Silva Brown, Boston; Calvin Woodard; John Barrow, Lowell; Bobby Lindsey, Dismore, N. C.*

Sunday, Dec. 25.—"Had Jesus attained the highest possible state of perfection?" *William Barnard, New Bedford; Samuel Billings, Boston; Hannah Edgerton, Bangor.*
Monday, Dec. 26.—"Is the spirit of man affected in any way by death?" *John Loring, to Mary Elizabeth Loring; Mary Moore, to her son John.*
Tuesday, Dec. 27.—"Slavery and the Bible;" *Francis Smith, Belfast; William Gay, Boston; Capt. George W. Knight, Olean, Florida.*

Wednesday, Dec. 28.—"What is Magellan?" *Lacy Lee, Brighton; Harriet Nichols, Taunton; Samuel Richardson, Boston.*
Thursday, Dec. 29.—"How do we know that God dwells everywhere?" *Mary Cassin, Boston; Robert Sudworth, Philadelphia; Julia Brown, Cambridge.*
Friday, Dec. 30.—"Is God the Author of Evil?" *E. M. Gage, Corvallis.*

Invocation.

Oh, thou God of Nations, we offer thanks unto thee for the blessings we daily receive from thee. We praise thee in behalf of the great family that hast on earth, that by so doing we may draw to our aid such high and holy intelligences as are so much needed on this dark earth-plane.

Our Father, as the earth yields up her hidden treasures to the embrace of yonder sun, so we yield up every gift thou hast given us, when thou callest for them. Thou hast taught us to occupy all thou hast given us, and to return thee more at thy bidding, thus fulfilling the law of our nature, and worshiping thee, thou God of Nations.

Oh, our Father and King, we view some before us to-day who have recently been called upon to part with those near and dear to them. Thou hast called in wisdom, and they have reluctantly yielded up the treasure. But, oh, our God, we know thou wilt send a comforter; thou wilt not suffer material loss unless thou hast power to restore that harmony that appears lost. We praise thee in their behalf, knowing that in thy wisdom thou hast drawn them another step from earth. And, oh, God, may they profit by the call; may every avenue of their souls yield to thee, saying, "Oh, God, thou hast called, and we give thee."

Oh, Father of souls, look especially upon thy children who are here to-day. While they come for gifts of wisdom from spirit spheres, oh, do thou send mighty messengers, that the seed now may spring up to thy honor and thy glory.

Send us, oh Spirit of Power and Wisdom, the Angel of Peace; may he whisper in his own language to every soul here; and while he whispers, may each spirit be in a condition to hear and to receive; for peace may find an abiding place, even on earth. The whirlwind may sweep over us on earth, yet the Angel of Peace may find a place to dwell in.

Oh, bless all thy children, either in upper spheres or lower halls. Bless those who call not upon thee for blessings. We are strong, and thou biddest us to strengthen those who are weak. If they call not upon thee, we will call for them, knowing that thou wilt hear and answer, to-day or in the future.

Nov. 29.

Did Christ appear, after the Crucifixion, in a Natural or Spiritual Body?
One in mortal asks that we, according to our knowledge, solve the following problem. He says: "Did Christ appear to his disciples, after the crucifixion, in a natural or spiritual body?"

The whole theological world are contending in reference to this subject. From our standpoint, we find scarcely two thinking alike upon it. All differ—each one has his or her Christ; each worships a different God, a different Christ. One says, "I cannot receive salvation by your Christ." "My God is not such a God, and I cannot worship at such a shrine," says another.

Yet the whole human family, in the interior, are at harmony with themselves and their God. Notwithstanding each has a peculiar God, all these Gods belong to the Godhead, and Jehovah will not reject any of them.

True, the Record says, "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me, and to me, and no one, shalt thou render homage." But may not the same God speak to each of his children in a different manner? May he not appeal to the exterior and interior, through the flower, the sun, or through the Record you call the Bible? Borely he may; and he would be foolish God to appeal to his children in a way that they could not understand him.

If God is a God of wisdom, he will appeal to his children in different forms; and if his children would be true to nature, they would seek that the God of one may not be the God of another. You may each worship at a peculiar shrine, and yet be recognized by the God of all. But we wander from our subject.

Did Christ appear to his disciples, after the crucifixion, in a natural or a spiritual body?
Our God always manifests to his children in accordance with natural law. He never trespasses upon that law; he could not be God if he did this.

Now, after passing through what the natural form of Jesus was called upon to pass, the connection between spirit and mortal was severed forever. The body of Jesus was like unto any and every other body of the subjects of God, subject to the same grand law; and the Greater of that law would not step aside from the law at that time, any more than now or any other time. And if Jesus Christ was perfect in spirit and mortal, he must of necessity be subject to that law. Therefore the body was dead after the crucifixion—the connection was entirely severed between the spirit and mortal. The spirit had no power over that body—no matter if it was the body of a Jesus. It was subject to law, and if perfect, must obey that law. So, then, the spirit could not hold control over that body; nature prevented it—nothing in nature could countenance it. And thus, we contend, Jesus appeared in spirit form. True, the two Marys went forth early in the morning, and beheld Jesus apparently in a material form;

they went to the sepulchre, and no Jesus was found there. Very true; but the spirit of Jesus did not remove that body. To one of his doubting ones, the record tells you that Jesus said, "A spirit hath not blood and bones, as I have." The record says so, and possibly it is true; but we doubt it. Yet, in order to appeal to their exterior senses, and give them the flesh they required, he drew to himself a certain amount of materiality, to render himself visible, precisely the same as we disembodied ones of to-day draw to ourselves materiality to render ourselves visible to our mediums. But this is not our material body, nor any part of them.

But the question arises, What became of the body of Jesus? We answer, the friends of Jesus stole away the body, for it was dear to them. The same power that acts upon mediums of to-day acted upon the watchers, causing them to slumber awhile, that the friends of Jesus might not go mourning all their days, because his body was not where his friends could control it.

The Record tells you that Jesus was the son of God; that Jehovah, in his case, trampled upon his law, and bespoke another God. Let us tell you Jehovah never disobeys his laws. Though he may take on various forms, yet he never disobeys any of his laws.

Your Record will teach you a great many things that will lead you to darkness rather than light, unless you read understandingly. Bring the knowledge of to-day to bear upon the Record, and you will read more understandingly; what appears to be mystery will be brought to the room-day sun. Go not back to gather the light of older times—you have nothing to do with that, unless you bring it in contact with the light of to-day. Nature hath developed you to a higher law, yet this law is the same. Bring your law of to-day to bear upon the law of yesterday, and you will not charge your God with being unjust to his creatures. You will see his justice, and must be a subject to his law—for divinity is but the offspring of nature under favorable and perfect conditions.

While our friend and questioner seeks to understand the Jesus of ancient times, he should not fail to make himself acquainted with the Jesus of modern time; they are apparently different, but bring the same light of to-day to bear upon him, and you will see the likeness. The same power that guides us to-day guided Jesus of the other days. He stands not upon law, but walks by it, and how grand the example Jehovah sets! Law is light; and he or who grasps at law shall grasp and hold the sunlight, and shall understand their own surroundings and those of others, whether of Jesus or the murderer, for the law is the same in one as in the other. So, then, we will say the natural body of Jesus Christ was never re-animated after the crucifixion. All nature, our God, tells us so; for everything in nature is against it. When our questioner shall lay aside his body, he will know we have given him truth. Truth is the child of law; oh, that all would understand it, instead of running into the dark mazes of the past to gather food for to-day. Oh, that they would grasp at the light of to-day, for where that shines upon the past, it is no longer mysterious and dark.

Nov. 29.

Andrew J. Gavitt.
Really, the position I occupy seems more novel than I ever thought it would. I used to have an idea that all spirits who control mediums to speak, felt precisely the same as they did in their old bodies, and did not recognize a change.

It may be so to some, but it is not to me. It is a strange position to me, notwithstanding I was acquainted with Spiritualism before I died.

I find a mixed feeling of pleasure and pain. I feel none of my old suffering. I was sick but a short time, yet the impression was as deep upon my spirit as though I had been sick longer.

The last time I was in this room I controlled my own body. I was a Spiritualist then, yet, I confess, had I then been told I should so soon have lost my mortal body, I should have been startled. Yet it is gone, and I am glad of it.

I have a great many dear friends on earth, and I wish I could speak to them all—to me it is impossible, except in a general way.

No one who were dear to me, I will say, I am happy if I see those who know me happy. If I see tears, they must be a gleam over me; they make me feel that I can do something to make them happier, and I am discontented. I am told I shall get along fast here; my acquaintances with these things will help on my advancement. Seeing I am dead to mortality, I am going to set myself at work in real earnest to see what I can do for those I love on earth. They may rest assured I shall not wander far from them, and if a shadow falls over them, I shall do all I can to lift it. It seems to me that true Spiritualists should not suffer shadows to loom long in their path. But nature—the old gentleman said, who spoke here—Is ever true to herself, and sorrow makes the spirit bright. One old gentleman says sorrow to the spirit is like Bristol brick to steel, but you have to rub it off. I fear you will all see some shadows, even after you are here. But, as you know, you will be thoroughly purged from all evil, in time, they will be lighter.

I have met with some of my connections here; but strange to say, some are deeper in darkness than I. Thanks to God, I filled my lamp with oil before I left earth, and I am neither obliged to beg, borrow nor buy. They are going to earth to buy oil.

My first sensation after death was one of languor. I felt I had passed through a hard struggle, and that my spirit needed rest. I wished no one to trouble me. But, after a few hours, that passed away, and then I saw what seemed to be the sky. It was mild and clear, yet it seemed to be like an evening sky. I seemed to be resting on what appeared to be earth to me. The scenery was beautiful, yet it seemed to be twilight, as of earth. After a few hours' rest, I felt that I wanted some one to speak to me. I felt that I was in spirit-life, yet I was anxious, and that desire drew to me certain friends, who congratulated me upon the change. They told me I was far better off than some of their company, for I had studied of spirit-life before I died. I then desired to go back to earth, and when I saw my body dressed for the grave, I must say I felt uneasy, like one who had lost a dear friend. I felt the form was dear to me, yet I had nothing to do with it; still it was dead, and while the friends were taking it to its resting-place, I watched with intense anxiety. I wished to see it well cared for, yet I desired to have it taken from the sight of my friends, for I should be happier for it; for I knew that while the friends of a spirit are in sorrow, that spirit partakes of it.

After my body was taken care of, I began to look around to satisfy myself as far as possible to see what I had learned on earth of spirit-life was true. I found that many of the ideas entertained by Spiritualists are mere fancy; but the Theory of Spiritualism, it seems to me, stands upon one foundation, and that is Nature. All those ideas of man which are founded upon nature are genuine, and it is an easy matter to prove which are genuine and which false.

I suppose you hardly thought you would be obliged to serve me in this way since I have said you. You cannot recognize me, but I know you. I have changed my exterior, but I am myself. Say to my friends I am coming to them with some manifestations that will be both instructive and gratifying. When an able to control some of the subtle elements as I wish, I shall do something; but I cannot do so now.

It is very strange what the sensations were when we return to earth; yet, when viewed in the light of nature, I do not find it so strange.

I of course was thinking very strongly upon the sufferings of my old form, and, if I was not acquainted with these things, I could hardly satisfy myself that the form I now control was not afflicted with the same disease. But I know it is but the action of my spirit upon the organism which makes me feel as I do.

I shall be obliged to introduce myself as Andrew J. Gavitt. I will call upon you again in a short time, perhaps.

Nov. 29.

Irone.
Shadows and sunbeams are floating together over earth, and it would not be strange if the children of the Father are sometimes found in the shadow. But the giver of the sunbeam is the giver of the shadow; they both come as blessings, and the child should receive both with thankfulness.

I have dear friends on earth, and they have said, "Come, come, and bring us a sunbeam that shall dispel the shadows that linger around us."

No, this cannot be; the Great Spirit, in his love and wisdom, hath given the darkness that I may begot light—hath given the midnight sky that the day may be more brilliant. Fear not, weary wanderers on earth. There is peace, joy, and a blissful reality in the spheres beyond earth. "The but a step, the putting off the natural body, and putting on the spiritual."

"It is vain to wish to die, thinking that you will be at once free from sorrow; for there are spiritual sorrows. The spirit sometimes sits in sorrow's cloud, and prays to be delivered. Even the bright ones sigh for more light. So, then, do not sigh to break these mortal bonds; for I tell you there are shadows in spirit-life, yet not like those of earth, but peculiar to the spirit alone."

Nov. 29.

Jeremiah Mason.
Say that he who closes your circle would have spoken this day, but did not think it best. He will do so soon. Circle closed by Jeremiah Mason.

Nov. 29.

Shall the Jews return to Jerusalem?
The following question we find before us for our discussion this morning.

We perceive it was given by one of that class of mortals who are not looking for their king—or, in other words, who are looking for the first advent of Jesus Christ.

The question is this—"Shall we as a people ever return to our native land; shall we ever see our beloved city reinstated in its former beauty and glory?"

Our questioner refers, no doubt, to the City of Jerusalem. Ancient records tell us that one of old foreboded the downfall of Jerusalem. Her people were to be scattered, her palaces overthrown, and those who sat in high places were to be brought low. So said the Prophet. We find also that the same intelligence, speaking further of this city, said there should be a time when the Jews should return to Jerusalem; when they should sit under their own vines and fig trees, rejoicing of home.

If the prophet was true in one case, why may he not be in the other? Jerusalem is laid waste. Her high places are no longer so. Behold, desolation reigns there, thus clearly proving the truth of the prophecy. As we wander among the great variety of children dwelling on earth, our attention is often called to that portion of men called Jews. We find no class of individuals so closely wedded to their opinions as they are—so thoroughly wrapped up in that which belongs to olden time. That which their fathers received, they receive, and are wholly unwilling to receive the light which shines to-day. The light of 1800 years ago is all they are willing to bear.

Now, if our questioner seeks in honesty of spirit, he will do well; but if he calls upon us from earth, he will obtain nothing, or that which shall be as nothing to him.

In the upper sphere of spirit worlds there are no shadows, so they say; but when the Father sees we are fit to dwell in this bright realm, he will call us there; but while we dwell where sorrow reigns, it is well to receive their joy. For the Father sends them, it is well to receive their joy; for if Jesus be with you, you shall pass through the cloud of sorrow with thankfulness.

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Everything connected with this people to-day proves there will be a time when they shall return to Jerusalem; when they shall no longer dwell among Gentiles. But behold, they shall return by the light of Modern Spiritualism. Though they do not receive it to-day, the time shall come when they shall see their King riding in the chariot of Modern Spiritualism; and behold, he shall command them to go up to Jerusalem, and they shall go. Thus and thus says the same intelligence which spoke so many years ago.

Go forth, oh questioner, and inform thy people that their King is here, and will bid his people return to the Holy City. And they shall do his bidding. They who could not own Jesus of Nazareth, of 1800 years ago, shall bow before the Christ of to-day. Yes, the light shall shine upon them ere this generation shall pass away.

True, our questioner says, "We mourn among strangers. We sit with enemies; we have no home, no sure abiding-place. Tell us, oh invisible one, shall we as a people return to Jerusalem?"

Verily they do as a people walk in a strange land. That which is good to the Gentiles is evil to the Jews. They cannot receive it as yet. The Gentile received the bread in the past, the Jew will receive his in the eleventh hour.

Hear us, oh, questioner, and believe us. By repudiating us, you shall sit longer in darkness.

Home! How beautiful the word. Yes, ye shall go home, and delight in the pleasures of home. And light shall shine there, and not darkness, for Jesus shall be in your midst. The power you rejected 1800 years ago, you shall receive to-day—you cannot, you will not, you shall not deny him again.

Nov. 30.

Hannah Moore.
I want to know what you expect of me? My name was Hannah Moore. I was forty-six years old. I died of consumption, in the year 1840, in Roxbury, Mass. I have one son and two daughters. I wish to speak with them. Can I?

My son is not here, but may be here. Oh, I would counsel him against his course of life. It will bring him a mortal death. Oh, I would speak with him as I cannot here; but tell him, for God's sake, for his own sake, to turn and live.

One of my daughters has married since my death, and has moved to the western country. I would commune with her in private. I have one daughter still living in Boston—my youngest child. I hope to reach my son and eldest daughter through her. I wish her to forward it to her sister, and my son, as soon as she receives it. The course he is pursuing not only renders him miserable, but me unhappy, too. Oh, tell him I am often with him; I want him to know I am, and I am sure if I can impress him with my presence, he will turn. Oh, my son, turn and live, for you will die if you do not. Oh, I know the power of temptation is mighty, but, oh, turn, and many holy ones will gather about you and give you strength. Resolve to lead a different life, and you shall receive the aid you so much need. Do not say the way is marked out, and I must walk in it. It is not so; temptation has marked out the path you pursue. But there is another, all strewn with roses, and your feet shall walk therein, if you resolve to turn and live.

Clear, my child, my daughter, you will receive this first. Oh, send to your brother, your sister.

I cannot speak longer. Good day.

Nov. 30.

Francis Stearns.
One of my friends in mortal wishes to know how he shall prove Spiritualism true. To my conception, there are a great many ways how this can be done. My friends require facts—something that will give positive evidence to their external senses. This is well; I do not blame them for wanting to be positive—it is right they should know as well as believe. But I will here say the question does not come from a believer in Spiritualism, but one who says, "I would like to believe."

Now that dear friend was alone when he gave birth to the thought, and directed it to me. He never clunged it in words; he never said to me, "I have got it, and I have come here to answer it." How shall I know that Spiritualism is true? Truth points the way, and virtue walks therein. Everything is true in nature; and if you would prove Spiritualism true, you must do it by natural law, for the instant you try to prove it by any other way, you are in the fog. First, find out, satisfy yourself, if you can, if it is possible for spirits to communicate with mortals under any conditions.

I think the most correct way to go to work is the way you have seemed to take. Call in a natural way, by natural law, and if you receive a natural response, which could come in no other way than that it purported to come from, then it seems to me Spiritualism is true. Do sure there are no ears about, no eyes to see; then send forth your unclashed thoughts to some spirit you know. Then be sure you look for an answer from some place where all spirits can commune.

Your mode of procedure is true to nature, and the response must come in a natural way; for do you not see you have cut off all chance of deception in the beginning? You have bidden a well so high that nothing but Truth can penetrate it. Nothing can go over it.

Now, then, I have seen your wall, I take the sword of truth and penetrate that wall, and answer your question in a natural way. If you are still dissatisfied, I will say, seek on. There are many forms you may take in accordance with nature, and if you have power to come, he will do so.

I would give the name of the person who sent the question, but it is not necessary nor politic for me to do so. I wait for a response from the individual. I caution him to build his wall higher, if possible, that nothing can overleap it but truth.

You may say you received this from Francis Stearns. Good day, etc.

Nov. 30.

Charles Robertson.
I want to say a good many things. In the first place, I want to say to you like so; then I want to go home; then I want to talk like so as I talk here. My name was Charles Robertson. You have not said that right, sir. If you had printed that way, they would have said I forgot how to spell my name. I saw you spell it wrong. It is Robertson, not Robinson.

I died of headache, and got broke out all over—was sick all over. No, it wasn't measles; I had them when I was little, and didn't die then; I had scarlet fever, too. But this time I was lying all over. Oh, dear, what made you ask me what I was sick with? It makes me feel bad, where did I go to school? Do you want to know the schoolmaster's name? You needn't write to her, for I don't like her very well. Her name was Barclay.

I lived in New York City; that isn't here, is it? My aunt is a Spiritualist; she's my mother's sister, and her name is Wilkes; she is married. I guess it's her that likes me to come home. My mother don't believe like her sister does; but I want to go home. Want you say so?

I've been dead ever so long; you want to know the year—the month? I can give it: I died in January, it was in 1850—January. Do you want to know just how old I was? I was not over ten, but I was over nine. I like to have you see my mother. I lived in Chambers street. My father is dead. Oh, yes, he died before I did. I don't remember him; he knew me when I got here.

Alint I near New Year's? I thought so. Alint you going to give me something for coming? Want my aunt? I want something for New Year's. I'd like a new sled. If I could spend money, I'd like that. My aunt always used to give me something, when I did anything to please her.

I'm all squeezed up here, and my head aches. She's not I go now? I wish you'd fix things so I can walk around where I come here again. She won't get me to come here again, unless she gives me something. I'd like a piece of mince-pie. How 'll I go? Wish hard to go somewhere; I wish I'd got something for coming. Oh, dear, I'm tight; I don't like to be dressed up so. If I had my own clothes I should not feel so. Want you fix things better when I come here again? Tell aunt I shan't come again, less she gives me something for coming. Her husband goes to sea. Mother or her mother got so many things. Mother used to buy her things of Brown. The boys call him Kit; you mustn't write this, for he'll be mad. I know what the boys call him Kit for—something about the cats; I guess he knows, and that's what makes him mad.

Give me some tea, will you? Alint you got nothing? I'd like some vinegar—I drank some once. Good-by.

Nov. 30.

Ghosts, etc., in Terre Haute, Ind.
MRS. EMMETT.—To-day a family is making preparations to move out of a house on Third street in this city, because of the strange disturbances—marvelous sights and sounds—which have alarmed the present occupants from time to time, as they have those persons who have dwelt in it before. They say "the house is haunted." It is an "old tavern," some thirty years' standing—a two-story frame—none the better for its antiquity.

Last I trespass too far upon your patience, I propose to give but briefly a few of the facts according to the statements of several individuals. About fifteen years ago Mr. H. occupied the house in question, and, as an instance of his experience therein, he states that at night, on one occasion, he heard noises in a room adjoining his sleeping apartment; and, whilst he was listening to determine, if possible, their nature and cause, his wife was awakened (supposing he was sleeping) called to him, and asked what that noise could be. Thinking of burglars, etc., he felt uneasy, but got up and opened the door to the room where the noises were, when he saw three men standing near the middle of the floor.

It was a bright moonlight night, and sufficient light was admitted into the room by three large windows on the south and west sides. The men were engaged in earnest conversation, and he heard their voices, but could not distinguish what was said. Supposing, very naturally, that they were there for no good purpose, and, of course, fully prepared for offence or defence, Mr. H. felt that his situation was anything but agreeable; however, before he had resolved what to say or do, the three figures faded away, and he neither saw nor heard them again. The windows were well secured, the doors locked, and nothing in the room had been disturbed.

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