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## COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

#### THE MISSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

"I charm thee from thy agony,  
Which others feel or feign—  
From anger and from jealousy,  
From doubt and from disdain."—HEGEMAS.

"I consecrate thee to the service of humanity, to the healing of souls, as to the soothing of the body's pangs." Commissioned by the angel-world, go forth upon thy mission of beneficence; go, to upraise the fallen, and lead them gently to the sheltering retreats of safety; speak heavenly consolation to the mourner's heart; with inspired utterance dispel the gloomy shadows of skepticism, the utter darkness of bereavement; tell them of the encompassing glories of immortality, of the endless life joys, and the progressive unfoldings of the future. Go forth into the world, arise armed with the conscious strength of duty, the victory of self-sacrifice into the universal good. Then will live down opposition and incredulity, thou wilt gain thousands to the knowledge of their soul's divinity. Shrink not, sweet flower of the tropic solitudes, from the life-work allotted thee. We will make thy mission glorious, and its compensations shall amply satisfy every yearning of thy lowly soul. Go into the busy walks of life, and take the restless toiler and the seeming materialist of the heaven that may be theirs. Go to the lowly haunts, and to the world oppressed speak words of thrilling comfort. Take of thy soul's refinement there, and by the magic transmutation of love, change unto homes of neatness and beauty the hovels of the groveling poor. Teach men of the religious element that, unwarped, rest within; tell women of the angelic duties that devolve upon her; bid little children know the face of the ever present Heavenly Father; and this dear father, shall be thy soul's reward.

Ere the effacing hand of time shall plant one furrow on thy placid brow, ere the white threads of the human life-line shall mingle with the golden splendor of thy hair, while yet within thy bosom beat exultingly the joy-pulses of unending youth, while thy heart is strong, thy intellect clear-sighted, and thy frame unbow'd by one touch of earth's numberous ills, thou shalt be summoned to the heavenly land! Not rudely called, nor violently torn from this, thy birth-place, but invoked to come, with strains of welcoming delight, with outstretched arms of the loved and recognized, with the pearly gates of morning wide unrolled, the glory of eternity around thee! Thus, as the good and disciplined, the matured and willing soul should go, wilt thou, with smiling lips and willing feet, obey the Father's mandate. Thy mission to the earth fulfilled, the crowning of life's greatest joy will open for thee the heavenly portals. Joy, joy to thee, Solita, thou chosen and thou early blessed!

With his hand placed on her bowed head, with solemn, thrilling utterance, Percival Wayne pronounced these words, and, as the consciousness of their meaning flashed upon him, he bent before her, as to one already a denizen of the spirit-worlds. And on her breast there rested the shadow of a single tear; resolve, enthusiasm, hope divine, were reflected in her every lineament; her heart throbb'd joyously with the certainty of immortal blessedness, and she accepted humbly the duties that devolved upon her. Thenceforth she, too, became a wanderer from place to place; and her healing touch brought health and strength to the sickness-stricken, her inspired words sweet comfort to their saddened souls. The home of ease and luxury was abandoned in obedience to her guide's behests; she traveled through the land that gave her birth; she crossed the ocean, and landed on the bleak northern shores; she passed through cities, towns and hamlets, and everywhere the hearts that she had benefited "arose and called her blessed." Without money or price she dispensed the heaven-gifts in her possession unto the clamoring multitude. At her soft touch, pain departed; at her spirit's invocation, the calm of better worlds descended upon mourning hearts. The evidences of immortality, at her bidding, aroused the sleeper from his apathy, the worldly plier from his nefarious schemes. Fever, and soul-fear, danger and disease of the body and the mind, departed at her earnest prayers, and strong temptations vanished from the weak one's path. The phantom horde of religious fanaticalisms, the long train of mania fancies, the sad throng of blighting memories—they all gave way at her approach. And though priests reviled, and many scoffers jeered, she pressed on successfully, overcoming prejudice and suspicion, arousing thought, and challenging laxity, until her fame resounded over the land, and her appearance was hailed with the expected joy of relief by thousands of the suffering. She dispensed fortune's favors with a generous hand, making no provision for the earthly future, indulging in no selfish retrospections, but telling nobly and unhesitatingly for the long unrequited masses. Only from the rich did she accept of compensation for her labors; to the toiling mother, the laboring man, the poor servant, she gave unasked of the love and wisdom messages of the beyond, adding often thereto her heart's prompted donation of benevolence.

She said not to the infirm, the soul-hungry and the needy: "My price is so much; unless you pay my demand, I shall not cure your bodily infirmities, although the might of healing is in my hand. Nor can I oblige you with the evidences of your soul's immortality, the messages of departed loved ones, unless you pay my stipulated price!" Oh, no, Solita said not this. Freely, generously, with unflin-

ing devotion to the world, she pursued her mission; and angels guarded her securely from want and danger, from aught that would have rendered all too rugged her life-path of use and goodness. Kind friends received her everywhere; hospitable homes admitted her, and loving human smiles beamed encouragingly upon her. She seemed fortified with unusual strength and endurance; her kindly labors for humanity affected not her health; the fatigues of traveling ensured the sweetest repose; the changes of climate touched her not unpleasantly. The rose-tints of youth dwelt on her cheek; the rounded fullness of perfected womanhood rendered majestically beautiful her graceful form; the inspirations of the upper realms of light and poesy dwelt in the kindling glories of her large dark eyes; the living sunbeams sparkled from the braided and luxuriant hair. Bill Payobe, Muse, and Grace, she was as wondrously lovely as in her earliest youth; and to the undimmed charms of youth were added rare, undimmed treasures of thought and knowledge; to her heart dove-winged peace now needed; to her soul onno visions of the beautiful, vouchsafed unto her of earth.

She met with Percival often, in cities, towns, and in the way-side villages; for he, too, wandered in obedience to the Master's will. And when for weeks and months they met not face to face, they yet communed in spirit, and the written messages of affection passed frequently between them.

The hope that his daughter lived on earth, that he should meet her, and kiss her as worthy of his earnest search, had grown and strengthened in the father's breast. The spirit-messengers of Love promised that earthly reunion, and the soul imbued voice of Solita ever said—

"We shall find her soon, dear brother!"

In daily communion with the spirit realms, apart and unspotted by the world to be lived in so bliss and harmonious; the wisdom, love, and the sublimest teachings of those upper and enfolding spheres were graciously bestowed upon him. The secrets long sought by engines and philosophers were to his discerning soul revealed. Far past the known boundaries of all human knowledge he sped unfeeling, and to the world's wondering and admiring gaze brought astounding revelations from the distant bourne of soul-life. He saw in trance and vision the first chaotic mass of which the earth was formed, struggling for the birth of individualization, the beauty of expression. From the great central Source of all, he saw this infant world evolve; and with the spirit's gaze he saw the fine soul fibres of the divine life principle permeating its crude shape and striving for the light to which it was affixed. Through the atom, rock and tree, through mineral grades and numberless degrees of vegetable life he saw those fibres, golden fine and light unkindled, ascend. Coursing through the beautiful veins of the wild animals, breathing from the roes's fragrant heart, leaping onward with the flow of waves, dwelling in the teeming earth, gleaming from the gaudied mine, flashing from the rainbow United gem; in all things life and spirit, soul and progress, ever tending on ward and beyond.

Then from the untutored hearts of the earth's first human children he beheld the spontaneous gush of prayer arise and seek the loftiest. Ere language was established and the name of God was known, the heart was sanctified by his appearing power; the dimly burning spark of soul kindred with the beautiful, the all-Divine Ether ever was the suppliant of Heaven; and what the heart demands, were it not for human misdirection, for the thwarting mundane influences that afflict and cripple, the Spirit realms would give, for all the soul conceives of, of its need of love and inaudible ambition, of its holy desires and blissful aspirations, your worlds contain in loving trust and boundless recompense for the toilers of the nether life. We will record a conversation that took place one day between the teacher, Percival, and the pupil of the Spirit-world, Solita.

"The conceptions of humanity have been gross and irreverent as regards the Deity," he said. "Lives of great and learned men have been expended on almost useless commentaries, while the great and ever unfolding book of Harmonical truth, as contained in nature, has been neglected. Far off and unattainable, they have enthroned the ever-present God; fear and punishment are his attendant phantoms; and they, with myths and renovated fables of Paganism, have scourged the cringing and idolatrous world into a state of semi-obedience. Fear is the despot's watchword, the priesthood's insignia of power; over the forming mind of childhood it causes the superstitious shadows that pursue the man unto the very confines of Eternity! Fear and mystery, in place of love and knowledge, rule the earth; and that wander there is moral darkness, war, conflict, and wrong! Why should they wander? The human soul is stripped of its inherent Godliness by this vile jargon of the priesthood, who declare the seeking of the intellect, the humiliation of the subject and aspiring reason, is necessary for man's salvation. He is saved by dormant faculties, by blind obedience to more outward forms, by the forced extinction of the soaring thought; the creed fetters that enslave and deny his right to investigate the holy mysteries of life and death? Is he free from sin, and fitted for happiness by this course? Do word prayers and churchly forms release his soul from bondage? Can man's forgiveness bid the soul atone unto itself for violations of His sacred laws? Where is the bestial salvation of the world?"

It can only come through knowledge, labored for and self-gained. No child of earth or heaven can save another from the inevitable consequences attendant upon transgression. Then only, when the divine predominates in the human, when earthliness is changed to heavenliness of thought and deed; then only can the attendant evils of the lower state retire; they cannot live in the angelic atmosphere of truth. Each step the soul gains is imparted to the feelings, the mind, eye, even to the physical body. Is there not a vast difference between the disfigured aspect of hatred or of anger, and the benign sweet-

ness of love and peace? The noble inspirations that flow into the soul from a prayerful love of truth; they illumine not only the inner sanctuary, but the eye and brow; they give the majesty of conquest to the bearing, and a beautiful correspondence in strength and endurance to the body as to the mind. How sweet the calm-delights that flow from cheerfulness while tumultuous joy excites, and consequently enfeebles; while sorrow and repining blind the soul in chains, and render the frame unlovely—the happy charm of an even flow of goodness, whose outer signs are beaming smiles and merry laughter, will brighten the encasement of the Godlike, and shed the fairest dreams upon the lowliest toiler's path.

Angela Charity! In the moistened eye and outstretched helping hand, the ministering spirit of advancement, that shall lead the erring to seek once more their God! And, guided by thee, with thy sweet human accents, they will find the loving Father, not the execrable Jungo! Crawled in the arms of Divine Unity, they shall sweep their grove to rest, and know of life, and long for heaven. And in blessed recollection on the hearts that so exalt themselves and others that will bring the Wisdom angel and the Love spirit of the brighter worlds, to illumine the hearts and homes of those who, to the sufferer and the fallen, speak words of love and comfort. The eye of benevolence cannot hide itself beneath the drooping lash. The hand that gives to the needy is marked and known; not by the careless passer by, mayhap, but by the soul readers of the present time. The troubling curse of sympathy on the lips of the world's benefactors is recognized; and by the conscious love-light on their being, by the willing foot, the deep, melodious voice, we know them. They may be sad and sorrowing often, yet a happiness is theirs of which the worldling knows not.

Would mankind be erect and noble in the consciousness of alliance with divine states of being? Would all be beautiful, free from care, and disease, and woe? The outward application of the earth's store of remedies has been applied and has often failed. The dogmas of the closing creeds have failed to rob them of the fear of death, to reconcile them to the changes and the woes of earth, to save them from transgression, or to present the antidote against the poison-bite of sin. Would they know the secret of longevity, peaceful nights, and days of sunny heart's ease? Cultivate the soul; arouse, awaken, strengthen and unfold its manifold and diverse capacities; overcome all acquired and inherited perversion by the Godlike force of Will. The fervor of one aspiration for the Truth will call to the battlements of life the ministering spirits, whose inspirational power shall chase the evil phantoms of the heart and brain. The power to know of the vast treasure realms of infinitude, to scale the planet heights, and drink of the celestial life juices; the power to ask of seraph high and mighty, for the watchwords of Eternity; to unlock the secret avenues of thought, that in the soul-realm lead to hidden mines and sun-born temples whence the true oracles of life proceed—all may be obtained for self and others, by the pure in heart, in life and in aim.

Call into expression, life, and deed, every faculty that claims an origin with God and Truth. The love of the beautiful, consecrated to divine use, will illumine in glorious compensations in the inner, and in the gift of beauty to the outer sense and form. In banishing the evil shapes of envy, fear, distrust, anger and uncharitableness, the attendant physical ills will leave thy frame, in which thy mind, long brooding, has established them. In sunshine or in storm, repose thou sweetly in the omnipotent arms of Love; and fear not, though a world should totter, and the earth's foundation rock! Art thou not immortal, indestructible thy soul? Can earthquakes rend the imperishable, or mortal storms destroy that which is with and of God? Child of the infinite! cast aside, and forever, the silly fears that mock thy glorious destiny. Soul thou art young and beautiful forever, when thou hast gained thy freedom, and drunk deep of love, be it on earth or in the spheres beyond. Dream not of health or beauty, power or wisdom, light or joy, while on the fervent sun-burn of thy spirit there rests one shadow of rebellion, one spot of sin or wrong. Cast out the rank, luxuriant weeds of worldliness; the upland plant of moral darkness—oh, uproot it from the sacred soil! Cast forth the vices all, and though the heart-strings bleed, and the frail frame be shaken by the purifying tempest, by the angel dictate of renunciation, cease not, falter not! Be strong, be noble, be pure as God!

Harmonious, loving, all-forgiving, what evil can assail, what ill afflict—thou who dwellest on the earth, with the heavens within and around thee?

And now, I would question of the mysteries of love and life beyond, thy intuitive and angel-visited soul! Speak, Solita, and cheer me with the messages of the supremely blest.

"I will speak my impressions as they come. Would that all could hear and understand these lofty truths," she said; and with uplifted eyes, and illumined brow and cheek, with a rapid flow of distinct and musical utterance, she spoke:

"Wouldst thou know of Love imperishable and divine, that, an attribute of Omnipotence, no more an earthly passion or a lower sense, ever nestles closely to the great heart of Infinitude? From thence it goeth forth in a thousand thought forms, royally invested with the ideal charms of beauty, power and persuasion. In the far-off spirit realms, in the sunland of the soul's central attainment, that attribute of the Most High is manifest in visible spiritual and divine realities. There, the hand of Love has beautified the heavens, calling into life the myriad worlds of song and music that revolve around the mighty sun. There, the joy-teeming earth joins in the chorus of the singing stars; the beacon-trees are fanned by the celestial airs of Paradise. There the heart of Love has found the Wisdom that its vestal purity alone can win; there, from more till might the increase of its tributary offerings ascends in winged and glorious shapes, gemmed aspirations,

toward the Source of Life Eternal, toward the creative mind thrones of the vast unseen! There, on the bowed heads of the united worshippers descend the opal tinted shafts of inspiration, that, afresh kindle with divine zeal and still holier enthusiasm, the eternally wedded souls of the ever young and glorified! The aromas of the beautiful there gathered, may be known to all of earth; but few are the initiated of the present; for no thought of grossness, not a tinge of lower earth may there intrude; only the pure in heart, the free in soul, may enter and be held, and learn to teach of the wondrous things they see.

I beheld there, dwelling in the bridal bowers and the sainted homes, the long-suffered forms of those who loved and parted in this world below; ever true and faithful to the dictates of the inner revelation, they bore their burdens bravely, and now reap the heavenly reward. Bound in unholy bondage, they yet were true and pure; guided by the soul-love that is of God, they sought for no other union; and now they wear the lily crown of conquest, and live the realization that transcends their fondest hopes. I beheld the tempted of the mother world to whom the serpent form of sin accumb'd; the shield of innocence that kept unblemished the soul's virgin bloom; the crown of maidenhood, now lustrous with the added glow of stars; the wisely scepter diamond shafted with the rays of holiness; and the won throne and trophies of the moral conqueror. I see them there; and I know that land is blessed, that it is high and dear to the creative source of power!"

Yet there are those on earth, those even in our ranks, wearing the name of Reformers, claiming the holy gift of meekness, who declare that love is dependant on the earthly senses; who dare to teach that the lower attractions are good and lawful, that all and every prompting of the undisciplined affections, and the wayward heart, is an urging of the motive power of God within the soul! Deeply have I grieved, when have I wept, for this!

"It is not so, dear Percival," replied the pure recipient of truth. "Compare such happiness as ours to the so-called enjoyment of the man of pleasure, the woman of the world. Bereft of kindred, home, and many friends, by my adoption of the new faith, who is happier than I? Yet no earthly love blesses me, save that which is universal. From every human heart I encounter, I gain a lesson; I borrow, or I give of truth and love; and the exchange of spiritual offerings is profitable of good and joy; there is no need for the taught soul of other expressions. The earnest and endearments advocated by the so-called followers of the lower attractions, are not needed by the advanced mind, the spiritualized affections; soul will respond to soul through distance and time; and the fraternal love, the sanctified affection, the holy and enduring friendship, need no outer token of their faith. By earthly means, the soul is led earthward; by heavenly aids, it mounts heavenward, even to the very gateways of celestial life. Few, very few, of this present age dare stand upon the purely mount where all of Love is free and pure, because beyond the reach of the insidious serpent's trail. And to tell of this guarded mantle of holiness to men enslaved by sense, to women bound by selfishness, is to tell them of the, to them, impossible and unreal. Because the few disciplined and life taught souls meet there, it is no fitting place for those as yet enveloped in their grossness. They would feel unuseful upon that towering summit; they would gaze bewildered on the yawning chasms opening wide before them; and awed by the enfolding nearness of the sun-bright heavens, the vivid glory of the noonday splendors there, they would feel their dazzled sight, and blinded, stunned and dizzy, fall from the angel battlements down to the busy, jostling, sensuous world below.

Only by a constant watchfulness of self that never waver; a purification of the heart, life-lasting and accepted of Divinity; by purity most absolute, and moral power that the blended universes cannot combine to overthrow, can the soul of man or woman reach the pearly mountain whereon the Love that is all spiritual sits enthroned; the purity that is omnipotent for ever dwells; the peace that is of God abides, and the joy that is of truth illumines. There alone, and there, is freedom beautiful and holy; to reach of soul attractions, affectional liberty, and angelic law, unto the masses bound in sensual ignorance, is to teach what to their practice would ultimately grossen immorality; in the casting aside of all the restraints of decency and order, in all the horrors, present and to come, of promiscuous sexual intercourse! No; woman must become to man a teacher and a guide, and by precept and example prove to him the beauty of true chastity. The maiden must be true to the ideal dream of her first youth; the wife must guard most sternly the duties committed to her charge. Even though the bitter life-waves wash rudely o'er her shrieking spirit, she must be true and faithful still! Not to the world, with its false conventional rules and hollow morality; not from fear or by subjection, but for her soul's bright sake, and because her God enjoins it! Every soul must be freed from the despotism of sensualism ere the wisdom and the love of heaven can be known.

The wife that is the sensual ideal or the legal slave, God will not hold her guiltless for the outrage on her woman honor! and the children born of lawless passions in the place of holiest love, they are the criminals that darken the fair earth with crime and anarchy; they are the avenging evils consequent on violated law; they are the demons and the vampires of this world!"

"Strange, bold and startling truths to utter to conventional and worldly ears! Yet they must be proclaimed, that stunted and deformed souls no more may be sent to the progressive worlds of spirit. Why should the curse of idiocy, of madness, and of foul diseases, rest upon the race that bears the Godlike impress of the Great Creator? They should be angels born, as angels live, and go hence as spirits disciplined and beautiful unto the summer lands. But we will not despair, my sister; we will teach them of the laws of purity and health; we will portray

to the blighted masses the beauties of the pure love-heaven of our God, the horrors of the self-made hell of man!" said Percival.

"This is the mission to touch the heart and enkindle the soul," she replied. "Thou, who canst away the multitude, thou wilt arouse the veriest skeptic to the investigation of his soul's destiny. Thine the gift, to bring bright glimpses of the fair beyond to mourning and long sorrowing hearts. Thy eloquence will charm, enrapture and convince; and thy career will be one of blessedness; and in its beauty and its usefulness our worthy brother, Almon Fairlie, will bear a part. He, too, is God-commissioned and inspired."

"And thy blest sending to the earth, is to pour healing balm on the tortured frame, and sweet forgiveness on the burning soul. With charmed touch to call the white-winged angel of slumber, and the smiling, fairy host of dreams, around the sufferer's couch. To bent, to bless, to purify and harmonize, how many gifts are blended in thy nature! Thou so like my sister, my own true friend!"

"I am greatly blest, and I am humbly grateful! To do good unto my fellow beings, to alleviate the manifold forms of sorrow, to wear poor souls from sin, and teach the darkened mind, of God, and law, and life eternal; it is a grand, a glorious destiny! I that may not be fulfilled in the fleeting earth life," said Solita, with folded hands, and eyes o'erfilled with tears.

"The mission of the beautiful is eternal," was Percival's reply; "and through the countless ages it will be thine to upraise the fallen, to cheer, and bless and heal, the life of the discarnate."

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### THE HOUR BEFORE DAY.

"Thy heart's not at its best with trifles,  
Nor passed the long night's sleepless hours  
In better waiting for the past,  
Thy heart's not at its best with trifles!"

VERSE TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Winter, cold and pitiless in the world without and in the darkened soul-realm! the pitying stars look down into the cheerless room where in the reluctant grasp of poverty, sits, pale and shivering, the once tenderly sheltered child of affluence. The room is cold; for the last flickering ember has expired, and the lights of heaven alone illumine the darkness. By the window, with eyes upraised in solemn invocation, sits Cosella; the pallor of sickness and weariness upon her wasted face; her garments, loose and scanty, are damp, and whitened with the clinging snow; her hair has caught the falling shower, and her hands are blue with exposure to the storm.

Growing sadly faint and weary of the life of dependence and humiliation, she has rented a meanly furnished room, and has "taken in sewing," determined to be independent of others' caprices and commands, though she were to starve in the effort. At first, she succeeded in obtaining work; she sewed steadily from dawn till late at night, making shirts for six cents a piece, in that vaulted and beneficent city—carrying home the heavy bundles, and enduring all the fault-finding, tardy payments, and unparalytic commands of the illiterate petty tyrants that employed her. Not only is the seamstress cruelly wronged by starvation wages, but the language of courtesy is forgotten while dealing with her.

"Here, you?" is a usual form of address; and to find fault with the large stitches necessarily taken in the coarse garment, is a common every-day occurrence. A sent is not offered to her; and "you must come for your money next week," is often repeated; then if the poor toiler urges her needs, she is roughly answered with—"We can't help that; we have no change at present;" and perhaps, too, there will be no work out for the ensuing week. Oh, God! that thy children should thus oppress each other! That power should lead to cruelty, and the sacred duties of humanity be thus forgotten in the busy marts of trade!

Poor Sambo! toiling in the cotton field, be comforted; for know that delicate white fingers, all unused to labor, have fashioned the garment that protects thee; and tears, salt and bitter, wrung from gentle hearts, have fallen on the swifly taken stitches. The curse of monopoly, the tortured wail of an enforced slavery clings to the work; for pride and selfishness, vanity and worldliness, have marked the toiler, and set her apart from the favored of this life.

There are exceptions, doubtless; honorable men, with the Christ love in their souls, who generously compensate, and mentally strive to elevate the laborer; there are women whom the glitter of gold and fashion has not led from the active duties of benevolence. Sometimes these ministering ones, with loving care and outstretched hand, save from the beckoning lures of desperation the weary and faint-hearted. But oftener, alas! are they left to perish—to die a moral death while, or to rest, heart-broken, in the grasp of necessity, until the invoked death-angel comes!

Through all the various grades of discipline that poverty enforces has Cosella passed; for some weeks "companionship to a lady," that misnomer for a careless drudge; then assisting in the care of children; then laboring with the needle for the stores; then watching by the sick, deprived of weeks of rest, of night after night of sleep; then, in despair returning to the hated needle; and sometimes compelled to spend days of utter listlessness, when there was no work to be obtained, and consequently no bread to eat. She would then go and offer her services, at places where she had been employed before, in order to obtain a meal. Sometimes, with a few pennies saved, she would buy a loaf of bread and a draught of milk, and seek a lodging for the night. At last, she rented the small room in a retired part of the city, and for awhile bore up bravely against the ills that beset her. She sold her few remaining books, in order to obtain food; she lived for many days without a fire, that inclement winter; and her scanty garments bore the marks of time, the shoes upon her feet were worn, the poetry, beauty, and refinement of life were gone.

"My God! is there no help? what have I done to merit such a fate as this?" she cried, as shivering with cold she drew her faded shawl around her.

"I do not live; and I cannot die!" she continued. "Oh, how long, my Father in Heaven! how long?" She fell upon her knees, gazed tearfully up to the starlit winter sky, and from her soul, exalted by sorrow, burst one of those mighty heaven-reaching invocations, wherewith in its trial hours the human anguish approximates to inspirational fervor, and calls from love-lit home and lifted bowers the ministering angels of the Father's will.

"Oh, take me home!" she cried. "Thou who hast immortality in store for all, oh, take me from this weary earth, this aimless life! But if there be in my soul one attribute of goodness, if ever I have thought nobly, acted well, and dreamed divinely, oh, my Father, grant me one compensation here; let me meet my father's smile; let me rest upon his bosom, hear his voice, and I will never, oh, never more repine!"

Then loud and thrilling, so solemnly impressed with the momentary hope and desperate resolve, that she deemed he must hear and answer, she cried unto the ear of night:

"My father come! I am cold and starving! My father, it is your child, Cosella, that calls! Come, come to me, quickly!"

Through the distance, over mountain, river, lake, and plain, sped the spirit's plaintive call, until subdued and dreamy it reached the inner sense of him it sought. Starting from his sleep, the father stretched forth his yearning arms:

"My child, my child, where art thou?"

"Peace, patience—we will guide thee," whispered the musical voice of the celestial life-guardian, and Percival turned away his face and wept.

Again, through the far distance, borne upon that night-wind, floated dreamly that call for help, until it reached the kindred heart of the watching Solita. She started up and cried:

"A voice, familiar but indistinct—a woman's cry for aid and sympathy, is brought to my inner sense! Who is it that thus invokes the heavens, and the ministering aids of earth? With the strong attraction of the pure in heart, it calls me! Where, oh celestial monitors, shall I find that suffering one?"

"Peace, patience—we will guide thee!" was the silver-toned reply; and, moved to the utmost, Solita bowed her face upon her hands and wept.

O'er the couch of the dying, bent Almon Fairlie; on that memorable night; and there, too, the voice of sorrow reached him, starting him from his oblivious watchfulness of the beautiful process of transition. To his query, the celestial guides responded, even as unto the father and the maiden; but yielding to strong and irresistible emotion, he, too, the tried and loving friend, be turned aside his face, and wept the human tears of tenderest pity!

And Cosella slept with her head upon the window sill; and she dreamed that spirits re-visited the earth, and communed with men. She saw her mother, silver-robed and radiant; and she touched the star-illumined veil that flouted on the armistice-breath that warmly enfolded her. She saw the smiling face of Skina, beaming love upon her, from amid the thickly clustering branches of the clematis and the rose. She beheld Manasseh kneeling, with bowed head, entreating her to write forgiveness on the blank page which he held. And Cosella, wondering, dipped a golden pen in the clear waters of a singing stream, and wrote therewith, and lo! the page was illumined with a golden and an azure glow; and on the brow of the kneeling man descended a chaplet of the myrtle entwined with jasmine stars. Then a delicious melody arose and swelled in rhythmic grandeur beneath the beauty of the summer's night; and a hand that caused her every life pulse to thrill with a sense of divine and most ecstatic love, was laid upon her head. She saw the noble figure of a man, with a face of serene majesty; the calm and holy eyes spoke to her soul, the pensive lips unrolled, the heart's tone of recognition called her "daughter!"

When she awoke from that blessed vision, the sun was streaming in, and its warmth enfolded her for a while. Slowly she returned to consciousness; to the memory of the present, and a deep sigh heralded the soul's return to the uncongenial daily toil and struggle. But what charm has been effected in the room? What good angel has banished the gaunt and threatening form of famine, at least for that day? A cheerful wood-fire has given warmth and an aspect of ruddy comfort to the bleak, cold room; a loaf of bread, a bowl of milk and some potatoes, are neatly placed upon the table. The blessed, sympathizing hearts of the poor! Cosella's landlady, a weary toiler herself, a widow with four children, has arranged these little comforts for her sorrowful and uncomplaining guest. And Cosella, thanked the good woman with tears, and enjoyed with grateful satisfaction the first food she had taken for two days.

Again the weeks and months sped on, and through clouds of skepticism, through conflict severe and internal, she emerged to the newly arisen glorious light of Truth, then pouring its first beams upon the startled inhabitants of the New World. With wonder, surprise and incredulity, she heard of the marvels of Spiritualism, of the return of the departed of the established intercourse between the planet and the spirit-realms and our earth. At first timid, fearful, superstitious, she lingered long upon the verge of investigation; then followed skeptical inquiry, and at last came the restless desire for knowledge—that desire of the earnest and enthusiastic seeker, which bestrode

As the future which she slaked  
Her toilsome life afforded her but little opportunity for the investigation of subjects so profound. The incessant struggle for bread—the curse of labor as it is inflicted by man on man—deceases the finer sentiments, blunts the spiritual faculties, renders predominant the animal instincts, sometimes extinguishes the ideal endowings of affection, and leaves humanity alone with grossness, recklessness, and dishonesty

purpose. Labor, as instituted by God and nature, is the blessing of life; to it we owe all that the painter has made visible of the upper and lower realms of beauty; all that the architect has dreamed, the sculptor fashioned in his ideal carvings. The attainment of the beautiful is the ministry of labor; as well fulfilled in the wayward walks of life as in its loftiest places; by the gentle housewife realized as by the grandest orator. But labor, to be thus nobly adapted to the soul's expansion, must be freed from the tyranny of the few, the monopoly of the wealthy, the despotic rule of compulsion.

As it was, Cosella found but little time for reading or investigation of this momentous subject; but what little she did read, filled her heart with joy, and gave rise to winged aspirations, lofty hopes, heavenly anticipations. And when one day she laid aside her needle, and with a fervent and unuttered prayer invoked the coming light, it came and bathed her struggling soul in the sunbeams of a diviner faith!

"Oh that some proof would come direct to sense and heart! some evidence of my soul's future destiny, some glimpses of the life beyond! Oh, for one word from the departed! for a spirit voice to tell me of my immortality! Oh, for help from heaven to lead me from this life of hardship to the sunshine of peace and love!"

The soft breeze that fanned her forehead in reply, seemed to hush every doubt to rest; as if upborne on music's pinions, her soul's petition winged its heavenward flight, and the burden seemed uplifted from her aching heart!

A swift current of electricity passed from her elbow to the wrist, thence to her fingers; "Write!" whispered the soft tones of intuition. She took her pen and wrote; in large, jagged, irregular letters, appeared the spirit-written word, "Immortality!"

"I thank thee, oh my God!" burst from the grateful lips of Cosella. The over-laden heart found relief in a load of tears.

"Lie, and love thee still; angels watch over thy life-path; be patient, faint not—soon it will be dawn!"

"God of love and mercy! it is Shina's hand—I recognize her writing!" cried Cosella, breathlessly. "Do, do, be happy!" wrote the obedient fingers; "I am thy second mother still. Yes, my beloved, I am thy Shina!"

Her eyes dilating with awe, her heart throbbing with a joy for which earthly language can find no expression, she gazed upon the writings, formed by her hand, guided by spirit-power; she knew that her mind could not have framed those communications, and she was satisfied and happy.

For weeks the consolations thus awarded cheered and brightened her life; and, eager for more knowledge, she attended the public meetings, and listened to the first exponents of the spiritual faith. For the first time she heard the noblest truths advanced from woman's lips. A humble and unassuming laborer from the far West, a meek, Quaker-like woman, was the first speaker. She ever listened to; and as her face grew beautiful in the transfigured glow of the trance, as the eloquent and thrilling sentences fell upon the hushed and wondering audience, Cosella felt that she who thus addressed them was indeed commissioned of the angel-world and inspired by spirit-words.

Oh, the storm of ridicule that poured upon the devoted head of Cosella, when employers and self-styled friends found that she had accepted the new belief! Jew and Christian alike reviled and mocked and sneered; or solemnly reminded her of the danger to soul and body she was incurring, by thus holding supposed communications with the dead.

"It is all of the Devil," said one, "and you'll peril your eternal salvation by meddling with forbidden subjects."

"Can the Devil elevate the soul, cheer the heart, brighten the intellect, and give us the desired evidences of immortality?" queried Cosella, of her opposers.

"Satan can transform himself into an angel of light. All you need to know of the future life, you can find in the Bible," was the reply of several.

"I cannot believe that a just and good God would suffer his children to be deluded, when their aim is a search after truth. I have not been satisfied with the testimony of ancient Scriptures; and Spiritualism promises immortality."

"You are deluded by evil spirits, and will suffer in everlasting hell for your infidelity! All you need and feel of spirit is nothing but a rank delusion."

"Can I doubt the evidence of my own senses—the intuitions of my own soul? Can I throw aside the overwhelming mass of evidence, the testimony of my own departed friends?"

"The senses are apt to mislead us; all visions are optical delusions. The departed are happy in heaven, or suffering for their sins in hell. Ghosts never return; imagination makes you believe in these things; and if the dead could return, I would not want to speak with them."

"But reason—" continued Cosella.

"We have nothing to do with reason; reason is carnal, and should not be permitted to judge in religious matters. We have the Bible, and that is enough."

"Such was the conclusion of some worthy Christians; and when Cosella inquired of them whether they had investigated the subject they condemned so fully, the reply was:

"No, I have not investigated, and I do not intend to. I know it is all a delusion, a trick of Satan, and I don't want to sit in their circles, nor go to their meetings."

"If I was to see my own mother, I would believe it was an evil spirit that had taken her form to delude me," said a lady, a church-member, to the remarking Cosella.

"You will go crazy, if you believe in Spiritualism and become a medium," said another.

"What do you jump out of one humbug into another for?" asked an old materialist. "You cannot show us a spirit; it's all trickery andlegerdemain. When we are dead, we remain dead; what should we do in another world?"

"Love and assist each other; do much that we have sadly neglected here," said Cosella.

"And sell dry goods, and go to market?" She turned indignantly away, and wasted no more words in that quarter.

"I hear you have been bitten by a mad dog," said a young lady of the Jewish persuasion.

renounces her now faith, she indignantly refused. A new-born strength, hope and energy seemed infused into her soul.

"I will dare and brave them all!" she cried "but I will be free to believe as I choose and feel, and if I die, I know that death is but a name, that life is eternal!"

So, struggling with toil and poverty, with fear and oppressions, the brave girl lived on; and few that looked upon her pale face and humble attire, deemed her worthy of companionship, even in the crowded spiritual hall. A few humble ones spoke to her, invited her to their homes, and questioned her sympathizingly. It was not until she had won a name and a place, that the great ones deigned to notice her. She was alone and unaided in the first initiatory phases of the new life; but she was not unaided by the great ones in the land of souls. Quiet and unobtrusive, she earned to seek admittance to the houses of the wealthy; she would not ask for home and shelter, even of the new-found brotherhood. So she toiled on, cheered only by the light above; the joy and rest within.

But clouds still overhung the present and the future; still the grim phantoms of necessity hangered; still life was filled with cares, and the human world was cold. By the aid of the inspiration showered upon her heart and mind, Cosella wrote, not only messages from the departed, but sweet poems, full of the plaintive energy of sorrow. These were published, and no doubt cheered many a like sufferer's weary heart; but they brought no compensation in worldly returns. Still Cosella toiled at the needle, and wept and hungered often, and slept on a rude bed, and was clad in humble and scanty attire. The lone heart ever seeks to cling to something tangible, however enapt in mysterious communion with the worlds of spirit; however deeply merged in the poetic sea, or loftily enthroned in the fairy realms of the ideal, it will in the actual life seek for an object that will respond, though it be only partially and feebly, to some demand of the affectional nature, to some outpouring of the deep heart's hoarded store of treasured love and sympathy.

Thus, in her utter loneliness, she cherished a sweet white rose, and tended carefully a fragrant myrtle. They seemed a part of her life, these floral beauties of our God; but being absent from home for some days, they drooped and dried up for want of moisture, and Cosella wept for them as for departed friends.

She had taken some sewing to do for a Jewish family. They owned a small white dog, that was fancifully yelped Topaz. The little fellow formed a sincere attachment for her; he would frisk and run before her wherever she came; would lick her face and hands, and look up to her with his large, beseeching dark eyes, as if imploring her protection. She saw that he was neglected, harshly used, never petted; and the desire to possess the little animal grew strong within her.

"I promised you a present, Miss Phillips," said the lady of the house; you have done my daughter's things very neatly; and as she is going to be married, that is of some consequence. Now, say, tell me what you want most; but mind, do not ask for anything expensive. I have so many things to get for Regina, I cannot spare much money. Shall it be a pair of shoes, or a calico frock?"

"Neither, I thank you, madam," said Cosella, a proud flush rising to her cheek. "But there is one thing I would ask you for, if I thought you were willing." She was fondling little Topaz, who looked up into her face and barked.

"Anything I or Regina have worn? Is it a bonnet or a collar?"

"I do not desire any cast-off clothing," said Cosella, in a tone that caused the haughty and ignominious woman to blush, and stammer forth, "Excuse me—I meant no offence."

"If you wish to give me a present, Mrs. L., and think I have deserved one, let me take this dog home with me; give me Topaz." Her voice faltered and her eyes were full of tears.

"Why, you silly girl!" exclaimed the lady, totally forgetting her momentary prodigality; "why you can scarce earn enough to buy victuals for yourself, and you want to be hampered with a dog! What do you want with that little beast?"

"I want him to love, for my experience teaches me there is but little love or sympathy in human hearts. My adopted mother had such a dog once; I cherish the memory."

The proud, resisting heart gave way; the tropical home, the patient Shina, the pet follower of their wanderings, that had been faithful unto death; she bowed her head and wept, and the smooth, warm tongue of the dog lapped the streaming tears from her eyes. Mrs. L. looked on in silent wonderment.

"Well," she said at length, "if you're so mighty taken with him, you may have him. I'm sure my husband does not care a straw about him, and Regina can't abide him. But may be you'll think me unfair, for I promised you something useful."

"I desire nothing else. May I take Topaz home with me?"

"Yes, yes, and glad to get rid of him! Please sign this receipt, Miss Phillips, so, I shall know I have paid you; and don't you blame anybody but yourself for a poor bargain, in taking live-stock instead of a gown or a good pair of shoes. Good-bye, Topaz," and laughing at her own wit, the fortune-favored upstairs left the room. Cosella walked home, with the dog in her arms, a child like joy in her heart. Copious ablutions, a thorough combing, and the adornment of a blue ribbon, caused a rapid transformation in the looks of the hitherto neglected, Topaz; and between them was established a life long contract of affection and protection.

For many weeks and months he was the orphan's sole companion, her only grateful and responding friend. They suffered cold and hunger and privation together; together they took the few rambles stolen from the city's life of toil. Cosella shared with him the last crust and the last draught of milk, and often whispered in his ear, "This will not last forever, Topaz; one day we shall find my father, and then I shall be happy and you well fed. To this great crowning of life, the Spirit-messages ever pointed; but dark and lowering the clouds of adverse fortune yet encircled her.

I must go to the Spiritual meeting this evening," said Cosella, one day to her companion. "I must bear the famed and eloquent English speaker so loudly vaunted, though I lose my evening's work thereby. You must keep house, Topaz, and not howl for me while I am away." Topaz looked mournfully into her face, and wagged his tail in a pleading, deprecating manner.

"I feel strangely to night; some great joy or some great sorrow is about to come upon me. Have pity on me, gracious Father, for I cannot bear much more!" She said this as she tied on her bonnet to go; and kissing Topaz, she locked her door and wended her way to the Spiritualists' Hall.

so BE CONTINUED.

A wag, on being asked the name of the inventor of butter-stamps, replied that he thought it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"THAT WITHOUT CEASING."

BY PHOENIX.

When the day returning,  
Drops her silver light,  
Flings her golden arrows,  
Gleaming pure and bright,  
Out upon our earth-bound,  
Raising it from sleep;  
When first wakes thy spirit  
From its slumber deep—  
Oh! lift up to heaven  
Offerings of praise—  
Prayers for heavenly guidance  
Through earth's devious ways;  
Pray for all thy loved ones,  
Pray for all mankind,  
That in union holy,  
All in love be united,  
When thou to useful labor  
Dost the call obey,  
Let thy soul, uprising,  
Soar to realms of day,  
In the holy presence  
Of thy Father may—  
Then thou shalt not wander  
From stern duty's way;  
When temptation creepeth  
With its serpent tread,  
Near thee, evil whispering,  
In that hour of dread,  
Oh, look up to heaven!  
Draw me close to Him,  
Who like us was tempted,  
Yet who never did sin!  
When thy spirit dances  
'Neath bright, smiling skies,  
Unto heaven, all praising,  
Let thy soul arise,  
When the temple gathers,  
And the night comes on,  
Be still my prayer,  
"Father, thy will be done!"

Whether joy or sorrow  
Life brings unto thee,  
Ever, still rejoicing,  
Through near heaven may't be;  
Through the active duties  
Of each passing day,  
With a trust all childlike,  
Thou may'st ever pray;  
When the shades of evening  
Round our earth-homes fall,  
In the holy stillness  
Heavenly voices call,  
Call thee unto prayer;  
Lift thee nearer heaven;  
Let thy love undying  
Unto God be given,  
When nightly thou art passing  
Into the realms of sleep,  
Oh! let thy latest waking  
Near to heaven keep!

Thus, when Christian prayer  
Begins and ends each day,  
Life, ever longing upward,  
Shall bring thee on thy way,  
Till, when death shall call thee,  
Joyous thou may'st rise,  
Above thy God to worship  
In spheres beyond the skies.

And Medway June, 1860.

TORN LEAVES FROM LIFE HISTORIES.

Fragment from a Page of Gold.

"I read it in the dim twilight—in the gray hour when God's work and man's work look fitfully through the veil of gathering shadows in strange and unreal shapes. Form so beautifully in the clear sun-light loom up mysteriously through the dimness, like grotesque phantoms and hideous distortions. The light, the truth, are wanting, and the straining vision translates fancy, through its own ignorance, into ugliness—God's goodness into wrath, and things of loveliest perfection into terror and imperfection."

"Is not this life?" I asked. "This landscape so glorious to-day, in the broad revelation of meridian light, remains unchanged, but the medium of my vision now obscure, transmits the beauty into strange, mysterious pictures of black phantoms, that now outstretch before me, show like God's great universe beheld through the mists of ignorance and the twilight hue of prejudice. You lovely willow, upon whose tender green I gazed to-day with such heartfelt admiration, whose sheltering tresses protected me like a mother's flowing locks, looks now in the thickening gloom, while its arms are tossed hither and thither by the wild, and evening breeze, like a wailing widow, while her stately neighbor, the noble pine, seems pointing with spectral fingers to the very skies, in whose clear sunlight it showed to-day, a thing of proud glory and rejoicing. Ignorance is sorrow, fear and doubt, and Mis. Wisdom alone is God-revelation, and in that revelation lies full trust and satisfaction, confidence and joy. "Look through the gloom," my guardian spirit whispered; "and though the light is momentarily tempered to suit thine own dim vision, 'tis full enough to read a fragment from a page of gold!"

I saw a band of men, all travel-stained and weary. They had walked so long and far their feet were bruised and bare, their garments worn and ragged; their sinking limbs almost refused to bear them, yet on they struggled still. I saw in their haggard faces the lines of desperate purpose—pale, pinching poverty, yet savage greed of gold. Hungry they were for bread, yet hungrier still for gain. March on, march on! through flood and fell, through moss and briar, through wind and storm, in hardship, peril, heat, and cold! What earthly pain can stay them? for are they not the seekers for an Empire, the pilgrims of a sun—the only sun they wish to shine upon them—the sun of wealth? Gold diggers on! The goal is reached, I see them toll as never human tolls, and know, unless a magnet mightily as this gold attracted them, the mortal frame would never rend itself in labor so appalling. They have found it now—and what a thing they've found!—a rude, misshapen lump, half soil, half stone, with here and there a speck of dull, pale metal—in this indeed the end? These wasted lives, these bleeding feet, these months of toil and effort! Some of the band are dead—perished upon the very heaps they have dug for—the ugly mounds of mixed, coarse stuff they have lost their lives to find, their cold death pillow—the black, hard earth from which they have torn their treasure, their windings-sheet.

No matter; follow the gold—in this our final aim. Again, with uncounted leagues of rugged country, with months of painful toil, and jealous watching, some worn-out pilgrims reach the distant ocean, where another chapter opens for the gold's progression. I see the mighty hammers crashing out its atoms; vast machines are there, invented long ago; the iron which for ages lay hid within the mountain—the iron which for ages man has worked upon, heated and cooled, beat and drossed, and burned, until in many untold generations he learned to fashion it so that now, attached to sides of oak and elm, (grown in the ancient hours of youngest time, and hardened in the womb of ages, and water, its wheels, and cranks, and levers, cylinders, and bands—can crush and tear the shapless lumps for which the miners died, into dust and powder. I see it in heaps, 'tis still unlovely, a sordid yellow dust, no use nor beauty. Oh, to give life for this!

I see great fires—the product of vast mines—of ancient forests barked into coal; the work of flooding torrents, the crystallizing labor of old time, and lastly the hard won blocks torn up by thousand miners. Millions of years God labored to make these blocks, millions of men have perished to procure them, and now they blaze in vast chimneys caverns, spending their burning rags upon the cauldrons where the dull gold lies melting and fusing. Days, and weeks, and

months, great billings are heaped to shelter it—engines to work it, fires to burn, water to cool, and thousands of hands to tend it. The mighty brains that fashioned these devices! The neat ingenious fitters of each part—how every rivet, and joint, and screw, was all invented in some busy brain, that spun and cracked at last, thus to adjust them—and all for what? Why, just to convert the rock's rough heaps from lumps to atoms, atoms into dust, dust into liquid, liquid into bars, bars of one shape into bars of another; and in all shapes, or any, what less lovely than these dull, senseless, yellow lumps of earth? and still they burn, and cool, and batter on—and days, and months, and twelvemonths, on they go, from spot to spot, from continent to island, and still in every shape and every form a brighter lustre looms up, from out the hammer's blow and burning cauldron's glow.

I look at last with pleasure upon that shining face where something of the sunlight seems to peep out to greet; and now the last blow is struck and cut with in the arms of mighty tempered steel machines, a perfect circle shines, and now one more hard grip. The crushing weight descends—a real picture leaves its impress there—and lo! the golden guinea stands complete, the Emperor of the world! The sovereign's strength, the legislator's aim, the statesman's goal, the merchant's fondest hope, the beauty's conqueror, the artist's prize, the king of earthly kings, lord of the human race!

I could no further trace that guinea's destiny, unless I might with far-outreaching eye compass the breadth of earth—no only chapter could I read—it was within the circle of the gold whereon was stamped the image of a man. I saw him prophetic when first the ancient monster lured it on earth. Destructive and acquisitive they were, like the gold diggers; their own fierce nature preying on each other, filled up the rocks with bones, swept off the excess, and converted the rude granite by their deposits into organic matter and new rocks, thus preparing other forms of matter, each one progressing through the heaps of elms. What less than the greed of gold could have kept down the excess of these huge beasts, and what but savage nature have torn, and rent, and dug, and ploughed the world when man was not to work, thus? and so the love of gold and greedy self leads on gold diggers to sustain a toll, which better nature shrink from. Their very evils are the ploughs and harrows by which the gold is won. And then I saw when monstrous forms were dead, and nature in organic rocks and soils and vegetation at last prepared for man, how rude and shapeless was he. So like the gold in mire and quartz embedded, and yet it were all the gold.

I saw him when at first the living river washed off the soil. How the yellow metal, though all unwrought, shone out, like rubi affection in savages, and animals, and beings who, though unwrought, and bound about with quartz, with hard and rocky steps and stony vices, yet had the gold within. I saw God caring for them, making the proud and wealthy wait upon their labor, send them far and wide, like gold, in ships, and in this very scattering I saw how order grew out of disorder—how heavy hammers beat them—the cold world's blows (the prison and the fester.) I saw them show, like stones cut and mangled, borne down by sorrow, beaten, broken-hearted, but yet the gold was there. I saw them often, in the dens of vice, lie like the heaps of dust—no use, nor poverty, and hunger. I saw them burn and cool, and burn and cool; and higher yet I traced the various classes, and all were gold, still gold. I looked with growing interest upon the noble bars. Aye, these are men, indeed, these bars of gold, and yet they are not saints—more fit to strike with man, to toy, or worship—more hammering with trade and commerce. They must be beaten finer with bankruptcy's hard hammer; with sorrow's blows become more soft and fine; the depths within must be ploughed up with grief. Strike hard, on world! the gold is not yet our rent. The circle of the virtues is not found, until at last the keen steel knife of death cuts off the corners of the square world-man, and leaves the circle perfect, a saintly shape, fit for the mind of God. Now stamp it with his image, the regal attribute of love divine, that rules the race, and lo! the Godlike man, outwrought from soil, and mud, and quartz, and crime—the golden guinea man, the current coin most valued, the thrice refined gold spirit! The twilight's gray grows blackness, but through the gloom the page of gold shines out, all love and wisdom. I saw the gold of God within the human soul in every phase of workmanship. I saw it in the miners, whose very vices were levers to move the whole, and set the work in motion. I saw it in the earth, the quartz, the atoms, dust, and burning fluid, the lump, the bar, the ounce, twice, three, and hundredth times refined—still the same gold as in the precious guinea.

In tracing up its life, I saw how brains grew big, and minds shone out in efforts to perfect it; how arms grew strong, and muscles hard and mighty by exercise and labor; the uses of all things—all instruments, all metals, and all woods, machinery, and elemental force—to bring it to perfection. So jills and scaffolds, prison bars, and laws, governments and systems, crimes and virtues, sufferings and joys—all, all became machinery; and hammers, files, crucibles and axes, knives and descending weights, to obtain at last the image of a God, and stamp it on the saintly soul of man. Shall I despise the means, or loathe the gold before it is the guinea? Shall I ask God to create the gold all perfect, stamped and finished? Aye, that's the word—FINISHED. Were all men guineas born, then life is FINISHED, and that which completes the circle must also end the work. If life is motion, then imperfection is the way, effort the means, suffering the goal, and even vice the motor. Perfection is unattainable, unless it becomes a point where effort ceases only to take breath, and start anew, through higher tolls and efforts to attain a higher point, more perfect than the last, but relatively gross, compared with the higher currencies in the ever-growing mine of life eternal. The darkness thickens, but only to display the gorgeous array of silver stars. Night is adversity, on whose black shell the stars of wisdom, patience, kindness, strength, shine out in grandeur, which the day conceals."

So spoke the guardian spirit, as he closed the page of gold; whilst I, beholding through the darkness how light shone; how value grew from effort, gold from soil, responded meekly:

God's love and justice doth all things well,  
EMMA HANDBINS

Warning to the Intemperate.

Perhaps no soul ever suffered keener tortures from the wine madness than Charles Lamb; and he tells his own sad experience as a warning to young men, that they may avoid the rock on which his secret happiness was wrecked. He seems to cry out in his agony, when he says:

"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have sold the soul in the perilous flood. Could I see you, to whom the flowing river has led, I would speak to you as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered Paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is, when he shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and hearty will; to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the furious spectacles of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repitition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I only burst with feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

During the absence from circuit of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell) on his matrimonial trip with the elegant Miss Scarlett, Justice Abbott observed, when a case was called on, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." Yes, my Lord, replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own. "It was, my Lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that," said the Lord, taking snuff. "My Lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scarlett fever."

A GLIMPSE IN WALES.

By Our Junior.

DOWN THE WYE—TINTERN ABBEY.

The remedy for such a state as this is apparent. No collections of green fields, of flowery banks and limpid streams—of shady hillsides, and echoing dells, rush to our relief, and the resolve to try the effects of the country air at once causes the chest to expand, the blood to start more rapidly, and the brain to throw off its sluggishness.

Such were the promptings which prevailed upon us to bid our good friends in town adieu for a short period. We first retraced with them that Wales was by far the most enticing point, and that a stroll along the banks of the Wye, as far as it kept its course upon the borders of Monmouthshire, would amply repay us for the time spent. So, one fine beautiful morning, just as the auspicious month was evidently contemplating that her sojourn must be short, and resolving to play it safe, she smiled in her departure, making room for the more marked and certain influence of her younger sister, May, we are sorry to have to say we took the Great Western train to Monmouth—no sorry, because the rapid progress of the utilitarian railway gives you little time to feast your eyes upon the interesting scenery. Still, as we rolled along we caught occasional glimpses of the apple and pear-tree, rich with their growing blossoms; of richly tiled roofs, and fields; of hills, valleys and streams; of far reaches of landscape, presenting endless succession of beauties. But no time was allowed to take in the contrasts of scenery, picturesque and wild, luxuriantly fruitful, and beautifully waste and rugged. Therefore it is not strange that we had ever so many fancies about a coach and four, as we were "all too quickly" missing such glorious scenes as, perhaps, are not elsewhere met with. Let us, however, make a start anew from Monmouth, which is the principal town in the county. It is situated on a tongue of land formed by a confluence of the rivers Minnow and Wye, at the extreme end of a beautiful valley surrounded by lofty hills, whose woody declivities lend an additional charm to the natural beauty of the place. This town is early recorded in history, and interwoven with its own private annals are so many singular and romantic relations, that almost every English poet has appropriated some of its numerous material for his sublime compositions. Henry V, the hero of Agincourt, and the proud best of English history, was born in this town. The town is very similar to all other antiquities of its class; and in the somewhat extended description which we gave of Warwick, we gave some idea of what every ancient town may be supposed to be where modern improvement has made little or no progress. Monmouth has its ruins of an old walled castle, wherein Henry V was born; these, however, are very considerably dilapidated, the extreme and most perfectly preserved wall at the south end, not long ago, fallen in with a tremendous crash, leaving a shattered chasm of about forty feet, deep, covering the walls to have been considerably over ten feet in thickness. The town has its St. Mary's and St. Thomas's Churches, its free school, market place, and county jail. Its houses are good, but not striking for architectural beauty; nearly all of them are white-washed, which gives the town a singular appearance on nearing it for the first time.

The walks in the environs are extremely pleasant, especially those which run through Chippenham Meadow, an agreeable oval plain, embraced by the town on the one side, and the Minnow and Wye on the other; and at the south eastern extremity the former river delivers its waters to the latter, beneath a grove of fine elms, which give great interest to the features of the fall. This meadow, on fine evenings, is a general rendezvous for company, and forms a natural theatre for the display of Wintonian beauty.

Wales scenery, and perhaps more particularly that to the south of Wales, has many striking peculiarities of its own, which are not altogether unworthy of its name. The mountains of the southern portion of Wales, unlike even those of the north, or of the Scottish mountains, which may properly rank as an extension of the same range, are generally clothed in their garb of green to their very summits, presenting an unusual fertility. Agate, hardly a hill in South Wales is without its crowning tumulus, or its highest peak encircled by the remains of some ancient fortress. Not a spot of ground but what seems to have been sternly fought for—not a rise of ground, not a natural defence, but offers some testimony for the truth of the traditions of Welsh bravery and unflinching devotion; leaving us to conjecture the scenes which were enacted when those hardy mountaineers bravely defended their native glens and fastnesses against the invading enemy. Even on the most isolated mountains, such memorials of the Past still stand, lonely, undisturbed, and even unseen, save by the shepherd-boy or some enthusiastic tourist like ourselves.

We started with our ride to Monmouth, we rested without any desire to stroll about until the setting sun began to throw fantastic shapes on the surrounding hills, when we started out to wander over the town. Of what we saw in town we have already spoken, also some of the walks. The last spot to which we strayed before returning to our inn, was a conical hill called the Kynin, which suddenly rises from the banks of the Wye. A pleasant walk takes you to its summit, which terminates in a level plain, crowned with a beautiful wood called Beaulieu Grove, through which vistas have been cut, and at the extremities, on the verge of the declivities, seats are placed. There are six of these openings, through which is presented, in fine perspective, a vast expanse of as rich, grand and diversified scenery as we ever remember to have seen.

The views, at all seasons of the year, from this eminence, must be excitingly enchanting, and at this time it is indeed luxuriantly so. If any one of them be more beautiful than the rest, we should choose the one where the eye follows the River Wye, sweeping in a beautiful curve, from a church which is prominent in the view, away to the mouth of the Minnow, with the town situated on its banks; and beyond, the undulating swells and elevations of country, terminating in the mountains known as the Great and Little Skyridd, Sugar Loaf, and Black Mountains. In every variety of form and elegance of contrasted beauty. We never saw anything so absolutely beautiful as this view. The sun still lingered sufficiently to cast a radiant tint over the scene. In the east, the twilight was silently dropping its veil over the landscape, breathing its way against the presence of the sun as it shed floating skeins of light over the dusky sky, or tangled them faintly into the dense wood of the mountain whose front began to assume the appearance of a dark mantle spread abroad the view.

In ten minutes after we reached the grove, a black, heavy, threatening cloud swung over Great Skyridd, and instantaneously shut Gog from our view, and a terrific storm burst over the scene, a circumstance that at all uncommon in Wales, wrapping sky, mountains, valleys and town in one cloud of obscurity. We fled into a pavilion which stands in the grove, and contented ourselves with following with our eyes the rear of the storm, which was disposed to make its exit as rapidly as it had favored us with its appearance. Through its broken skirts burst a thousand beautiful effects—half-forged images, which were continually opening, closing and varying, all flung with the gold of the yet remaining sun. Away swept the cloud; with a new effort of triumph, the sun grew bright with the contrast; the whole resplendent landscape appeared again with double radiance. The sun flashed again under the leaden cloud of the retiring tempest, swung over Skyridd's shattered heights, and in the deepening twilight I re-entered the town.

We cannot do justice to the River Wye in the necessarily limited space allowed for a single paper. By

universal consent it is the most beautiful of English rivers. [An Act of Parliament has made everything Welsh, English, save one of the titles of the hereditary.] Other rivers are equal to it in certain parts, but while they are lovely for only a few miles, the Wye is enchanting for a hundred. Woodward has told us in his well known poem, "How he feared to visit the Wye, for the real stream should undo the poetic vision he had formed of it. Had he, in reply to an invitation to visit the Wye, sung the well known verse—

"Do you go down the Wye, my friend, unknown,  
I must or you shall rue it,  
Who have a vision of our own,  
And why should we undo it?"

A visit would have shown him the justice. To us, Wye visited is everything we could, unvisited, have imagined it. It is indeed a river to delight in. From its source among the bleak and spotted heights of Wales to its union with the "sandy bottomed Severn," is a constant succession of exquisite scenery. Rare, rugged wildness marks its early career near the echoing summits of Plynlimon; from which is an almost regular gradation to the cultivated grandeur of its latter course, while here and there, throughout its entire length it displays touches of its earlier nature. Here it roars and thunders with all the impetuosity of a mountain torrent; there it is as quiet and still as a sluggish lowland stream.

Towns, villages, churches, mansions, and picturesque homesteads, continually gratify the eye of the wanderer, and in some of the loveliest spots; and as if to add a new grace to them, and to show how much the charm of human associations may deepen the impressions of the finest of nature's scenes, the ruins of noble castles and abbeys occur, calling up thoughts of other days, when, though the beautiful Wye "ran, as still it runs, and will ever run on," the outward country wore another and a different aspect. The peculiar beauty of the river—and we know we shall be pardoned for dwelling so long upon the subject—arises chiefly from its lofty banks and meazy course. It has been accurately described by Pope—

"Pleased Wye echoes through its winding bounds,  
And rapid stream hurries its waters round."

And echoing rivers must have lofty banks. To be as perfectly simple in a description as possible, and yet make one's self understood, is exceedingly difficult; we may not please the fastidious reader because of the detail we have gone into—therefore, with a plea for our lack of ability, we go on.

The ornaments of the Wye may all be comprehended under the four heads of ground, wood, rocks and buildings. Of the first the wanderer finds every description, from the steepest precipice to the flattest meadow, both clad with turf, and broken. Next come the woods, which in themselves seldom possess much beauty, or little or no grandeur, but when compounded for general effect, the observer accepts their presence without examining them with excess. The chief deficiency in the scenery of the Wye, is the almost entire absence of any large trees near the edge of the water—the presence of which, clumped here and there, would diversify the hills as the eye passes over them, and to a degree the very slight heaviness which always arises from the continuity of meadows. Then the rocks, which are continually peering through the woods, produce another and very decided ornament on the banks of the Wye. The rock, as all other objects, though more than all, receives its chief beauty from contrast and association. Some objects are beautiful in themselves. The eye is pleased with the tappings of a tree; it is amused with peeping the edging stream; or it rests with delight on the shattered arches of a Gothic ruin. Such objects, independent of association or composition, which in fact they seldom, if ever, are, save on the unadvised canvases of the artist, are beautiful in themselves.

But the rock, bleak, naked, and unadorned, scarcely deserves a place among the beautiful. Tint it with the moss and the lichen and you commence its beauty. Adorn it with shrubs and hanging herbage and you make it picturesque. Connect it with wood, water, and broken ground, and you render it to the highest degree interesting. Its color and its form are so



UNION STREET CONFERENCE.

The Union Street Conference is held at the Hall No. 11 Union Street, every Wednesday evening, June 13th was discussed the following:

Question.—What the things that are connected by an invisible line of necessity in all his acts, be productive of morality or immorality?

Mr. Egan.—Morality pertains to the quality of actions, that renders them good, to the conformity of actions, to the higher law, the truest perceptions of rectitude, that the divine mind, or spirit, has been enabled to bestow in the soul's perceptions of goodness. It implies liberty of action—that there is no constitutional or organic law to prevent obedience. It does not imply freedom from the lower law, or an unfolded spiritual capacity to no real liberty without abusing it. It supposes a sufficiently enlightened intellect, or freed mentality, to observe moral qualities, to distinguish the good from the bad and worthless, and be controlled by the divine mind can bestow spiritual qualities and capacities capable of continued unfolding in accordance with fixed laws.

The growth and perfected spirit is not within the sphere of morality—it is unfolded above or beyond it. There is no corruptible substance within its spiritual being to respond to temptation. Being perfectly freed from the law which was its schoolmaster, to unfold the divine nature, or Christ principle, within, it is free indeed, and cannot, because of its developed qualities, abuse its constitutional or organic liberty. Its past abuses, under God or spiritual providence, have been medicinal in their tendencies. The book of experience, that was eaten from necessity, and found to be bitter in its effects, though sweet to the taste, produced a condition called repentance, in which the divine mind or spirit could bestow desired and capacities for a more substantial spiritual diet, that unfolds moral qualities which in effect renders it incapable of immoral acts.

Immortality supposes a complexed mentality, some lead iron and steel, some silver, gold and diamonds, some wheat, lilies and weeds, growing together. We cannot use the lead, iron and steel until they have been mined, and wrought into forms of use. We cannot throw away the diamonds, until it has been separated from the substances in which it was the baser part. This separation must take place in accordance with the laws of nature, which are God's modes of operation, differing even to contention, in the most external planes of thought, or perceptions of goods and uses. The diamonds will adhere until the incrustation is thoroughly broken and its substance freed from the external form in which it was cast. It will then continue about the vessel of purification until it is repelled by the power that has no further need of its use. We cannot pull up the weeds without pulling up the wheat also, but we may root out the weeds, we may stop the supply of nutritive aliment from the weeds, and so cultivate the garden of love that the wheat shall germinate, and manifest its superior qualities and adaptations to our spiritual needs, so as not to leave any vital force expressing itself in bitter weeds or growing tares. It is possible in the future to so occupy our interior selfhood, the garden of the Lord, that there shall not be any attractions, or room for, anything that loathes immortality or wreath a lie. Such is the legitimate effort the good God must of necessity have purposed; no inferior purpose could constitute an infinite motive to create conscious souls. Though the manifestations of life upon the most external planes of thought and perception seem immoral, vicious and destructive, we recognize divine use in accordance with fixed laws, which must of necessity ultimate through means and ends, the perfect good of all.

Upon the plane of immortality, with its conflicting conditions of the affectional nature, there springs up spontaneous desires, expressive of the surface, soul or love element of the soul. Out of these desires, or within the love element, the motives of action are formed or, if you please, it is in those that the divine mind or spirit begets, and the human conceives the desires which form and constitute the motives of action; the motives must be formed out of the desires or qualities which are then and there present and active, not out of those which were there yesterday, or may be to-morrow, or might have been there if—but there is no if or chance in the matter. It is God, and his law then and there; the abundance of his power, expressive of his will, in that plane of thought, is his only way or means to develop a conscious soul, with a capacity that in the future shall reflect the wisdom and goodness of the cause of causation. It is worthy a divine motive; and that all his ways, that were past finding out, are absolutely infallible. We are asked is the human soul a thinking machine, or scale-beam, that must of necessity exhibit in its thoughts and acts just what it is and has within it; if so, is it accountable, and what use is there in its accountability? We answer, the human soul is a thinking machine, moved by a perpetual motion, the Divine will, and must of necessity exhibit to all souls, sufficiently unfolded, just what it is, has within, is doing, and would do, if it had the power. We know that the human soul is accountable, because we have felt the burden of a Divine account within us. It was not an unwillingness to pay the penalty, necessary to cancel the obligation; we would willingly have done this, had it been in our power; it was a conscious meanness, a sense of unworthiness, flowing from the consideration that we could have been actuated by such a superficial and unworthy motive when in the light we had we might have paused and weighed the object in the soul, and from a purer love produced a better expression from a more interior motive; but necessity compelled us, we did not consider, and were punished for our folly.

Accountability is a necessity, in the nature of things. God being omnipresent, and omnipotent. When his law is transgressed, (it is never broken) he is rendered active, and presents his divine account and charges home within our consciousness, until we pay the uttermost farthing, or accept his terms, which are repentance, or the coming to the conclusion never to be actuated by so low or external a motive; consequently we in the future pause in our career, and do not allow the impulsive or passionate desires to construct the motives of action, but wait and allow the deeper thought, the more interior desire to come up from the soul of the soul within, or produce that quiet, receptive condition which permits the divine mind, or spirit, to guide us in the way of truth, and construct motives which otherwise could not have been conceived.

Our friends think that this doctrine of necessity tends to immorality. I feel that they are in the condition of suckling lambs, that do not perceive the substances within the grass, hay, and stubble, or comprehend the laws by which the mother converts them into their natural food. Our friends tell us that the doctrine may not injure pure-minded souls, but that there is a large class below them who will be rendered simply inactive. It is decidedly vicious. We answer, be true to the highest perceptions of truth, and fear not, for that class of minds cannot accept the doctrine until they are prepared for it; at present they cannot perceive the truth involved or comprehended in its bearings, any more than the untaught children can perceive and comprehend the nest of matter that is projecting its unconscious being into existence. But our friends tell us that, judging from the fruits, those that could, and have, accepted the doctrine, have been injured by it. We answer, they may not be infallible judges; it is possible they have only seen the green, the bitter condition of the unripe fruit. There is a vast difference between the external perception of truth, the intellectual acceptance of a principle, and the practical application of its interior, or spiritual essence. In our affectional nature, the former blithely that which is doomed to die, the latter projects the eternal life-principle in new forms of life. The soul in which it is projected can no more fall from grace, or backslide, than the chicken that has picked its way out of the shell, can get back into the

incrustations which enclosed it. The necessity that impels us inward permits apparent reaction and repulsion, but this would or condition of things cannot pass away until every jot and tittle of that law that knows no name or repulsion has been fulfilled.

Mr. Wilson.—The whole question turns on this point, viz., what is evil and what is good? If the law of necessity compels me to kill my brother, it is necessary that there should be a penalty for murder. The arguments of Dr. Child fall to explain his justification. When a man gets drunk, it is supplanted by indulgence in his appetite, which indulgence he can and should control. Our brothers here have made assertions, but have not proved facts.

[The speaker criticized Miss Dutton's remarks, made last week, claiming that they were contradictory.] It is not necessary that one should commit wrong in order to be good. All laws that are necessary are not truths, and all laws that are not necessary are not truths.

Dr. P. B. HANCOCK read the following eloquent and suggestive poem from the Arabic, as illustrative of the great argument:

"Allah, Allah! what the sick man racked with pain the long night thought; Till with a cry his heart grew tender, till his lips like honey flew."

Do not dreaming come the Tempter, said: "Call louder child, Allah! Allah! ever hear, or answer, 'Here am I!' again. Like a snail, the cruel crawl through his brain and pulses woe."

To his heart an icy condenser, to his brain a darkness sent. Then, before him stands Allah; says, "My child, why thus damaged? Post repeat thy former error? Is thy soul of prayer afraid? 'Ah! he cried, 'I've called on others; never heard the 'Here am I!' And I thought, God will not pity; will not turn on me 'Here am I!'"

Then the grave Allah answered, "God said, Allah; go speak to him, the sorely tempted; till him from his gut of woe."

"Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry; 'That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is my answer 'Here am I!'"

"Every mortal aspiration to God's grace is unadvised; And in every, 'Oh, my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my child!'"

In the higher sense, most unquestionably whatever is, is right. But I believe in a double law of necessity; one makes me suffer if I thrust my hand into the fire, the other draws me through suffering one step nearer to the eternal God. No man can evade the iron laws of necessity, but every one can keep clear of the action of those laws which produce misery to a great extent, and place himself under the action of those which produce joy. God ordains that we shall experiment, and that the end thereof shall be our approach toward Him—toward purity, goodness, truth and beauty—this ineffable beauty of holiness. All law is necessity; none can evade it as a whole; yet by aspiration, will, and firm endeavor, we can come under the latter law, and evade the sufferings incident to a blind experimentalism. I have good reasons to believe in two laws of necessity; yet I hold that volition, to a great extent, determines under which we shall fall. The one is physical, the other moral; if you choose the former you suffer, if the latter, you triumph and enjoy. All suffering eventually leads to joy; for the higher law of necessity forever overreaches the lower.

Mr. DANFORTH.—There has not been much Scripture quoted here this evening. Paul says there must be lawlessness. It is claimed by some here that a great deal of it is a great deal better.

Question.—If one pill is good as medicine, would a thousand be better for the welfare of the patient?

Answer.—It would be better if a pill had never been made.

The most absurd doctrine that can be presented to the people, is the doctrine that whatever is, is right. How many among us, and throughout society, are complaining of existing evils? This doctrine looks so seriously objectionable that I must proclaim against it. For it looks to me decidedly wrong.

Question.—Do you believe in experimenting?

Answer.—Yes; I have been trying experiments for the last three years—trying to get out of evil.

Question.—What has your success been?

Answer.—I have been searching into my own heart, and I have found that the evil I saw in communicating with spirits emanated from myself. I have been testing and trying the spirits—now I want them to test and try me.

Mr. TRAYNER related an instance to show Dr. Child's power. He said that Dr. Child asked a man's pardon publicly. Now if everything is all right, why should he apologize for what he has done? I take the position here that man is amenable; that he is accountable for what he does. In the decalogue, every command is based upon the ground that man is not governed by necessity.

Question.—Was not the decalogue written by a man? Did not he believe in the doctrine of necessity?

Answer.—I don't care whether it was or not, or whether he did or not.

Mr. LEONARD.—I think this the most important question that has ever been brought up here. What I have learned, I have learned from my experience and observation. One man is tempter, and he commits a crime, and he suffers, and this suffering is a blessing to him. If it were not for this suffering, which comes of God through nature, we should be very miserable creatures, for we should stand still. By suffering we progress. I never knew a man to exist without a cause. The drunkard is made so by a cause. What is the cause? It is in nature. A man becomes a drunkard from natural influences that he cannot control. We are not machines, but circumstances over which we have no control influence us. When the green apple falls to the ground prematurely, it is as much governed by the laws of God in nature, as is the ripe apple that falls later. I hope and believe the day is not distant when we shall have no war, when wisdom shall take the place of ignorance. Then peace will be a law of necessity.

Mr. BAKER.—Look into the hearts of believers in the doctrine of necessity before they believe in this doctrine, and then look into their hearts after, and see if they change. The latter are more intelligent, more religious, more trustworthy, more moral. I say that by the recognition of this law of necessity, the world will be reformed. We find that believers in this doctrine have larger souls, greater charity, greater purity, greater courage, and are far more useful and sterling men in society than are those who do not accept this doctrine. Humanity to-day is waking up to see its own progression and expansion, that is being recognized in new truths that meet opposition.

Dr. WELLINGTON.—It is our inner consciousness that governs us, and God speaks to no man in any other way. The soul that Dr. C. projects into my soul is beautiful to me, I object to Dr. C.'s language as repulsive to me, but when I meet him face to face I accept and love the idea which his language brings to me. It is the spark that fires the soul, not the language of Dr. C. that I love.

Dr. CHILD.—When we weigh the merits of others, we put our hand in one scale, for the weight, and our hand under our judgment is always too heavy for the merits of another. When we weigh the faults of others, our hand is also the weight; then our hand weighs light, and others' faults weigh heavy.

It is never ourselves whose morals are made bad by our own convictions; but it is others whose morals are made bad, in our judgment, by their convictions. It would be impossible for us to see immorality if our senses vision was restrained to ourselves alone; it does not exist save in others.

Mr. WILSON, Mr. Egan, Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. Coburn, Mr. Thayer, and many others, see distinctly with sensory vision the ponderous evils and immorality that come from the convictions of Dr. Child, while it is contrary to human nature for them to see any evil or immorality that can possibly come of their own convictions.

Immorality that comes of evil convictions alone, is seen with the green eyes of this world, is never seen except it be seen as coming from the soul convictions of others—not of ourselves. The evil that we see flowing from others is a fiction possessed by darkness as unreal as nothing is.

Does my soul's persuasion do injury to that part of my being which I love? Not my soul makes the persuasion; it is the soul product of the substance of my experience. Do the soul persuasions of Mr. Wilson, Egan, Wetherbee, Coburn, Thayer, and others, do injury to their souls and to souls of humanity? No; the effects of their souls do not injure their own, nor the souls of others; for no soul can be injured. If it can, it is a poor thing for the conflict and the knocks of eternal existence. Theory! what is it to the soul? What is the dust that floats in the air to the state of rocks that cover the earth's surface? What is the wind that blows to the ponderous weight of this planet? What is theory in the soul's immortality? It is what the crying of a baby is to the manhood of human existence; it is but the infant twaddle of real existence.

Banner of Light.

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TRUST AND SUSPICION.

It is our own opinion, judging simply from the acquaintance we have with human nature, and the knowledge of the motives that govern it, that more persons are made evil by suspecting than by clothing them with a mantle of generous confidence and trust. The certain way to make a man, or a boy, or a girl, is to suspect, watch, tempt and waylay him; if he gets a tinking of your thought, it would be a wonder indeed if he does not exactly accommodate himself to them in his associations and surroundings so rapidly; the very atmosphere is filled with subtle influences, each one of which takes hold upon us in its turn. It is impossible to make good out of evil ones by treating them ill, and it is a very sure process of making them evil, even if they are already good, by treating them with a mean and malicious suspicion.

A writer has recently made the remark that "trust and confidence, as the part of a community, are as much the parents of honesty as principle." Why not? Nobody sets down an adamant principle before his contemplation, and resolutely works up to that, unblinded by a single circumstance, consideration of pleasure, or comfort, or of personal satisfaction. That is against nature. But the play of circumstances, which we do not furnish, but God does—operates with over-changing influences upon a man's character. There must always be left plenty of room for motive. It is not the naked and abstract view of the principle that puts man on a new track, so often as it is the various considerations that rise out of true pleasure, out of secret comfort, and out of agreeable associations. These people like to be thought well of; try them with suspicious phrases, and slanderous reports, and see whether this is true or not. This very pride of character it is, common to all men, that is often noted upon for good results than any elevation in principle in the abstract. Men do not live after the rules and laws of any philosophy, though many of them delight in the exercise of philosophic terms of mind, and profess this and that set of creeds and dogmas; they are practical, not ideal; they are concrete, not wholly elementary and thin. Nobody is free, either from these name motives that may, for want of a better name, be termed mixed. The lower elements enter into our organization as well as the upper; and as we all begin on the low plane, and learn gradually to rise higher and higher up, it must be both natural and true that the influx from above comes down but gradually, and that all motives are more or less mixed in proportion as we draw influences from above or below. And that we cannot draw them purely and altogether from above, while we live in the present narrow condition, must be apparent enough to any one.

Now if we would but have the patience and temper to suppose a case illustrative of this thought, it would come home with tenfold force to the mind of every one. Suppose, for example, that you, sir, who employ help about your business—whether commercial, mechanical, or agricultural—take it into your head, no matter whether for sufficient reason or not, that a certain person in your employ ought to be very narrowly watched, and that you will narrowly watch him. Suppose that he is honest, as the world goes, but particularly inclined either to honesty or deceit, only waiting to receive some impression from a quarter precisely like this of yours, and certain to take such a direction for his conduct as your impression may give. No flimsy, to his utter astonishment, that he is held under your suspicion, nor does he stop to learn the ground of it, even if he cares; it is quite enough for him that you hold him under your watch, that he is an object of your distrust, that all confidence between yourself and him, however slight it was, before, has departed. Instantly all his regard for you, even were it very much, has turned into fixed aversion. What self respect he may previously have entertained, has suddenly been metamorphosed into a feeling so contrary that he is scarcely able to recognize himself by the contrast. He changes in his entire look into one of toward you. Whereas he paid at least an outward regard to you once, he refuses even that little boon now. He is your enemy, both secret and open; and it is yourself that has made him so. And from this time his thoughts are turned into exactly that channel where you have directed them; you placed him under the unwelcome weight of your suspicions, and he propped himself up in all his relations to you.

Such a case is after the most natural process known. It is not of necessity always result just in this way. It is no more than a true exemplification of the adage—'Like master, like man.' Thus, too, the rule works in all 'through communities, human nature being of essentially different make-up in the individual and in the mass. Where one happens to find a community, large or small, in which the honesty and honor of individual members of the same are freely canvassed, and even openly brought into question—as often as otherwise from the mere habit of doing so, and not from any malicious design at the beginning—he is very sure to find a community in which the rule is dishonesty and fraud, and the exception honesty and honor. Because the former is most talked about, it is uppermost in the thoughts of people; and what people are most in the habit of thinking about, they are most likely to crystallize in the form of deeds.

The betrayal of distrust only breeds distrust in turn. It cannot well be otherwise. Even a confirmed villain possesses some good points, if he is made to believe that he possesses them. You can no more elevate another by condemning him with your distrust and suspicions, than you can gather 'grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.' That is not obediently to the laws of nature. It takes more or less sunshine to warm anything into life; and if a human soul, deprived since the fall of Adam, as the theologians tell us, is not as susceptible as a plant, a flower, or a vegetable, and is not worth fully as much warming influence, too, then the scale has been counted downward instead of upward, and the philosophers and metaphysicians have begun at the wrong end.

Besides, how few stop to consider that when they fall into this habit of universal suspicion, they deprive themselves to just that degree of a vast deal of wealth that ought to be poured freely into the lap of their existence. They throw away of their own riches in a lamentable way, all the while being quite unconscious of doing it. They suffer, in point of fact, more than they imagine. The practice tells really upon themselves, as well as upon those whose characters are tossed and tumbled in the angry furnace of their envy and malice.

For nothing goes straighter to the mark than these narrow judgments. And when they come back home again to the heart, they have taken the form of punishments and torments. We all reap as we sow, and not differently. If we pass our time, and waste our spiritual force in falling at others, industriously pointing out where they come short, and insisting that there is much more of evil in them than good—if we are given to slandering, to backbiting, to distrust, to suspicion as a regular practice and habit, and prefer that to a habit of looking at the good side of persons and things—the very occupation soon comes to make itself felt as a powerful and ill-directed influence on the character, which in time paralyzes the evils to which the individual is-tended that so many others were obnoxious. They who give their lives to evil thinking, of course find themselves more generally in the society of evil thoughts; and what particular virtue was ever nurtured in such soil, or what special progress was ever made heavenward by such company and its influences. It would pass the tongue of man to tell. Grapes never come of thorns, nor figs of thistles.

We know not what possibilities are before us, of a social nature, by the aid of an experiment with mutual trust and confidence. Suppose that were the rule, and that distrust merely accidental and extraordinary; does not the picture of the fruitage present itself in colors of the strongest attractions to every soul? And when we see what good may be done both to others and to ourselves by a contrary practice to that which we pursue, are we not in wonder to find what loss we suffer from our blindness and ignorance alone. The whole proceeds from a wrong education, or from a want of it altogether—nothing more. We suffer mainly because we do not know. If we were all taught at the beginning that perfect confidence in one another tended to beget and strengthen confidence, and that only the happiest results flowed from this trust one in the other, it would be the longest step toward the time when all men are to live in perfect brotherhood, and the millennium might of a truth be said to have dawned. Let us think as well as we can of others, and we shall already find more reason to think well of ourselves.

Temper Houses.

The time has happily arrived, when, obediently to the terms of the will of the late Abbott Lawrence, fifty thousand dollars will be put to the service of establishing a first-class series of tenement houses in Boston, where complete suites of apartments, distinct and thoroughly appointed, may be secured by families of limited incomes, and where all parties may live without any fear of disturbing each other's comfort or peace. It was Mr. Lawrence's desire that this scheme—a favorite one of his—should be fairly tested; he understood pretty well the physical and moral disadvantages which the laboring classes suffer in our commercial cities and larger mechanical towns, where room is the dearest of all dearly purchased privileges, and it was his generous intention to have the question settled, once for all, of the practicability of accommodating such a class as their needs required. Should the result prove the scheme a feasible one, there is little doubt that shrewd capitalists would take hold of it. The necessity of cheaper and better accommodations, in a city like Boston, for example, of a very large class of the community—namely, the tenants—is becoming too important to go unrecognized and unprovided for much longer.

The Face of the Country.

After all the miasms we have had of late, so long needed, too, by suffering vegetation, the country looks as green and luxuriant as fine skies and plenty of water out of the same could make it. We have not seen the like in many years, when all things considered, it was such a treat to take a stroll out into the fields and woods, and study the shapes and mazes of the foliage. Then the grass is sunning its ten million sprigs up over valley and hillside, holding out generous promises to the mower who will go forth to the work of harvesting, in a month from now. We see no reason, from present appearances, why all sorts of crops will not do for man the most he can rationally expect of them. Corn makes a good show, the tender green blades having acquired a stand that flaunts defiance in the face of the crow. Early potatoes promise excellently from their rows. Garden vegetables are coming forward as rapidly and plentifully as they can, without forcing. The farmer has every reason to express his gratitude for the laughing harvest of all good things which he is likely to gather into his granary. After all, he has as many solid enjoyments as any one, and ought to make much of them.

Gentle.

This wonderful man, it appears, is at work as tirelessly as ever. He has hunched, with two thousand of the picked men of Northern Italy, on the shores of Sicily, and made a triumphant march straight into Palermo. The young King of the Two Sicilies has offered to abdicate already in favor of a relation who would be less obnoxious to the populace, and extended pardon to all insurgents who would at once return to their former allegiance. This shows that the old Bonaparte dynasty has completely fallen down. Garibaldi has not the open favor of Victor Emanuel, of course, although he is a subject of his; but the latter must come at the proper proceeding, or it could not have been carried to the extent it has. At latest accounts, our hero of the last Italian war had completely aroused the patriotic ardor of the Sicilians, who were ready to rise and assert their brotherhood with the rest of the people who were working their way out to freedom, in the North. The present new condition of affairs would indicate that a different policy must soon be pursued toward Italy by the other European nations, and that the classic peninsula is soon to be free.

Tornadoes.

All about the country we hear of terrible tornadoes. Since the remarkable breeze of the 10th of February last, the wind has been holding constant force, doing more damage than the fast young men whose dissipated doling it appears to imitate. The storm that crossed the Ohio River and burst with such fury on Cincinnati, has since repeated itself with even more terrible force in Illinois, and human lives have fallen a sacrifice by the hundreds. We do not know that the papers have ever before been called upon to record such lamentable occurrences, in consequence of high winds. These mad pranks of Boreas and Natus do not commonly make a track along the seaboard, on account of peculiar atmospheric influences; yet they do occasionally visit us, carrying terror and devastation wherever they go. In Illinois, the cases of destruction and suffering reported are sickening for the human heart to consider. Man seems a very little thing in the hands of the elements; and yet his spirit can fly higher than them all, leading them down and deifying them to follow him whither he goes. We may crouch to the power of storms, but we are superior to them all in spirit.

Religious.

There will be a Spiritualists' Conference at the Melrose on Sunday next, at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M. Subject—'Does a belief in the facts and teachings of Spiritualism tend to Morality?' In the afternoon a Conference will be held in the same place, at 2 1/2 o'clock, for the consideration of philosophy and scientific subjects. Admittance to each only five cents, to pay rent, etc.

Whichever Is Right.

This book, by Dr. A. B. Child, is now in press, and will be ready in a few days. Send your orders early. See advertisement on fifth page.

Review by Prof. Spence.

Prof. Spence thinks he has been misunderstood by Spiritualists, and has sent us a dis-avowal for publication. We print the eighth page, as we are friends of free thought, and a free expression of it on all subjects. We have been found somewhat with for having allowed the dis-avowal to go on, but we hope Spiritualists will not run so deeply into conservatism or reactionism that they cannot bear to have any truth opposed, no matter how dear it is to them. This agitation will only bring out in clearer light the glorious truth of the immortality of all, from the time of the first manifestation of intelligence, if not from the very period of the implanting of the germ of physical life. The subject is one which demands a vigorous and philosophical treatment, and Prof. S. B. Britton is preparing an essay in answer to the advocates of the doctrine of non-immortality, which, from the well known ability of the writer, will command attention, and elucidate our position in the matter. Prof. Britton once before treated upon the subject, in answer to friend Seaver, of the Investigator; but Prof. Spence, and those among Spiritualists who uphold the theory he has espoused, have rendered it necessary that a more elaborate essay should be prepared on this subject.

The "Ancient and Honorable."

This venerable military organization of Boston celebrated its two hundred and twenty-second anniversary on the 4th inst., and elicited the admiration of the citizens generally. They turned out more than three hundred strong. Gen. Andrews, the Commander, gave the following account of their origin and growth in the course of his speech at the dinner table:— "Two hundred and twenty-two years had passed since a few men, impelled by the exigencies of the times—the necessity of some organization for the defence of the then infant colony, consisting then of only fifteen towns—associated themselves together as a military company of Massachusetts. The charter, in some respects, was very remarkable. It was granted to the members of the company should have liberty to choose their captain, lieutenant, and other officers; the captain and lieutenant to be always such as the Court and Council should approve; and no officers should be put upon them, except of their own choice. (Amplified applause.) In other words, they then and there, at that early period of the colonial existence, initiated the principle, to which in later years they pledged their lives, their homes and their sacred honor to secure. That the people have of right a voice in the choice of their rulers, and that the majority should govern. (Applause.) For a long time afterward it was known as the military company of the Colony. In many officers, not only of this but of other States, were distinguished, and to its influence may justly be attributed much of the efficiency which characterized the men of Massachusetts throughout the Indian and Colonial wars. (Applause.) To no one period—with its history, in view of the necessity of some organization for the defence of the country as an independent nation, embracing as it did so many members of the best part of society, the bravest, so much of the moral worth, the intelligence and talent, and public spirit of the colony—would it do so much to honor its name, as that it maintained and the Fathers in carrying forward the revolution to a successful consummation."

The Cattle Disease.

The N. Y. Spirit of the Times treats with great contempt the proceedings of the Legislature and arena of Massachusetts concerning the cattle disease. It says:— "What is pleuro-pneumonia? It is bad enough, but it need not frighten a whole country from their property; it is not a disease, which can be handled as well as many other diseases; it is neither contagious nor infectious, and is brought on generally by cold, produced by low, ill-ventilated, heated stables, with sudden exposure to cold, bright, easterly winds, getting wet on their backs, and standing out behind hedges, and then again placed in those abominable, low, close, confined, heated and ill-ventilated dens, unfitted to sustain animal life. Instead of killing them, turn them out, and let them live; or die; they will pick a little grass, and most of them will recover."

Good Born of Evil.

A week or two since, we received a harsh note from an anonymous writer, which we noticed at the time in the BANNER. Since then the following, from the same source, but with the name attached, has come to us. How true is it that which the soul is casting off sparks of hatred and enmity the fastest; it is nearer than ever to the Kingdom of Heaven. We bless God for the former, no less than the latter note:— "Dear Sir, I wrote you a letter, some time since, under signature—'One who believes in God and Truth.' It has caused you a great deal of pain and annoyance, and I would at this moment give a \$50 bill if I could recall the words therein written. I have since become a partial convert to Spiritualism, and am more and more interested in the subject every day. Hoping you will accept my apology, I thought I would write you, and for my momentary purpose in writing a letter, and hoping that the cause you advocate will prosper. I am, &c., yours, H. R. T. Hazbury, Mass."

Progress of Spiritualism.

We make the following extracts from a private note received from a friend in Illinois:— "What a common sense doctrine is kicking up in the minds of those who have received and rejoiced in the modern demonstrations of immortality! Spiritualists feel almost if not quite indignant, and cheerfully jubilant. Poor fools, they would rejoice over the certainty of annihilation rather than accept the proofs which Spiritualism adduces. Yet still the cause is onward, continually. A movement is being made in the State for concerted action among Spiritualists—something of this kind: Division of county into districts, having a central committee; and funds raised by free contributions, for paying the speakers; each district to be equipped with intervals with trance or normal speakers. But there is no inclination among the people for anything approaching to church organizations. Today the people go to church to get saved; but they get, as the Jew would say, saved instantly. To improve the churches will come to their legitimate use."

Miss Ann L. Hoyt Going West.

Without any hesitation we pronounce Miss Hoyt a medium of extraordinary powers. Whoever shall themselves of her services will be almost certain to obtain the evidence that spirits do communicate with mortals. To this end we introduce her to our Western friends with much pleasure, and with a certain confidence in her success. Troy is her first stopping place, where she will be on the first of July. She will remain in the vicinity of Troy a week or two, and then move for Chicago, where she will spend several weeks, and will return to Boston in September. She can be addressed at this office, and all letters will be forwarded to her from here.

The Plink.

Our readers will remember that the Spiritualist Plink—the first of the season—will be held at Island Grove, Abington, Mass., on Tuesday, the 19th inst.

LITERATURE.

READER'S DIME NOVELS. We have received No. 1 of this series. It contains of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's tale of "Malakoa, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter;" 128 pages, of beautifully printed matter, bound in a tasty and durable form. The publishers—Messrs. Irwin P. Hoad & Co., 141 William Street, New York—have started a great enterprise, in affording cheap and standard literature to the American public, and we wish them all success. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington Street, Boston, are the New England agents.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. The June number of this excellent work has been received. The contents are—Punch's Cartoon of the Spirit World; A Few Words about Shelley; A Vision, by D. D. Home; Spiritual Manifestations in the Wesley Family; Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, (a notice of this work); Two Evenings with Mr. Home; Ghosts; Dr. Forbes Winslow on Spiritualism; Leaves from a Spirit Diary; The Orphan Child's Web; Correspondence.

Published by F. Pittman, No. 20 Paternoster Row, (E. C.) London.

THEODORE PARKER.

The poet tells us of three sorts of great men, "those who are born great, those who achieve greatness, and those who have greatness thrust upon them." There has recently passed from our midst one who in no sense belongs to the latter class. Presumably does he belong to the first and second.

Theodore Parker was born great, and he achieved greatness. Great by birth and great by force of his own invincible effort. From the days of Martin Luther to the present time, no single man of his stamp has been more emphatically the "servant of all observers." No man has lived a truer or surer life—no man has occupied itself on higher themes—no man has worked harder or thought more, or expressed more—and few men, he they living or dead, have left behind them broader results. Vast in his attainments as a scholar, no one drank deeper at the fountain of knowledge—no memory could rival his in mass and variety of fact garnered up from the realms of science and literature; no mind could better apply facts in illustration of principles. Penetrative, he looked through shams and show to the substance. Discriminating, he kept intellect detached at a glance the quality of its subject, and, while he so clearly distinguished the right from the wrong, the false from the true, no man could hold up to scorn in better set terms the grotesqueness of the one, or paint in more attractive colors the beauty of the other.

Every age has its art and its religion. In varying degrees of perfection; the human mind has its progressive and retrogressive tendencies; the ideas and institutions of one period are unmet by another; and the progress of the race is marked by periods of growth and decay. As often as the false shall overlay and supplant the truth, new truths, or truths unseen, must come to dispel the false, that the work of human development may go on. Emergencies arise, when bold, energetic men are needed. Men of great intellect and great love of justice make their appearance, and the work of reform begins.

An inheritance of Puritanism, New England was in possession of a theology in most respects unsuited to the wants of the age. Many false ideas of God, and his mode of existence, his dealings with man, theories of man's moral nature and destiny, had settled themselves firmly into the New England mind, and become current. Such was the settled conviction, that few were found to question the statements and dogmas of this theology. In the mean time science had penetrated the realms of nature, and brought to light facts which plainly conflicted with the prevailing views. Nature and revelation were apparently in conflict, and it seemed to the thoughtful that one or the other must succumb. A new school of scripture interpreters arose, aided by the light of science, to give a more rational interpretation. The old school uniformly rejected this light, and clung tenaciously to the old order of things. One was for the spirit, the other for the letter. These schools were in conflict. Gifted men took sides, and for the first time in New England we saw the theological progressive and conservative elements fully at strife; religious freedom as opposed







