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BY
HUDSON TUTTLE.
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BERRY, COLBY & CO.,
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BY
CORA L. V. HATCH.
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COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA L. V. HATCH.
CHAPTER IV.
THE WATCHES BY THE TOMB.

"I will die—surely I shall die—
How I have loved thee—couldst thou dream it all?
Am I not here, with night and death alone,
And feeling not? and with my spirit's call
Of thine to stay?"—Mrs. HANNAH.

In the Jewish cemetery of the town of B., with
darkness and silence around him, stands Percival
Wayne beside his father's grave. His arms are resting
on the pure white marble, his lips moving in
prayer; his heart pouring forth its passion of
sorrow and entreaty; for he had not forgotten her
who slept beneath it; he had not forgot consolation or
oblivion in travel; he wept for Lea still; and as the
conviction grew upon him that his child still lived,
that she had been wrested from him by guile and
treachery, his restlessness knew no bounds. He
dreamed of that child, so like his Lea; he saw her
little hands upraised toward him in entreaty; he
saw the glorified form of his beloved, as guardian
angel of the wandering child; he beheld, dark and
threatening, the form of Manasseh; undefined and
evil shapes hovering near him; he beheld his infant
clashed to the living bosom of a tender woman, from
where protecting arms the stern Manasseh tore her.
Then, in those changing visions, he saw his daughter,
a blooming, lovely maiden, endowed with grace and
genius, with the power of swaying hearts. She held
in her hand the sacred books of the Moslem law; with
her dark, lustrous eyes fixed on her father's face,
she kissed the volumes, and, pointing to her foot,
with an air of ineffable pride and scorn, she trampled
on the cross beneath them.

Again he saw her, in bridal robes of almost regal
splendor, a Jewish bride; then she was watching
beside a dying bed, and sorrow was impressed upon
her lovely face. He saw the ocean, towering in ma-
jestic fury, swaying to and fro the bark that held
his father's treasure. In strange, distant
lands that child form hovered; over desert sands
she fled, on mountain heights she stood; and, over
near her hovering, shadowy and indistinct, the
father's soul beheld the battling influences, angel
and demon, striving for the victory.

"Often these broken, confused, interrupted dreams
left him with a heavy heart; sometimes he was
struck in delightful hopes; for he dreamed of Lea,
a radiant angel, leading her pure child by the hand to
where the mourning husband, the longing father,
stood. The dark forms had vanished, and a bright
group of ministering spirits attended the victorious
maiden, who fell upon his bosom with a cry of joy!
Then Percival Wayne beheld the emblematic cross
upon his daughter's breast, and the azure flag she
held bore, in white letters the one word, "DAWN!"
That word alone was visible—the thickly-gathered
clouds concealed the rest.

With night and darkness around him, he cried un-
to the ear of Heaven, consigned his child, if true
he was alive, to the Saviour's watchful care. And
then, with hushed knees and streaming eyes, he de-
manded of God a boon, such love as his alone could
crave—a boon that was not sanctioned by church or
 creed, but one that mighty love desired, that intuition
claimed as its holy right.

"Spirit of my loved departed one, my pure, good,
innocent Lea, come to my yearning soul! In sick-
ness and in sorrow thou hast visited me—I know it,
though can deem me mad when I say so! Lea, by
all the past of love and happiness, by our labors, per-
haps still living on this earth, by the heaven thou
surely dwellest in, I conjure thee, come to me!
Speak, smile again! Have I visited this place in
vain? Art thou no nearer to me? Father of love
and goodness, angels that minister to human sorrow,
oh, permit her coming, bring her to me once more!"

He wept for bitterness and disappointment, wept
until his eyes were dimmed and heavy, and then his
troubled soul grew calm, and the spirit of peace
whispered into him, and faith lit upon his heavenly
lamp. Slowly closed those weary eyes, the folded
hands dropped by his side, the heavy head sank
down upon the tombstone, and the night air played
amid his waving hair.

And there, unconscious of the outer world, plunged
into deep sleep, or trance, he remained immovable,
until the golden and crimson east announced the
dawn of day. The spirit of his beloved one was
with him. The visions of that night must have
been gloriously beautiful; for when he left the
graveyard his face was radiant, his deep blue eyes
were lustrous with an inward and unspeakable joy,
his gait was triumphant.

He lingered yet awhile to look upon the sculptured
butterfly that, an emblem of immortality, decorated
his father's grave. He paused to call a few remaining
autumn flowers, to breathe a renewed prayer of for-
giveness over the proud mother's resting-place, to
read the inscription on the monumental mockery
that marked his infant's grave. He dared not look
beneath the soil for the evidence of what he feared;
the Jewish community would not allow the distur-
bance; he was compelled to live in doubt and con-
flict.

As he was passing from the cemetery, a lady
entered, followed at some distance by a male atten-
dant. Her veil was thrown back; her golden ring-
lets shaded a face as fair as ever met the morning's
greeting; and Percival Wayne, as he looked upon
that serene face, started back with a cry of sur-
prise: she was the living image of his departed sister,
the Cosella for whom his infant had been named!
There are some rare impersonations of that most
perfect style of beauty, that is all spiritual; crea-

tures of a mould and form celestial; the type of
perfect purity, of beautifully-adapted faculties; of
affections attuned to the loftiest inspirations of truth
and womanhood. Such an one was Solita Mender,
a tropical flower, blending strongly yet harmoniously
in her nature the exuberant, wildly-imaginative gifts
of the South, with all the refined depth of thought
and sentiment, the intellectual grandeur of the hard
for North. Sometimes the poet's descriptive pen,
the artist's pencil, may fully portray the human
loveliness that embodies a rare ideal. But in pres-
ence of those choice virginal types, the embodied
Psyches, an ancient myth foreshadowed doubly, pen
and pencil fall alike; for the music, light and beauty
of the perfect face can never be transferred, save to
the soul, a promise and a talismanic memory!

Eyes deep and dark and tender, with an oriental
softness in their lustrous depths, contrasted admir-
ably with the exquisite fairness of her complexion,
the cheeks lightly breathed upon by a rosy tinge,
the pensile, coral-bud lips, the shower of golden
ringlets, that veiled resplendently the wide, almost
massive brow. Her neck was arched with queenly
grace; her movements were aerial responses to the
melodies within her soul; her figure light and sym-
metrical; her dainty hand and diminutive foot com-
pleted the sylph-like charm. Not a feminine grace
was wanting; her voice was low and musical, her
pure heart the resting place of angels. She was so
like his lost sister, with her strangely-contrasting
eyes and hair; but oh, as she came nearer, a thou-
sand times more beautiful!

She lifted her calm, soul-reading eyes, and the
rosy tinge upon her cheek deepened, as an expres-
sion of tender sympathy over her speaking
countenance, for she felt that she was in the presence
of a mourner. She bent her head in salutation, and
looked upon his face again, for upon it rested a
strange joy and triumph, blending with a long-
cherished grief. He bowed low before her, and the
maiden passed on her way.

He met her that day in the saloon of the hotel.
She sat between an elderly lady and gentleman—her
aunt and uncle. The lady was, like herself, a native
of the tropics; her husband, a stout, bluff, merry
Englishman. They were making the tour of Europe,
with their orphan niece, and would soon return to
New Granada, Solita's native land—to her posses-
sions and plantations near the town of Santa Maria.

Percival Wayne lingered a month in B., visit-
ing daily and nightly the Jewish cemetery. The
curious sympathy of the kind-hearted, matter-of-
fact Mr. Rodgers, the quiet attentiveness of the severe,
the heart-given sympathy of the lovely Solita, exerted
a most beneficial influence over the mind and feel-
ings of the constant mourner. Laying aside the
usual reserve of ladies of her climate and station, Solita
sometimes met him in the graveyard at early dawn.
Soon his natural reserve gave way, and he told her
the story of his bereavement, of his wrongs and suf-
ferings.

Solita wept for him, and prayed with him beside
his father's grave. Strange mingling of pure, congenial
spirits! On the consecrated Jewish ground, the
Catholic maiden and the Protestant prayed to the
common Father, the loving God of all! They com-
muned together of all pure and holy things; they
spoke reverentially of God and the future, of love
eternal, and abiding truth.

Percival deemed himself again by his loved sister's
side. He called her Cosella, and she accepted the
name. Not a thought of love, or forgetfulness to the
dead, entered his soul. Alas! the fervor and wor-
ship of a first and lasting love was showered upon
him, and he knew it, felt it not!

She passed through all the phases of hope, and
doubt, and chilling fear, in that short month. She
dreamed of Paradise, and felt the tortures of that fa-
bled purgatory her pure foot might never pass.

She saw him wedded to a memory—nay, more, to a spirit,
real and tangible; and he stood before her a moral
hero, worthy of a true woman's boundless worship,
exalted to an angel's place. Other women, deeming
him free from earthly ties, would have exerted their
powers of fascination. Solita was too pure, too hon-
orable. Renunciation became with her a sacred
duty—and duty was the watchword of her angel life.

They stood together by her father's grave, and the
roses within her bosom had tinged the maiden's
cheeks with crimson, had added lustre to her steady
gaze. On the morrow, Percival Wayne was to de-
part. Struggling nobly to overcome the anguish of
parting, she said, with low but unflinching voice:
"Brother Percival, you leave us to-morrow. I
shall soon return to my native country. I have a
request to make. Will you give me your miniature?
Or is it too much for your adopted sister to de-
mand?"

"My sister Cosella may demand of me all I have
the power to give. I feel honored by her request."
"I should offer you mine—but I respect your
sorrowful soul. I shall not the less retain a place in
your memory."

"A sister's portrait is an exception. Give it me,
Cosella. I will guard it with Lea's. I have no pic-
ture of my own sister."

A flush of joy, radiant and fleeting, passed over
that lovely face; and the exchange was agreed upon.
Solita said:
"If ever you wanderings lead you to a tropical
land, you will visit Santa Maria, will you not?
It is what you, accustomed to the grandeur of cities,
would call a beautiful village; but it is so very beau-
tiful; such a luxuriant garden, it makes me dream
of the Paradise of our first parents. Percival Wayne
think not strange of what I am about to say. I feel
that your child is living. I know not why, but the
conviction forces itself upon me, that I shall meet
with her. It is indeed improbable; but with God
there is nothing impossible. I feel it deeply here."
She placed her hand upon her heart, and upraised
her priming eyes to heaven. "I shall meet your
daughter, far, far from here."

For a moment a strange sense of calm, a feeling
of security stole over the father's heart. With a
beaming smile, he replied:
"My sister Cosella was my angel. Ever since my
dear mother died, until she was called away, Cosella

was my guide, my teacher, my comforter! Kind
Providence, in its overruling love and wisdom, may
have sent you, dear lady, to take her place. You
may prove my child's guardian angel. God grant it
may be so!"

"Percival, I am a Catholic; I believe in the efficacy
of prayer, in the intercession of the holy saints.
I will pray to the spotless Mother—who will guard
your child with her troops of angels! Not a day
shall pass, but I will pray to her—to our Lady of
Solitude for whom I am named. She is the mother
of the orphan, the holy protectress of the wronged
and oppressed; never has a prayer been offered up
in vain to her—the angel queen of Heaven."

Solita's hands were clasped with an enthusiasm
born of holy, fervid faith; she looked the embodi-
ment of that virgin mother who gloried in her
gazing upon her, felt a thrill of almost holy awe;
a certainty, that in some way, she, the stranger,
from a far distant clime, was connected with his des-
tiny, his all of happiness on earth.

"She who slumbers here," continued Solita, placing
her hand upon the cold white marble; "was an en-
emy to our holy faith, so I am taught to believe; she
belonged to the race that placed the crown of thorns
upon the Saviour's sacred brow; they pierced his
mother's heart with the seven deadly swords! I am
young. I cannot reason much upon religion, but I
feel that God is good, the blessed mother forgiving.
You have told me so much of Lea's love and gentle-
ness, her sweet lips acknowledged the Redeemer; she
must be, she is an angel! And the child of such a
mother must be pure and good; the saints will shield
her even in the grasp of the infidel. Be patient,
and hopeful, Percival; there is joy in store for you.
Now please leave me here alone a little while; I
much desire it. I will soon come home; see, Manuel
is waiting for me, yonder."

He obeyed her commands, and reluctantly left her
there alone. She sat still and musingly, until the
gate had closed upon him; then feeling secure from
interruption, she threw herself upon her knees and
clasped the monument with her white arms, and her
heart's noblest sorrow found relief in words:
"Would that I could recall thee to life, thou idol
of my constant soul! I would behold thee, thou
peerless one, without one pang of envious longing.
I would feast my eyes upon thy beauty with a deep
humility. Perhaps thou art sitting at the Virgin's
feet; oh, if so, intercede for me, for him! It was
my destiny to love him, my duty is to conceal that love
from all human knowledge. The angels will not
blame me, for he is so good, so noble; and thou,
sovereign mistress of his heart! thou wilt forgive.
I have thought and dreamed—perhaps they were
vague, impious dreams—of a love beyond the grave;
of a marriage tie, all angelic like, that was to bind my
soul in heaven. Oh, if there be recognition there,
thou, Lea, art his own throughout eternity! As
mortal and as spirit, thine forever! And my lot
through life will be desolate; where is there another
like him? I shall be alone, perhaps eternally alone."
And the sweet maiden wept; her tears rained on the
sculptured marble; for a time the earthly agony
claimed its tribute; the unrequited love, pierced
deeply that child like and devoted soul.

"Shall I murmur and repine because of earthly suf-
fering, when thou, sinless and afflicted mother, didst
behold the divine one pierced and slain," she said,
raising her streaming eyes to Heaven, and leading
her innocent breast in penitence.

"Mother of Sorrows! Virgin of Solitude! meekly
will I uplift the cross that is so far lighter than
mine. To thee I consecrate my life! Thou, Queen
of Miracles will lend thy sovereign aid to restore his
child; let it be through me, thy humblest messen-
ger, oh, Lady of Good and Evil!"

The pure enthusiast prayed long and fervently;
then with a serene countenance and steady steps,
she rejoined Manuel, and returned home. She parted
from Percival Wayne as from a fondly loved brother;
for rising blush or quivering lip betrayed a deep
or feeling. He kissed her brow, and she returned
the pure embrace, calmly as a sister would. She
watched her retreating form from the window; she
waved her hand in adieu, as the carriage drove off;
and when the last rattle of the wheels had
ceased, she left the room, and hastened to her cham-
ber to pray for him and for herself.

Mr. Rodgers saw that Solita looked paler than
usual for many days; the kind Senora Luisa, that
her niece was more attentive than usual to her devo-
tions. But neither of them read the secret so strik-
ingly guarded by maiden shame, and high-minded de-
cency. Solita often wept and struggled with the wild
longing that possessed her, to seek for him who loved
throughout the world; long pages were filled with
the free outpourings of her love and sorrow—pages
never destined to meet his eyes. But nobly, success-
fully, she overcame the promptings of weakness;
her spirit soared into a purer atmosphere; time
brought calm, reflection, submission, to the inevitable
decree. Many years passed on, ere again they stood
face to face; and in that time the heart of the ma-
den had grown triumphant in its strength.

On her altar-table, close by the image of the vir-
gin mother and the guardian angel, lay the portrait
of Percival Wayne, a cherished and a sacred relic of
the past.

Again the father seeks throughout the towns and
hamlets of Europe for tidings of his child, and over-
falls in obtaining the information that would prove
balm to his tortured spirit. He knows not whether
the daughter of Lea lives; perhaps the letters sent
him were only cruel inventions of a malicious foe.

Solita returned to her native shores, admired by
all, beloved by many; her heart is closed to earthly
love; an image and a memory are there most sac-
redly cherished.

On the high seas a gallant East Indianman ploughs
her course toward the land of spice groves and
golden sands. The majestic freedom of ocean teaches
his lessons of sublimity to the listening heart of
Cosella. It tells her of immortality—of the life in
the world's beyond. From bighted teachings and
narrow creeds, that spirit truth instinctively to learn

of truth through nature's voices. The brilliant
stars, twinkling in the depths of heaven, first told
that child of the "many mansions" of progressive
life. The silence of the ocean midnight first taught
her soul the voiceless solemnity of prayer and aspi-
ration; the torch of genius was kindled by angel-
hands; the lyre of poetry was swept by the wild
winds of heaven; and solitude gave forth its man-
ifold inspirations, its holy impressions, its prophetic
dreams.

CHAPTER V.
THE JEWISH DETROIT.
"Strew the bridal path with flowers,
Fill the cup with ruby wine;
Lightly pass life's fleeting hours—
Passage and love, fair bride, be thine."
(Old Song.)

It was the festival of the Passover; the rich plate,
the costly china dishes, the crystal goblets flaming
with sweet Persian wine, were set forth; large cakes
of unleavened bread were handed round, and rare
luscious vegetables, the customary pillow, the frag-
rant salads, all partaken of with a blessing, with
the loud chanting of hymns, in commemoration of
the departure from Egypt.

The master of the house, a snow-bearded, crimson-
turbaned and richly attired Israelite, sat between
his sons, Ezekiel and Asaph, gazing around him
with a pious complacency that had in it much of
worldly pride. Reuben-ben-Aslan was a wealthy
merchant of the "City of Palaces"; his sons were
considered among the young men of their race and
station perfect paragons of Hebrew learning; his
daughter Rifka, (the Hebrew for Rebecca) was a
perfect type of Oriental loveliness, and long be-
trothed to a learned Rabbi's son, although the
maiden was only fourteen years of age. The mother,
Hannah, so called in commemoration of a certain
festival, was a stout and dignified lady, very youth-
ful as yet herself. Near the host, sat Manasseh
Phillips, as it was his pleasure to be called, and
near him was the merchant, Solomon Hashem.

Reuben and the merchant talked with the stranger,
the host acting as interpreter; and the young men
listened attentively, but ventured not to join in the
conversation of their elders; so strict is the disci-
pline of youth in that land of olden usage. They
curiously regarded the little European girl, but ad-
dressed to her no word.

The women sat apart, deeming it a mark of
respect to their husbands, and maintaining a whis-
pered conversation among themselves. The beau-
tiful Rifka, strangely attracted to the foreign child,
held her hand, and repeatedly kissed her cheek,
murmuring sweet, unintelligible words in Hindo-
stani.

That night it was arranged that the strangers
should remain, the inmates of that hospitable home
as long as it suited their convenience.

When the night had somewhat advanced, the
wives of Solomon Hashem wrapped themselves in the
dark, silken covering, that entirely shrouded their
persons, and threw over their faces the thick, black
crisp veil, with its heavy embroidery of gold. Thus
concealed from all profane eyes, they descended the
stairway to where their palanquins awaited them,
first by kindly signs and gesture having invited the
English lady and her child to visit them.

That night, when they had been shown to a luxu-
riously furnished chamber, Manasseh said to his
wife:
"I have an idea, which, if realized, will insure us
comfort and happiness, and secure Cosella to our
happy faith forever. I will tell you about it to-mor-
row."

Poor Lydia, who had been left among the native
servants, until she was fairly bewildered by their
gibberish, was glad to be allowed to sleep in the
chamber with Miss Ella. The child laughed heartily
at the strange woman's recital of her troubles.

"They obligated me to eat with my five fingers,
Miss Ella, indeed they did; I never was so put out
of my usual equilibrium of assurance—no, never!
I was ready to drop down dead; but I remembered
it was the holy Passover, no is constituted in the
memory of the rebuilding of the Temple, and return
out of captivity by Moses; so I dined upon the four
holy angels that stand by everybody's bedside every
night—Gabriel, Michael, Raphael and Uriel—and I
felt my weakness renovated by the grace of the
blessed festival. I don't like unleavened bread,
Miss Ella, but I submit to a good deal for my
pious religion's sake—the prophets of the law of
Moses. But I had to eat with my own five blessed
fingers, and no soap to wash them afterwards; only
some rose water; and they brought me a pipe—just
as if I was an Irish smoker, or heathenish forgetter
of what was right. I declare, Miss Ella, I screamed
outright when I saw the pipe—it was for all the
world like a big snake all coiled up—and they
laughed at my reluctance of fright, and pointed
their unworldly fingers at me, just like the ignorant
Christians when they say to little boys and girls—

"I had a piece of pork, and I stuck it on a fork,
And I gave it to a Jew—Jew—Jew!"
But ain't the dresses fascinating, Miss Ella?—I
mean the ladies; the suburbanaries is like subor-
daries everywhere under the globe; as I am
myself a living example of circumstances and evi-
dential conspiracies of adversity. One dresses in
silks and satins, and another in sackcloth and
ashes of colors. I'm a contented human indivi-
dual in my own deplorable condition of sphere;
but I'm an observatory of nature, Miss Ella, and
nothing escapes the perspicacity of my vision. I'm
an optical delusionist, my dear; but I'm afraid my
language is beyond your comprehension of years.
Say your prayers, darling; now turn your head to
the East, now bow three times. Blessed angels be
around us, the glory of what is, Miss Ella—glory
of what?—be it above my head. I'm so bewildered
in a foreign tongue—foreign land I mean—I forget
the blessed, holy prayers!"

Ella laughed, and absently repeated her prayers.
They remained with Reuben-ben-Aslan three
months, and then there was another festival, and a
merry gathering. Cosella, a child of nine years,
was betrothed to the young Asaph, who was seven
years her senior. The innocent child, unconscious
of the weighty responsibility she was assuming,
yielded to Manasseh's commands. Shina's heart
was torn with conflicting emotions; the habit of
obedience, the fear of her husband, battled with her
motherly desires for the child's welfare, with her
strong reluctance to the proposed union. It had
been Manasseh's plan from the first night of their
arrival; a plan that fully served his avarice and
ambition.

Attired in Oriental robes, that well became her
slender, fairy-like figure, Cosella stood before the
assembled company, her flowing curls confined by a
crown of gold and pearls, the rose-colored bridle
will hang over her face; many jewels glittering on
her person. Beside her stood the youthful Asaph,
and the venerable Rabbi was reading the betrothal
service. A crystal goblet was shivered at their feet,
and its fragments collected in token of the betrothal
promise. A massive gold ring, with a ruby in the
centre, was placed on the bride's finger, and the
benediction solemnly given. Asaph looked upon the
child with admiring eyes; beneath her rosy veil
Cosella pondered on the meaning of the strange
ceremony, feeling in her unconscious heart neither
joy nor fear.

She sat beside her betrothed and her mother at
the sumptuous board; her veil was thrown from off
her face; with childlike curiosity she scanned the
guests. Several Europeans were there—Christians
who were permitted to assist at the feast, after wit-
nessing the novel ceremony.

Manasseh was conversing politely with a gentle-
man from Bombay.
"You have traveled much? Have you ever been
in B., near I., in England?" asked his com-
panion, fixing on him a scrutinizing glance.
A flush rose to Manasseh's dark cheek; Shina,
sitting opposite, paled and trembled.

"I have not been there," he replied calmly. "I
have never been in that part of the country. B—
I believe, is in—ah—ah—"

"Yes," said the gentleman, keenly eyeing the
inwardly trembling man, "I have a friend there; he
rather, he once lived there. I know not where he is
at present. Did you ever know a Percival Wayne?"

Slowly, emphatically, the words were spoken;
there was a purpose, a meaning in them; but Man-
asseh was prepared. He answered with polite indif-
ference:
"The name is strange to me; I never heard it be-
fore."

Shina had risen from the table, deadly pale over-
spreading her face. She murmured:
"I am not well, my child!" and grasping Cosella's
hand, she hastened from the room, followed by the
closely-veiled ladies of the family. A threatening
glance from Manasseh's dark eyes followed her. The
questioning stranger caught that glance, and inter-
preted it to himself alone. "He does not follow
her," he muttered.

"I was a schoolmate of Percival Wayne," he con-
tinued, never taking his keen, gray eyes from Man-
asseh's face, "I knew him intimately; I was one
of his marriage guests. He wedded a lady of your
persuasion; her name was Len Manasseh," the face
he looked upon paled suddenly—the firm lip
trembled slightly. "She died near B— shortly
after the birth of an infant. My business took me
to India; circumstances that occurred, letters that
have been received,—the stranger spoke with still
stronger emphasis—lend my bereaved friend to
suppose that he has been most shockingly, most cruelly
deceived, as regards the death of that infant. He
believes the child—it was a girl—to have been taken
away by a man in the employ of his wife's mother;
I received a letter from him some months ago; he
thinks of coming to India to search for that child.
In Europe he has tried in vain. Without entering
upon any discussion of religious views, do you not
think it cruel, horrible, revolting, to deprive a father
of his child?"

"Monstrous! criminal! unnatural!" cried the
hypocrite. "But you must not too hastily believe
these things of our people; we are a persecuted
race, deprived of home and country; what is there
too, vile to be brought up against us?" he said in a
voice of well simulated sadness and regret.

The friend of Percival Wayne gazed steadily upon
the stranger, dark-browed man before him:
"I should be very sorry to bring such accusations
against any one without sufficient proof," he Phil-
lips. There is much in their forms of observance
that is consistent and praiseworthy—but, pardon
me, I am an outspoken man; I mean no offence;
but do not some of your people deem it no right to
wrong a Christian? I ask only to obtain informa-
tion."

"Some of our unfortunate brothers may be igno-
rant enough to harbor such sentiments. I ask you,
sir, with equal candor, are there no Christians who
teem it no sin to cheat and betray a Jew?" There
was no touch of anger in his voice; it was deeply
and it appealed to the best feelings of the good man
that was questioning him.

"Too true, too true, sir!" he replied. "I have no
prejudices of creed or belief. I think we are all
brothers in the eyes of one Universal Father—that
is my creed, sir! But the letters my friend Raphael
received? They were threatening, cruel, bitter! I
telling him his child lived, and would be
brought up an enemy to her father's faith. These
letters, sir, nearly deprived my friend of reason!
They brought him to the verge of the grave. Was it
not a bitter foe who wrote them?"

Manasseh succeeded admirably in concealing his
demoniac joy. He replied in the same subdued and
depressing manner:
"Must it have been a Jewish foe? Could not
some Christian enemy have conceived the plan?"

"True, true; I believe Percival never thought of
that. But I cannot see that he could have an
enemy at all; so good, so noble and generous as
he is!"

"And that little girl who have seen a bride to day
is your only child?" he questioned.
"My only one," was the answer of Manasseh, and
his voice sounded tremulously, as with strong affec-
tion: "The hopes of myself and my beloved wife are
bound up in that child; her future happiness is
our constant prayer."

"It seems a strange thing to me, as a Christian
and an Englishman, to see so young a child become
a bride. May I inquire when you intend the mar-
riage to take place?"

"When she herself shall desire it. We use no
compulsion in the matter; we fix no time. I, too,
am an Englishman, although an Israelite, and I
yield to the customs of the ancient law. My Leila
will be happy; we have well chosen for her."
"Your child's name is Leila?"

"It is, sir. May I inquire your name? Our host
gave it, but it has escaped my memory."
"My name is Withers, at your service. May I
inquire what place in England was your home?"

Manasseh mentioned a distant country town, far
removed from B—. At the close of the festivities,
Mr. Withers warmly pressed the proffered hand of
the man he had doubted. Manasseh spoke so feel-
ingly of duty, and all human obligations; he spoke
with such deep, religious fervor, that the single-
minded Englishman accused himself of injustice, in
no sparing terms. Shina returned not to the com-
pany; but the little bride resumed her place with
European freedom. Her father had whispered to
her that she must retain her Hindostani name of
Leila, and henceforth give no other. Therefore
when Mr. Withers questioned her, she told him she
was Leila Phillips; that she loved her child, gentle-
man, over so much; that papa was very good to
her. Had she only mentioned her mother's name,
the one familiar word, Shina, would have uplifted
the curtain of mystery. The Englishman returned
home, muttering to himself: "What a fool I came
nigh making of myself! because this Mr. Phillips

"I have not been there," he replied calmly. "I
have never been in that part of the country. B—
I believe, is in—ah—ah—"

"Yes," said the gentleman, keenly eyeing the
inwardly trembling man, "I have a friend there; he
rather, he once lived there. I know not where he is
at present. Did you ever know a Percival Wayne?"

Slowly, emphatically, the words were spoken;
there was a purpose, a meaning in them; but Man-
asseh was prepared. He answered with polite indif-
ference:
"The name is strange to me; I never heard it be-
fore."

Shina had risen from the table, deadly pale over-
spreading her face. She murmured:
"I am not well, my child!" and grasping Cosella's
hand, she hastened from the room, followed by the
closely-veiled ladies of the family. A threatening
glance from Manasseh's dark eyes followed her. The
questioning stranger caught that glance, and inter-
preted it to himself alone. "He does not follow
her," he muttered.

"I was a schoolmate of Percival Wayne," he con-
tinued, never taking his keen, gray eyes from Man-
asseh's face, "I knew him intimately; I was one
of his marriage guests. He wedded a lady of your
persuasion; her name was Len Manasseh," the face
he looked upon paled suddenly—the firm lip
trembled slightly. "She died near B— shortly
after the birth of an infant. My business took me
to India; circumstances that occurred, letters that
have been received,—the stranger spoke with still
stronger emphasis—lend my bereaved friend to
suppose that he has been most shockingly, most cruelly
deceived, as regards the death of that infant. He
believes the child—it was a girl—to have been taken
away by a man in the employ of his wife's mother;
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thinks of coming to India to search for that child.
In Europe he has tried in vain. Without entering
upon any discussion of religious views, do you not
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of his child?"

"Monstrous! criminal! unnatural!" cried the
hypocrite. "But you must not too hastily believe
these things of our people; we are a persecuted
race, deprived of home and

looks like Perceval's vague description of a serpent man! All the Jews look alike, more or less. This is a gentleman, the other a mentalist; he is called Philip, the mentalist's name is Shoshen—a little difference there! The child does not look a bit like Perceval; if she was stolen, it is not likely they would notice her so. The mother looked as if she would weep; but the father talks of her with tears in his eyes. But, at first, the idea struck me so forcibly I imagined he colored at the name of Len. No wonder, poor gentleman! when he told me he had an only sister who died at the age of sixteen, named Len. That explained his changing countenance; what a fool I came nigh making of myself!

True hearted man! he knew not of the chameleon forms of deceit and wrong.

Lydia's voluble tongue found ample employment in describing her little mistress that night.

"It's a beautiful angelical, unsurpassed beauty you are, Miss Lella, an angelic child, you call you. I'm no advocate of changeableness of names and titles in generalities, or I should have been married a hundred times over if I had not put a higher valuation on my moral propensities and advantages of religious life in early training. But I'm a conscientious woman, and love the laws of our blessed Legislature more than the temptations of glittering pearls and ore and flesh pots of Egypt and Jewry. And when you're married, Miss El., Lella, I mean, I'll stay with you forever, if I drop down dead the very next minute after I see you in the holy bonds of matrimony. Miss El., Lella, dear, it's customary to give a present to the officious attendant as is a ministering to mind and body all the time, with scrupulous affection and tenderness of waiting like a patient lamb! What are you going to give me, dear?"

Cosella gave her a gold piece. The woman's small eyes glittered with joy; she kissed the coin and the hand that gave it, and was breaking forth afresh, when the child interrupted her:

"Please, do not talk now, Lydia; I want to think!" she said.

Lydia clasped her hands in wonderment, retreated a few paces, and was silent. Cosella, resting her brow upon both hands, thought long and deeply. Her thoughts were strange, wild, mingling, and confused; there blundered with them prophetic glimpses of the future, that thrilled and oppressed her heart. Manasseh proceeding to his wife's chamber, he found her sitting in her festal robes, with eyes that bore the marks of long-continued weeping; with hands folded upon her lap. She started at his entrance. He looked the door, went up to her, and said:

"We have had a narrow escape, Shina! That man is one of my enemy's spies. But you nearly betrayed me. Woman! you are my evil genius! When will you learn to control your silly nerves? By heaven! if we had been discovered by your folly, you should have rued it. We must leave this city, but not suddenly—no! so as to arouse suspicion; and we must do so as all. Listen, Shina! you must pretend to receive a letter from England—from your mother, or some near relation; that letter recalls you on account of some property. Mind you will not tell your part, as you fear my lasting displeasure! We will take passage in a homeward bound vessel, but we will not actually return. I will determine soon whether we shall bend our steps; but we must mislead the conspirators of Perceval Wayne, curses on his name! He must not search for us out of Europe. Now, remember, you receive that letter to-morrow."

"Nothing but wandering, endless, endless wandering!" passionately exclaimed Shina. "Oh, Manasseh! cannot you excuse me from this task? I cannot dissimulate—indeed I cannot! My mother rests in her grave—shall I invoke her memory to a falsehood? I cannot. Manasseh, you ask too much of me!" The poor woman wept.

He brow contracted with the gloomy frown she feared so much.

"What a concessions fool!" he said, mockingly. "Remember, Manasseh, I command you, and I am your lord and master; you have no will, no responsibility of your own. Be grateful for the privilege; if you feel scrupulous about using your mother's name, take that of any other relative. I leave this matter in your hands; I will not have all the trouble of that child to myself. You love her so much, take your share of the scolding of that love."

"I cannot lie—I cannot act and deceive; I am incompetent; my soul recoils from it!" cried Shina, wringing her hands.

"I will teach you; you will be an apt pupil. I know the motive that will bend you to my will," he replied with concentrated fury, pushing her forcibly into a chair.

"My life is one of deception and false appearances throughout! I cannot—I will not lie in the pure presence of that innocent child!" she said with sudden energy.

"You will not!" He looked into her face. Shina veiled her eyes with her hand.

"Listen, Mrs. Phillips, Shina Moshem, listen! The law in this land, our Abrahamic law, grants divorces. There are plenty of Eastern women, young and fair, who would be willing to be mothers to my child. Tempt me not—try me not too far! Do my bidding, and the child shall know no other mother. Disobey me—"

"No, no! God in Heaven, no!" cried Shina, wildly flinging herself upon her knees before her tyrant. "Manasseh! I will do all—! Never again say 'these words!' Leave me that child, that soul, that heart, that life of mine! Dear me—kill me—let me die for her—let me separate us not! Oh, promise, Manasseh, promise! You will not cast me from you; you will not give my place—the place of Cosella's mother—to a strange woman? Promise, Manasseh, as you hope for heaven, promise!"

He smiled a quiet smile of victory as the tortured woman, looking upon him with pallid face and wildly imploring eyes, poured forth her anguished entreaty. He took the little silver tablet from his bosom, and kissed the sacred name thereon engraved:

"By the holy commandments herein contained, I swear!" he said; "as long as you obey, you shall retain your place. You know now what is before you."

The solitary woman kissed the despot's hand. Her all of hope and love was centered in that one living thing—the child of her adoption. Through her affections that stern fanatic bound her to his will—plunged her pure soul in the darkness of deception.

Alas, for will! alas, for seeming destiny!

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

The manager of one of the theatres at Vienna yielded to the solicitation and importunity of court friends, and permitted a young lady to make her debut as a singer, who had the mortification to be hissed off. Not a little annoyed, the manager rushed hastily before the curtain and addressed the audience in a stentorian voice with this brief question—"Gentlemen and ladies, don't you like her?" "No!" was the reply from all parts of the house; "Neither do I," added the manager, and disappeared amidst roars of laughter.

Keep aloof from quarrels: be neither a witness nor a party.

INFLUENCE IS ALWAYS BLEST.

BY W. W. BARNES.

Time may bring joys and sorrows—
Fortune's tide may ebb and flow—
Dark to-day and bright to-morrow,
Clouds and sunshine come and go.

Yet, with all life's tribulation,
Frankly I must be confessed,
That, whatever our lot or station,
Innocence is always blest.

Though our lot be e'er so lowly,
If our hearts are free from guile,
And our wishes pure and holy,
We have "some cause to smile."

Lo, you too! be free from guile,
Innocent but poor and old;
See him toiling to his labor,
Day by day through heat and cold.

While without life's storms are bringing
Round his ears the howling din,
Hear his tranquil spirit singing
Songs of heavenly peace within.

Then behold his rich employer,
Counting o'er his hoards of gold;
See him with you artful lawyer,
For gain his conscience sold.

While without all warm and sunny
Scenes his life's deep scene of sin,
Joined to cold love of money,
Makes all cold and dark within.

When a murdered conscience, springing
Pain and guilt from his loins,
Hunts his midnight pillow, bringing
Sleepless hours of guilt and gloom.

Thus the poor but honest yeoman,
With his hand and honest hoe,
May be, through a toil-worn plowman,
Happier than the millionaire.

When his daily toils are ended,
And his nightly couch is pressed,
Smiling conscience, unoffended,
Troubles not his peaceful rest.

Calm he lies, and sleeping sweetly,
Rests his weary limbs till day;
Rising then, refreshed completely,
Till some angel turned to play.

Thus when Fortune frowns and scorns
On the poor but honest wretch,
Life is oftentimes sweetest,
Fullest of serene delight.

'Tis no riches—'tis not learning—
'Tis no fame that makes us blessed;
Naught can brighten life's enjoyment
Like a conscience unoppressed.

Oh! peace, peace, peace!

Oh! peace, peace, peace!

Oh! peace, peace, peace!

Oh! peace, peace, peace!

Oh! peace, peace, peace!

Oh! peace, peace, peace!

Oh! peace, peace, peace!

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Oh! peace, peace, peace!

Original Essays.

IMMORTALITY AND NON-IMMORTALITY.

NUMBER TWO.

BY PROF. PATTON SPENCE, M. D.

From the consideration of the analogies of the human body, we return to the consideration of the soul. It will, of course, be perceived, from what we have already said, that we use the term soul as a word applicable to a principle or a power, or a combination of principles or powers, but to that organic form which survives the body, and through which and by which certain principles or powers manifest themselves.

Such an organic form must be, or else there is no life; such an organic form must be, or else there is no immortality. Principle and form are mutual exponents of each other. The action of a principle can only be made manifest through the action of a form.

By the soul, then, we mean an organic form. As has already been stated, all organic forms begin in germs, and as we have seen that the germ of the physical man is not yet a man, so, also, the germ of a soul is not yet a soul; that germ, like all other germs, must grow by the aggregation of elements until it is a soul.

We need not inquire whether there is a soul in that little, bladder-like sack of the one five-hundredth part of an inch in diameter which is the humble beginning, the germ of the human body. It is not yet a man, as we have seen, still less is it a soul. Neither will I believe that there is an immortal soul in the fish stage of man's embryonic development, or in the reptile, bird, or mammal stage of that development: I will believe none of these until it is first clearly demonstrated that the fish, the reptile, the bird, and the mammal have immortal souls; and, even then, I shall remain incredulous of them all until I shall further more be demonstrated, that in every procession of organic development, the first metamorphosis is not a necessary antecedent to the second, and the second not a necessary antecedent to the third, and so on to the end of the procession; in other words, (to illustrate my meaning by a familiar example,) I shall remain incredulous of them all, until the tadpole, with its gills adapted to breathing water only, can, before its lungs are developed, be removed from the water into the air and there live—until this organic impossibility can be accomplished, I shall not believe that there is an immortal soul in either the fish, the reptile, the bird, or the mammal stage of man's embryonic development. But to this point I shall have occasion to return.

Well, has the newly-born babe an immortal soul? It is to be hoped that the question does not shock any one's prejudices; for if the question shocks them, the answer will shock them still more. Every stage of development is a preparation for that which next succeeds it. The ante-natal stage, or the unfolding which precedes birth, is a preparation—a necessary preparation for that which follows birth, and the unfolding which precedes death, (which is but another birth,) is a preparation for that which comes after it. The development which the body undergoes before birth is a necessary stage in the preparation of the body for its life of seventy years; and so, correspondingly, the development which the soul undergoes up to the end of the natural life of the body, (that is, up to the time of the soul's birth into its legitimate sphere,) is a necessary preparation of the soul for its immortality.

Again, as the body cannot possibly live if born prematurely, that is, if born at certain stages of its embryonic development; so, correspondingly, the soul cannot possibly maintain an immortal existence if born prematurely, that is, at certain stages of its development subsequent to the birth of the body. It must die the death of annihilation. There are no miracles in favor of the special individual soul on the other side of the veil, any more than there are miracles in favor of special individual bodies on this side of the veil. Nature works by powers which cannot stop to astonish themselves with a miracle. None but paying ignorance ever expect a miracle, at any time, or for any purpose, even to save a universe from destruction. Look at that shattered planet whose tiny fragments astronomers are so anxiously hunting for—there was a chance for a miracle; but none came, because none could come.

We have said that every stage of development is a preparation for that which follows it. Nature cannot make a man without first making a child; neither can she make a child without first making a fish. If she could have done it, it would have been done; for she always takes the shortest road to her aims. All gradations are necessary gradations. In all growth, the observed succession of parts is a necessary succession. No one expects to see a man who has not first lived in his mother's womb—who has not attained in that unconscious world until his lungs were prepared to breathe air, his stomach to digest liquid and solid food, and his heart and blood-vessels to carry on the circulation of an air-breathing animal; neither should we expect to see or hear of a soul which has not first attained unconsciously within the human body; for there the soul germ is deposited, to be there developed until that body has filled its mission to life—given it an organization that can live in and be sustained by the elements of another sphere—the spiritual. The soul, then, is developed during its connection with the body, and without that connection it never can be developed. Nature is a great economist of both time and materials; and, therefore, if the soul could have been fully matured, without a seventy years' connection with the body, both the body and the seventy years would have been dispensed with. Therefore we have said, that as the life within the womb prepares the body for the life which succeeds birth, so, in reference to the soul, the life within the body prepares the soul for its legitimate sphere of existence; and as there is such a time as a premature birth of the body, which is certain death to the body, so there is a premature birth of the soul, which is certain death to the soul. Nine months, more or less, is the time which nature requires to give the body the full benefit of its connections with the mother, and organize it to that degree that it can breathe and digest for itself; and correspondingly, seventy years, more or less, is the time which nature requires to give the soul the full benefit of its connections with the body, and organize it to that degree that it can come into direct and immediate relation with the elements of spirit-life, and absorb, prepare and elaborate them for itself. If it is not so, then nature pertinaciously insists upon spending seventy years upon a carcass to no purpose—to accomplish no object which she cannot accomplish just as well without the carcass.

To express my opinion more definitely, (as definitely as the subject will admit of,) the life of seventy years, between the birth of the body and the death of the body, bears the same relation to the development of the soul which the nine months' life within the womb bears to the maturing of the body. All other things being equal, that body is the most complete and healthy, and has the greatest durability and stamina about it, which has had the full benefit of the nine months' ante-natal development; and so, correspondingly, all other things being equal, that soul is the most complete and healthy, and has the greatest durability and stamina about it, which has had the full benefit of the seventy years' gestation within the body. Again, as a child born at the eighth, seventh, and even sixth month of ante-natal development may possibly live, so a soul born after fifty, forty, thirty, or even twenty years' connection with the body, may possibly live in spirit-life; but there is a period of ante-natal development, from its beginning up to about the sixth month, during which, if the child is born, it must inevitably perish, because its organization cannot appropriately to itself the elements of the new world into which it is prematurely ushered, and cannot resist the destroying influences of that world; so there is a period of time extending from the birth of the body to somewhere in adult life, during which, if the soul is born into its appropriate sphere, and cannot resist the destroying influences of those elements.

To give this point its full force, I must return to another point, which I have already slightly touched upon, and to which I promised to return. Why cannot a child live which is born before the sixth month of ante-natal development? Simply because its organization is adapted to womb-life, and not to world-life. Its organization is of such a character that it breathes the blood of the mother, and eats and drinks the blood of the mother; yet these things it does without the agency of either its lungs, mouth, stomach, or digestive organs. With such an organization, if it is sent into the world, its mode of life must change, or else it must perish; and as it has not the perfected apparatus wherewith to do the former, the latter result inevitably follows. This is, perhaps, more strikingly obvious in the familiar example which has already been referred to. The frog is a reptile; but, in its embryonic development, it begins, like man and all other vertebrate animals, with the typical organization of a fish. Hence the tadpole, in its typical organization, is a fish, on its way to become a reptile. It has gills like the fish, but no lungs. Therefore it can breathe water only, not air; and hence, if, in this stage of its development, it is taken from the water and kept in the air, it will, of course, die, because it is not organically adapted to the latter element. But if it is allowed to remain in the water its full time, that is, until its lungs are developed, (with the development of which the gills disappear,) then it can breathe air and live in the air. So it is with the soul. During its connection with the body its organization is being built up, knitted together, consolidated and sustained by elements which are prepared and elaborated for it by the body, just as the mother prepares and elaborates the grosser elements for the building up and sustaining of the embryo in utero. At this stage of its unfolding the child, like the embryo in utero, is so organized that it can (figuratively speaking,) drink, breathe, and eat the elements which are prepared and elaborated for it by the body; but it is not so organized, at all stages of its connection with the body, that it can go directly into the elemental world in spirit-life, and appropriate to itself from that source, any more than the tadpole can breathe air before it has lungs; and therefore, if the soul is separated from the body in early life, before its organization is adapted to spirit-life, it must perish, as surely as the tadpole out of water.

I have said that there is a period extending from the birth of the body to somewhere in adult life, during which, if the child is born, it must inevitably perish, because its organization cannot appropriately to itself the elements of the new world into which it is prematurely ushered, and cannot resist the destroying influences of that world; so there is a period of time extending from the birth of the body to somewhere in adult life, during which, if the child is born, it must inevitably perish, because its organization cannot appropriately to itself the elements of the new world into which it is prematurely ushered, and cannot resist the destroying influences of that world; so there is a period of time extending from the birth of the body to somewhere in adult life, during which, if the child is born, it must inevitably perish, because its organization cannot appropriately to itself the elements of the new world into which it is prematurely ushered, and cannot resist the destroying influences of that world; 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Banner of Light.

now. It is for those who believe in the Bible, and yet disbelieve that spirits do communicate, to prove that that law has been repealed. Till they can do that, spiritualists can claim and hold their position. It is said that Christ brought immortality to light; and he held it by a spiritual manifestation, at the time Moses and Elias appeared and conversed with him on the Mount, and were seen by three witnesses. Whoever believes the record, must believe that spirits do communicate, for here was a perfect demonstration. The whole book of Revelations, for it was indited to a spiritual manifestation for; it was communicated, seven years after his death, by Christ, through the medium John.

Mr. HASTINGS related some astonishing manifestations which he saw five years ago at the house of Mr. Snyder, at Greenpoint, N. Y. Balls of fire floated around the room, assuming all manner of grotesque forms, and alarmed several scoffers present into belief in their supernatural origin. He, Mr. H., was recently taken by the spirit of a beloved Friend through the spheres of spirit life, and gave the Conference an interesting description of scenes in the post-mortem world.

Mr. FIELDS related a case which came under his observation twenty years ago in Albany, N. Y., of a woman

