

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light. THE ANGEL MESSENGERS.

BY WALTER WILFORD.

"T was a time, when Spring was throwing
Sunlight o'er the landscape glowing,
And the streamlet, onward flowing
From its loveliest fountains,
Murmured forth a joyous greeting
To the birds, above it meeting,
And the light clouds o'er it fleetly
Like the waves upon the sea.

As the twilight slowly faded
From the earth, and left it shaded,
While our minds by fancy aided,
Their own imagery create;
In a cottage dark and lonely,
Lighted by the pale moon only,
And the stars faint, dim and lonely
Yielding sadly to its fate.

Lay an aged, stricken being,
From whose eyes the light was fleeing,
While each moment seemed near fleeing
One sad spirit from its clay.
Still across his mind were rushing
Wild, weird forms of fancy, flushing
His pale cheek, like statue blushing,
Or the flash of dying day.

All at once the room grew lighter,
Each uncertain form grew brighter,
While each painful throes seemed slighter,
Till his rest was calm and sweet;
Then he saw above him bending,
Forms, where peace and love seemed blending,
On a flood of light descending,
Till around his couch they meet.

Once he thought himself forsaken;
Now he becometh to awaken
From the sleep, his soul hath taken,
To a bright and glorious day;
Once he feared death's cold embraces,
Now kind words each fear erases,
While in each kind look he traces
Signs which will not brook delay.

"Welcome, death!" cries he in gladness;
Sweet consoler of my sadness,
To remain would now be madness!
Hasten—strike thy dreaded blow!"
Then, his sunken eyelids closing,
And each feeble limb composing,
Left his weary form reposing,
Pale and cold as winter's snow.

Freemont, Ohio, Nov. 14th, 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LITTLE GIPSEY.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

It is a pretty general conclusion, how true we shall not argue, that the race of Gipsies, of both genders, were born only to be thieves. Whatever may have been the fault of the first Gipsy, and however culpable he or she might have been, if a thief, is little to consider; but there is some little pity due to the rising generation of this class. They are born of thieving parents, nursed and educated by thieves, the sentence of thieving is, infused into them with their mother's milk, consequently the result is, and naturally so, that they go forth thoroughly accomplished in all the nice points of roguery, and this taste early imbued never leaves them until death.

The first actor in the scene is an old woman, one whose tireless industry in the profession of Cacus would seem to have entitled her to claim the right of an old soldier—honorable retirement from active duty and continuation of full pay. This woman brought up a young girl whom she called her granddaughter, naming her Preciosa. She was guilty of no neglect in the education of her protegee, and at an early age Preciosa was a thorough adept in all the mysteries of the Gipsy's peculiar art.

The child became head dancer, where she excelled all the female members of the Gipsy community; in fact she not only surpassed them in beauty and discretion, but was, without a dissenting voice, not only regarded as far superior to those whose features were celebrated; but to those who were notorious for their sense—ladies of the world whose fame was their beauty and their station. Neither the wind nor sun, nor all the severity of the weather, consequent upon its constant changes, to which that class are more exposed than other people, seemed to alter the hue of the roses on her cheeks, or soil the whiteness of her little hands; and what is more surprising still, when considering under what unfavorable circumstances she was reared, is the fact that she had none of those rude ways which characterized the rabble by whom she was surrounded, which served to render it probable she was not, at least, entirely of the Gipsy stock. Her manners were exceedingly courteous, and in her behaviour she exhibited none of the ordinary levity of her people; and though she was by no means dull, but occasionally very sprightly, there was that about her, that no Gipsy, either young or old, dared in her presence to sing an immoral song, or indulge in the use of objectionable language.

The grandmother was fully aware that she had in Preciosa an inestimable treasure, and therefore resolved to look well to the young fledgling and fit her fully to live by her wits. Consequently no pains were spared to render Preciosa perfect in the songs, ballads, sarabands, etc. of her country, and ere long she mastered the choicest of them, with wonderful grace, especially love-tales, in which, above all others, she was happy, for the cunning old woman well knew that such accomplishments, added to the gentleness and beauty of the child, would be the surest charms by which an empty purse might be filled. She did not want for poetry, for true it is that there were poets so gracious that they did not hesitate to write for the Gipsies, even as certain people are kind enough to invent miracles and strange stories for the

strolling blind, in consideration that the retailer shall share the profit of their rehearsal.

Preciosa passed her earlier life in various parts of Castile, and when about sixteen years of age, her disreputable grandmother made her way toward Madrid, and encamped outside of that city, on a field usually appropriated by the Gipsies, trusting to win the attention of the people in the great city where everything is bought and sold. Fortunately for them they made their first entry into Madrid on St. Anne's Day—a day observed in honor of the patroness of the city, with great festivity—and a dance was formed in which eight of the Gipsy women took part—four young and four old ones, led by a man who was an excellent dancer. The whole band were arrayed in very attractive costumes, notwithstanding which the quiet elegance of Preciosa won for her the praise of all who saw her.

Amidst the sound of the tambourine and castanets, in spite of all the hurry of the dance, the rumor of her beauty and grace produced the liveliest admiration, and people on every side drew near, if possible, to catch a sight of her. But when she was heard to sing, in one part of the dance into which a song was introduced, the cheers of applause might have reached the sky. Her fame now reached the highest point and without further delay the prize offered to the best dancer, by the Committee of the Festival, was awarded to her.

It was usual to celebrate a dance in the church of St. Marie, before the image of St. Anne; thither the Gipsies proceeded, and having finished their dance, Preciosa seized a tambourine, and moving with all the airy grace and swiftness of a fairy, sang a hymn in honor of the patroness of the day. Every one who heard her was in raptures. Some cried "Heaven bless the girl!" others, "What a pity she's a Gipsy; truly her's should be a station above this—she should be the daughter of a Knight"; while others whose feelings were less roused, said coarsely, "Let the trot get older—she won't suffer for food, she'll show you how hearts are caught"; while one more good natured but stupid and ill-bred, on seeing her trip so lightly, cried out, "Keep at it child, keep at it, tread the dust to powder!"

"It is fine already," said Preciosa, without losing temper.

When the festival drew to a close, she was somewhat fatigued—but her wit, her beauty, and her dancing had made her so famous that she was the theme of conversation throughout the capital.

In about fifteen days she made her way again to Madrid, where she appeared in company with three other Gipsy girls, provided with tambourines, new dances, new songs, ballads and romances, but all of a proper character, inasmuch as Preciosa, as has already been observed, would not allow her companions to sing ballads of an opposite cast, nor would she sing them herself; which resulted in her being held in higher esteem than was the usual one with people of her class. The old Gipsy was with her, and ever at her elbow, watching her like an Argus, fearing some one might persuade her to leave, or run away with her, and Preciosa who regarded her as her grandmother obeyed her in every particular.

The young Gipsy girls began their dance in the Calle de Toledo, in the shade, and it was not long before they drew a large crowd of spectators. While they danced, the old woman went around collecting money among the bystanders, and they showered it down like hail, so powerless is even the most drowsy charity to resist the awakening power of beauty.

The dance ended and Preciosa stepping forward, said—"If any one will give me a real, by myself, I will sing a beautiful song about the churching of our Majesty in St. Laurence's, at Valladolid. It is a celebrated effort, the production of a poet who properly is at the head of his profession."

At this, every voice in the crowd joined as one, in requesting her to sing it. "Here is my real," said one, "and mine," "and mine," "and mine," cried others. "Sing it, Preciosa, sing it," and the money rained in so rapidly on the miniature stage, that the old woman was sadly in need of hands to gather it. Her harvest secured, Preciosa, taking her tambourine, in a sweet voice, began to sing:

Behold, where kneels our gracious Queen!
Devoutly and in prayer alone,
Beside the sacred altar's screen—
The jewel of the Spanish throne.
With all the fervency she knew
Of love, when first with rapture true
She clasped her babe, a Christian true,
She thanks God for herself and child.
A saint! indeed she well might be,
So lifts she up her melting eyes,
Sent us from Heaven that we might see
The holiness that crowns the skies.
Such beauty, too, is hers, 'tis mine
To sing her charms with faltering tongue—
Who like Pandora seems divine,
Without her faults, as perfect spring.

Proud Phœbus on his throne of day
To linger long with her is drawn,
As he would fain bear her away,
As was Titonus by the Dawn.
E'en Saturn trims his sullen beam,
And burns within her crown of light
Where all the constellations gleam
In glorious radiance to the sight.
Polymnia, whose honeyed arts
Had early graced her lisping voice,
And Love, unmindful of his darts,
In ecstasy with her rejoice.

And mighty Mars forgets awhile
His feats of war, and angry arms,
And stands defenceless at her smile—
A slave at length, to human charms.
Imperial Jove unites to praise,
Nor Juno chides that he admires,
And sends afar his heavenly rays
To add new life to beauty's fires.
Nor does that Goddess pass her by,
Whom fated Myrrha would dethrone.

But pale as her soft and dewy eye
With hues once boasted all her own,
And fair Solene, Queen of night,
Whom great Pan sought to intercept,
While driving forth her car to light
The world when fiery Helios slept;
Lingers, as once on Latmos' peaks,
And pours afar her pearly flood
To grace the hues upon her cheeks,
That roses have from Venus' blood.

The girle glittering at her waist
Were well the one that Hera wore
When great Zeus frowned; which Venus placed
Round her to win his love once more.
For never such a form was seen
In Europe, scarce it far and wide,
And in the girdle of our Queen
E'en Ganymede might reside.

Her snowy veil, that sweeps the floor,
Is radiant with a thousand rays,
For India's costliest diamonds pour
From every fold a dazzling blaze.
From blazing censers that consume
Arabia's spices rich and rare,
Float long, thin columns of perfume
That load with fragrance all the air.

Scarce breathing the spectators stand—
The scene with thrilling hearts they view;
For ne'er had known the Spanish land
Such Piety and splendor too.
None envy her. Each Spaniard feels
A loyal triumph to behold
The one to whom he proudly kneels
Thus far outliving pearls and gold.

And now a thousand blessings steal
From lip to lip, as she doth rise,
And now one loud and lengthened peal
Of acclamation shakes the skies.
Now every voice unites and sings
To her the ruling star of Spain,
And all the vaulted temple rings
Harmonious with this ardent strain:

"Long may at thou flourish fruitful Vine,
To us thy thrice shall be a shrine,
Whose glory ne'er shall know decline
Whilst loyal hearts can cherish;
And should the fiery aggressive arm
E'er fill the land with dire alarm,
Our task shall be to shield from harm
Our Queen, or fighting perish.

On thee may fortune never frown!
Long may at thou wear the Spanish crown
Unto thine own and Spain's renown.
Thine honor and her glory;
And may thy way be wars of right,
Thine arms ne'er led to unjust fight;
So shall thy name in future light
The glowing page of story.

And when thy glorious reign is ended,
May a long line from thee descend
Grace the dear throne we have defended
From the Crescent's dread assault;
And may our Prince, taught to aspire
Unto that Virtue all admire,
Live like his great and noble sire,
And the Spanish throne exalt."

With solemn pace the noble Queen,
Bearing her first-born in her hands,
Moved with a glad and humble mien,
To where St. Laurence's statue stands.
And there beside an altar, reared
To him who won a living name,
Who roused the faith in fire nor feared
The dreadful trial of the flame;
She kneels, and Silence from her throne,
In chains of stillness holds the air,
While in a low and touching tone,
She lifts to Heaven her grateful prayer:

"Accept my thanks, Almighty Lord,
This precious gift, Thy bounty gave;
From every harm, oh, wilt thou guard,
And let Thy gracious goodness save.

Here on this altar I resign
To thee and to Thy sovereign care,
The gift which richly is Thine
Who rulest Heaven and earth and air.

Oh! let Thy merods far and wide
Their riches shed on every hand;
Pierce with Thy love our nation's side,
And smile indulgent on our land.
Oh! love and lead this babe aright,
That power and fame greatly raise
His people's love when he shall right
The wrongs of State in coming days.

Oh! grant that he may worthy reign,
And reap his much loved father's fate,
Who nobly doth the weight sustain
Of ample Empire and of State.
Oh, bless the King I now adore,
Doth Atlas-like, the burden bear,
Of constant toil, of righteous war,
Of distant climates and royal care."

She ceased, and lonely at the close
A deafening shout of joy arose.

The song was hardly finished when it was loudly
encored, and all begged of her to sing it once more,
crying out, "Sing—sing and dance for us, and thou
shalt have real as plentiful as pebbles."

There were more than two hundred people gathered,
before the Gipsies gave over dancing and singing.
As Preciosa's song was drawing to a close, one of
the Judges of Madrid, seeing such a concourse of
people, drew near and asked the reason of such
a crowd. He was told that they were listening
to hear the handsome Gipsy sing; and not being
quite free from curiosity himself, he also approached
and listened; but not considering it quite in ac-
cordance with the dignity of his station to linger
listening to songs in the street, he did not remain to
hear the end. However, he had heard enough to be
very greatly pleased with her, and the result was
that he sent one of his servants to the old woman,
and requested her to bring her troop to his house
that evening, as he greatly desired that his wife, the
Dona Clara, might also listen to Preciosa's music.

The message was properly delivered, and the old
grandma returned word that she would wait on him.
In a little while the performance ended, and the
Gipsies were preparing to depart, when a well
dressed page, who had been waiting some little time,
approached Preciosa, and slipping a folded paper
into her hand, said:

"Sing this song, Preciosa—'tis a very fair one;
and if you do it justice, from time to time I will
give you others, which, while you win the reputation
of being the best singer in the world, will insure
you the fame, also, of having the best romances."

"With all my heart," said Preciosa; "I will learn
this, and mind you don't forget the rest—that is,
providing they are proper. And, as of course they
are to be paid for, let us agree by the dozen; and as
I can't pay for them now, it must be when they are
sung. Shall this be so?"

"Make your own terms, fair Preciosa," replied
the page; "and if any of the songs be not success-
ful, or do not turn out as well as you would have
liked, they need not be reckoned in the list."

"Very good; but you know I shall reserve the
right of choosing them," said she smiling; and join-
ing her companions who were turning into another
street. They had not gone very far before some
gentlemen called and motioned to them from a low
lattice window. Preciosa ran up to it, and looking
in, saw several gentlemen in a large, well-furnished
room, some walking about, while others were divert-
ing themselves at various games.

"Have you no winnings for me?" said she in a
pleasing tone, peculiar to the Gipsies, but with her
so from affection, rather than from natural defect;
yet she continued it from choice.

The sweetness of her voice and her appearance
soon attracted universal attention, and the players
quitted their games, and with the loungers thronged
to the window, for already had her fame reached them.

"Yes, come in—let the Gipsies come in," said a
number of the gentlemen, gaily. "Come in; a por-
tion of our winnings shall be yours."

"Ah, but gentlemen you may make a portion of
your winnings cost us more than would be its value
to us," said Preciosa.

"Not so; you may indeed enter safely," said one
of the gentlemen. "Not one of us will harm you—
not so much as a shooting belonging to you" shall
be touched. I swear it by the badge I wear on my
breast; and he laid his hand on an order he wore,
of the Calatrava.

"If you like to go in," said one of the Gipsy
girls, "you can do so; but for me I would not ven-
ture where there are so many men."

"Ah, Christiansa," replied Preciosa, "what you
need most to fear is one man alone, not a number
like this—for where there are numbers be sure you
will always be safe from insult. A woman, deter-
mined to live a correct life, may do so in the midst
of an army. I believe that under all circumstances
it is our duty to avoid all occasions of temptation;
but those to be shunned first should be secret ones—
for danger does not intrude into places as public as
this."

"Very well," said Christiansa, "let us go in, then;
if you think it safe, I suppose it will be."

The old Gipsy also assured them that the danger
was imaginary, and they went in.

Preciosa had scarcely entered, when the Knight of
the Calatrava noticed the paper which she had thrust
into her bosom when she approached the window,
and took it out.

"Pray, do not take it from me," said she; "it is a
song which was given me a few moments ago, and
which, as yet, I have not read."

"What do you know how to read?"

"Aye, and write, too," answered the old woman;
"my grand-daughter has been brought up as if she
were the daughter of the best Knight in Castile."

The knight opened the paper, and finding it con-
tained a gold crown, exclaimed:

"In truth, Preciosa, this letter was well worth
paying postage for; the song is accompanied with a
crown."

"Truly," said she, "this poet has treated me as if
I were poor; but is it not more of a wonder that a
poet should give a crown than that a Gipsy should
accept one? However," she continued, "if his verses
come to me with such a golden reason for their wel-
come, I am sure he may transcribe every poem in
creation, and send me them one by one. I can then
test their value; and though they may hobble very
badly, tell if they be worth accepting."

The gentlemen smiled among themselves at her
ready wit, and she continued—"But read them, read
them aloud, and we can judge if the poet has
given as much evidence of his talent, as he furnished
in favor of his generosity."

The lines were read, which ran as follows:

FAUCONNET.
Fair Preciosa, all accord
Thou first in beauty, first in art;
But ah! as thy sweet name implies,
I fear thou hast a stony heart.

If while thy charms grow more and more,
So grown with them thy present scorn.
Full many a heart in Eros' chains
Shall chide the hour when thou wert born.

With all thy wealth of ripening grace,
How should we fear those cunning arts
That win us, till thou reignest at last
Tyranic o'er our aching hearts.

Coiled in the brightness of thy gaze
A basilisk we can descry,
Enchanting all to look on thee,
Who looking love, and loving die.

If so that cottage mean, or field
Where glides our gentle stream along,
Did send a gem as thou art yield—
Then shall Manzanares live in song.

Then shall Manzanares live in song.

• Piedra Preciosa—precious stone.

If so, proud Tago's boast is gone,
And that lone stream our praise commands,
More than the Ganges' lavish flow,
Or e'en Pactolus' auric strands.

Who seek to know their fate from thee—
All happiness dost thou declare,
But misery is theirs to find
Thee not less pitiless than fair.

'Tis said the roving Gipsy girls
Are skilled in sorcery and spells;
And fatal as that knowledge is,
All know Preciosa fair excels.

Nereus used not more potent arts
With Hercules than thou; in fine,
Thou dost but dance, or sing, advance,
Believe, be mute, and we are thine.

The baughtest hearts thy rule obey,
And strangely joy to wear thy chain,
And mine hath bartered freedom's wealth
To be a slave while thou dost reign.

Thus, while in secret pines his soul,
Which more than all on thee depends,
Thy lines, which speak not half his feelings,
Thy poor and wretched lover sends.

"Ah, that's a very bad sign!" said Preciosa;
"the poem closes expressive of poverty. Anything
would have been better than 'poor.' It does not
strike me that love and poverty are very friendly—
and, in fact, I think it safe to assume that they are
bitter enemies."

"Where do you get these ideas, my child?" ex-
claimed one of the gentlemen.

"Who taught me?" she replied. "Why, am I not
fifteen years old? have I not a soul in my body? I
am neither lame, nor blind, nor halt—and as for my
understanding, it is not in the least crippled. The
wit of a Gipsy is of a different order from that of
ordinary people. We are forward for our years, and
it would be impossible to find a stupid man or a
silly woman among us. And as we gain a livelihood
by the readiness of our wit, our eyes are always
open, and we have no time to let the grass grow
under our feet. Look at these girls—my companions
—they are as mute as if they had no life in them;
they seem very simple; but just put your finger
into their mouths, and I promise you you will feel
that they have not much longer to wait for their
wisdom teeth. Why, a Gipsy girl of a dozen years
has more brains in her head, and as much knowl-
edge as one of any other race at twice that age;
give anybody the devil, and constant practice, for
tutors, and it's their own fault if they lack anything
that cunning may give them."

The whole company were much entertained with
Preciosa's chat, and all gave her money. The old
woman begged about thirty reales, and, as may be
readily imagined, went off as merry as May, with
her flock before her, to the house of the Judge, hav-
ing assured the gentlemen that she should certainly
return again and entertain those who had been so
generous.

The Judge's wife, the Dona Clara, who had been in-
formed of the invitation extended to the Gipsies,
with her daughters and daughters, as well as the
family of another lady residing in the neighbor-
hood, were looking out for them with something of
that anxiety with which one looks for a shower in
May. They had all been attracted by the fame of
Preciosa. The Gipsies very soon entered, and Pre-
ciosa shone among them like a torch among a row
of tapers. The ladies all gathered about her—some
embracing her, some kissing her, and all gazing on
her, and uniting in praising her extraordinary
beauty.

"Ah, Venus had cause for jealousy, if Myrrha's
hair were as golden as yours," said Dona Clara—
"and your eyes, they are very emeralds."

The other lady, her neighbor, examined Preciosa
by inches—every limb and every feature; at last,
observing a dimple in her chin, she exclaimed, "Ah,
dimple, you are a snare to catch every eye that looks
on you."

"And call you this a dimple?" said the Dona
Clara's usher, an elderly gentleman with a large
beard. "Either I know not what a dimple is, or
that is a grave into which lovers go alive. By the
mass, this Gipsy is so bewitching, that were she
made of silver or of bonbons, she could not be more
inviting. I suppose you can tell fortunes, nina?"

"That I can, and in three or four ways," replied
Preciosa.

"You can?" exclaimed the Dona Clara; "then
by the life of my lord, the Judge, pretty child, of
gold, fair image of silver, choice band of pearls,
string of carbuncles, offspring of the sky, or any-
thing, everything above this, you shall tell me mine."

"Give me your hand, Señora, and something to
cross it with," said the old woman, "and you shall
see she will tell you more than is known to a doctor
of medicine."

The Dona Clara put her hand into her pocket, but
drew it out empty; she turned to her servants ask-
ing the loan of a piece of money. Neither they, nor
the lady, her neighbor, had a single maravedi about
them. Preciosa perceiving this, said, "A cross is a
cross, it is true, whatever it is made with; but when
made with silver or gold, they are by far the best;
and you know to cross your ladyship's hand with cop-
per would certainly lessen the look, at least of mine.
Again, I have a fancy for crossing hands with gold
the first time—a nice crown, a real, or a quarto, for
I am very much like wardens, who feel themselves
glad at heart when there, has been a good collec-
tion."

"On my life you are sharp, indeed, for your age,"
said the lady neighbor, and turning to the usher:
"Pray," said she, "lend me a real, Señor Contreras,
and when my husband comes in I will return it
you."

"To tell the truth," replied he, "I have a single
real, but it is pledged for twenty maravedis for my

• It is difficult to determine on what ground Contreras
likes a girl's eyes to emeralds. Yet he has done so in
several instances, and evidently without irony.—B.

supper last night; but if you give me that, I will bring you it in a moment."

"We haven't a marvell among us all," said the Dona Clara, "and you are asking for twenty. Have you lost your senses, Contreras?"

A young girl who was present, seeing the poverty of the house, said to Preciosa—

"Will not a silver thimble answer the purpose of making a cross?"

"It will, indeed," replied she, "and they make very excellent crosses, provided there are enough of them."

"I have but one," said the girl, "and if that will answer, you may have it—that is, if you will toll me my fortune, also."

"What?" muttered the old crone, "so many fortunes for a paltry thimble?" and lifting her voice, "but hasten, Preciosa, hasten; it will soon be dark, and we have no time to lose."

Preciosa took the Dona Clara's hand, and the thimble, and began the fortune:

Come, lady fair, thy lily hand
I'll read with mystic art;
I joy to tell how thou dost dwell
First in thy husband's heart.

Thou art as gentle as a dove,
Yet anger rules at times;
Not that thy love could lions brook
Though in their native climes.

And jealousy doth cause thee oft—
Upon thy Lord to frown;
'Tis true, he's sly, in spite, say I,
Of Ermine and the gown.

But then these storms of passion pass,
As clouds in April fade,
And leave thy lip, where bees might sip,
In richer charms arrayed.

Twice wed I'm sure that thou shalt be,
And must the truth declare;
When this is done, if thou'rt a nun,
Thou'lt die an Abbess fair.

There, do not weep, my lady fair,
Nor look so sad, in sooth;
Remember, pray, all Gipsies say
May not be gospel truth.

Beside, if thou outlive thy lord,
He'll leave a large demesne,
And golden store, enough, and more,
To make thy grief less keen.

A son and daughter thou shalt have;
The first shall soon attain
To high degree, the other be
The fairest girl in Spain.

And if thy lord lives four months more,
So great is his renown,
He'll Mayor of Salamanca be,
Or else of Burgos town.

Then sweet adieu, my lady fair;
Forever guard thy weal,
Nor give thee heed, how well they plead,
When flatterers to thee kneel.

When Preciosa had finished her somewhat prophetic fortune for the Dona Clara, the company pressed forward to have their fortunes told, also; but Preciosa put them off until the next Friday, when she promised to gratify them, provided they had ready with which to cross their palms. As they were preparing to depart, the Judge entered, to whom they related the strange fortune which had been given to his wife, beside the most glowing account of Preciosa's charms. After having witnessed a short dance, he declared that the praises which had been bestowed on her were just and true; and, putting his hand into his pocket as if he meant to give her something, he groped and rummaged about in it for awhile, and finally drew it out empty.

"As I live," said he, "I have not as much as a single piece about me, of any kind! Give the nina a real, my dear, and I'll return it to you again."

"That's pleasant, indeed," said the Dona Clara, "but where is the real to come from? Why, among us all we have not been able to find a marvell with which to cross our hands."

"Well, find some trinket or other to give her," said the husband, "and she shall come another day, when we will treat her better."

"No," said the Dona Clara, "I will give her nothing now, as I intend she shall come to us again."

"I think not," said Preciosa; "it is not very likely, if I am turned away empty-handed, that I shall ever come to you again. I must do better than spend my time with those whose purses are empty. Take bribes, senior, take bribes, and you will have plenty of money. You are not called upon to introduce new customs, nor to refuse money when offered you. Do as your brothers do, or you will die of starvation. Look you, senior, I have heard it said—said, as stupid as I am, I appreciate a good thing when I hear it—that the business of a man in office is to line his purse while in, so as to pay off the charges which may be brought to his door when he is out, as also to insure him another post."

"Ay, my child," replied the Judge, "this is the task and practice of those officers who forget their duty. The man who lives uprightly, and behaves himself properly, has no reason to fear any future examination; and an honorable course in one office is his best and surest recommendation to another."

"Your worship speaks like a saint," answered Preciosa. "Keep on in this way, and I am sure you will not begrudge me a piece of a ragged garment for a relic."

"You are very sharp, Preciosa; but no more on this subject. I will do my best for you, and manage it so that His Majesty may see you. You would be a jewel for a King."

"I thank your worship," said Preciosa, "but if the King take a fancy to make me his fool, where then is my trouble? For I have no talent that way—it is not my trade. If he placed me among his wise heads I might not thrive; for in some palaces, they say, fools are followed by the wise, and often drink of the King's cheer. I am poor, and but a Gipsy, yet I am happy the livelong day, and content to follow the course heaven has laid out for me."

"Come, come, nina," said the old grandmother, "don't let your tongue run so fast; you know a vast deal more than I ever taught you. Sooner or later, with these five points to your wit, you'll come out with it badly blunted. Speak of things better suited to your age. You'll catch a fall, depend on't, some of these days, from such high flights."

"The very deuce is in these Gipsy girls," said the Judge, as they began to depart.

The girl who owned the thimble approached Preciosa, and said—

"Sure, you will tell me my fortune, or give me back my thimble, for I have not another to work with."

"Ah, sweet lady!" said Preciosa, "your fortune needs but little unriddling. However, get you another thimble to work with, before I come again on Friday, or else you will do but little sewing. Then I will tell you more fortunes and misfortunes than you can find in a book of Knight Errantry."

"It was formerly customary in Spain, on a magistrate's giving up his office, to remain a certain time in the place, to answer to any charges of maladministration which, with good cause, the people were allowed to bring against him."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE PASSING AND THE COMING HOUR.

BY JOANNA CHART.

As a vision vouchsafed from courts of light
Floats away from our tear-dimmed sight,
And fades in the dusky arms of Night.

The flowers that seemed of supernatural birth
Wither like veriest weeds of earth,
Bringing no golden fruitage forth.

From the life divine man coldly turns,
And deep in the tomb of self burns
The Love that for heavenly wisdom yearns.

The burdened air with conflict is rife,
While hands profane in eager strife
Strike dissonance rude from the chords of life;

And hearts are hot in the selfish fray,
Bartering the priceless pearl away
For worthless baubles of gilded clay—

Illusive treasures that turn to dust,
Corrupted and eaten by moth and rust,
Betraying the worldling's low placed trust;

And brotherhood's sacred claims are denied,
As the poor are thrust from the gates of pride,
And heavenly Charity spurned and defied.

In halls of splendor they hold their feasts;
They have stately temples and surpliced priests,
While brothers and sisters are classed with beasts.

And those whom the Infinite Love would bless,
And in arms of tenderest pity caress
Thy down to bondage and wretchedness.

With seeming goodness they stretch their hands,
Say, "Give us gold for the heathen lands,"
While near them the shivering orphan stands.

And the Holy Book o'er the seas they send,
While no heed to its lore of love they lend—
Self-blinded, they see not the coming end.

For the glance of Truth's effulgent eyes
Shall read the flimsy and vain disguise,
And cover with shame the refuge of lies;

And the Pontifical dress shall sweep
And the trumpeted Right to power shall leap,
And sword and flame shall a harvest reap.

From the lips of God the fires shall breathe,
And the sword of Truth, two-edged, shall sheathe
Its glittering blade in the hearts beneath.

Then Filth and Wrong, twin foes of man,
And Bigotry muttering his curse and ban,
With all their fell, remorseless clan,

By the Conqueror's arm shall be vanquished and slain,
And sink in unending Death's domain,
With their ghastly allies, Fear and Pain.

And the moral midnight's direful pall
From the form of Earth like a shroud shall fall,
As she rises—no longer Sin's victim and thrall.

And the risen Sun of Righteousness
With health and vigor and freedom shall bless,
And array her in garments of Holiness.

And Wisdom and Love their gifts shall shower,
While Goodness and Truth in blended power
With fadeless beauty the world shall dower.

Then Peace, with white and downy plumes,
Redolent of all rich perfumes
Wafted from Heaven's ambrosial blooms,

Shall float on the glorified waves of air
Like a vision Celestial, surpassing fair,
And the balm of her presence all hearts shall share.

Then deep and divine shall be the rest
That shall fill and overflow the human breast,
Of its primal heritage re-possessed;

And all the peoples their gifts shall bring
To the feet of Christ, the Deliverer and King,
And the spheres with glad acclamations ring.

As the sister orbs with joy shall greet
The new song beautiful and sweet,
Earth singing her hymn of bliss complete.

Providence, R. I., Oct., 1890.

A SPIRIT'S WANDERINGS.

LIFE-PICTURES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

PART FIRST.

"I feel drawn back to earth by many striving influences. I, for so long a time a happy dweller of the upper realms of light and joy, I hear the imploring voices, I see uplifted, anguished faces, I hear piteous moans upon the fragrant wind. I must return to earth, to aid, sustain and strengthen some struggling souls, there enwrapped in the shadows of woe, or bent beneath the double burdens of sickness and poverty. I will fill my hands with the balsamic flowers, and from the spirit-choirs I will take the lowest chiming of harmony, to carry to those darkened homes beneath. With the sunlight of love in my heart, hope on my brow, I will descend to comfort, soothe and bless."

On the shafts of sunlight falling there quivered the music strains of angelic response; and low, sweet murmure, musical with the joy of acceptance, rose from the flower-strewn heart and thrilled the dancing leaves. The blue sky deepened, and the voices of the sea made answer; and the summoned spirit's brow grew brighter still; his heart throbbled with his mightiest aspiration—with sympathy and love for all. The song-birds of that upper choir, whirled joyously around him; the evening glories of the land of peace outspread before the longing eyes; that never wearied of the beautiful; above, the vesper chimes rang musically clear; from the mountain heights, bathed in the sunset's glory, glistened the awaiting bowers of holiest dreams. Loved forms and dear, familiar faces were there; but earth called loudly with its piercing wail, and for its darkened scenes the pure, exalted spirit forsook the sinless land, and, led by guiding impulse, stood on our world's bleak soil; for, beautiful though it was to its dwellers, its atmosphere was dense, its flowers scentless and colorless, unto the spirit's eye that so long had feasted on the gilded inner life of the immortal realm—whose soul had drunk of the celestial streams of harmony, and daily bathed in the refuge of wisdom, truth and purity.

Twilight shadows wrapped the world in gloom, and the sea uprose in mysterious murmurings, and a low wind sighed amid the stirred pines. "It is the undertone of sorrow, the all-pervading burden of discord that breaks from the million tolling, suffering, erring hearts. Earth, sea and sky are freighted with the accusing voices—not against thee, oh Infinite, but against man's inhumanity to man."

Thus spake the understanding Spirit, and a shade of sorrowing sympathy rested on his placid brow. He descended the mountain's side, and entered the quiet town. Gifted with the inner vision, the Spirit read the hearts of men, saw breaking hearts concealed beneath false, conventional smiles, saw deep and high and glorious aspirations nestling in humble, untaught souls, purest affections living warm and radiant in fair woman's breast, driven back from the sunlight warmth of day by the decrees of

men and custom. The Spirit beheld pure and natural religion in the child's opening soul, as it stretched forth its tiny hands in invocation to the glowing skies, the murmuring sea, the flowery roadside; but the spontaneity of worship was checked by long and formal prayers; the soul was cramped in its first conceptions of the Infinite; the poetic mind was chained, and its prophetic voices were called blasphemous; fear usurped the place of love, and the dark pall of bigotry veiled the revealed and bounteous glories of the great I Am.

The Spirit, pure, free, untrammelled, sighed for the thoughtless hearts that dared not follow the finger-marks of Duty; that shrank affrighted from the magnitude of his revelations to the soul; that trampled under foot the sacred ordinances of nature, and called these fanaticalisms the commands of God!

In a cottage, bearing every outward sign of ease and comfort, dwelt a sadly estranged family, whom their neighbors envied for their wealth. The wife was stricken by disease, and slowly passing to the other life, for which she yearned. The honored and world-respected husband, to whom men bent in homage, was by that world unknown. Politically, scrupulously observant of the laws of society, no delinquencies had been charged to him. At home only was his true nature shown. There the drunkard and the sensualist revealed himself; there the smooth voice assumed the thunder tones of menace; there gentle Madeline, his only daughter, wept and wrung her hands with grief and shame; there broken-hearted Willie fled for peace and safety, taking with him his fading mother's blessing. He never returned to his home; the ocean waves sang his true soul's requiem, and to his mother's heart gave witness of his fate. The falsely judging world condemned the poor boy, even in death; and from the mother's pallid lips no murmur issued, no vindication of her first-born, her noble son. Fear of her tyrant's influence, dread of the world's unbelief, sealed her lips. Would she, the solitary, suffering woman, find sympathy against the influential, honored man? So beyond his own walls no plaints were heard; and the angel striving in the souls of those two women was fettered by the iron bonds of custom. But Elvira smiled, for she knew the death angel would release her; but Madeline wept in fear and anguish for the future.

The Spirit stood by the mother's side, and her heart grew strong with resolution, faith and hope. He read the soul of the world-deceiver, and failing to impress on it one thought of love and goodness, he yet succeeded in arousing there a fear, superstitious and dark as the soul from whence it sprang. The duty submission rendered unto him by those of his household had strengthened him in deception, wrong and cruelty; they had not shielded themselves, nor bettered him.

Oh, man and woman, do fight in the Father's sight, no matter at what worldly cost; resist the wrong, no matter at what sacrifice. The cross to be uplifted is the individual burden; no law of earth should compel the soul to yield to despotic wrong.

With tears and prayers and lavish entreaties, wife and daughter had long sought to reclaim the man by others deemed so perfect. Tears and prayers had failed, and he triumphed over his slaves, who never dared reveal by word or action the rebellion oft barging in their souls. Passively, despairingly, they submitted to what appeared inevitable; and evil influences rejoiced and triumphed over angel will and power, left dormant and unused.

Sweet Madeline knew not that an angel stood beside her, tending her pure and sorrowing heart. She knew not whence came the rising impulse, the desire for freedom, the throbbing hopes of a better life even on earth. And amid her reveries arose a face long unseen, with deep, dark eyes that uttered love unutterable, and Madeline sighed and prayed for his return, though in the past year she had turned tremblingly from him, urged by her father's stern command.

And now, unconsciously listening to an angel's words, arose within her the dominant sense of right, the desire for happiness as her own soul craved it. Madeline was not the spoiled child of fashion; she was no vain coquette, no heartless trifler. Prayerfully conscious of her beauty and soul-wealth, she yearned for love, for peace, for rest. Such souls can be trusted with their own guidance; their intuitions are sacredly beautiful and true; their impulses are for the good and just. In the young girl's breast arose the first resolve, the first firm purpose. While her mother lived she would for her sake bear and suffer all. That mother once removed to another life, no worldly fear should bind her to a tyrant father's side.

When, after a short absence, the Spirit returned to the cottage home, it was to find Elvira departing, with a smile and a serene joy, to her awaiting spirit home. It was to see the angel band, that welcomed her with strains of harmony, assembled around her couch; to find the young Madeline, heroically striving with her grief; to behold the stern, composed features of the husband, and find in his heart a feeling of remorse, veiled to the keen world's gaze.

She died to earth and trouble—she awoke to immortality and joy—that victim wife! And Madeline, amid her grief, was strong, and her soul had grown in self-knowledge; her resolve was formed. When, some months after, her father commanded her to accept a wealthy and to her repugnant suitor, Madeline firmly refused to obey his commands. He threatened her with disinheritance; he would brand her before the world as a disobedient child; he would cast her forth to beg her bread in charity; Madeline, smiling with a pale cheek, and declared herself willing to go forth for her soul's freedom.

The Spirit, long exalted above the weaknesses of humanity, felt a thrill of strange sorrow pervade his ethereal frame as the father's hand cast rudely forth the tenderly nurtured girl. He cast her out, with loud imprecations, with prophecies of an untimely end, such as awaits the disobedient. The horrified servants shrank back in terror, for a father's curse is terrible. A father's curse—no true, religious soul ever uttered it! And the Spirit read that the fanatical and selfish man was not in spirit the guardian and protector of the true young soul—that in the life to come he would not bear the name, so sweet and hallowed—the name of father—from those love-warm lips. There only the ties of the spirit are recognized; there the voices of earth bind not, nor sever.

She left the house, and good Christians closed their doors against her, the disobedient child! The blinded world condescended with the pious and influential father; she, the young, pure, untried one, was driven by the public voice from her native place, and cast upon the boiling, heaving, turbulent waters of trial. She passed through ordeals of suffering and temptation such as the strongest hearts would shrink from in dread; she stood upon the brink of starvation, of self-murder, for her innate purity recoiled from a life of shame. And the rich and proud and

untempted would say, "Curse her right; why was she not obedient to her father's will? why did she also not fulfill the mandates of Scripture, that bid us honor father and mother?"

But she was upheld by angelic powers, and she yielded not to wrong. Unseen, unheard, yet felt, her mother hovered near, and Madeline prepared to die, but not to sin, for bread!

Then in her utmost need, her direst necessity, came love, the seeking, watchful angel. He, the long absent one, returned, and found the weary toiler, the changed, pale Madeline, his early love; and from the dark and tollsome lot he bore her to his father's house; and as with streaming eyes she knelt before the venerable, worthy man, she felt the full tide of filial love sweep her wronged, crushed heart; and the voice in which she called him "father!" was deep with melody and fervent with trust.

She was rescued from the great world's wiles, the pangs of hunger and despair. The sunlight of love flowed rapturously over her life thenceforth. But if not strong enough to resist the manifold temptations lingering in the toiler's way, she had fallen from her high estate of love and womanhood, would the pitying angels have scorned and turned from that erring one? Oh, no! not as the harsh world condemns; they would have soothed, inspired, and led "from darkness to the light," the wronged one; and on the marred and blotted tablet of her father's life, they would have inscribed the accusing words that made of him a soul-murderer in the eyes of the All-Just.

We are our "brother's keeper." Great is the responsibility laid on our souls, that should be watchful, prayerful in thought and interest, evermore. The angry word, the cold refusal, the hand denied in fellowship, may lead a brother's soul into the deepest misery; may lead a sister's feet into the thorny paths of vice. A smile, a kindly word, a cheering hand-clasp, a tear of sympathy—these are but little things, yet how deeply fraught with meaning, how full of consequence!

The watchful spirit, heaven-commissioned, returned to the world-respected father's home. That home was silent and solitary no longer; a new mistress reigned with mirth and revelry, and Madeline was never named, save in the visions of the night, when torturing and accusing, her image stood before him, and he shrieked her name in guilty terror.

Still to the world the pious, honorable man, profuse of public charity, morally subservient to church and law. At home he was the same as of old; and pride guarded his secret as fear and the sense of duty had done before. His vain and fashionable wife would have died of shame, were his conduct known to her friends. For dress, and ornament, and lavish display, she submitted to her slavish lot, and bent her sometime resisting soul to every outrage. Alas for womanhood! bending her soul's divinest energies to the paltry alloy of gold.

He was never known to the world as the hypocrite he was; his cruelties became not public; he never was seen resting in the street, or lifting up his hand in anger. A model of Christian propriety, he sank into the grave, and an elaborately carved monument records the many virtues the credulous world deemed him possessed of. On the head of his lovely daughter society invoked the punishment of disobedience. From the saintly avowal of wrong it turned its aristocratic face; from the fallen it turned with saintly horror; and from the unsuccessful toiler with averted brow.

The Spirit, intent on this mission of love, passed on. He rested awhile in the heart of the populous city, and oh, what sights there met his pitying eye! Over the frozen streets wandered, with chilled limbs and blue and quivering lips, the outcast children of the poor—those of whom Jesus spoke so tenderly! Eyes hollow with famine looked on the Spirit's face, beholding not its love lit and true. There a mother pressed her shivering infant to her bosom, and wailed in tones of misery: "No bread! no bread!" And by her swept in flowing robes of velvet, blazoned with jewels, the courtly dames, unheeding the anguished appeal, unthinking of the woe so close beside them. On the old man's beard stood icicles; the great tears were frozen on the orphan's cheek; the tattered robes of the wretched Magdalene were starred with falling snow-flakes. The Spirit saw one of those fallen ones approach the wretched mother, and take her infant from her bosom, shower kisses on its pale, shrunken face; then with an impulse pure, warm, glowing, irresistible, place gold within the mother's hand, and with a look of angel pity upon the mother and her babe, pursue her way; that path, however dark, was illumined by God's light of love and pity.

The Spirit followed that outcast, and in her soul he read of heavenward aspirations, of longings deep and intense for a better life. The nursing voice of purity loudly proclaimed its mission, and the darkened, but not lost soul, listened in despair. For her sister woman looked upon her with horror; the young and pure, even little children, feared her; but the babe of the poverty-stricken mother had smiled in her face. That heart cannot be all evil to which an infant clings!

The Spirit followed the wretched one, and whispered to her ear and heart, invoking the melodies of childhood, the glances of a mother's eye, the accents of a good father's prayer. He followed, invisible to her sense, felt to her soul; he entered with her the gilded house of infamy. Yes, even there an angel's smile rested awhile; even there the love of Jesus entered, and the melodies of heaven resounded. But to one soul there the spirit lingered nearest; and overwhelming grand and beautiful, were the thoughts and hopes he brought.

At midnight, a veiled figure issued from the illuminated mansion, followed by an invisible leader, and never again did her feet retrace their way. For months she struggled with the world. Her trembling limbs refusing to uphold the feeble frame in its demanded toil. For months she bore the scorn and cruelty, the heartlessness of mankind; then faith and hope for this world grew weak; she would not return to a life of sin; but in the cold, swiftly flowing waters she sought relief. And angels pitied and blessed her.

The stately lady dressing for that night's gorgeous fête, knew not that her prompt dismissal of the beggar at her gate, had hastened a soul's departure from the earth; that her cold and scornful denial had robbed a fellow-creature of the last hold on fellowship and love.

"There were so many impostors about."

Yes, lady, there is much imposture and deception in the world; but you should have satisfied yourself that the woe and the famished eyes were not those of a suffering sister, ere you so scornfully bid her begone.

The wealthy and esteemed, and self-complacent merchant, surrounded by his family at the cosy and sumptuous tea-table, thinks not of the squalid wretch that implored his charity, whom he jostled

aside with an impatient exclamation, for his mind was occupied with mighty business concerns. He will read in the morning papers, of the young woman dragged from the river, little dreaming that he bore a part in her untimely end; that his ready sympathy, one word of kindness, one loan of gold or silver, would have saved a life, and exalted a faint and weary soul. He thinks not of it. What to him, in his brilliant, gilded sphere, are those beneath him? "The poor whom you have always with you."

You should be ashamed to beg, you are strong enough to work," say many of the passers-by to a tall and ragged boy; who is holding out his cap for alms. Work? Oh, poor Alec has sought every imaginable kind of work; but the city is overcrowded with seekers for employment; and for three days he has had nothing to do; and his widowed mother is starving, and his little sister Ella dying for want of food.

"No, no, I can't steal!" whispers his soul. "Father was good and honest; perhaps his spirit sees all my actions. I cannot do wrong."

"But mother and sister are cold and hungry," plead the voices of natural affection, and not a chord of selfishness was touched, for he thought but of those dear to him, forgetting his own pangs, his painful frosted limbs.

The Spirit beholds hovering near the boy, a spirit form of wondrous majesty and beauty, that blends the wisdom-light of knowledge and maturity with the energy and strength of eternal youth. It is the father of that beggar boy; and his influence is calm and holy. In answer to the invisible comforter the boy replies:

"Oh, I believe in Heaven we shall all be blest. I care not if I go this moment, but poor mother—Ella! they are only sick for want of food, and must suffer much before the pretty game is useless. Oh, God! send them relief and take me to myself!"

"See yonder shop so full of tempting viands! how well they could spare one loaf of bread; but they refused me, and I must see my mother starve. Father! I am not thine grain, the vintage, all of earth? Why am I, thy child, dealing a share? I do not believe it sin to administer to the wants of my dear mother, my little prattling sister! 'Thou shalt not steal!' is one of God's commandments! I honor, I revere it! I covet not their carriages and splendid homes, their fine clothes and many dishes; but to that which will sustain life, I have a right. God's earth is vast and bountiful; I ask the smallest share of its abundance. I will take bread for my mother's sake! But they will detect me, I am no practiced thief; they will take me to their prisons, and my mother will die of grief and shame. Is this a Christian land? Is there a God?"

Great tears rolled down the poor boy's face; his hands were clenched in agony. With tear-drops in his eyes of blue, the Spirit sought for sympathy amid the surging, swaying crowd. A poor seamstress approached; she read the soul of the boy; she stopped to address him. With hand upon her shoulder the Spirit listened and urged her gently, for that toil-worn heart was good and largely benevolent.

"I have not much to give," she murmured with tear-filled eyes; "but take this to your mother." She gave a piece of silver, hard-earned it was, into the boy's shrinking hand. She hastened away that she might not hear his incoherent thanks and blessings; and unseen, unheard, an angel followed to her humble home, and the fire-light there was brighter than usual, and a peace unutterable pervaded the solitary room.

"There is a good God! there are some true hearts on earth!" joyfully exclaimed the grateful Alec, and he hastened to buy food for his loved ones, and the spirit-father goes with him to cheer the sorrowing ones left to the cold world's care.

From the marble staircase of a lofty mansion, descends a beautiful matron, clad in silk and velvet, well protected from the piercing cold by costly furs. She leads two children, angel-like in form and feature, but she beholds not the third, hovering in air before her. On the lower step sits a tattered beggar-child, and in piteous accents wails:

"Please, lady, give me a penny?"

It is the touch of the invisible angel-child that causes her to turn her head and look upon the little suppliant. But the habit of scorn is strong, she turns with a curling lip; but little Emma holds out her dimly gleamed hand and drops a silver coin into the beggar's outstretched hand. The unseen angel lays its tiny hands exultingly; a soft flush of joy lights up the child's lovely face; the beggar-child cries with delight; and the aristocratic mother enters her awaiting carriage, places her children beside her; the prancing steeds fly over the frozen ground; poor little Nellie sits on the step and cries for joy. "Silver, really silver!" She runs until she is breathless, to carry the glad tidings to her aged grandmother, her only remaining relative. In her haste she runs against a lovely and richly clad girl; but no murmur of anger or impatience passes those finely chiseled lips. An expression of pity and tenderness, beautiful to behold, passes over the lady's face:

"You must be very cold, poor child," she says so low and musically, poor Nellie's fluttering heart is set at ease.

"Please, lady, excuse me for running against you. Indeed, I did not mean to, indeed, ma'am, I did not," she says so earnestly, tears fill the listener's soft and lustrous eyes.

Beneath that velvet bodice there beats a heart that wealth and fashion has not trammelled; it throbs with love and sympathy for the lowest of God's creatures; it yearns to bless and succor the suffering; it seeks and finds manifold opportunities to do good; it is a heart the world can never understand; one that will have to bear much calumny, and suffer much deception, but it will grow, expand and strengthen in a spiritual atmosphere, beneath the approving smile of God. Stella is the star of fashion to many; she is the star of love to one true heart, the beacon light of guidance to suffering souls. She leads the little orphan by the hand, modestly putting down her veil, lest the passers by should note the glow of emotion upon her cheek, the triumphant sparkle of her eye. From that day Nellie will know no more want or care; her aged grandmother will be provided for. Stella finds the child intelligent and trustworthy; henceforth she will have a good home, and her future is amply provided for.

The watching Spirit smiles with joy; for amid the darkness of egotism, and the 'whirling flood of worldliness, he yet beholds the sun-bringing virtues, the beautiful revelations of the good in humanity, among all classes, as among all minds. He wings his way to spirit-land rejoicing, and resting while in the homes of inspired thought, returns with renewed hope, and strength and energy, to his labors of love on earth.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

The prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet is a good humored face.

Written for the Banner of Light.
KEEP THY SPIRIT PURE.

BY PELAGIUS.

This world, we all know, is heartless and cold. Though it holds many things that allure; But what matters its coldness, what matters its gold, As long as thy spirit is pure!

Let scandal deride, let inferiors sneer. Let the rich call thee humble and poor. Not the wealth of the world would I take for thy dear, As long as thy spirit is pure!

Have done with earth's vanities—throw same to the winds. Let thy heart these vain things not endure; Thy soul will be glad with the comfort it finds, As long as thy spirit is pure!

Thou canst still love the world, though heartless and cold. Though it holds many things that allure; But thou 'tst need its coldness, nor care for its gold, As long as thy spirit is pure!

Boston, December 9, 1860.

MORE TESTS THROUGH MANSFIELD.

BY FRANCIS H. SMITH.

There are those among us—firm Spiritualists, too—who never tire of tests, and I confess myself among the number; for although no amount of evidence could add a feather's weight to my belief in the fact of spirit intercourse, yet does my heart warm up and an electric thrill run through my frame at every new assurance that the loved ones are near.

Yes, I love these little tests; to the skeptic they often appear trivial and insignificant. Not so. It is by straw we learn the wind. Some of the grandest discoveries in art and science have sprung from trifles light as air. It was the falling of an apple that gave to the giant mind of Newton the primordial law of nature; it was the hissing of a tea kettle that suggested the mighty power of steam, and a simple kite string first brought down the lightning from heaven.

A little work which I gave to the world last Spring, "My Experience, or Foot-Prints of a Presbyterian to Spiritualism," contains many such. Those facts have not been questioned, and the arguments deduced therefrom remain unassured. Besides the desire of being instrumental in dispelling ignorance and doubt from the minds of some who know not what Spiritualism really is, I had a lingering hope that it might be the means of casting one ray of light into my own household, where bigotry and sectarian prejudices have long reigned supreme, closing every avenue by which truth could enter, and shrouding heart and mind in total darkness. Curiosity, I thought, if no better motive, might tempt them to read; nor did I think it possible that any one could pass over those pages and remain altogether unaffected by the truth. But alas! alas! my hopes were vain; I now despair of ever again beholding a united family circle, where thought meets thought, and hearts united blend in harmony divine. Such happiness is not for me on earth. Nor am I alone. Many, entire strangers, who have read the book, have expressed to me their sympathy, their experience being unhappily just the same.

But there is "a good time coming"—of this hope, rather say assurance, naught can rob me—the reunion above—where creeds and catechisms will be forgotten—where truth, instead of bigotry, prevails; and the dear ones will hang around me eager to acknowledge husband and father, right after all!

And should there be a vacant seat at the board before my own departure, the confession of wrong will at once be made. My little "Experience" tells of seven; and now another has been added to the number, whose return is fraught with deep interest, showing how rapidly the spirit shakes off church dogmas, and other fatalities, on entering its purer home.

I spent the month of August among my friends in Virginia. During my absence, a long and lingering disease had done its work, and removed a dear one to a higher life. I returned home early in September; and a few hours after found me seated at Mrs. Morrell's, who had also but just returned, after an absence of several weeks.

On taking my seat, I merely said: "I suppose my friends know what I want."

Answered by my grandfather:

"I know that you came to hear about your daughter. She is present with you, and will speak for herself. She entered the sphere in the full faith of the Presbyterian Church, believing that she was one of the elect, but soon found her mistake; that God has no chosen people; and oh, how earnestly did she beg to be brought to you. How she rejoiced to know that disembodied spirits are permitted to return to earth and watch over their loved ones. She is more reconciled now than when first she entered the spheres."

F. H. S.

Scarcely had the pencil made its last stroke, when the table sprang up, all four legs off the floor, and pressed heavily against my bosom. Then was written, after some prefatory remarks:

"My dear father, I know that I did not agree with you in your views when I lived in the flesh, and it is I that have to suffer the consequences now. I wish that I had listened to you, and tried to learn something about this new Philosophy. I passed away believing that the Presbyterians were the elect, but was sadly mistaken. When I entered the spirit sphere, I found that I had to do for myself there what I failed to do in the flesh. But I met my mother and father, your mother and Frank, and they soon reconciled me to what I supposed to be death. I might have been cured had I had faith in what you said; but I was blind, I could not see. I now see that you had the light, while I was in the dark. Dear father, I shall very often come to you now. I have been around and about you for several days, trying to impress you that I wished to speak to you. I should be very glad to commune with the rest of the family; but, like me, they will not listen to the voices of their spirit friends. I know that my little children, Fanny and Lavinia, are well cared for, and will be well trained in the fashionable theology of the day; but now that I see my error, I would prefer them to be under your guidance."

ANNE H. SMITH.

If I write you a letter, and send it to Mr. Mansfield, will you endeavor to answer it? Frank will conduct you to him.

"I will try to do so, and at the same time write to my husband. I will do what I can to convince him."

Suppose you communicate through the BANNER OF LIGHT, the paper you refused to read.

"I often read it when you did not think that I even looked at it."

A. H. S.

Then came the following:

"Dear father, we have brother Joseph's wife under our care now, and we are teaching her how she may become freed from the church errors that entangle her."

FRANK.

The next day I addressed her the following letter:

"Early last Spring I procured Mr. Brittan's pamphlet, 'A Record of Mediumship,' telling of the wonderful cures performed by Mrs. Metcalf, hoping that a cure might also be for her. But she merely glanced over a single page, and threw it aside. It is to this, no doubt, the spirit refers."

carefully sealed, and enclosed it by mail to Mr. Mansfield, without any superscription, merely saying the spirit had promised an answer through him.

Baltimore, Sept. 12, 1860.

"My dear DAVENPORT—During my absence from home you have left letters that have been in which you had so long suffered, and joined the bright band of loved ones above. You now realize the truth of what I so earnestly strove to teach you while here, and find that it was no illusion which cheered me in my lonely pilgrimage, and gave comfort under so many sorrows. Yesterday you first communed with me from your spirit-home and confirmed all this. You promised many more such delightful interviews, and that you would endeavor to answer this through the medium, and that you would also send a message to your husband. But this, I fear, would be all in vain; his mind is closed to the reception of this truth, the result, in some measure, of your influence; but we have the consolation of knowing that the day will surely come when these clouds of bigotry, ignorance and prejudice, will pass away, and the light of God's truth be revealed."

Your father-in-law, FRANCIS H. SMITH.

Within a week this letter was returned, perfect as when sent, and with it the following reply. With what astonishment did I read it, wondering who the writer could be; nor did I form the least idea until I reached the signature. It ran as follows:

"My very dear friend Smith, pardon this intrusion, coming as I do uninvited; but as your dear daughter-in-law cannot communicate at this time, from her recent exit from the mortal to spirit-life, I will improve the present opportunity by saying a few words."

Your dear daughter remains feeble, and will for some time to come. I have seen her, and talked with her of you, and her dear skeptical husband. Could she but know how dear she is to me, she would not be quite so gloomy. It would make her joy complete. She spoke freely of your great earnestness with her prior to her coming here, and of the trifling manner in which she turned you away. 'Oh, said she, 'could I but live one short day on earth, that I might tell my father-in-law of the realities of spirit land, and that the one thousandth part has not been revealed to him.' She will come to you by and by, and tell you much that none but her own dear self can tell."

She was delighted to have spoken to you through the medium not long since. That control was greatly assisted by myself and Abigail, Pertie's mother, who is about you much from those dear associations you have formed and enjoyed with her dear ones in circle. Your dear daughter's great anxiety now is to speak to her dear husband; and knowing his utter contempt for everything that is in the least connected with the subject of Spiritualism, she fears she may not be able to reach him."

My dear friend, I too have much to thank you for, inasmuch as you were faithful in the discharge of your duty to me and mine; and but it not been for what you preached to me, I should be in a far lower condition, or rather less progressed sphere, than I am now. Though I had but little faith in your speaking to my dear ones from the spirit-life, as you assured me I should; yet I could not help thinking that you might be right in your views. I will now say that at times I did hope, and should have confessed the same, had it not been for the unbelief of my dear family and friends."

I have been with you, my dear friend, during the past season in Virginia. You did nobly in defending what you felt to be, and what I know to be the truth. Then stand firm, though you be called fool, and accused at by those who would be esteemed followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Mind them not. Jesus was never known to desert at those who did not heed his teachings."

When you see my dear ones, say to them that I still live, and know I shall see them again as I was wont to see them in the flesh. Oh, happy, happy thought!

Your little "Experience" in book form will tell its tale, and thousands will catch glimpses of the spirit land and the philosophy of spirit intercourse, from its perusal. Then be vigilant, be Christ-like; pray much that you may ever be found doing your duty, ever having a word ready for the benefit of your fellow mortals."

Your little band, Lucius, Simon, Edwin, Morris, and Arnold the teacher of them all, are with you often, and do much toward impressing you from day to day. Arnold is about you almost continually. I tell you, my friend, that Spiritualism is true."

"J'en ai l'expérience, ainsi je peux vous en parler en vérité."

Vous êtes bien payés pour la bienfaisance paternelle envers lui! Il estime beaucoup votre amitié."

I will come again by-and-by and speak more correctly. The above is in reply to your note of the 12th inst. of twenty-seven lines, including date, address and signature."

Yours in spirit, ELIZABETH W.

The signature was given in full—an intimate friend, at whose house in Virginia I have passed many a pleasant day, when Spiritualism was the prevailing topic of conversation. At length there became sufficient interest to form a circle; and a young lady from the north, a governess in the family, proved to be an excellent medium. The interest was continued after I left; persons came from every part of the county for communications, and many extraordinary tests were given. This held on for some months, until at length the clergy, as usual, took the alarm. Spiritualism was denounced from the pulpit, and some ultra religious zealots prevailed upon to take their children from the school unless the sittings were stopped. Thus ended the movement."

Mrs. W. passed away suddenly in May, 1859. During my visit a short time previous, we sat up till a late hour, relating the remarkable tests and communications we had received through the dial. I then thought Mrs. W. more impressed with the truth than she seemed willing to confess."

In the communication just received, mention is made of Arnold and his band. This is one of the most remarkable tests ever given. Arnold was the spirit who caused me so much distress while spending the summer of 1858 at Squantum, Mass., by assuming the name of Frank, and giving me, through the dial, a long account of my wife's illness and death, and afterwards personating Susan herself in a pretended communication. I had but just heard of her real illness, and this prevented all doubt of its truthfulness. Owing to a derangement in the mail, this deception was kept up for five days. I cannot describe the unhappiness it created."

In November, 1860, I was receiving a communication from a dear friend, when suddenly there was an interruption shown by the medium's hand being jerked violently about. Presently there was control enough to write:

"Arnold plagues me, and says he will come."

"Come, then, Arnold, and you shall be heard—only come in good faith." He then wrote:

"Now on your faith so be it unto you. Thank you, dear Smith; I will try not to trouble you as I have done heretofore, yet am I frequently urged on by my associates. I know it is not right to stand in the way of high-developed spirits, and prevent them from saying what they would; but our condition makes us cautious. Now, would you when in circles do as you should, you would not seek only the high and lofty intelligences, but would have thought for those unfortunate ones whose willings go up from bells the most horrible. Then take this advice from one who has given you so much trouble. Call for the band that I will bring to you at your next circle. They are low, they are wicked, because they were so when in life on earth. Call for them; they will come by the names of Lucius, Simon, Edwin, Morris, and Arnold, whom you well know. Now, my dear Smith, try to bear with us. We want light, we want encouragement; this is our only hope of hap-

piness. Then let us come, for come we must. We do not intend to be selfish, but please give us attention, and you and your dear circle shall not be losers."

ANNOU.

A few evenings after this I was in a circle, and Mrs. Danks being present, who knew nothing of that related, I called mentally for Arnold. He came, and for about twenty minutes spoke most eloquently through her, bewailing his dark condition, but had now begun to see some light; his great desire was for more; was determined not to go back; would follow me to circles; thanked me for the recent indulgence I had shown him, and begged my prayers in his behalf. I talked religiously for some time; encouraged him to persevere in the path he had marked out, and assured him that bright spirits would come to his aid; urged him to fustigate the same upon his companions, and then offered up a prayer in his behalf. At the conclusion of it, he thanked me warmly for the sympathy I had manifested for him, notwithstanding his former shameful treatment, and promised that I should never again be annoyed by undeveloped spirits. The whole scene was deeply affecting to all present. This was our last interview."

How conclusive the test from Mrs. W.—I but a part of her communication was all a puzzle to me; I could make nothing of it; so I addressed her the following note, which was passed up in the usual way, and sent to Mr. Mansfield:

Thursday, September 20, 1860.

My dear Mrs. W.—I cannot express the gratification which your spirit-letter has given me, and how highly I esteem the privilege of having so warm a friend in the spirit-world. But there is a part of your letter I do not understand, and which I would thank you to explain. You said that when Annie communicated, not long since, she was greatly assisted by "Abigail, Pertie's mother." I do not know who is meant here, never having known any spirit of those names, nor even heard of such. There are some lines in French, which I am sure you did not understand when living in the flesh, nor does the medium. Did you write them? If not, who did?

Your friend and brother,

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

This letter was returned perfect, as usual, in one from Mr. Mansfield, of the 23rd, with the following reply:

My dear friend and brother Smith—It delights me to know that my last attempt to communicate was so welcome. It was given at the earnest solicitation of your dear daughter, Annie. The dear one is fast recouling, or rather, gathering strength, and will no doubt soon be able to communicate with you freely. She is grieved at the skepticism of her beloved ones in the flesh, yet she says she cannot in the present state of her development see differently. She says, "Could dear mother Smith see these things as you do, she could bear the separation better, knowing she could come to the dear home and talk as she was wont to do. But, alas! when will that time arrive?"

You speak of your inability to comprehend the individual I presented you in my last communication—Abigail. Ask your friend Stratton if he knows who Pertie's mother was, and if her name was not Abigail. She has been attached to that loving circle through hope she might speak to him; and while making attempts to contact the lady, she became familiar with you. Pertie is a darling spirit; she comes often to your circle with an angel lady friend, who also comes for the best of reasons."

My associates are from every clime and nation on earth; consequently languages of every tongue are spoken. I do not know what that sentence was given you in French. A lady friend of mine gave it me at the time. I wrote it by her dictation."

Now, dear friend and brother, be faithful; your time of life in the flesh is drawing nigh to its close; then work, work while the day lasts, ever doing unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Your spirit friend,

ELIZABETH W.

There are twenty two distinct tests in these two communications. My first letter contained exactly twenty-seven lines! My second letter was signed "Your friend and brother"; she addressed me in the same words. The answer about "Abigail," is very curious. About four years ago I became acquainted with a Mr. Stratton, having met with him at different circles. It was amusing to see the astonishment pictured on his countenance when I showed him the communication and asked an explanation. "It refers to me," said he "to a family I knew in Waltham, Mass.; the mother's name was Abigail—she died ten years ago—her daughter Pertie, died two years ago, at the age of sixteen, and the angel lady friend was an intimate friend of mine who died last year." Can any one imagine a stronger test than this?

The lines in French are but of little import. The first seems to refer to the remarks just made, that "Spiritualism is true," and may be translated, "I have experienced all this, and therefore can speak of its truthfulness." The other perhaps refers to Arnold:—"You are well paid for your fatherly kindness to him—he prizes highly your friendship."

I sent a copy of the first communication through Mrs. Morrell to my skeptical sister in Virginia. She said in reply that it was very like what she could have dictated. In reply, I sent her those that followed through Mr. Mansfield, with these remarks:

"So you think, my dear sister, that you could have dictated what I received from dear Annie. Part of it, I believe you could, for it is just what you and every relative of mine will say, should you pass away before me. Like Annie, it will be to mourn over your blindness and obduracy in rejecting the truth so freely offered. You will also express your astonishment to find the spirit-world so different from what your creeds and catechisms had led you to expect; that heaven is no far-off distant abode in the limitless beyond, but here among the loved ones left behind; and you will be rejoiced to learn that you yourself are to become their 'ministering angels.' You will find no God of wrath, but a loving Father, who has no chosen people, for all are his children. You will find no personal devil—a guilty conscience needs no such torment. Then having discovered all this, and much more, you will call to mind how earnestly and anxiously I strove to make you a partaker of the joys which this precious truth unfolds, and you will hasten to my side to pour forth the fullness of your hearts in contrition, as Annie said, 'for the trifling manner in which you turned me away.'"

Now there are some facts in regard to that communication which you seem to ignore. You would have it that I went expecting a communication from Annie, and got just the reflection of my own mind. How does this idea agree with the facts?

First of all, Mrs. Morrell knew nothing of her death at this time. I am sure I merely remarked, "I suppose my friends know what I want," my custom always when I have anything particular in view, and felt not a little disappointed when I saw that the signature was not from her; for, on all previous occasions, the expected spirit answered the call. Was this, then, a reflection of my mind?

This theory of thought-reading, by way of explaining the spiritual manifestations, was a favorite one with Prof. Mahan and some divines two or three years ago, but it is now pretty well exploded; crushed under the overwhelming facts brought from all quarters."

The Devil theory was the first suggested by the Church, just as it was against Mesmerism; but that was put to rest by the *Episcopal Recorder* four years ago. True Christians cannot accept a thought so derogatory to the character of a Father, whose love and wisdom and power are infinite, and who requires the aid of no such Being to carry out His decrees."

Baltimore, Md., 1860.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)
JOHN L. V. HATCH AT BODWORTH HALL, NEW YORK.

Sunday, Dec. 2, 1860.

After a long absence from the lecturing field, in consequence of severe indisposition, Mrs. Hatch on last Sunday gave the first of a series of lectures she has engaged to deliver at Bodworth Hall.

Although much reduced by her long illness, she has lost none of those remarkable powers which have given her so eminent a position as a lecturer on the spiritual philosophy. Indeed, in the humble opinion of your correspondent, her morning effort, as an adaptation of words to thoughts, and those of a most practical character, was equal, if not superior, to anything which has been called forth in the present crisis, either from the pulpit or the forum."

I regret that it is not in my power to lay before your readers a verbatim report, in place of which I shall only be able to give you a synopsis.

After an eloquent address to the Deity, she opened her discourse by alluding to Egypt. She spoke of the spiritual darkness of that nation, at a time, too, when she was in the material and intellectual zenith of her glory. Yet, not understanding nor appreciating the divine favors showered upon her, held in bondage a whole people, making them subservient to the most cruel and arbitrary exactions. But now the brightness of inspiration once more beamed upon these poor, down-trodden slaves, and developed in their midst philosophers and poets, who discomfited and sung of Israel's wrongs, until at the proper time was raised up a great leader, (Moses) whose mission was to deliver his people from bondage. We at this distant day look with indignation upon the wrongs then perpetrated—but even now, in our own America, over which floats the stars and stripes—the chosen emblem of freedom—exists a worse bondage."

Yet, after these people had been delivered from physical bondage, and brought into the promised land, they lapsed into a spiritual darkness, and became the subjects of a worse than temporal tyranny, consummating their wickedness in the martyrdom of Jesus of Nazareth, whose sublime and pure teachings were to unfold a new and beautiful development in humanity. Then followed an outpouring of the Divine spirit through the mediumship of those great heroes of the early church, who thought, spoke, and lived, and finally suffered martyrdom for the truth. Such men were worthy followers of so illustrious an exemplar. These examples can never be lost, but will ever remain as guide-posts to point humanity onward. Years pass away, and that glorious fabric of Christianity become decorated in the hands of bad and designing men, who assumed to be the viceregents of God on earth. Inspiration was denied to any but those in authority; and God's temple in the heart of man was again defaced by these overhauling influences. There is a power behind all this which will eventually triumph. These seasons of darkness are inevitable, where we shut our eyes to truth, and live in the shadow rather than the substance of things. Those who will not accept the true way, either as individuals or nations, must be severely disciplined if necessary, even to the death. The true shall eventually prevail, when brotherhood and harmony will obtain. Happy we if we can be the agents in forwarding the good time coming."

In the course of her remarks she spoke feelingly of the great founders of our institutions, bending over us from their spirit homes in sorrow. They were using their influence to dispel the darkness at present hanging over us. She ascribed the danger which threatens our institutions not to any imperfection in the Constitution or government, or a want of loyalty in the hearts of the people, if left to themselves, but to designing and ambitious politicians, whose thirst for power and fame led them to pursue a course of policy which destroyed their manhood, while it developed all the elements of mischief that had resulted in the overthrow of governments, and was the cause of most of the present misunderstanding between the two sections of our country. She said if the prayers of good men were needed at this juncture, they were not for our country, that was under the guidance of a higher power—got for the sick and afflicted, the poor and down-trodden. God's pity and fatherly care was extended over all these; not even for the criminal in his cell—a transgressor against the laws; he was alone with his conscience and his God—as there was a gleam of light peering into his dark prison, which brought him into sympathy with the outer world, so there might be one holy retreat in his soul into which the divine love could flow. If we pray for any, let us pray for the bad, ambitious man, whose soul is dedicated to every principle dear to manhood, and whose vaulting ambition has made him callous to the requisitions of his country, his honor and his God."

She closed with an earnest appeal to men and women—as fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, men of trade and men of culture—for the sake of all they held dear, either in this world or the one beyond—to be true in every relation in life—never compromising a principle at the shrine of a selfish policy."

In the above brief manner I have endeavored to give you the salient points of this most interesting lecture. But while I trust I may in some slight degree have succeeded in conveying the thoughts to your readers, I am not unconscious that the great effort must be lost in not being able to reproduce, in the medium's eloquent language, a discourse which occupied considerably over an hour in its delivery."

At the close of the lecture it was announced, by the influence usually controlling Mrs. Hatch, that the audience had been favored with a discourse from the spirit of Theodore Parker.

S. T. M.

What is Virtue?

Upon the question discussed in the Boston Spiritual Conference on Wednesday evening, November 14—viz., "What is Virtue, and what are its demands upon Humanity?"—I have a few thoughts to offer.

As regards the definition of Virtue, each one must give it from his or her peculiar standpoint; but all will agree that it is an expression of goodness and honesty in the person denominated virtuous. Virtue, in the common conception of the term, may be suggested to us all that is noble in human actions, or, express, to the satisfaction of some, the noblest attributes or traits of human character. But to me there is nothing to represent the innate Godliness of souls in the world. Some words lose their beauty of meaning by being misapplied, or after certain applications, are "unfit for further use," like the bitter adjectives applied to tobacco by Timothy Titcomb. Perhaps it is thus with the word Virtue. Having been prefixed to certain actions of life, in approbation of the same, we may well consider it a thing belonging wholly to materiality, and not to the spirit."

The words of Mrs. Child and Randolph upon the subject, though differing widely in some respects, present to my mind bold and noble thoughts—one grand central idea—to wit, that "the soul in its advancement rises above and beyond the recognition of Virtue."

The use of the term Virtue implies goodness in one, and measures in another, and as such belongs alone to the material world. I do not agree with Dr. Smith, that the virtuous woman's scorn of an unfortunate sister is more virtuous in the sight of God than the courtesan's aim, for I do not believe that God recognizes merit or demerit in his children. In his eyes we are all equal, and Virtue, Goodness and Piety are terms used to express human inequality, placed in juxtaposition to those of Vice, Sin and Wickedness, and without the latter there would be no use of the former. We use the terms high and low to imply distinctions in this life. Here we have the higher and middle and lower classes of society, by which is recognized the inferiority of many, and the superiority of the few."

But to the spiritual perception—Intuition—there is no great, no small. It—Intuition—is indeed the great "magic wand" of equalization, destroying all distinctions, and, in reality, "stirs earth, hell and heaven all up to one level sea of life."

Dr. Child says, "Virtue is an outgrowth of vice. Vice produces virtue." Though we feel disposed to oppose him, how shall we disprove the position? Reasoning from analogy, we find nature substantiates the claim; for her most beautiful productions of the floral world gather sustenance and nourishment from the most loathsome soil. The white pond-lily raises its pure blossoms above the dark turbid waters of a dismal marsh, and feeds upon the refuse matter of decayed vegetation, over which the serpent and poisonous reptiles draw their slimy length. All along through life, wherever virtue is found, there is ever a dark background of vice looming up, by which virtue is shown off to good advantage, and without which, virtue, in fact, could not exist. Virtue, like vice, is a term used to denote the action of individuals, and we, by it, express our approbation."

By vice, we express our opinion of action, of an opposite character, pertaining strictly to things of life; and, as vice belongs to the spirit, and virtue exists by reason of vice, virtue as a term applied to human conduct fails to express the divinity of a human soul, to whose feeble development in material form the term virtue, or vice, as the case may be, is applied. To the growing, progressing soul, the things of time are constantly, though slowly, "passing away," and eventually will it rise above the now discordant acts of busy life, to where every sound arising becomes attuned to the sweet accord of sounds swelling forth from the gentle lyre-strings of the universe.

LAURA E. DEFOUR.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 24, 1860.

What was it?

Never having seen the following narrative of facts in print, and being personally acquainted with the principal actor, for whose truthfulness I do not hesitate to vouch, I take the liberty to place it before you for the benefit of those who believe in signs, warnings, or any supernatural events."

It was a bright moonlight night in the spring of 1845, that Dr. G. M., then about fifty years old, a man of iron nerve, and a scoffer at all supernaturalism, was returning home from a professional visit upon a sick neighbor; and, as the roads were muddy, and the distance long across the lake, he was trudging along on foot through the pasture adjoining the road. He was in perfect physical health, and his thoughts were with his patient, which precluded the possibility of mental aberration. He had reached the road fence, and was climbing over, when the clattering of horses hoofs fell on his ear. Looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, he saw a powerful black horse dashing along toward him with frightful rapidity. Upon his back was a young man of slender form, who had lost all control over the maddened beast, that was apparently hurrying him onward to a horrid doom. Quick as thought the Doctor leaped from the fence and stationed himself by the road, intending to grasp the reins, bear the animal to the ground, and, if possible, save the powerless rider from a fate that otherwise seemed inevitable. When the horse came sufficiently near he attempted to seize the bridle, but, as though anticipating the movement, he sprang quickly one side, and leaping a gutter, the rider fell heavily to the ground, his head striking a large stone, which bruised his temple in a terrible manner. At this moment the Doctor recognized in the unfortunate man his only brother, then, as he supposed, five hundred miles distant in the town of L—. There, in the cold, grey moonlight, lay the lifeless form of Lemuel M.—, the blood streaming in a crimson current over his fair, pallid features, from the ghastly wound in his temple. With a cry of agony the Doctor bent over him, to raise the senseless form in his arms, when, to his utter astonishment, the body faded from his sight. He, thinking that the loss of sight might arise from a temporary faintness, rubbed his eyes to clear his disordered vision, and looked again. Behold! there was nothing visible but the usual objects he had passed a hundred times! He turned to look for the horse, when lo! that, too, had disappeared. It was incomprehensible. He seated himself upon the very stone against which the unfortunate's head had been dashed, and strove to collect his thoughts. He revolved the whole circumstance in his mind; and, being unable to account for it by natural law, he placed his medicine case upon his arm, and resumed his homeward walk in an agitated state of mind. He told the story to his wife, and they both resolved to say nothing of the matter, as it would frighten the children, and render themselves objects of their incredulous neighbors' ridicule. And now for the sequel."

For several days the Doctor experienced an unusual mental depression, and, to relieve this, he wrote a letter to his brother, requesting an immediate reply. He had but just completed his letter, when a package was handed him, postmarked L—, and directed in the hand of his brother's wife. An involuntary shudder thrilled his frame as his eyes ran over the superscription, for he felt his worst fears were about to be realized. He broke the seal, and found that his apprehensions were but too true; the frightful apparition of ten days before was an exact representation of a scene which transpired the same morning at L—."

His brother, being in poor health, had been taking a ride of some distance, and as he was returning home his horse became frightened and ran, throwing him upon a stone by the roadside, which fractured his skull so badly that he died in a few hours."

I make this disclosure with the consent of the parties concerned, and respectfully submit it to the candid reflection of all who may favor it with a perusal.

CLARA.

Summersville, N. Y., 1860.

attention, on application to Mrs. J. M. Spear, No. 1, Newlin
street, out of Dedham street, Boston. Terms reasonable.
Oct. 13. 67

The Messenger.

Each message to the department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. G. Conway, while in a condition called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as testimonials of spiritual communion to those friends who may receive them.

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

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

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

Answering of Letters.—As one medium would in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to us, did we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to answer them, but we address them to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 215 Brattle Street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at 2:30 p.m. and ending at 5:00 p.m. There will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read them on spirits they receive, write us whether true or false?

Saturday, Nov. 24.—Why is Spiritualism called Modern Spiritualism—and how are we to investigate it? Liza to her friends; William Bowditch.

Sunday, Nov. 25.—Investigation: What do spirits think of John Calvin, the founder of Calvinism? Laura Harris; Charles Taylor Thompson; Maribeth; George Foster, Chicago; Nathan Reed, Boston; Catherine Grealy.

Wednesday, Dec. 6.—Investigation: How is it possible for a man to be perfect as a spirit, and physically, more addressed to intellectually depraved? Thomas J. Burke, Alabama; Henry P. Vinal, New York; Catherine Austin; John Olney, to Rebecca Olney.

Thursday, Dec. 6.—Investigation: Whence comes the belief in a Supreme Being? David Spencer, Windsor, Conn.; Noble Babo, Burlington; Henry Polle, Boston; Samuel Goodrich; Paul Graham.

Friday, Dec. 7.—Why is it natural for all men to fear death, and what shall we do to destroy the fear of death? George Cooley, New Orleans; Sarah Jane Leonard, Troy, N. Y.; Richard Holmes, Boston; Elias Burquo, New York.

Saturday, Dec. 8.—Has not God signified death upon all men?

Tuesday, Dec. 12.—How can the Lord's Prayer be reconciled to the teaching of spirits? Kewland Chase, New Hampshire; Emily M. Sargent, Michigan.

Wednesday, Dec. 12.—Are not sin and disease closely allied to each other? Charles Hovey, Boston; Henry Mondum.

Invocation.

Indulge Jehovah, we lift our souls to thee—not that we ask thee to stand aside from thy immutable law, not that we offer sacrifice to thee, but that we come near to thee and bask more fully in the sunshine of thy presence.

Our Father and our God, thou hast taught us to pray, in the interior sanctuary of our souls thou hast taught us to pray. We will not ask thee to bless us, for thou art blessing us every hour we live; continually showering blessings upon all thou hast created.

Oh, God of the Past, Present and Future, we give to thee that thou hast given to us. We offer in purity, because in sincerity, and we feel that thou wilt ever be near us, ever guide us. Thou art not a God to avenge thyself, because to have stepped aside from right. Thou art a kind parent, who considereth the weakness of his children, and giveth strength as they need.

While we walk in the valley of seeming evil, shall we ask thee to sustain us? No; for thou hast taught us that wherever we wander, there thou art, and therefore wherever we are placed, we will at all times render thee homage and glory. Nov. 23.

The Blood of Christ.

"Is not the blood of Christ abundantly able to cleanse us from all sin?"

This question has come to us from an able reader of the Christian religion.

We are not surprised when we look back upon the past and consider how closely it is related to the present, to see, as we do so, the Heathen mythology and the Christian religion, as generally understood, are but one and the same thing. Heathen mythology is the basis of the Christian religion, and not only the basis, but a law pervading every point of Christianity.

The old custom of offering bloody sacrifices to the Lord's and God's of the people hath not wholly been done away with—no, even in this day of enlightenment and study. Men still cling with tenacity to the past, and are as unwilling to yield it up as some are to yield up their natural life. This is a part of their nature, has been strengthened with their growth, and we are not astonished to find it still with you.

I suppose our questioner will call to his aid the Bible. That is his standard of religious faith. Upon it he hath based all his Christianity, and he dare not come forth and think for himself, for if he should, that golden star, intellect, planted in his image by Jehovah, would at once show him he is standing upon a dangerous foundation, which will soon crumble beneath his feet.

The Christian religion is but a portion of Heathen mythology. The baptismal rite is but a portion of Heathen mythology. History will tell you this. We are aware our questioner will look only in his Bible for proof of his faith. But we will ask our questioner if it is literally true? Is it one-tenth part of a type of the old? He will recollect that record was written many years after Christ, and for a long time it was obscured in Jewish darkness. It was laid away to gather to itself the dust of the time in which it existed, and when years after it was brought to the fore of the men of that time, we find that dust so incorporated with it that it had become a part of it.

Now the hard and bloody Constantine, by casting his vote in favor of it, gave you your Bible. The more spiritual portion of the council sat aside as fallible; but the material portion, who could not do without this iron rule, placed it among you as a part of the Christian religion. Now, then, you are to thank men, every way beneath you, morally, spiritually and physically beneath you. Christ did not give you the Bible, the God of Nature did not give it to you, and yet you gather it to you as His word. This is because you have not got rid of your heathendom. True, heathendom has been modified, but its most essential points are preserved. Old Paul said, "Without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sin." You are not to suppose Paul infallible. What was he before his conversion? Hard-hearted in the extreme—prone to do evil, and never to do well. The record told you he stood calmly and held the garment of one Stephen, while he was being stoned to death. Did the love of God induce him to do this, or love to man? Nothing but Heathen mythology. He believed honestly, perhaps, that he was doing his duty, and serving his God. We will not censure him for so doing, but by gazing his life we shall show you that he was no man for you to pattern after. Because he said, "There is no remission of sin without the shedding of blood," you are not to believe it. He was no model for you to pattern after. God has given you a higher conscience. Christ, when he came among men, with his new and glorious religion, taught them, as far as he was able, to get rid of old mythology. But did he teach them that the God of humanity required the shedding of blood for the remission of sin? No. Not even the fallacious record gives you evidence of this fact.

"Is not the blood of Christ abundantly able to cleanse us from all sin?" No. Nature, from out every avenue, thunders No! If you would be free from sin, and walk continually with God, obey the God within you. Offer a sacrifice acceptable to God, and that can only be good works of beauty undefiled. God is a spirit, and from out this life-spirit of your being give him the dew-drops of eternal fidelity. This is what he asks for, and you are able to give him. The voice of heathendom cried out to Abraham, "Offer up thy son Isaac as a sacrifice to God." But the voice of humanity, the voice of God, cried

out, "Do no such thing." But as the prejudice of Abraham must be satisfied, a ram was substituted. Whence came that voice? From the love of the Father. That cried out, "Give to God what he asks for, not that he never could demand in love."

When Christianity shall dwell with man, robes with garments perfect and pure, she will be wholly divorced from that which hath been borrowed for her from past ages. She will be robed in bloody garments, but in garments of spotless white. She will tell you you must live in accordance with the highest conception of right born within you. She will tell you to ensure no man to offer no bloody sacrifice, to believe not in the death of a Jesus, but to follow the life of that divine man of God.

By living up to your own conception of right, you are to be saved. Ours to do that which conscience reproves you for doing, and learn to do that she approves you for doing. Instead of looking at the blood and body of Christ, look at the divine life and principle. Oh, in the name of God, have done as speedily as possible with that which can never bring you peace, which can never satisfy the longing of the soul. To believe in a God such as heathen mythology pictures him, or even as the Christianity of the present day pictures him, is a libel upon Deity. Even your little one will reject your God. He will ask, "If God is angry with me, why may not I be angry. If God murders, why may not I?" Teach your children that God is Love, that he cannot stand aside from this great law, and the result is different. They will intuitively embrace such a religion, and it will spring up to the honor of God. The well-springs of their being are continually asking for food. They are bosoms of the hour, that require the food of to-day; they starve upon the past. They will soon reject these rites and ceremonies, because the light of the Past shall have no light for them, and the star of the Present shall not arise in vain.

These spiritual well-springs are not only rejecting the old, and asking quietly for the new, but cramping Christianity, mature life, is rejecting these things also—asking for a something that will better nourish the soul. They are satisfied that the religion of the olden time is not the religion for them.

Fifty years ago one would have suffered an ignominious death were he to have stood up in the midst of the people to proclaim these thoughts. But the light of to-day gives you to know that you are gods, or individuals, accountable alone to your own souls. No other God will you be able to worship.

Oh, then, let us plead with you to listen to the God of your own being, and then you will be drawn out to Nature's kingdom, to behold the mysteries of your Father, and thus be endowed with fitness for Heaven and immortality. Nov. 23.

Wm. S. Pitts.

I once did business in Boston. I once made Boston my home. But it is something like seventeen years since I left the place. I died, and was buried by my children and friends, but by the will of the Almighty I have come here to-day to inform the remaining portion of the children that I have a strong desire to communicate freely with them. My name was William S. Pitts. My place of business was Long wharf. The names of my two sons are William and Nathan. They are now doing business in the western country. One in Detroit, and one in Cincinnati. I was seventy-eight years old. I enjoyed good health, up to the last six years of my stay here. The last year I was afflicted with palsy. There are many things I would like to speak of that have particular reference to our family, but I will not speak of them here, hoping as I do to get a privilege of speaking elsewhere. That I have the power to speak, I know of myself, and I know also that I must prove that to my sons and others to whom I may wish to come. In order to do this, I must appeal to their good judgment, and perhaps to their curiosity. The new light that is making such wonderful developments in the land is a something all must admit, and if they would know what it is, they must see for themselves. I would not wish to mislead my friends by saying I have a desire to commune about family affairs. I do not want to be understood as wishing to commune in reference to affairs of the body. I care as little for the body as most any one living. True, I desire to see those I love, happy in the body; but if they cannot be so without trespassing on the rights of others, I would prefer to see them unhappy. It is of the spiritual things of life I wish to speak to them. I was of the Unitarian faith. In many respects, it has become good for nothing. That we should all become united as far as it is possible, I believe, but that we should kill our fellow men because they do not believe as we believe, I do not think. One of my children has a peculiar hatred to the Roman Church. This he obtained from his mother, who suffered so from that church. I wish him to rid himself of this, for when he comes here, he will find it wrong to feel thus.

Hoping I shall be able to speak with my son, I bid you good-day. Nov. 23.

Maria Moulton.

My name is Maria Moulton. I died of typhus fever, in March, 1859. I was eleven years old. I lived in Charlestown, Massachusetts. I like you should tell my mother that I came here to-day, and told you this. My father is dead, but my mother do not know it. He's been gone most four years from home. He's been dead most six weeks. My mother is a Millerite. My father went to California. My mother is a carpenter; his name was Charles. My mother will soon hear about it. Nov. 23.

Jack Lovering.

Hallo! I want a job. I'll sell your papers up in Heaven! My name was Jack Lovering. I lived in New York. I peddled papers. Was first rate at selling. The Ledger paid always; everybody liked it, 'cause they have good stories. I was posted all about these things, before I died. I've only been here a little while—just long enough to get in. I've got an old man in New York, and I'd like to talk to him, and tell him where I am. I was most thirteen years old. I lived in Carney street. I should like to have you get some other clothes on me, and go down there. I went off in the warm weather. My old man's name is John. We used to live close by here, in Cambridge, and I'd like to have the old man come here, when he comes on in a canoe where they buy and sell brimstone, tar, and such like things. It's a big place, and my old man works there, in Albany street. I'd like to go there, but I'd not like to make a job of myself traveling in these clothes. He has a sister in Cambridge, and when he comes to see her, I'd like to speak to him.

By gracious! I have nice times where I am; I don't have to do anything we do not want to. I'll get an education when it's right for me to, but I've been shining round since I've been here.

I was the smartest boy on the boat, when I sold in Park row. I had the croup. First, the old man was sick with it, and I took it. He got well, and I died; but there ain't much do about it, only going out.

I mean the old man shall see this. I'll do something to make him get it. My mother went out before I did. She takes pains to show me things, but she is a great lady, and knows a good deal, and I know very little, and so I'm ashamed. They tell me she is my mother, and she says she is, and so I know she is.

So you can't get me a job? Well, I only tried to get on for an introduction. I wonder if it's hard to get out? It was hard for me to get out of my old body. There was something pulling me out, and something holding me back; and I got a hard scraping in the pulling. Nov. 23.

Charles H. Davidson.

Will my wife be disappointed, because I come to her, in the first question I asked when I found myself controlling a medium. It is now near six years since I left you for the other country. You remember, I said, I will come again if I can; but I suppose you have by this time forgotten my promise, and have become stronger wedded to the church than ever. I wish very much to speak with you on many things I cannot write.

Chas. H. Davidson, of Jamestown, Pa., to Harriet. Nov. 23.

FETCHING WATER FROM THE WELL.

Early on a sunny morning, while the lark was singing sweet.

Came, beyond the ancient farm house, sounds of light.

'Twas a lowly cottage maiden going, why, let young hearts tell.

With her homely pitcher laden, fetching water from the well.

And the breeze of the morning moved them to and fro again.

O'er the sunshine, o'er the shadow, passed the maiden of the farm.

With a charmed heart within her, thinking of no ill nor harm.

Pleasant, surely, were her musings, for the nodding leaves in vain

Sought to press their brightening image on her ever busy brain.

Leaves and jingling birds went by her, like a dim, half waking dream.

And her soul was only conscious of life's gladdening summer gleam.

At the old lane's shady turning lay a well of water bright.

Singling, soft, its balminess, to the gracious morning light.

Fern leaves, tall and green, bent o'er it where its silvery droplets fell.

And the lark's sweet melody, in the spotted fox-glove bell.

Back she bent the shaded fern leaves, dipt the pitcher in the tide—

Drew it, with the dripping waters flowing o'er its glazing side.

But, before her arm could place it on her shiny, wavy hair,

By her side a youth was standing!—Love rejoiced to see the pair!

Tones of tremulous emotion trailed upon the morning breeze.

Gentle words of heart devotion whispered 'neath the ancient trees.

But the holy, blessed secrets, it becometh me not to tell:

Life had met another meaning—fetching water from the well!

Down the rural lane they sauntered. He the burden-pitcher bore;

She, with downy eyes down looking, grew more beautiful than before.

When they neared the silent homestead, up he raised the pitcher light;

Like a rising sun he placed it on her hair of waving light;

Emblem of the coming burdens—that for love of him

Calling every burden blessed, if his love but lighted there!

Then, still waving benedictions, further—further off he drew.

While his shadow seemed a glory that across the path-way grew.

Now about her household duties silently the maiden went.

And an overland hale with her daily life was blest.

Little knew the aged matron, as her feet like music fell,

What abundant treasure found she, fetching water from the well!

Correspondence.

Matters in Texas.

Presuming a few lines from this far-off locality would perhaps prove acceptable, I felt in a measure constrained to write you a short communication, and let you know how we stand on the "great question" of the age. I have no flattering account to offer; on the contrary, the community in which I reside, belong to the pre-stationary class, when mentally viewed, and generally prefer the old, worn-out, threadbare, theological, mind-cramping garment, which has so long dwarfed and retarded their true development. I reside about thirty-five miles south of San Antonio, nearly on the borders of civilization, and as yet the customs and habits of the people are, in a great measure, frontier. We are not, however, out of the reach of that class of "institutions peculiar to Methodists, and known the world over as "camp meetings," one of which I lately attended.

The phenomena witnessed was the old story over again, being, however, as cool until the last night, in this instance, as our peculiar storm called a "norther." I was reminded by their performances of times past, but never to be forgotten; I refer to sugar-making in the spring, in countries where the beautiful maple is found. It was always customary on those occasions to set aside a particular day for what we termed "sugaring off," when a general invitation was extended, and a jolly good time generally had. This same principle was manifested in the camp-meeting referred to. Three or four days were occupied in preliminary preparation; and when Sunday night came around, a general outpouring of the spirit was expected, or, in other words, a "sugaring off," or final touch or finish to the converts was expected to be made. Sunday night came, but Jesus did not manifest himself perceptibly, until a portion of the "blood" and "body" of the good man had been freely imbibed and eaten. A very pleasant time was had for a while, "hooting" and "holloing" may be termed happy. After patient observation, I was forced to conclude the whole uproar was nothing more nor less than excitement, unaided by the influence of Jesus, and in this way: There were six large, healthy, stout-lunged ministers, who represent a strong positive battery; being all united in sympathy and purpose, naturally exercised a strong controlling power. The audience being, as they were, disunited, exercising no will-power, were negative, and thereby the weaker vessels became receptive, and easily excited.

I have since the meeting conversed with one who professed to have had "found Jesus" on the night of the excitement, and when alluding to the subject of her actions on that occasion, found the topic particularly distasteful. I believe the whole performance on all such occasions can be naturally explained on the principles of psychology.

The ministers and their "little" flocks are as usual very conservative. As an instance to show our reverend's condition, I will cite a little circumstance.

One of these "divinely" appointed gentry's wives, a Mrs. H. W., received a paper from New York city lately. She was at a loss to know who it came from, having no acquaintance or relatives there to her knowledge. She was sick at the time it came from the office, and he was requested to open and read, what he deemed might be interesting to her. He read aloud an article, until it mentioned the fact of a little boy communing with a spirit, when he immediately stopped, held the paper at arm's length, dropping some unceremonious remark or look before throwing it into the fire.

What a pitiable condition must not such a man be in, who will not allow himself or family to peruse so beautiful a theme as a little boy holding sweet communion with an angel.

I have introduced one copy of "Self contradictions of the Bible" into the community, and it cuts like a two edged sword. What a glorious preparation it is to remove from a person's mind that sickly notion of the infallibility of a book! God's immutable principles alone are the only infallible creations, while everything that bears the impress or workmanship of man, must necessarily be more or less fallible.

Your paper, "The Herald of Progress," and "Life Illustrated," are taken here, and all are doing

a good work. Seed through their influence is being planted, that will sooner or later germinate and grow; and ere many years roll round, we hope to send forth some noble spirits to battle in our cause, and help materially forward the car of progress; while others here will never be satisfied with doing less than help to "oil" its wheels.

Everybody's brother, CHARLES E. O'DRISCOLL, Pleasanton, Texas, Nov. 6, 1860.

Horticultural Institute, St. Louis, Mo.

On Wednesday, Nov. 23rd, the citizens of St. Louis witnessed a spectacle that has no parallel in history. On that evening, Miss Emma Hardinge promulgated her plan for the relief of the outcast and homeless of her sex—a practical plan whereby these could not only earn their bread, but acquire a trade with which they could go out into the world and earn it without competition. This spectacle was that of a noble and pure woman, cultured amongst the aristocracy of Europe, with gifts of eloquence which, used for money gain, would place her on the pinnacle of fame and fortune; and greater than these with graces of private life which shed a glory all around her; and blessed are they that receive offering. Ayl! begging to lay all these down and bury herself, that a few Magdalens may be saved from worse than death. Nothing for herself—everything for them. I have seen and felt the heads of our people often excited, but I never saw their hearts so deeply moved as at this appeal; but in this case both head and heart move together—the practicality of the plan satisfying the head, and its humanity sanctifying the heart.

On the very next evening, after a large meeting was held and after council, a Society was then and there formed, under the title of "Society for the Promotion of the Interests of the Female Horticultural Institute." And following which, elected by unanimous voice: Peter E. Bland, President; James H. Blood, Treasurer; A. Miltenberger, Corresponding Secretary; and some sixty persons subscribed as members. This looks like work and it means work.

The assumption of the need of such a society being that all members could not only give something themselves, but could induce others in their respective circles, and thus widen the field and increase the hands, and not leave it all to one. Already good fruits begin to appear, and the promise of this organization is, mighty for the future.

May not then this action on the part of St. Louis, furnish incentives to the friends of progress in every town and village in the country, to go and do likewise, and do something, if ever so little. Why, the powerful Trinit Society is but a combination of children's coppers, and all the powers of the Bible Societies and Missionary cause, is but a misdirected effort, and aggregation of miles, and out of all those minor societies will arise a national one, that shall build these institutions all over the world.

This work falls exclusively upon the Spiritualists of this country to do. For one reason, that better fruits and flowers are to help to advance the race out of Pork and Beans—and another, to show the world that instead of being Free Lovers; it is they that are moving in the first practical effort to reduce the free love already in existence. Come up to the work, then, Spiritualists everywhere. We entreat you in the name of that humanity which you have so long preached about, to come forward and do something, that the world (who judges only by effects) may see that we can practice as well as preach, to give these women work, not tracts; give them trades, not prayers; save their bodies and their souls with them, and not wait for them to go out to another sphere.

Come up and help us—help them and more than all, help this blessed woman, who alone dares rise superior to cant, and braves the world at the very citadel of their baser passions.

A. MILTENBERGER, St. Louis, Dec. 5, 1860. Corresponding Secy.

"The Rubicon is Passed."

As some persons may think I claim too much for my pamphlet, I wish you would publish the following copy of a letter, the writer of which is a phenologist. Can I say more than this and the testimonials in your paper of the 3d of November contain? and these are but a sample of many more.

ELIZABH CHASE, New York, June 10, 1860.

DEAR SIR—I have for some years investigated the subject of Spiritualism, with deep interest, and I have arrived at satisfactory conclusions that it is the most important subject that ever man investigated. That in the principles it teaches lay all the elements of progression to obtain knowledge, wisdom, and a condition of happiness.

Since I arrived in this city, I have perused your pamphlet entitled, "The Rubicon is Passed," with much interest. I think it a work of unparalleled importance to the world. Because it explains the spiritual science so completely and satisfactorily, cannot but carry conviction to every intelligent mind of Spiritualists or opponents of Spiritualism, of its truthfulness, be they Jews or Gentiles.

It is just the thing to give a new impulse to the cause of Spiritualism and put down all opposition—the two things most needed to push on this great righteous cause of truth. No one can give but a faint idea, in a letter of the wide spread and broad-cast view it conveys to the intelligent mind of the true principles of progressive development of man and of Spiritualism in all its phases. Therefore it should be read by every person, and no one should fail to do so, for every mind will receive light by it. I hope it will have a general circulation.

Yours in Esq., J. ADAMS AVERY, To Eliza Chase, Esq., Balto, Wis.

From the Golden Land.

I am writing in one of the most beautiful and productive valleys in the United States, if not in the world; and undoubtedly many of your readers in the Atlantic States, who have been here, can testify to the truth that Santa Clara valley, California, is the Paradise of the Pacific. We have almost eternal summer, perpetual birds and flowers, mountains, plains, artesian wells, and evergreens—the sublime, beautiful and romantic. We have in the higher orders of creation—such as man, for instance—a fair average of muscle, vitality and activity, and I will add, politics and orthodoxy. Our little city (San Jose) of three thousand inhabitants supports at least four churches, a jail, and other appearances to modern Christianity. Apparently we have everything to make a people prosperous, virtuous and happy. But is it so, while our jails are filled with prisoners, and our courts with litigants, and our streets lined with whiskey vendors? Can we be happy, even if our churches are filled with communicants?

The great question that startles the mind of the philanthropist is, what can be done to ameliorate the present condition of mankind, to break up this equality between virtue and vice, this race between full penitentiaries and full churches? Is there no higher law, no purer religion, no more startling truths, to enlighten, refine and elevate the unthinking masses? We think there is. The light of truth

must shine into every heart. This must be done by individual investigation and responsibility; and this cannot be done without laying aside all bigotry and outside authority. Who, then, will labor for truth, for truth's sake, without regard to the opinions of others?

We are not, however, entirely destitute of free independent, reasonable thinkers. There is a little of the heaven of Spiritualism silently working its way in the world of thought; and as Miss Munson is expected here soon, we hope the silence will be broken, for it will be the first lecture in this place on that subject.

I find the BANNER so well filled with interesting matter, that I will not longer encroach upon its columns. E. D. FARNOW, San Jose, Cal., Oct. 14, 1860.

Spiritualism in Andover, Ohio.

We have just had a most brilliant course of lectures in our quiet little village, delivered through the organism of Mrs. J. H. Streeter, of Crown Point, Lake Co., Ind., one of the most interesting speakers in the field. There were but few in this place willing to acknowledge their faith in the doctrine of Spiritualism, it having been grossly misrepresented in this vicinity, and consequently has been brought into disrepute. We who know the philosophy to be founded on eternal truth, concluded to procure a speaker who could enunciate, establish, and defend the doctrine in its purity. So we engaged Mrs. Streeter, who has more than met our most sanguine expectations. The principles advanced were generally received as consistent Christianity; therefore it has taken a deep hold upon the reasoning mind, inasmuch that our spacious hall was insufficient to hold all, and many had to deny themselves the pleasure of hearing for want of room to sit, or even to stand within the building. There are some, of course, who discard everything new, or any new development in nature. The minister of this place, of the church denominated Disciples, seemed to be very much troubled, although he said nothing against the principles taught, only in one instance—baptism. He thought, and undertook to prove, that the idea that "baptizing in water could not wash away sin," was sacrilegious and unchristian. This is the only principle that he attacked. But he went into the more common course of getting along with a subject which he could neither answer nor refute, viz., the low stage of personal abuse. He tried to mimic the entreatments as far as he could, by imitation, in his pulpit, and on the Sabbath day, and ridiculed the idea, that a person could be in a condition to speak and be unconscious of what they say. Kirkman and Murphy were used as authority by which he criticized the language used; and everything was brought forward which he could turn into ridicule.

If he is satisfied, we are, for he could have done nothing better for the cause. The intelligent and high-minded of all (his own church-members not excepted,) see plainly to what extremities he is driven. We say not this because we have anything personally against the minister, but that he may see how a person stands in the estimation of enlightened society who thinks that he can ridicule eternal principles out of existence. We ask him in the name of our Father to examine the philosophy, investigate the principles, and to understand the theory of Spiritualism. If he is then honestly opposed to the doctrine, we say amen, for then we shall consider that he is living up to his highest conceptions of truth. But we heartily pity the man who willfully closes his eyes, and then declares that there is no light.

We trust now that Spiritualism stands on a firm and sound basis in this vicinity, its principles having been set forth in its true light, and must command itself to every candid, thinking, and reasoning mind. We hope and expect that its genial influence will be felt, and as a grand result, that Christian charity shall much more abound. We would commend Mrs. Streeter to Spiritualists who may require a medium whose inspirations are elevated, charitable and truthful. W. H. WILSON, Andover, Ill.

Milwaukee.

It is some time since I have written to the BANNER, which, by-the-by, comes to this city, and is read by many an anxious inquirer after the truth. Several copies are left at my store by the News Agent weekly, and I understand the demand increases at the News Depot here for spiritual papers, &c. We have had lectures here regularly, and the people have listened to the truths from the angel world, through the organism of Miss Emma Hardinge, Mattie Hallett, Miss Sprague and Belle Scougall, all varying in style, but all declaring all power is in and from the spirit spheres, and proving their immortal mission to a demonstration. They have only to be heard to be believed. The clergy have been repeatedly challenged, but they all keep silent, and do not believe in resisting the Devil that he may flee from them, or else they would come out to the conflict. Bro. E. Y. Wilson has visited us, and has been the means

Poems.

And quoted color, and Jewels five worlds long,
That on the stretched fingers of all time,
Sparkle forever.

MEMOIR.

There is a gem of spirit worth,
That's full, but never seen;
It lingers 'mid the mental sphere,
Of gentle, gentle men.
It bears within its mystic throes
The gems of early years—
The varied scenes of joy and grief,
Entwined with smiles and tears.
In sorrow's hour, or mirth's bright day,
It still doth hover round,
And deep within its magic fount
Most sacred things are found.
It is a vase within whose shrine
Only the past doth live;
Yet of each fleeting hour of time
A hallowed light doth give.

Plymouth, Mass. CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

The voice of a spirit is like the spirit of truth—most eloquent when manifested in deeds—for thus the higher intelligences communicate their thoughts to those beneath them. —[Herald of Progress.]

A FACE THAT SEVERE WARS A SMILE.

I love the man whose open brow
Proclaims a noble mind;
I love the sympathetic soul
That feels for all mankind—
That feels for human wrongs and woes,
And pities each poor creature;
And O, I love the angel face
That ever wears a smile!

The face that ever wears a smile
Hath sunshine in the heart;
Its beaming rays reflect around—
A thousand joys impart;
It gladdens, cheers, inspires with hope,
Far more than tongue can tell;
'Tis in such hearts the angels bright
Forever love to dwell.

A little sterling gold—though obscured—is far better than a great deal of tarnished and unpolished brass. And just so a little plain decency is more valuable than the most complete and elaborate counterfeits.

THE MOUNTAINS.

O deep, exulting freedom of the hills,
O summit vast, that to the climbing view,
In asked beauty stand against the blue!
O cold and buoyant air, whose crystal gleam
Heaven's amethystine bowl! O speeding streams
That foam and thunder from the cliffs below!
O slippery rocks, and solitudes of snow,
And granite blackness where the vultures scream!
O stormy peaks that wrestle with the breath
Of the young tempest, sharp and dry horns,
And hoary glaciers sparkling in the morn,
And broad dim wonders of the world beneath!
I summon ye, and 'mid the glare that fills
The noisy mart, my spirit walks the hills!

From one stage of civilization to another; from one towering landmark to another; from one altitude of glory to another, we still move onward and upward.

MORNING AND EVENING.

O'er life's brightest morning
Darkest clouds gather;
Hopes that were dawning
Nestled still within.
But e'er's calmer radiance
Our peace shall restore—
The moon's soft radiance
Shine o'er us once more.

God's work is carried on by occultation: now the truth swings to this extreme, now to that; and between he weaves his steady and perfect plan.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

It was a valley filled with sweetest sounds,
A languid music haunted every where—
Like those with which a summer eve surrounds,
From rustling corn, and song-birds calling clear,
Down sloping uplands, which some wood surrounds,
With tinkling bells just heard, but not too near;
Or lowing cattle on the distant plain,
And swing of far-off bells, now caught, then lost again.

[Thomas Miller.]

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 12.

QUESTION.—What is Life? What is Animal Life?

DR. CHARLES H. CROWLEY, Chairman.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH.—In discussing the subject now before you, as the previous questions of Virtue, and Intoxicating Agents, shall fearlessly say my say, as usual, despite of criticism fair or foul, clean or unclean; and I have read in of the latter sort, therefore beneath notice. I have no time to quarrel, no time to defend myself—that task I leave for others.

The question, "What is Life?" is more easily asked than answered, and necessarily involves several others, amongst which are these: "What is God, Time, Being, Soul?" Last week Dr. Gardner gave me a first clue to a new thought, albeit he did not state the thought itself. The thought I thus reached on the clue thrown out, I now proceed to present you.

First, then, I do not believe in the mere eternity of the soul's existence, nor in its sempiternity, as do certain of our "Philosophers." On the contrary, I distinctly affirm its eternality—that it always was, and ever will be—that in justification it may be as young and new as the just-sprung leaf upon the tree, yet that in absolute being it is as old as the eternal God himself. Of course, then, I am in better a Pythagorean, or, rather, a Kabbalistic, in making the strange revelation of a passage in my private history, which I am about to, I know the right, vindictive attacks that I shall invite; but having thus far stood alone and unsupported, except by the one or two Spartans of the ever-glorious BANNER OF LIGHT, under whose folds I cheerfully fight against all comers, so deeply do I feel the value of even "one kind and loving word." I shall probably survive, and still live, though the whole alphabet takes up arms against me.

Five times—perhaps six—in my life, and that within a period of twelve years, I have experimented with Hashish upon myself, in order to reach through the gloom toward the light. I shall do it again when I get ready, in spite of critics. I gained more light in any two of these experiments than from all the "spiritual" experiences of my entire life—real, positive, genuine, unmistakable light—nor has my soul ever parted with one jot of that light to this day. Under its influence I became developed to what I am—intellectually reaching by it a certain point, from which my soul has never ebbed again. One of these experiences I will relate, because it illustrates the subject under discussion. First, however, allow me to state that about one year ago, in this city, I felt ill and nervous. In order to recuperate, I rolled up a pill of Hashish and Taraxacum about as large as a small pea, took it, and retired to rest, not expecting any illumination, but merely medical relief. I was mistaken. I slept in the upper part of a house, with door locked. At the breakfast table, next day, my entertainer stated that, notwithstanding the room where he slept was, as usual, securely fastened, and a light burning, yet that I was seen in that room, not as a shadow or spirit, but as an apparently opaque form, which reflected the light from the lamp. The figure was unmistakably mine, but its features were bland, and were none of the lines of care, sorrow-plored, which mark my unfortunate body. The figure had life, for it mutually expressed solidarity for my host, a man for whom I had great regard, who is well known as a gentleman and thinker, and whose kindness to P. B. Randolph in the dark days will be gratefully remembered all along the upper routes of being!

Now, the body of that soul lay alive up stairs, proving that, that, after all, this material ego is only second cousin to the soul—a relationship which it can toss off at will.

David, the seer, has often been absent from his body, as it is affirmed; and a neighbor of mine, in Charlestown, can go out of his body at will, and present himself to natural eyes, as in proper person. But to my Hashish experiment. On the 22nd of March, 1853, just after my return from Europe—I think it was on Sunday—being desirous of entering the clairvoyant state, and no longer at hand, I took a jar of Downy mace from my trunk, rolled up a pill, took it, and waited quite four hours without feeling the least effect. I then returned the jar to the trunk, and walked out, thinking I had had my labor for my pains. Presently I returned to my lodgings, and began to experiment with a gynecoscope. I had made it spin beautifully, and was winding it up again, when, suddenly, as if a stream of light had burst the walls of the house, the terrible thrill of death seemed to pass over me. I was frightened at the tremendous whirling. "Ah," said I, "this is Hashish!" "No, it is Soul!" said a voice to my ear. I turned. No one was near me. The thrill passed off. Not for an instant did I lose self-possession, but, undressed, closed my window, locked the door, arranged my table with stationery, and then lay down upon the bed to note whatever might follow. Within three feet of this bed was my table, on which stood a beaker of water, inkstand, gynecoscope, and a flagon containing a bunch of wax flowers. With firm nerve and compressed lip I awaited the next thrill. It came, but less intense than before.

I had been absent from home nearly two years, and the leading wish was to see my people. Scarcely had this desire assumed shape, when I became seized with an irresistible impulse to open the window and the blinds. I did so, and again lay down upon the bed. And now a tremendous experience followed; and on this experience I predicate my immortal nature, and of course that of all other human beings; for to me it passes belief—it is known. I lay flat upon my back, as the shock ran through my body; my eyes opened widely; I knew perfectly all that was transpiring; but experienced a sense as if my head was gently, yet rapidly, separating from the crown. This continued for perhaps ten seconds, when I became conscious of being entirely free from the body, and with folded arms stood calmly looking at the body on the bed. I saw it distinctly! I watched the pulses throbbing at my heart; I saw it gently breathing; and for the first time became aware of a very common physiological fallacy. Up to that moment I had supposed that the heart alone was the organ that sent the blood through the body; but now I saw that every vein and artery of itself contracted and expanded, thus adding the systolic and diastolic action of the central vessels; and at that august moment I made the grand discovery, in a medical point of view, which has since been brought so triumphantly before the world. As I then stood, convincing myself of the fact that man himself, and his mere body, have but slight relationship, I saw that if I chose, he might do almost anything with it; and when, subsequently, A. J. Davis startled the world with his divine communications of the "Pneumogastic Cure," I hailed it not only with joy, inasmuch as in it he not only beautifully and grandly expressed what in that holy hour my immortal soul beheld, but gave to mankind one of the sublimest truths that ever was revealed. Presently I felt a sweet, low, airy voice breathe these words into my listening spirit: "Pascal! Pascal! doubt no more." It seemed as if I who spoke, nor was it my alter ego, my spiritual better half—for she was, and still is, enmeshed in something over one hundred pounds of flesh and blood. What was it? I shall never believe that that voice belonged to any being who ever inhabited a body on this foot-stool! I believe it was an angel spirit—the good genius, one of those rare beings whom God has, from the foundations of eternity, appointed to attend every human being. An evil one was also there—an evil one is ever near us—all prompting my soul to a rebellion against the infinite Jehovah—sustaining thoughts of—what I will not dare not think of much less express—it was too horrible. The good triumphed; and the "doubt no more" fell like honey on the tongue. I turned from the body to myself, and was astonished to find myself clothed; yes, oh how wondrously! I was somewhat larger than the physical self; and I found out that bodies cramp some souls; and I saw why men who live in mountains are better morally, than they who live in valleys; because the pressure of air is less, and the physical system has a better, fuller play, and so the soul has a better chance to be itself.

There enveloped me from shoulder to foot a sort of flowing toga—a garment enveloping the body, but leaving the legs and arms bare. It seemed to be, not an attachment of the body, but a will-woven robe, whose shape and quality were determined by the form and quality of the soul itself—in a word, was the natural and appropriate garment selected by the soul, involuntarily; and its style was determined by its leading affection or love—and mine was oratory—always was, ever will be. I could look through my body, legs and arms. I saw no organs, atoms or particles, as in the case of the body—saw no tendons, bones, or cartilages; but I did see what looked like blood, although not red, but pearl-colored—like ethereal streams coursing through the spirit-form. This takes longer to describe than it did to occur. As I stood wondering why I did not see any bones, I became aware that even the body, there disintegrated from its coarse clay, was, in itself, but a mere vehicle of soul—still but second cousin to the mystery within it, and no more essential to its endurance, than the carbonaceous form we here assume for a season. All bodies, here or elsewhere, are but adjuncts of soul in one or two of its multitudinous phases of existence. That is to say, it puts them on till it can do without them. Human existence is an immense circle; a circle is but an infinite polygon; and bodies serve the soul's purposes during its journey over a very few of the straight lines which are integers in this polygon. In its journey it will yet dispense with legs, arms, stomach, body; for all these are characteristics of its primitive stages of development.

The soul can produce hundreds of simulacra of itself, and manifest through them all, even to the minutest intimation of the central self. Thus, under certain conditions, a man may be seen in more than two places at the same time, or a man may show himself in three forms, so that one who sees these images may be unable to say which is the real man. So persons may sometimes, and do, behold the simulacra of undead persons instead of, and when they fancy they behold spiritual beings. Spirits certainly do communicate, but they are not around quite as

"Thick as leaves in Valambrosa."

It is by no means an easy task to define where the objective begins and the subjective terminates; and it is my belief that Hashish will, in the hands of judicious persons, be the means of solving many a knotty problem connected with the soul, its nature and destiny.

We often objectively subjective phenomena, and fly off at a tangent and bring some far-fetched hypothesis, dressed up as a solid "fact," to account for what may be solved much nearer home. These remarks are incidental; I now resume my narrative. "Home—how are they at home?" I repeated to myself. In an instant I was out of that chamber; over the roof of the great city I flew, by a power I cannot define, yet as the form passed swiftly along, the eye scanned and recognized many a familiar object. Down from York street to the river; across to Piermont; up the Erie Railway to Dinghams; along the Chenango Valley to the old house at home. The door was shut. I could not pass bodily in; but the walls were no impediment to sight. Thus I entered. In a cradle lay a new-dressed child. It was my daughter—Cora; who had come down from God, and taken form, and seen the light, and grown up as I saw her then, in spirit, between the period of my departure, and the hour in which I stood there, unable to act humanly, because in a state like unto the God's. "Delusion!" was it? Perhaps; but in fifteen days that that hour I clasped that baby to my heart, even while that heart was bursting with its joyful news of life beyond the body! Yet there was none to hear—none

to share the mighty secret; for at that time I was poor in courage, nor dared even to whisper a "hashish!" But, that I want. Whole nations were thereby for the draught, it enabled me to bring to them whole nations were a-languered for this food of knowledge. True, it was the forbidden fruit; and that's just the reason why I, like Adam, heeded not the "lest he stretch forth his hand, and eat, and live forever."—that's just why I burned to put forth my hand, and to pluck and eat this fruit—to me indeed the fruit of the Tree of Life. I ate—and know that I can never truly die; and the very men who such hard things, because I did so, might well give millions for the awful evidence of immortality now heaped up in the store-houses of my soul. All God's material universe, with a dozen times as grand thrown in, could not buy this treasure from me; and when these faint-flashed shall stand agape with speechless horror, when Astarte, the Dethrone, shall overwhelm them, the soul of P. B. Randolph will walk him with a joy, as deep, for I know the well bear me to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; and I am weary—very weary! He will bear me to where at last I shall be understood, and not be measured as men measure cattle—as I have been here—by the very ones for whose service twelve years of life has been almost wasted.

I am totally ignorant of the moment I started for or reached my room in York street; but I suddenly found myself—in the body—rapidly pacing up and down my chamber floor. And now commenced a series of phenomena totally inexplicable, except upon the theory just presented, namely, that the animal life is totally distinct from, yet entirely dependent upon soul-life; for on my hopes of salvation I declare before God and man, that I became, in that mighty hour, perfectly conscious of two separate and distinct selves, both pacing up and down that chamber floor—and each perfectly conscious of the presence of the other, and each telegraphing its sensations to the other. For a moment, the spiritual me, gazed steadily into the eyes of the physical me, standing side by side. Presently the latter appeared frightened; "this is too dreadful," it thought; "this precludes death! There are two me's in the room!" I turned toward the bed, and there, standing at the pillow, I beheld a third duplicate of myself—and, great God! a fourth! each seemed sentient. I now struck me that I was about to die. I then called for assistance, under the delusive impression that I was in a dangerous condition—which was not the case, albeit the experience was terrible. It is common for people to get scared just at the culminating point of the Hashish life; but in over six hundred cases of its judicious administration, I have never seen the least disastrous result, and most sorely believe, that properly used, it is an agent especially ordained by God himself, to aid man in his search for light on the nature of the human soul. Beyond all doubt the ancients used it; and that Mahomet derived all his knowledge and power from his use in the cave of Mecca, feel positively assured.

I had never before known what horror was; but the presence of so many "doubles" terrified me; and in an agony of soul, I threw myself upon the bed; but it now occurred to me that to sleep would be to perish, even if sleep I could. And so, as it seemed, the girl had been gone an age, without success in finding help, I determined to make my will, alone, for which purpose I rose from the bed, and going with all possible speed toward the table, it took me over one thousand years to reach it! Every year and week of my life was as distinctly marked as was ever an hour of ordinary experience. This taught me a lesson; namely, that conditions—states—mark the time of the soul, instead of years and minutes; whence I saw how a person might be old at twenty years, while another may be a mere boy at ninety. And I saw another truth, viz: that some races—as the Negro, and the Indian, seldom reach a maturity of soul here; but ever remain boys and girls, in spite of accumulated years, the superior races reaching a degree of "filling out," at twenty-five, seldom reached by the inferior races at full maturity—because they have not organs through which their souls can act, and therefore experience the proper discipline.

I reached the table at last; took up the pen, dipped it, and placed it to the paper. But the period that elapsed between the first raising of the pen, and its fall upon the sheet, was over six hundred years—so infinitely expanded is the Hashish time. The conclusions that I aimed at may briefly be summed up thus:

Matter is but a phase of spirit; time is but a tick of the eternal clock; systems of suns are but organs of one vast brain; worlds are but the cells of that brain; and human souls are but the globules floating in God's blood, sent out to the surface, and returning to the centre, to be re-charged, and sent out again; bodies, organs, virtues, vices, risings, fallings, disciplines, joys, sufferings, hatreds, loves, fears, sorrowings, all—are but incidents to the soul's vast being and career. At bottom, soul is one, homogeneous—a unit—a square cornering from bound and flashing back to the Infinite God—and to its higher, deeper, surer, suppler, and this—this is the tremendous truth, dimly, vaguely bodied forth in U. F. Gardner's last speech, which I have thus tried to elaborate a very little. Succinctly stated, the theory is this: Life, the Principle, nothing on, in, and through itself, assumes diverse forms, one of which is—Matter. Matter is therefore but a form of Life, and Death is a misnomer! The Principle Life, in matter, assumes a form called Sensation; another, Intelligence—Intuition; so far the law of Diversity; but now begins the law of Unity, and the next step up brings the Master Principle—Deity—Self-Power, Consciousness—God. God is therefore a CONCEPTION, like Intelligence, Sensation, Life; God is a STATE, Life one of its Phases; and so we give a new thought to the world; Ay, two thoughts; for the who runs may read that God is a REFUGIO—A DEMOCRACY—A PERSONAL BEING deep down in every human soul.

Here I leave the subject for to-night, just on the border, having merely glanced at the surface; and but there's a night's work beneath it. Some time I will finish this Hashish experience of March 22nd, and tell you something that occurred in that room of which all I have recounted to-night is the most imperfect and crude preface.

But my time is up, and I resign the floor. Some future day, when things are propitious, I shall again take part in your discussion. Till then, adieu!

DR. N. B. WATZ.—If man, in his present state, was a finished being—a finality, invested with all the attributes of love, power, wisdom and knowledge, that he is ever to possess—if he is, in his present condition of living, all that he is to be, or capable of being—no more, no less—then he would be able to crystallize every thought, and irradiate every subject, with truth, that is presented to his mind for inspection. But man, in his present form or earthly, is not an ultimate; he is simply a creature of culture—a traveler on the royal road to knowledge, which still lies beyond the scrutiny of his present being, but to which heaven his every step is tending, and hither propelled by every circumstance of life. "The fossil strata," says Mr. Emerson, in his lecture on the "Conduct of Life," shows us that nature began with rudimentary forms, and rose to the more complex as fast as the earth was fit for their dwelling place; and that the lower perishes as the higher appear. Very few of our races can be said to be finished men. We still carry, sticking to us, some remains of the preceding inferior quadruped organization. We call these millions men; but they are not yet men. Half engaged in the soil, pawing to get free, man needs all the music that can be brought to disengage him. If Love, with tears of joy; if Want, with his scourge; if War, with his omnivorous; if Christianity, with his charity; if Trade, with its money; if Art, with its portfolios; if Science, with her telegraphs through the depths of space and time, can set his dull nerves throbbing, and by loud taps on the tough crystals can break its walls and let the new creature emerge erect and free—make ray and sing praise! The age of the quadruped to go on the stage of the brain and the heart is to be made.

The millions, then, are not men—finished—they are in their rudimentary state, perhaps powerless as regards their future—embryonic—blocks of marble, granite, ready for the sculptor's chisel—the genius of Phidias, the inspiration of Praxiteles. What is

there in the egg prophetic of the chick? What is there in the unfledged swallow in its little nest, at rest, to prophesy the rapid leathery wing and other-bleaving speed, that outstrips the swiftest and enables it to live in the "shimmer golden" of perennial spring?

Man is a crystal—a worm in a cocoon, with just enough capacity to look about him, and march on to the mists of the eternal law of progress. He is a creature before him! It were not worth the trouble to make man if his rudimentary condition were all of life. Life is not all here—it is ahead. We will know life hereafter; but our conditions must first change. Life is precluded in the spontaneous questions which are ever bubbling in the deep fountains of mind and intelligence. Questions are the barometers of mind, indicating a desire for life. Is the mind dark? Is it in its prison shell? It will yet be free—over the river. Wait; it must ripen—the mind. The harvest is not in the spring-time. The blossom is prophetic of the fruit; an acorn of a tree; a child of a man. Ask a man what he is like, and you will know him, and with all his faculties above him is dumb. What is life to you, sir, to the Indian, to the Hottentot, the Esquimaux? To the child-brain the simplest truths must be given; to the adult brain, mathematics.

Napoleon thought as a man when he spoke with battles in his words, and stormed the massive gates of victory. He was once a playful child, and thought and spoke as a child. Andrew Jackson Davis was an angel-guarded child when soliciting cold vibrations on College Hill, with all his faculties asleep. The good angels of growth have awakened their into activity, and the mental world is in a conflagration. To-day a child may ask a question; a little growth of the organs of causality will enable it to answer itself. The bud on the graceful willow in the spring time develops to a leaf in summer. To ask questions is peculiar to a rudimentary mind, notwithstanding Aristotle has enriched the world by this method of logic. To ask questions, however, I believe the power is implied to answer them, though that power may only be developed when the mind is untrammelled by the earth encumbrance. Of such a character I believe the questions under consideration to be. What is life? What is animal life? To my interior sense a tautology is implied. What is man? What is animal? We will answer on the other side. We must get up the hill to see the landscape well. It is dwarfing the question to say, "Life is heat." It is unpardonable egotism to say life is any one thing, personal or impersonal, ponderable or imponderable. It is a partial view of the question to call life heat, motion, sensation, intelligence, love, or even to say that it is an "interior essence," a "principle," or "so much of God as we perceive in man," as one or each can be made to swallow and destroy the other. I see life in all these combined, as I do in everything presented to my exterior senses; but intuitively I see life as an attribute of Deity, breathing and nestling near the divine heart.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole. Whole body Nature is, and Life the soul.

MELINDA A. BALE.—On the last evening of the discussion of this question, I answered only to "What is Life?" and defined it as a principle only, and not as an effect or manifestation of being. Life as the creative power leaped love, for love, I said, was the soul of God. The question was asked, What is love? Love, I answered, as a First Cause, is the eternal nature or impulse of being, and the principle of unity.

Everything is conceived by love in wisdom, love being the impulse, wisdom the form of motion. But though wisdom is the eternal character or form of love, love is the ingenerator, the inspirer, the creator.

Well, truth is the deepest and the strongest love of the human soul, for through it only we have life. Life is a motive, as was said by one; we love to live, and we live to love. Dr. Randolph is reported to have said that God can act deeper than Kev can reach. Now there can be no action without a relation, and there can be no relation without love. Death and life are the opposite poles of love—one is repulsion, the other is attraction; but in the immortal life, the immortal love implanted in the soul of man, death cannot enter. Prayer is the lever of love. Aspiration and inspiration are the two arms to this lever. Aspiration is the going forth of the soul attraction, inspiration is the answer to that prayer.

Life has been called a dream—an empty show—but we must remember one thing: there is never a shadow without a substance, and if we have fed on shadows, it is evidence that there is a Divine reality within us, that is urging us on to its enjoyment.

What is animal life? Animal matter, I suppose, is not animal life, although it is the substance through which life manifests itself. We had last week the body of a man made up of all the simple elements in existence. We only lacked the breath of life to have made a completed man. What, then, is the breath of life? Thought, I answer, is the breath of life. And what is thought? It is the union of elements created by the power of love. All nature breathes, and the solid rock thinks as truly as the conscious being, man. Wherein, then, is man different from the rock, or from inferior existences? I once said that the soul was the thought of God. It is the thought of God, because it is the unit of existence. It combines within it thought the essence of all materiality, and the form of all motion. And since the element of being is in man, giving him the form of all life, therefore he is immortal; hence it may be truly said, that man was formed of the dust of the earth, or the particles or atoms of matter, and God breathed into man the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

JOHN WETHERS.—I feel a delicious in saying anything after the feast of ideas I have had in listening to those who have preceded me; and I feel that I can say but a few words, with no influence but John Wether's behind them. I will confine the little I do say to the question, and let my thoughts radiate from that. Dr. Child has said, "Divide into ourselves," if we would begin to read the A B C of life. Now, following this human lantern into the labyrinth of the selfhood of humanity, we are no nearer a categorical answer to this question than if we followed the uncertain furrow of Brother Burke, or any other brother who makes no use of the subsoil plough, but turns over the rubbish for our instruction on the surface of things. All of us feel, when we turn our thoughts within, that on this subject we are on the shore of an unknown sea. The source of the stream of life, like the river Niger, is not laid down on any chart. Our thoughtful minds are full of speculations and probabilities, and will ever be; and it is all right (as Dr. Child says) that it is so.

We know, by the aid of reason and observation, that our bodies and the bodies of the whole human race, from its first quickening in the unknown depths of the past till now—yes, all animal life of every grade and kind, and all vegetable life, from the simple lichens on the rock to the tall cedars of Lebanon—all were but a part of the aggregated atoms of the primitive rocks. Water and sunlight, and sun and water, have done the whole business. But whence the day-spring from on high? Whence the advent of the first human thought indicating conscious existence? Yes, whence the undeveloped mental pinpoints before the life-principle galvanized them into the rudimentary form—types merely of future aspiration? Tell me that! Dr. Child and Dr. Randolph! Tell me that! ye knowing ones, and human knowledge will answer every other step in this great problem, "What is life?"

I feel, I know that I am a fact of existence; to myself an important fact; and I am an earnest fact. And I have a purpose within me moving me onward; I take an interest in the persons and things around me—the nearer the circle, the deeper the interest—and, as a fact of existence, I also feel that I am not the possessor of life absolutely individualized—that "I am portion" of that which is common to my fellow-creatures, which shines on to the "dark unknown," but I feel, also, that the thread on which I hang joins the common stock long posterior to that "unknown link." And I feel that I am indissolubly connected with every living soul. I have a feeling within me that this thread, which is the staple of my earth-life, is of immortal

origin—that it did not commence with my germ or infantile life; this life being but the manifested or colored part of the ethereal—that, in the infinite realm of generic sequences, that which, which is my individuality or personality, has happened to come to the surface; and now, to be strictly logical, the stick should go in again and be lost forever. But that cannot be; my very soul rebels and, to get over the point, I feel that, as the living world, the insect on the end of that blade; or not to be equated at the expense of the dead, we may be, figuratively speaking, of a plush fabric—wherever the thread comes to the surface, protrudes, it stays there as part of the plush. The race is the whole piece; the length—the number of yards—is not marked on the tag.

AMERICA DURNAM.—I have many times been taken outside my animal body, and know that my animal life has not been suspended when this has happened; yet I believe that animal life cannot be long continued when the conscious soul is out of the body; perhaps not beyond a few hours. On one occasion I was so long out of my body that it was with great pain and effort, and only with the assistance of spirits, that I again, obtained possession. When I am out of my body I am absolutely and really in the spirit-world.

JACOB ENSON.—I believe there is a place where the sublime and the ridiculous blend and harmonize; so I conclude there may be good in the ridiculous as well as in the sublime. But if there be no use and meaning in that which appears useless, I believe it is better for us to restrain the useless and go for the useful. I do not doubt, that, by suffering, Dr. Randolph has been unfolded in his interior to come to this illuminated unfolding in the normal way, as is the case now with hundreds and thousands who are mediums.

DR. RANDOLPH.—What is your standard for normal and abnormal developments?

MR. ENSON.—Each one has a standard for himself.

DR. RANDOLPH.—Then why do you criticize?

MR. ENSON.—I do not mean to criticize—only caution.

MR. BURKE.—Last week Dr. Child did not know what life was; to-night he tells us what animal life is. Some of the speakers have quoted Pythagoras and Aristotle as authority, but they are no authority for this Conference. This forum accepts no proof outside its own. Men who have given tone to the literary world are regarded here as monomaniacs. One has defined life by saying it was love: This is a vague definition, as mysterious as life itself. The men or the women who profess to love all the world, probably really love as little in their own sphere of usefulness as the men or women of less pretensions. There was a time when man did not exist. Go back to Manana, I do not think that you will get a better definition of life than was given to me when I was a child. Life, then, is a lump of clay animated with the breath of life; without life the clay is lifeless.

MRS. OSTRANDER.—What Brother Randolph has said has been very interesting and suggestive of thought. I can endorse all that he has said except the plurality of forms. I have distinctly seen my own form coming toward me. When I have seen this I have been normal, well and sane. These experiences tend to show that the soul is above the physical, and is eternal. I believe that Dr. Randolph's position is sustained by philosophers of research and deep thought. Brother Randolph has thrown out gleams of mighty truths. But what are words to express one's ideas of spiritual things? I know that I cannot do this with words—and who can? Deep in my soul I find a recognition of a God. This recognition becomes faint when I attempt to define it by words and sentences. The soul unfolded to the recognition of spiritual things by trance and clairvoyance receives lessons that cannot be told. If the use of the word "soul" is to be used, it does injure the material, which is of far less value than the unfolding of spiritual light and truth. I will stand by Dr. Randolph's side, a friend, though all the world of materialism is against him.

DR. GARDNER.—No one has yet defined the question before us. I have heard of the effects of Hashish before to-night, and concluded that it does not unfold truth, but only produces a kind of phantasmagoria. Ask an intelligent physician, and he will tell you that Hashish, and substances of a kindred nature, produce upon the mind only illusions. We come here to gather truth; and now the question arises, do these intoxicating substances show us realities, or are their effects mere illusions? What Dr. Child has said of a man that left his body and went to an orthodox heaven, is proof positive to my mind that he was under a psychological illusion. We have first the strata of the earth, then broken rocks, then soil from the attrition of these rocks, then life, then higher life—life still ascending till we come to human life. I claim that it is a reasonable inference that all things below the human combine to make the highest life we know. Life permeates all things, either in germ or developed, and the whole is God. Thus life is a principle—an all-controlling principle that embraces all things. The highest life is embodied in the human being, and in the human being our highest knowledge of God exists.

DR. CROWLEY.—There is no God above life. To tell what life is, is to tell what God is; this I will not attempt to do. I will say one word in defense of the position taken by Dr. Randolph. Eight years ago I had a distinct consciousness that I was carried outside of my body with all my faculties perfect. I was transported about seventy miles distant from my body in the twinkling of thought, and carried into the presence of my father, whom I then saw living dangerously ill, which fact I did not know before my soul was thus transported. I distinctly saw and communed with my mother, who was then in the spirit-world. Without my consciousness I was carried back and resumed my body again. I soon after received a letter from my father's house, which verified the fact of his illness that I had learned in this mysterious way. Many times I have, in a similar way, passed out at a distance from my body, and have returned again, as my presence in my body now bears evidence.

The Philosophy of Death.

Many persons become frightened at the approach of death, by not understanding its philosophy. The process is very simple and easy. The five senses recede, one by one, in regular order. First, the sense of taste, then the sense of smell, then the sense of feeling; the hands and feet become cold, numb, and senseless; next the arms and legs, and whole body up to the head; become cold, stiff, numb, dead and paralyzed. The sense of hearing then departs; and as a general thing, the sense of sight is the last to leave, though it often sees spiritual, as well as natural, things during the process of dying. The person may be perfectly conscious all the way through, yet utterly unable to speak a single word, because the spirit is always alive in thought and never dead. As the five senses recede from the physical body, they gradually appear in the spiritual, in a much more refined and exalted state. No one should be frightened at the loss of any of these senses, on their death-bed, during the process of death, but rejoice that they are approaching and are actually in sight of that bright and better land. Spiritualism makes death a pleasant thing; to die is pleasant, because by this light the road to heaven is lit up all the way through, and is light and joyous. The true Spiritualist fears not death, because he understands the philosophy of death. Philosophy, and not religion, is the real saviour of the world. After the five senses have all left the physical body, they appear in the spiritual body, in a perfect human form, and then the new life, with a new body, commences an existence in the world of spirits which never ends. Fear not death then, for it is a process of nature, both pleasant and natural.

G. TUCKER.