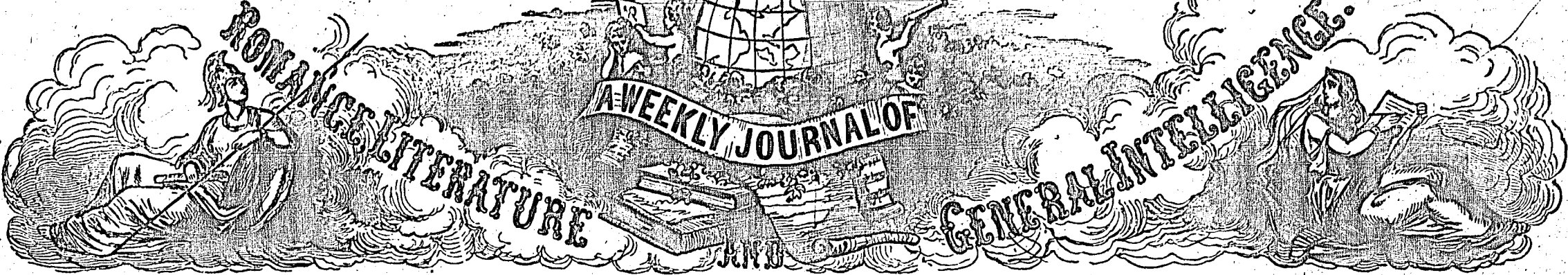


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 15.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO MY MOTHER.

BY DORA.

I'm weary and heart-sick to-night, mother,
Oh! pillow my head on your breast;
And whisper some sweet loving words, mother,
To soothe my tired spirit to rest.
This world seems stern and cold, mother,
And one finds but few friends that are true;
But I'll whisper courage to my faint heart, mother,
If you'll keep me thus close to you.
Oh! weep not because I have faltered,
So soon in the long, life race;
For the thorns did pierce my feet, mother,
And the storm beat force in my face.
And the flowers that looked so tempting,
And fruits so rich and rare;
They told me not to pluck them, mother,
Because poison was lurking there.
Oh! say did they tell me truly, mother,
Are falsest things false, 'e'en the flowers?
And do people ne'er mean what they say, mother,
In this beautiful world of ours?
But now I've come back to my true friends, mother,
Come home, like a wounded dove;
Oh! draw thine arm closer around me, mother,
And shelter me safe with your love.
Milan, Ohio, 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LITTLE GIPSEY.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Preciosa greatly rejoiced to see her tender lover become such an expert thief. Nevertheless, she was sorely afraid some mischief would befall him; and she would not have seen him in any trouble for all the riches of Venice, such was the feeling she now entertained toward him, for his many good offices and uninterrupted attentions.
The Gipsies remained in the neighborhood of Toledo about a month, where they reaped a rich harvest—though to Andrew, who paid for everything he added to the common stock, it was the fall of the leaf—when they proceeded to the genial and wealthy region of Estramadura.
During this time Andrew had had many honorable and loving conversations with Preciosa, who by degrees became enamored of his many good qualities, and the great deference he paid her; while in a like manner, if it were possible, his love increased daily for her, such were the virtues, good sense and beauty of Preciosa.
In all the athletic games of the Gipsies he won the prizes for running and leaping; he was a master hand at ninepins and at ball, and pitched the bar with singular strength and dexterity. In a word, his fame spread all through Estramadura, and there was hardly a place where they did not speak of the gentleman Gipsy and his accomplishments. Nor was the beauty of Preciosa less celebrated, and there was not a town, village or hamlet to which they were not invited on festival days. Thus the tribe became rich, prosperous and contented, and the lovers were happy in the mere presence of each other.
One night, as they lay encamped in a forest, a short distance from the road, about midnight they were aroused by their dogs barking more fiercely than usual. Andrew and a few of the men hastened out to see what was the matter, and found a man, dressed entirely in white, defending himself against the dogs, two of them having fastened to his legs. They called off the dogs, and one of the men exclaimed—
"What the devil takes you here, friend, at such an hour, and so far from the road? Do you come to thieve? If so, you see you are at the wrong door."
"I do not come to thieve," said the wounded man, "and know not whether I am out of the road, though I find quite well I am astray. But pray, señores, is there a venta where I can get entertainment and lodging, and dress the wounds your dogs have given me?"
"There is no venta or public place to which we can direct you; but as for dressing your wounds and giving you lodgings," said Andrew, "we can do that; though we are Gipsies, we are not without humanity."
"Heaven reward you, señores!" said the man. "Take me where you please, for my leg pains me exceedingly."
Andrew and a few of the more compassionate Gipsies lifted him up and carried him along; for even among fiends themselves some are worse than others, and among a company of wicked men you may find a good one. It was a moonlight night, and they could see, as they carried him along, that he was a youth of handsome face and fine form. He was dressed throughout in white linen, with a frock of the same material belted about him. They carried him to Andrew's hut, and, having lighted a fire, sent and brought Preciosa's grandmother to dress his wounds. She took some of the hairs of the dogs, and having fried them in oil, she washed the bites with wine, and put the hairs and oil upon them, and over this dressing some chewed rosemary, after which she bound up the leg with clean bandages, made the sign of the cross over it, and said—
"Go to sleep, friend, and with the help of heaven your wounds will soon be well."
During the time occupied in dressing the wounded man, Preciosa stood by eyeing him very earnestly, as he in return did her, and so much so that Andrew noticed the eagerness with which he gazed, but attributed it to the extraordinary beauty of Preciosa, which very naturally attracted all eyes.
Finally, when everything was done for the youth, they laid him on a bed of dry hay, and left him, not

thinking it was advisable to question him at present, as to where he was going, or anything else.

When they were left alone, Preciosa called Andrew aside. "Do you remember a bit of paper, Andrew," she said, "which I let fall in your father's house when I and my companions were dancing, and which, I believe, caused you some little uneasiness?"
"I remember it well, Preciosa," said he; "it was a madrigal in your praise, and not a bad one, either."
"Very well," she continued, "and you must know that the wounded youth there is the very person who wrote those lines. I am certain I am not mistaken, because he met and spoke to me two or three times in Madrid, beside presenting me with some very excellent verses. He was dressed then as a page—not like a common page—perhaps the page of honor to some prince. I assure you, Andrew, he is a youth of excellent good sense, and very well behaved, and I am at loss to understand what should have brought him hither, and in such a dress."
"And can you not think, Preciosa?" said Andrew. "What but a power similar to that which has made me a Gipsy should have arrayed him in the garb of a miller, and sent him in search of you? Ah, Preciosa, Preciosa, how plain, it is that you are proud that you have more than one worshiper! If so be, let me be the first to fall, then kill the other; but do not sacrifice us both at once on the altar of your treachery, not to say your beauty."
"God's mercy, Andrew, how sensitive you are! How fine is the thread on which you make your hopes and my sincerity hang. If the shaft of jealousy can so easily pierce your heart! Had there been design or deceit in this matter, was it necessary for me to have come to you with that which otherwise had been unknown to you? I could easily have held my tongue of this youth. Am I so foolish as to be obliged to tell you that which would only lower me in your estimation? But, I beseech you, say no more, for heaven's sake, Andrew, and in the morning get from this youth yourself, who causes you so much alarm, whether he is bound, and what brought him to our camp. It may turn out that you are not right in your conclusions regarding the cause of his coming, though I am not mistaken in his person. And now, for your greater satisfaction—since it is so that I am come to seek to satisfy you—whatever may be his errand, hither, cease him to go away without delay. All our people are at your command, and not one would harbor him against your wish. In case this fails, I will keep my hut, and not let myself be seen by him or any person else from whom you may wish me to be concealed. It does not trouble me, Andrew, to see you jealous, but it would pain me to see you indiscreet."
"Unless you see me mad, Preciosa," said Andrew, "nothing else could demonstrate to you what havoc may follow when jealousy reigns in a man's heart. However, I will follow your directions in the matter, and get to know from this son, page, poet, whether he is bound, and what he seeks. It may be that unawares he may let me grasp some end of thread by which I may unravel the net which I fear he has come to set for me."
"Jealous people," said Preciosa, "get their ideas so wrought up that their understanding is never free to view things as they really are. Jealousy always looks through a magnifying-glass, which, while it makes giants of dwarfs, and mountains of molehills, is equally successful in making unfounded suspicions assume the likeness of the veriest truths. For your sake, Andrew, and for mine, I beg you to act in this matter, as in all things that concern us, with prudence and discretion, for then I know you will have to acknowledge the palm as mine for having been to you honest, upright and true to the utmost degree."

Preciosa now left Andrew, and he waited for daylight with great impatience, in order to bring the wounded man to confession. His mind was distracted by a thousand surmises, and he could not but believe that the page had been attracted thither by Preciosa's beauty—as a thief believes every man like himself. On the other hand, the pledge which Preciosa had given him seemed to afford him a great deal of satisfaction, and he tried to reason that it was sufficient to quiet his fears, and make him trust his happiness to his knowledge of her goodness.
At last, daylight appeared, and he hastened to visit the wounded man. After asking how he was, and if his bites pained him, he asked him his name, whether he was going, and how it chanced that he traveled so late last night and so far out of the highway. The youth answered that he was much better, and felt little or no pain, and was able to resume his journey. He gave his name as Alonso Hurtado, and said a certain business was taking him to our Lady the Pena de Francia, that he traveled by night for greater comfort—that, losing his way, he had fallen into the encampment, where the dogs had attacked and left him as he was. This statement did not by any means seem to be straight-forward, and all Andrew's suspicions returned to annoy him, and he said—
"Brother, to be quite plain with you, if I were a Judge, you had been brought before me, and such questions as I have asked you had received such answers as you have given, I should feel it requisite to apply the thumb-screw. It is nothing to me who you are, what is your name, or whether you are going; but let me say to you, if you mean on this your journey to lie, you should lie with more appearance of truth. You say you are going to La Pena de Francia, and yet you leave it on your right, full thirty leagues from the place where you now are. You travel by night for speed, and yet you strike out of the road into thickets and woods, where there is scarcely a foot-path, much less a road, to be expected. Get up, friend; learn to lie better, and go your ways, and good fortune attend you. But, in consideration for the good advice I have given you,

will you not tell me one truth? Are you not the same I have often encountered in the capital, dressed something between the page and the gentleman? One who has the reputation of being a poet, and wrote a romance and a sonnet on a Gipsy girl who sometime since was about Madrid, and was much admired for her extraordinary beauty? Speak out, and I promise you on the honor of a gentleman Gipsy, that, if it be your wish, I will keep secret anything you may tell me. No denial of the truth, now, for I am certain you are the man, and the face I now look on is the same I saw in Madrid; for the fame of your talent made me often regard you as an extraordinary person, and therefore your whole figure, though your dress is different, is vividly impressed on my memory. Cheer up, take courage, and do not imagine you are fallen in with a band of robbers, but with an asylum which may defend you against all the world. I have an idea, and if it be a correct one, you are fortunate in having fallen in with me of all others. In short, I fancy you are in love with Preciosa, the pretty Gipsy who inspired you to write those verses, and that you have come in search of her—for which, believe me, I entertain no bad opinion of you; for, Gipsy though I am, I know by experience to what extent the feeling of love will influence a man, and the transformations it makes in those who are under its jurisdiction. If such be the case—as I doubt not it is—the pretty Gipsy is in this company."

"Yes," said the stranger, "I saw her last night." This was almost a death-blow to Andrew. "I saw her," he continued, "but did not tell her I was, as it did not seem a proper time."
"Then it is true," said Andrew—"you are the poet of whom I spoke?"
"I am," replied the youth; "I neither can nor will deny it. Perhaps, then, it may be that while I thought myself lost, I have come to be saved, since you say that there is fidelity in the forests, and hospitality among the mountains."
"There is no doubt of this," said Andrew, "and among Gipsies the strictest secrecy in the world. With this assurance, now, you may open your heart to me, for you will find me nothing but sincerity. The handsome Gipsy is my relative, and I guide her as I please. If you desire her for your wife, I and her kindred shall be highly pleased; if for a mistress, we shall raise no sentimental objections, provided you have brought money with you, for our people are no strangers to avarice."
"I have money enough," replied the youth; "in the girdle of my frock there are four hundred crowns in gold."

This was a second blow to Andrew, for he was convinced that the youth carried all this money for no other purpose than to conquer or purchase the object of his love.
"No sum to laugh at!" said he, with faltering tongue. "Now let us see what is your wish, and you have only to set to work. The girl will not play the fool, and will see what a good thing is such an offer."
"Ah, my friend," answered the youth, "you must know it is not the power of love which, as you imagine, has made me change my dress, nor any longing for Preciosa. There are beauties in Madrid who find no difficulty in imprisoning hearts, as readily, even as the Gipsy, though I confess the beauty of your relative is beyond anything I ever saw. It then is not love which brings me here in this dress, bitted by your dogs, but my ill-luck."

This explanation had a great effect on Andrew, who began to recover his spirits, and it was plain that the needle stood to another point. Desirous of hiding his confusion, he renewed his assurances of secrecy, and the safety of revealing whatever he chose; whereupon the stranger continued as follows: "I lived in Madrid, in the house of a nobleman, whom I served not as a master but as a relative. He had an only son, his heir, who, on account of kindred, and because we were nearly of the same age and temperament, treated me with great familiarity and friendship."

The young gentleman fell in love with a lady of rank, and would have made her his wife, had he not been detained by a sense of duty to his parents, who were desirous of making a more important match for him. Nevertheless, he continued secretly to pay court to the lady, unknown to all his friends and relatives but myself. However, one night, seemingly chosen by misfortune for the adventure I am about to relate, we were passing the door of this lady's house, when we saw two men leaning against it, well dressed, and apparently of excellent parts. My cousin, who was anxious to know who they were, had hardly stepped toward them, when their swords were out and they made at us, while we drew to receive them with equal arms. The fight was soon over, for both of our adversaries lost their lives—for a couple of thrusts guided—the one by my cousin's jealousy, the other by my zeal to defend him—went to their hearts, an occurrence rarely witnessed in such encounters. Thus, I might say, unwittingly victorious, we made our way home; and having secured all the money we could, we immediately set off for the convent of San Geronimo, and waited to see what the day would bring forth, and what conjectures would be started as to who were the homicides. We found that no trace of our presence on the scene had been discovered, and the fathers of the convent prudently advised us to return home before our absence should arouse suspicion. We had resolved to follow their advice, when we received the intelligence that the authorities had seized the young lady and her family; and that among the servants, on examination, the young lady's maid had declared that my cousin had visited her mistress by night and by day. On this information, we had been sent in search of, and finding nothing but indications of our flight, it became a confirmed opinion throughout the capital that we had slain the two cavaliers—for

such they proved to be, and of excellent rank. Finally, by the advice of the fathers, after remaining secretly in the convent for fifteen days, my cousin, disguised as a monk, in company with a friar, set out for Arragon, intending to pass into Italy, and from thence to Flanders, and there wait the termination of the affair. I thought it best to part company, and divide our fortunes, and accordingly took another road, dressed as a friar's servant, accompanied by a friar who quitted me at Talavera, from which city I have traveled alone, and missed my way, until last night I fell into this wood, where you know what befell me. If I inquired for La Pena de Francia it was merely to make some reply to what was asked me, for I know not where it is, save that it lies beyond Salamanca."

"It is," said Andrew, "and you have left it to the right thirty leagues or more from this. You may go thither in almost a direct line if you will."
"I intended to go to Seville," said the youth, "for there I shall find a Genoese gentleman, a great friend of my cousin, who sends great quantities of silver to Ochoa, and I proposed to let him send me as one of his servants, by which means I could reach Carthage and from thence to Italy, by a couple of galleys which are shortly to sail. This is my story, my good friend, and I leave you to judge if I am not right in saying my presence here is rather the cause of great ill-luck, than love. Therefore, if these Gipsies will allow me to keep their company to Seville, if they chance to go there, I will reward them handsomely, for I feel I may travel in safety with them, and be freed from the fear that haunts me."

"If such is the course, they will take you," said Andrew; "and if not with our band—for I cannot say if we are bound for Andalusia—you may go with another, which we will fall in with in a few days; and if you give them some of your money, there are no difficulties from which they would not endeavor to extricate you."

Andrew now left him, and hastened to tell the Gipsies what the stranger had told him, and what he desired. They were all anxious that he should remain with them, except Preciosa, who was against it, and also the old grandmother, who declared she could not go to Seville, on account of a trick she had played some years ago on a hat-maker in that city, named Truxillo, and who was very well known. She had persuaded him, she said, to stand naked in a butt of water up to his neck, with a crown of cypress on his head, and thus wait until midnight, when he was to step out, and dig for a treasure which he believed was concealed in his house. When the anxious latter heard means ring, he was in such haste not to miss the lucky moment, that in getting out of the butt it fell with him, and the water ran over the floor in a perfect deluge, in which he fell to swimming, and screaming that he was drowning. His wife and his neighbors flocked to his aid with lights, and found him on the floor in the posture of a swimmer, striking out with his arms and legs, and roaring most lustily.

"Help, help," he cried—"I am drowned." And, in truth, he was nearly suffocated, such was his excessive fright. They seized and rescued him from his danger, and when he had sufficiently recovered, he told them of the trick the Gipsy had played him—notwithstanding which he began to dig in the spot designated; and had he not been stopped by one of his neighbors when he was undermining the foundation of his house, it would have shortly been about his ears. The story flew over the city, and there was not a boy in all Seville that did not point his finger at the latter, and cry out of the Gipsy's trick, and his credulity. Thus the old Gipsy gave her reason for not wishing to go to Seville.

But the Gipsies, knowing from Andrew that the youth had a good deal of money with him, readily agreed that he should accompany them, and promised him defence and concealment as long as he pleased. They resolved to leave the main road to the left, and march for La Mancha, in the kingdom of Murcia. They then informed the youth of their decision in his favor, and on the spot he gave them one hundred gold crowns to divide among themselves, and they became as pliant as wash-leather. The name of the youth was Don Sancho, which the Gipsies changed to Clement, and by which hereafter he will be known.

Preciosa was the only one who was not pleased with his presence in the camp, and Andrew began to be a little annoyed, and regretted having persuaded him to stay, fancying that Clement had abandoned his original intention too readily, and without sufficient cause; but the latter, as if he read his thoughts, told him in a casual way that he was glad they were going to Murcia, as it was not far from Carthage, whence, if they arrived in time for the galley, he could cross to Italy. Andrew was desirous of having Clement more under his eye, to watch him more narrowly and scrutinize his thoughts, and therefore asked him to become his comrade, to which the latter agreed, taking the request as a signal favor. They were always together; both were extravagant, and their crowns fell like hail; they ran, leaped, danced and pitched the bar, better than any of their companions; they were the admired of the women of the tribe, and held in more than ordinary esteem by the men.

Quitting Estramadura, they entered La Mancha, and advanced by degrees into the kingdom of Murcia. In every village and town through which they passed they had matches at ball, fencing, running, leaping, pitching the bar, and all other feats of strength, agility and skill. In these trials Andrew and Clement always came off victorious, as Andrew before had been alone.

During the six weeks occupied in the journey, Clement never found or sought an opportunity of speaking with Preciosa, until, one day, as Andrew and she were conversing together, they called him,

and Preciosa said, "The moment you arrived in our camp, Clement, I knew you, and remembered the verses you gave me in Madrid; but I did not say anything to you, not knowing what had brought you among us. I learned your misfortune, and it grieved me very much, though at the time it was a source of relief to me. I was troubled, because as I knew there were Don Juans who had become Andrews, there might be Don Sanchoes who might undergo like transformations. I speak of this, because Andrew tells me he has confided to you who he is, and the motive which persuaded him to turn Gipsy." (Such was the case. Andrew had acquainted Clement with his whole story, that he might converse with him the more freely on the subject nearest his heart.) "My knowing you has not been without its benefits to you, since, on account of what I have said of you, you have been more readily admitted among our people, where, I pray heaven, you may find things as you wish them. I ask nothing in requital for this, save that you will not seek to make Andrew regret the life he is at present leading, nor endeavor to persuade him he is doing wrong in continuing it. I believe his will is resigned to mine, yet I may not say how much it would pain me to see him show even the slightest sign of repentance for what he has done."

"Do not think, matchless Preciosa," said Clement, "that Don Juan acted rashly in revealing himself truly to me. I fathomed him before he spoke; his eyes revealed to me the state of his feelings; I told him freely as myself, and spoke of the enthrallment of his will; and he justly giving me the credit, which was my due, made his secret mine. He can tell you whether or not I applauded his choice, and admired his resolve—for, dull as I am, Preciosa, I well know the potency of beauty, and yours, surpassing as it does all limits of loveliness, is indeed an excuse for any error, if that may be called an error which proceeds from an irresistible cause. I am grateful, indeed, to you, señora, for all you have said in my favor, and can only express it by the most earnest wishes that you both may issue from the intricacies of the present to a happy future—that you may enjoy the love of your Andrew—and that Andrew may possess his adored Preciosa, and with the consent of his noble parents—and that from the union of so lovely a couple, under such conditions of the most sacrificing and undoubted love, may come into the world the most beautiful progeny which nature's happiest skill may produce. Such is what I shall always desire, Preciosa; and I shall perpetually repeat this to your Andrew, and not a word of anything which might turn him from his laudable purpose."

Clement said this with such emotion and feeling, that Andrew was in doubt whether he spoke in courtesy merely, or in love; for the fearful plague of jealousy is so sensitive, that it almost takes offence at notes in sunbeams, and is always on the lookout for something with which the lover may torment himself. He was not confirmed, however, in his suspicions, and trusted more on Preciosa's truth, than any good fortune of his own, for, like every lover in the world, he regarded himself as the most unfortunate being alive, so long as he was without the object he desired. However, Andrew and Clement remained fast friends and comrades, their mutual confidence being established by Clement's upright intentions, and by laudable prudence on the part of Preciosa, whose conduct was such that Andrew could not claim the shadow of an excuse for jealousy.

Clement being something of a poet, and Andrew playing the guitar, they were both somewhat naturally fond of music, and often amused themselves together in the exercise of their individual talents. One night, after having pitched their tents in a valley about four leagues from Murcia, Andrew sat down at the base of a cork-tree, and Clement near him under an evergreen oak. Each had a guitar, and, invited by the calmness of the night, they began a song, each singing alternately, Andrew beginning and Clement responding.

SONG.

ANDREW.

Shine on, shine on, ye trembling stars,
That glitter in the crown of night,
So bright the gaze ye bend to earth,
To rival day's resplendent light.
Look, Clement, there, and thou may'st see,
If thy fancy be like mine,
A form as fair as fair may be,
When beauty's brightest glories shine.

CLEMENT.

Where beauty's brightest glories shine,
And where in union close and sweet,
With every grace deem'd divine,
All goodness and all virtues meet.
What pens shall ever attempt the praise
Of one more beautiful than the day,
Though from thine own her charms
Music unthought shall fill the lay?

ANDREW.

Music unthought shall fill the lay,
Whatever it be that bears her name;
Who sing of Preciosa fair,
By her inspire shall conquer fame.
Fame's voice an empty, oh, how false,
Then would I rather every ear,
And sing the praise of her I love
Till it should fill the furthest sphere.

CLEMENT.

Till it should fill the furthest sphere;
'Tis folly so a lover's art,
Tossing to hear the by he feels
With rapture tongue and thrilling heart.
The mellow note of his name
Breathes o'er the earth a charm intense,
While all the wild bow to her away,
With peaceful soul and charmed sense.

ANDREW.

With peaceful soul and charmed sense,
The listener's ear the song.

So sweetly sang, its cadence bears
The very heavens and earth along;
And such is here, my dear delight,
And beauty is the lowest praise
To one whom all the Nine attend.
And guide and guard through all her ways.

Attend and guard through all her ways,
And store her mind with faultless grace,
Which pens a language of its own
In every thought that lights her face.
The flame that trembles in her eyes
Love yields to fire the breast of snow,
Nor fails to wound the hardest heart
With pleasure from his sportive bow.

It is probable that friend and lover would not have as yet finished their musical dialogue, had not they heard the voice of Preciosa from behind, and who, having overheard them, was responding also. They ceased, and remained almost breathless listening to her. Whether the words of her song were delivered impromptu I cannot say; but, be that as it may, she sang the following lines with the utmost grace, as if merely in response to the song she had overheard:

RESPONSE.

That I may walk in virtue's state,
And claim the praise of inward worth,
To me is more than titled birth,
Or sparkling eyes like gems of earth,
Or all the honor of the great.

The lowliest flower by nature sent
If strong, though crushed, will rise again
Shedding such perfume that we vain
From it would learn to smile in pain,
Supreme above all discontent.

My quiet bosom ne'er has known
That envy which the soul annoys,
That ceaseless longing which destroys—
The peace my humble self enjoys
Depends upon myself alone.

And thus my heart renouncing pride
Is all to truthfulness inclined,
In maiden honor, too, I find
Myself content, and trust that kind
And watchful reason be my guide.

If so I justly ask my part,
Nor wander from the path of right,
Where folly leads to endless night,
Then I may welcome with delight
My fate with an unflinching heart.

I fain would know if beauty hath
Or boasts the high prerogative
To change the scenes wherein I live—
If it can wealth or honor give
Or win for me a loftier path?

If souls be equal, as I'm told,
The humblest child of earth may vie—
And claim as lofty dignity,
In honest worth and virtue high,
As monarch proud arrayed in gold.

And something in my own I find
Which bids me hope a higher state,
Though well I know the truth is great,
That love and greatness seldom mate
And leave contentment in the mind.

Preciosa having ceased, Andrew and Clement went to meet her, and quite an animated conversation began between the trio; and Preciosa evidenced so much intelligence, modesty, and acuteness, as fully excused in Clement's opinion the determination on the part of Andrew, which he had been somewhat disposed to attribute to his youth and indiscretion rather than his judgment.

In the morning the camp was broken up, and the Gipsies removed to a place within the jurisdiction of Murcia, about three leagues from the city, where a mischance befel Andrew, which very nearly cost him his life.

Arriving in the place, they had given security, as was usual, by the deposit of articles of silver, ornaments, etc.; and Preciosa, her grandmother, Christina and two other girls, Clement and Andrew, took quarters in a neighboring inn, kept by a rich widow, who had a daughter, aged between seventeen and eighteen, who was rather more forward than handsome, by the name of Juana Carducha. On this girl seeing the Gipsies dance, the devil possessed her to fall in love with Andrew, and she resolved to tell him of it, and marry him, if he would have her, no matter what objections her relatives might raise. She accordingly watched for an opportunity to speak with him, and finding him in the cattle-yard, which he had gone to look after a couple of young asses, she approached him, and for fear of being seen, hurriedly said:

"Andrew," for she had learned his name, "I am single and rich; my mother has no other child beside me. This inn is her own—she has beside large vineyards, and other houses. I am pleased with you—if you will have me for a wife, say it now. Answer me quickly. If you have good sense, accept my offer, and you will have made your fortune."

As may be expected, Andrew was so astonished at the extreme forwardness and want of modesty in Carducha, that for a moment he was silent. Nevertheless, he replied with as much politeness as she desired:

"Senora doncella, I am now under promise of marriage; and besides, we Gipsies never marry except among ourselves. I thank you for the favor you would confer on me, and of which I am not worthy."

Carducha was within two inches of dropping dead at his feet at this most unexpected reply, and to which she was about to respond, as she saw some Gipsy women entering the yard.

She hastily quitted the yard, in a great rage, and vowing vengeance.

Andrew, like a wise man, resolved to quit the place, and get as far out of her way as possible; for he read in Carducha's eyes, that she would willingly marry him, and having no desire to remain and seek championship in the lists for her, he requested his comrades to quit the place that night.

Obedient him, as they now always did, the Gipsies set to work, and taking up their securities, against crowding were ready to start.

Carducha seeing Andrew was going away, and half her soul with him, and that she should have no opportunity to press her suit with him, made up her mind to stop him by force, since he manifested no intention of remaining by reason of any feeling for her. With all the secrecy attending which her wicked intentions could suggest she conveyed into that portion of the baggage which she knew to be Andrew's, a very rich coral bracelet, two silver medals, and some other valuable trinkets belonging either to herself or her mother.

No sooner had the Gipsies quitted the inn than she raised a great din, declaring she had been robbed by the Gipsies. This drew a rattle and some officers after the Gipsies, who, when they saw that they had no stolen property with them, offering at the same time that their baggage should be searched.

The old Gipsy was very much troubled at this, for that the search would lead to the discovery of Carducha's trinkets and Andrew's clothes, which she had with great care.

But the modest Carducha soon put an end to her fear on that score, for after they had opened one pack, she said to the men,

"See which bundle belongs to the Gipsy who is such a dancer. I saw him, now I remember, twice enter my chamber, and likely as not he is the thief."

Andrew, knowing she referred to him, laughed and said:

"Senora doncella, this is my bundle and this my ass. If you find what you seek either in the one or the other, I will pay for it seven-fold, besides cheerfully submitting to the punishment awarded to thieves."

"The officers had his ass unloaded in an instant, and in no time brought to light the property claimed to have been stolen, which so shocked and astonished Andrew that he stood like a statue."

"I was not far out of my reckoning," said Carducha. "Oh! what a thief lies hid under that honest face!"

The Alcalde, who by this time was present, began to abuse Andrew and the rest of the Gipsies, calling them common thieves and highwaymen.

Andrew was silent during all this, and stood wondering and thinking to the utmost, for an idea of Carducha's treachery did not enter his mind.

At last, an impudent, insolent soldier, nephew of the Alcalde, stepped up to Andrew, saying,

"I see how this dirty dog of a Gipsy looks after his gain. Yet I wager he swears to be an honest man in spite of the things being found on him. Blessed be the deed that sends every Gipsy in Spain to the galleys. It is a fit place for a fellow like this to serve the King over an oar instead of going dancing and stealing from valley to mountain. By the faith of a soldier I have a will to lay him at my very feet with a sound blow!"

And then, without more ado, he raised his hand and gave Andrew such a blow as roused him from his stupor and made him remember he was not Andrew Cabellero, the Gipsy, but Don Juan, and a Knight, and in an instant, with great fury, he flung himself on the soldier, snatched from his scabbard the sword he wore, and burying it in his heart, laid him dead at his feet.

This raised a prolonged yell from the people; the Alcalde was wild with rage; Preciosa fainted, and Andrew forgot everything else in his thought of relieving her. The confusion increased, and everybody was crying, "Seize the murderer!"

As luck would have it, Clement was not there, having marched forward with some baggage, and Andrew had so many to contend against that he was finally overpowered and loaded with chains.

The Alcalde would willingly have hanged him on the spot, had it been in his power, but he was obliged to send him to Murcia, as he was under the jurisdiction of that city. The Alcalde, moreover, arrested all the rest of the Gipsies who could lay hold of, but a large number of them fled, among others, Clement, who was afraid of being recognized if taken.

Andrew was not taken to Murcia until the following morning, during which time he suffered every sort of abuse from the Alcalde, his officers, and the people of the place.

A report having been made of the case, the next day the Alcalde, and his officers, with a number of armed men, entered Murcia, conducting a troop of Gipsies, among whom was Preciosa, and poor Andrew, who was chained to the back of a mule, handcuffed, with a fork under his chin.

All Murcia flocked to see the prisoner, having heard of the soldier's death; but so great was Preciosa's beauty, that all who looked on her that day blessed her.

The news of her extreme loveliness reached the ears of the Corregidor's lady, whose curiosity to see her led her to prevail upon her husband not to send her to prison with the others.

Andrew was thrust into a dark, narrow dungeon, where, deprived of the light of day, or that which Preciosa's beauty afforded, he felt he should never leave it except for his grave.

With her grandmother, Preciosa was taken to the Corregidor's lady, who, the moment she saw her, exclaimed:

"Well might everybody praise your beauty, and never weary looking at you."

She embraced her kindly, and turning to the old Gipsy, she asked,

"How old is this girl?"

"Fifteen within a month or so, more or less."

"That would be the same age of my poor Constanza," observed the lady. "Ah! the sight of this child brings back fresh my remembrance."

Up to this Preciosa took hold of the lady's hands, and kissing them repeatedly, as her tears fell fast upon them, said,

"Senora mia, the Gipsy who is now in prison is not a fault, for he had provoked. They called him a thief when he was not one, and then struck him in the face—a face in which you can read nothing but goodness of heart. I beg, I pray, senora, you will see justice done him, and that senora, the Corregidor, by not hasty in executing on him the penalty of the law. If my beauty pleases you, preserve it, by preserving the life of the prisoner—for with his life mine will end. He is to be my husband—though just and proper motives have delayed our marriage. If money be of any avail, everything belonging to our tribe will be sold, and even more given than may be demanded. Senora, if you know what love is, if you have ever felt it and still bear it for your husband, have pity on me, who love mine as tenderly as love can be."

All the time Preciosa was speaking she kept hold of the Corregidor's hands, and kept her tearful eyes fixed on her face—while the lady looked on her with like emotion, and wept with her.

Just at this moment the Corregidor entered the room, and was not less surprised at their mutual tears, than at the Gipsy's wondrous beauty. On inquiring the cause of their sorrow, Preciosa releasing the lady's hands, fell, and embracing his feet, cried,

"Mercy, senora! mercy! If my husband dies I shall die also. He is not guilty; or, if so, let the punishment fall on me; or if that may not be, let the sentence be delayed till every means is exhausted to save him; and inasmuch as he did not err through malice, heaven, perhaps, may through its kindness, send him deliverance."

The Corregidor, who was still more struck by her such expressions from the lips of a Gipsy, had not seemed to him like showing weakness, would have wept with her.

During this time the old mother Gipsy was busy turning over in her mind several important things, and after some little reflection, she said,

"Stay a little, your worship, and I will find a way to turn into joy these lamentations, though it cost me my life," and she turned and rapidly left the room.

During her absence Preciosa never ceased her tears and entreaties that they should entertain the cause of her betrothed—having fully resolved, if she could

gain time, that she would send for his father to come and interest himself to save him.

The old Gipsy returned with a little box under her arm, and requested the Corregidor and his lady to retire with her to another room, for she had important things to tell them in secret.

The Corregidor, thinking it was very likely her intention to reveal something respecting some thefts committed by the Gipsies in order to win his favor for the prisoner, withdrew with her and his lady into an adjoining apartment, where the old Gipsy threw herself at their feet.

"If the good news I am about to tell your honor," said she, "shall not merit pardon for a great offence which I have committed I am here to suffer the consequences of my fault. But before I proceed I beg your honor will tell me if you know the trinkets?"

and she handed the box to the Corregidor, who opened it and saw some child's toys and trinkets, but beyond that had no idea, and the lady viewed them with the same indifference as her husband, merely remarking that they were ornaments which might have belonged to some young girl.

"That is true," replied the Gipsy, "and to what child they belonged you will see written in that paper among them."

The Corregidor opened it and hastily read as follows:

"The name of the child is Dona Constanza de Acevedo y de Meneses; her mother is Dona Guiomar de Meneses; and her father Don Fernando de Acevedo, a Knight of the Order of Calatrava: she disappeared on Ascension Day, at eight o'clock in the morning, in the year 1696. The child had on the ornaments contained in this box."

Instantly, on hearing the contents of the paper read, the lady recognized the trinkets, and putting them to her lips, she kissed them again and again, and at last sank to the floor in a swoon, and so occupied was the Corregidor in assisting her that he did not ask for his daughter.

"Blessed woman!" cried the lady on coming to herself, "angel rather than Gipsy! where is the owner, the child to whom these toys belong?"

"Here, senora!" was the reply, "here in your own house. The Gipsy girl who wrung tears from your eyes is their owner, and is beyond all question your own daughter, whom I stole from your house in Madrid the very day and hour recorded in that paper."

On hearing this, the lady rose from her seat and rushed with breathless haste to the sala, where she had left Preciosa, whom she found still there, weeping, and surrounded by the servants. She clasped her up in her arms, and without a word, unloosed her dress, and examined if she could find immediately under the left breast, a mark much like a white mole, which was there at her birth, and there she found it, though somewhat enlarged with time. With the same silent haste she removed the shoe and stocking from one of her feet, and discovered a foot as white as the driven snow, and as smooth as polished marble, and as delicate as if the work of art. She found what she sought—for the little toe and the one next to it were united by a membrane, which the tender mother had refused to have the surgeon sever when she was an infant.

The mole on the bosom, the toes, the trinkets, the day assigned for the stealing, the confession of the Gipsy, and the joy felt by both parents when they first beheld her, fully satisfied her soul of the truth that Preciosa was her daughter. She clasped her in her arms, and hastened with her to the room where she had left her husband and the old Gipsy. Preciosa, as might be supposed, was astonished at all this haste and bustle about her and the investigations which had been made, and not less so when she found herself in the arms of a lady who gave her a hundred kisses.

Dona Guiomar at last appeared bringing the rich burden to her husband, and transferring it from her arms to his, she said:

"Receive, senora, your daughter Constanza, for such she is beyond a doubt, since I have seen the toes which grew together and the mole on her breast, and beyond this and stronger still is the voice of my soul, which said the same when I first beheld her."

"I do not doubt it," said he, holding Preciosa to his heart; "the same impressions came across me. Truly such a strange combination of circumstances must be the result of a miracle."

The whole household were greatly astonished, and each asked the other what could be the matter; but no one was correct in their surmises, as it was not natural that they should conclude that the little Gipsy was the daughter of their master. The Corregidor desired his wife and Preciosa to say nothing of the affair until he himself should make it known, at the same time assuring the old Gipsy that he forgave her the crime she had committed in stealing his daughter, since the atonement she had made in restoring her was deserving of reward, and also enjoined her to be silent. He also said that he was greatly troubled that she, knowing Preciosa's station, had allowed her to form an alliance with a Gipsy, and especially one who was not only a thief but a murderer.

"My lord," said Preciosa at this remark, "he is not a Gipsy, nor is he a thief, though it is true he is a murderer; but he is so, of a man who violated his honor; and he could not do less than vindicate it by killing him."

"And how, my child, is he not a Gipsy?" said Dona Guiomar.

The old Gipsy then proceeded to relate briefly to them Andrew's history, informing them that he was the son of Don Francisco de Carcamo, a Knight of the Order of St. Jago; that his name was Don Juan de Carcamo, and that he also belonged to the same Order; that she had the dress of a Knight in her baggage, which he exchanged for the clothing peculiar to the Gipsies. She also told them of the compact between him and Preciosa, that he was to live two years among the Gipsies as a sort of trial before they married, at the same time extolling the virtues of both, and the generous disposition of Don Juan.

The Corregidor and his wife were not less surprised at this than at the recovery of their daughter, and the Corregidor desired the Gipsy to bring the clothes of Don Juan to him. She went for them, and very soon returned with a Gipsy man who brought them.

While she was absent, Preciosa's parents asked her a thousand questions, and she replied to them with so much ability and with such grace, that even had she not the claim of a child to their admiration, they would have been enchanted with her. They asked her if she really entertained any affection for Don Juan.

"Not more," she replied, "than is due to one who for her sake had condescended to become a Gipsy; but that, if they wished it, her feeling should extend no farther than gratitude for the same."

"Say no more, my dear Preciosa, for by that name I shall henceforth call you," said the father, "in remembrance of your having been lost and found again; say no more, and, as I am your father, I will put you in a position such as will leave you no cause to be ashamed of your birth."

This remark, rather than elevating her heavy spirits, produced a sigh on Preciosa's part, which her mother noticed, and very correctly attributed to the anxiety of Preciosa for the future result of her love.

"My lord," said she to her husband, "since it is true that Don Juan is not unworthy our daughter, and that he entertains such love for her, I do not think we should refuse to allow her to marry him."

"It is but a moment ago since we found her," said he, "and would you have us lose her again before we have at all enjoyed her society? When she is married, she will no longer be ours; but her husband's."

"It is true," replied she; "but pray give orders that Don Juan be brought hither, for I think it not unlikely he has been thrust into the dungeon."

"He is there, undoubtedly," said Preciosa; "for they would not allow a thief, a murderer, and especially a Gipsy, a better place."

"I will go myself and see him, and listen to his confession," said the Corregidor; "and I charge you all once again to preserve a strict silence regarding this affair."

Embracing Preciosa, he quitted his house and went immediately to the prison, and entered the dungeon where Don Juan was confined, alone. He found Don Juan with both legs in the stocks and handcuffs on his wrists, and the chains still on his feet. The dungeon was quite dark, and he caused a window near the top to be opened, through which streamed a faint glimmering ray of light. As soon as he saw the prisoner, he said:

"Ah, there you are, Sir Gipsy! Eh, I wish I had every Gipsy in Spain as fast as you, that I might punish them all in a day, even as Nero wished of the people of Rome. Look you, thief of quality, I am the Corregidor of this city, and come here to know if it be true that you are to marry the young Gipsy girl who was taken in your crowd?"

When Andrew heard this, he was convinced that the Corregidor was in love himself with Preciosa, for so subtle is jealousy that there are no conditions through which it cannot reach and penetrate the heart. Notwithstanding which, however, he answered:

"If she has said that I was to marry her, it is true; and if she has said I was not to marry, it is true, for Preciosa cannot tell a lie."

"Is she then so careful to speak the truth?" said the Corregidor; "it is no small matter, I assure you, in a Gipsy. In short, my worthy youth, she says she is your wife, but that she has not yet given you her hand; but hearing that from the nature of your crime you are to suffer death for it, she has begged of me to allow you to be married to her, before your execution, for she has a strange fancy to be the widow of so great a villain."

"If such be the case, your honor, I also entreat you that, agreeable to her request, and my own also, I may be married to her—then indeed shall I go into another world contented; if I am, first made here."

"Your love for her must be very great indeed," said the Corregidor.

"So great," replied Andrew, "that I know not how to express it. In a word, sir, my case is this: I killed the man who would otherwise have robbed me of my honor. I love this Gipsy; and if I can be certain of her love, I shall leave the earth satisfied; in heaven I am sure I shall possess her affection, for both of us have kept faithfully our promise."

"To-night," said the Corregidor, "I will have you brought to my house; there you shall be married to Preciosa, and be hanged on the morrow at noon; and in this way I shall discharge the claims of justice, and gratify your mutual desire."

Andrew thanked the Corregidor, who withdrew and returned home, and repeated the conversation with Andrew to his wife, telling her the course he intended to pursue.

During the Corregidor's absence, Preciosa recounted to her mother the entire history of her life, and how she had never thought herself other than a Gipsy, nor the old Gipsy other than her grandmother, notwithstanding she always felt her spirit above the conditions of the Gipsies.

Dona Guiomar requested her to freely express herself regarding her love for Don Juan de Carcamo.

Blushing, and bending her eyes to the ground, she replied, that considering herself a Gipsy, she at first thought that by marrying a person of his rank, she should better her fortunes; and that having been long familiar with his goodness, and his many virtues, it was true she had learned to regard him with affection; but, as she had before said, she would do nothing to lessen the pleasure of her parents.

About ten o'clock in the evening, Andrew was brought from his dungeon, his handcuffs and fetters were removed, except one chain which encumbered him from head to foot. In this condition he arrived at the Corregidor's house, unperceived by anybody except those who conducted him. He was shown into a room by himself, and there left alone. Shortly after a priest entered the apartment, and begged him to make confession, as he was to die the following day.

"I am quite ready to confess," answered Andrew, "but I desire that I first be married; yet, alas! if I am vouchsafed so much grace as that, how wretched is the bridal bed which awaits me!"

Dona Guiomar, who, as has been seen, was acquainted with her husband's design, said to him that she did not think it wise to frighten Don Juan too much, as it might result in his death, and that he had better do something to lessen his terror.

He approved of her advice, and going into the room where Andrew was, he told the priest that the prisoner might first be married to the Gipsy-girl; and that afterwards he should confess himself, and with all his heart implore forgiveness and pray for the mercy of heaven which is often shown, and at such seasons as hopes are lowest.

Andrew was now led into a hall, in which were Dona Guiomar, the Corregidor, Preciosa, and two domestics.

When Preciosa saw him shackled with a chain, his face pale, and his eyes looking as if he had been weeping, she hid her face upon her mother's arm.

"Don't be troubled, my child," said she, embracing her, "for be assured everything will terminate to your satisfaction and advantage."

Preciosa, however, not being in the secret, would not be comforted; and the old Gipsy was hardly able to stand for fright, while the rest were in anxious suspense for the result.

"These," said the Corregidor to the priest, at the same time pointing to Andrew and Preciosa, "these are the two Gipsies you are to marry."

"It is well," replied the priest; "but, before I proceed, where have the banns been published, and

where is the license of my superior, for without these preliminaries there can be no marriage?"

"I protest," said the Corregidor, "it never entered my mind; but I will endeavor to procure a license from the Abbot."

"Very well," said the priest; "but until I see it, you must excuse me," and then, without another word, he left the house, in order to prevent any scandal, leaving them all in confusion.

"The priest is right," said the Corregidor, "and this not unlikely is a Providence which has delayed the punishment of the prisoner, for he must marry Preciosa before he suffers; and, as the banns must be published before, it will give him much time, and time, it is said, is wont to bring the greatest troubles to a pleasant conclusion. I would ask, therefore, of Andrew, that if fortune should so order it that without these trials and difficulties he might become Preciosa's husband, if he should feel himself more contented as Andrew, the gentleman Gipsy, than as Don Juan de Carcamo."

On hearing himself called by name, Andrew looked up and said:

"Since Preciosa has seen fit to make known who I am, I avow it freely that if I were monarch of the world, I should hold so high the blessing of possessing her that it would satisfy all my wishes, and beyond that of heaven I could not presume to desire any other happiness."

"For the nobleness of spirit which you have shown, Don Juan de Carcamo," said the Corregidor, "Preciosa shall soon be made your lawful wife. I give her to you now, and present her to you as the joy, the light and comfort of my family, and everything which a father can hold dear. Continue to prize her as you do now, for in giving you her I give you Dona Constanza de Meneses, my only child, who, if she equal you in love, is not inferior to you in birth."

As was natural, Andrew stood amazed at this revelation and unsuspected mark of the Corregidor's favor and protection; and Dona Guiomar, in a few words, informed him of the stealing of her daughter, her recovery, and the unmistakable tokens the old Gipsy had given of the fact, all of which served to make Don Juan question the fact of his wakefulness. But giving full sway to his joy, he embraced his now kindred, called them father and mother, and his future sovereigns; he pressed his lips to Preciosa's hand, who, in turn, her eyes swimming with tears of gladness, modestly asked him for his.

The secret went rapidly abroad—the servants repeated the circumstances to everybody. The Alcalde, as soon as he heard it, saw that all hope of revenge was gone, since the law in this case could not touch the son-in-law of the Corregidor.

Don Juan once more adopted his former dress, which was given him by the old Gipsy—his imprisonment was given up for liberty, his fetters of iron were changed to chains of gold, and the sorrows of the Gipsies in prison to joy, for they were all speedily released.

The Alcalde received two thousand ducats on promise to trouble Don Juan no more, and personally withdrew the suit against him.

During this time Don Juan did not forget his companion Clement, but sent to inquire of him; but he could not be found, or any tidings got of him. However, some weeks after, he was gratified to hear that he had reached Genoa safely, and embarked at Carthage.

The Corregidor told Don Juan that he was reluctantly informed that his father, Don Francisco de Carcamo, had been appointed to succeed him as Corregidor of the city, and that it would be better to await his arrival, that the wedding might be celebrated with his consent and approbation.

Don Juan replied that he was quite satisfied that his father would not object to his choice, and that he felt his marriage with Preciosa ought to take place without delay.

A license was granted by the Archbishop, with the allowance that one publication of the banns should be sufficient. As the Corregidor was universally beloved, the city was illuminated, and bull-fights and tiltings marked the occasion.

The old Gipsy-woman continued in the family, having expressed her unhappiness at the idea of leaving her grand-daughter Preciosa.

The news of the adventures and marriage of the little Gipsy soon reached Madrid, and Don Francisco de Carcamo learned that the bridegroom was his son; and when he remembered the beauty of Preciosa, he excused what he otherwise would have considered his unpardonable wildness; for hearing that he had not reached Flanders, he had been given up for lost by his parents. Further, he was the more easily satisfied that he had married into the family of Don Fernando de Acevedo. He therefore set off, with all speed to see his daughter-in-law and son, and arrived at Murcia in twenty days, when the feasts and sports were renewed, and the wedding observed in due form, while the story of the happy pair was repeated to him by every tongue.

The poets of the place, which boasted many good ones, recorded the strange adventures of the couple and the unparalleled beauty of the bride, in various and lofty verse, and these were so described by the famous Licenciado Pogo, that the fame of Preciosa will live in his poetry as long as time endures.

I had almost forgot to mention that the amorous Carducha acknowledged to the Corregidor that Andrew had been falsely accused by her, and confessed her love and her crime, which, however, passed unpunished; for, in the universal joy which attended the happy nuptials, Justice was satisfied and Mercy triumphant.

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Written for the Banner of Light.
REPLY TO AN ANGEL MOTHER.

BY M. LARKIN.

From where the blest in joy and rapture dwell,
Our angel Mother comes her love to tell,
A Mother's love! What language can unfold?
More prized than silver or refined gold.
What word or title earth can boast or claim
So sweet as Mother? Heaven invented name!
A thousand loves lie wrecked within the past,
But thine shall live; thy truth forever last.
How recollection strongly calls to view
The painful scenes when thy kind shade withdrew.
In hopeless grief I mourned around thy grave,
And saw the grass above thy bosom wave;
Thus pale in death, and dead from mortal eyes,
I little thought to greet thee from the skies;
Truth's lamp I sought, yet destined still to find,
Conflicting creeds; the sightless lead the blind.
How vain are creeds! While unrevealed the doom,
Of friends and kindred fled beyond the tomb.
When angel hands had rent death's midnight veil,
Thou wert the first thy wandering son to hail.
Thy angel form, though hidden from my view,
Vain were my doubts! Thy gentle words I knew;
With joyful heart, and freed from death's alarm,
I saw the grave possessed no power to harm.
Next thy kind counsel joined thy aid in this,
To cheer my passage and enhance my bliss;
Unlooked for bliss! The gulf of death is spanned!
We greet with joy the "white-robed angel band."
With rapture learn the wisdom from above,
Our Teachers thank with gratitude and love.
Let purer praise than mortal hands can sing,
From earth ascend to Heaven's Eternal King.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT
LAND.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

"Essays and Reveries," by Drs. Temple, Williams, Powell, Wilson, Goodwin, Pattison and Jowett, are promising outgrowths from the old theologies—outgrowths from England's orthodoxy, sloughing biblical incomprehensions, and dumping them into the brook Kedron. Hardly in modern times has the "infallible word" been so efficiently broken, and the mangled remains hung up before the Lord in the sight of all Israel and the sun, to the great scandal of all fossilized believers in what was said by the Hebrews of old time. Macknought, from the same orthodox source, had already shown the Bible fallible in all sorts of things; and hence of no authority in the more developed light. Our present authors find the old Ark sadly unseaworthy, having many timbers and planks so utterly rotten as to require very adroit handling, so great is the danger of a total submergence.

This English "Broad Church" movement is capable of being very much broader than it yet appears; but smallest favors thankfully acknowledged, and it is pleasant to observe the progression of England's orthodoxy, while we lament the reverse order of American Unitarianism, as marshaled by Drs. Bolles, Huntington, &c., seeking the living among the dead, as set forth in Hebrew chronicle, because past ignorance had pronounced the Bible the word of God, and so would forever shut its eyes against the incoming of a broader and a higher light. "Dr. Temple admits that the Jews knew nothing of immortality, save what they learned in Babylon." It was here, through Chaldean mediums, that the soul-world was practically made manifest to the Jews; and it is this Spiritualism of old time which constitutes the word of God in our Sunday-schools and churches. "Dr. Williams, in setting forth 'Bunson's Biblical Researches,' says, 'We cannot encourage a remorseless criticism of Gentile histories, and escape its contagion; when we approach Hebrew annals; nor acknowledge a Providence in Jewish history without owning that it may have comprehended sanctities elsewhere.' But the moment we examine fairly the religions of India and of Arabia, or even those of India and of Arabia, we find they appealed to the better side of our nature, and their essential strength lay in the elements of good which they contained, rather than in any Satanic corruption." "Both spiritual affection and metaphysical reasoning forbid us to confine revelations like those of Christ to the first half century of our era; but show at least affinities of our faith existing in men's minds, anterior to Christianity, and renewed with deep echo from living hearts in many a generation."

In conclusion, Bunson exclaims, "Oh, the fools! who, if they do see the imminent perils of this age, think to ward them off by narrow-minded persecution." Is it not time, in truth, to withdraw the veil from our misery? To tear off the mask from hypocrisy, and destroy that sham which is undermining all real ground under our feet? To point out the dangers which surround, nay, threaten already to engulf us?"

Dr. Powell follows with the "Study of the Evidences of Christianity," wherein it appears that "the Pharisees set down the miracles of Christ to the power of evil spirits." Our modern Pharisees pronounce similar judgment upon the like phenomena of today. Such is the position of church and clergy when not Sadducean. But as Dr. Ellis has made an apology for the "stupidity of the pulpit," we may take as of little or nothing worth whatever proceeds from the same. "Celsus ascribed the Christian miracles to magic, and the general charge of magic is noticed by Tertullian." "The Apostles did not go about proclaiming an infallible book," says Dr. Powell. Bibliolatry, with all its outstanding nonsense, is the outgrowth of the ignorance and priestcraft of a later age. Says our author, "If miracles were, in the estimation of a former age, among the chief supports of Christianity, they are at present among the main difficulties and hindrances to its acceptance." "With a firm belief in constant supernatural interposition, the contemporaries of the Apostles were as much blinded to the reception of the gospel, as, with an opposite persuasion, others have been at a later period. Those who had access to living, divine instruction, were not superior to the prepossessions and ignorance of their times. There never existed an 'infallible age' of exemption from doubt or prejudice."

Says Dr. Wilson: "Grave doubts arise in the minds of really well-meaning persons, whether the secular future of humanity is necessarily bound up with the diffusion of Christianity." "We may appeal to the most ancient records extant, and even to the Apostolic epistles themselves, to show that neither in doctrine nor in morals did the primitive Christian communities at all approach to the ideal which has been formed of them. The moral defects of the earliest converts were the subject of the gravest expostulations on the part of the Apostolic writers; and the doctrinal features of the early Church are much more undetermined than would be thought by those who read them only through the ecclesiastical creeds." "Constantly the title occurs in the Hebrew Scripture, of 'the Lord's people,' with appeals to Jehovah as their Supreme Governor, Protector and Judge. And so it is with the

polytheistic nations; they are the offspring of the Gods; the Deities are their guides, and guardians, the authors of their laws and customs; their worship is interwoven with the whole course of political and social life. "In respect of a State religion, Jew and Gentile were more alike than has been thought." "It has been a matter of great boast within the church of England, in common with other Protestant churches, that it is founded upon the 'Word of God,' a phrase that belies many a question when applied to the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments—a phrase which is never applied to them by any of the Scriptural authors, and which, according to Protestant principles, never could be applied to them by any sufficient authority from without." "The dates and authorship of the several books received as canonical, are not determined by any authority, nor their relative value and importance." The "Word of God" contains "dark patches of human passion and error." "The wise heathens would anticipate a reunion with the great and good of all ages; they could represent to themselves, at least in a figurative manner, the punishment and purgatory of the wicked."

Dr. Goodwin does the "Mosaic Cosmogony," and says, "Theology, the science whose object is the dealing of God with man as a moral being, maintains but a shivering existence, shouldered and jostled by the sturdy growths of modern thought, and bemoaning itself for the hostility which it encounters. Why should this be, unless because theologians persist in clinging to theories of God's procedure toward man, which have long been seen to be untenable? The 'Infallible Word' is found to be 'wholly adverse to the present astronomical and geological views of the universe.' "The Mosaic narrative does not represent correctly the history of the universe." "The Hebrew writers erroneous, why should we hesitate to recognize their fallibility?"

Dr. Pattison shows the "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England," and finds "in the present day a Godless orthodoxy threatening to extinguish religious thought altogether."

Dr. Jowett shows that in "the Interpretation of Scripture," the "tendency has been to conceal the unsoundness of the foundation under the fairness and loquaciousness of the superstructure;" and then adopts the "principle of progressive revelation." "Almost all intelligent persons are agreed that the earth has existed for myriads of ages; that the history of nations extends back some thousands of years before the Mosaic chronology." "Who that hears of the Sabbatarianism, as it is called, of some Protestant countries, would imagine that the Author of our religion had cautioned his disciples not against the violation of the Sabbath, but only against its formal and Pharisaical observance; or that the chiefest of the Apostles had warned the Colossians to 'Let no man judge them in respect of the New Moon, or of the Sabbath days.'" "The unchangeable Word of God, in the name of which we repose, is changed by each age and each generation in accordance with its passing fancy. The book in which we believe all religious truth to be contained, is the most uncertain of all books." "But no one is willing to break through the reticence which is observed on these subjects; hence a sort of smouldering skepticism." "The same spirit renders the Christian minister almost powerless in the hands of his opponents." "He can give no true answer to the mechanic or artisan who has either discovered by his mother wit or who retails at second hand the objections of the critics." "That objections to some received views should be valid, and yet that they should be always held up as the objections of infidels, is a mischief to the Christian cause. It is a mischief that critical observations which any intelligent man can make for himself, should be ascribed to Atheism or unbelief." "It would be a strange and almost incredible thing that the Gospel, which at first made war only on the vices of mankind, should now be opposed to one of the highest and rarest of human virtues—the love of truth." "And that in the present day the great object of Christianity should be, not to change the lives of men, but to prevent them from changing their opinions." "Interpret the Scripture like any other book." "The Old Testament is not to be identified with the New, nor the Law with the prophets, nor the Gospels with the Epistles, nor the Epistles of St. Paul to be violently harmonized with the Epistle of St. James." Each writer, each successive age, has characteristics of its own, as strongly marked, or more strongly, than those which are found in the authors or periods of classical literature. "While Alexandrian literature was attracting the Jewish intellect, the Galilean zealot was tearing the nation to pieces with the doctrine that it was lawful to call 'no man Master but God.'" "Experience shows us not there are two classes of men animated by two opposite principles, but an infinite number of classes or individuals from the lowest depth of misery and sin to the highest perfection of which human nature is capable—the best not wholly good, the worst not entirely evil."

"The Mosaic Law and the double meanings of prophecy," are entitled to no interpretation "in any sense in which it is not equally applicable to all deep and suggestive writings." "It is not a useful lesson for the young student to apply to scripture, principles which he would hesitate to apply to other books; to make formal reconciliation of discrepancies which he would not think of reconciling in ordinary history; to divide simple words into double meanings; to adopt the fancies or conjectures of fathers and commentators, as real knowledge. This laxity of knowledge is apt to infect the judgment when transferred to other subjects. It is not easy to say how much of the unsettlement of mind, which prevails among intellectual young men is attributable to these causes; the mixture of truth and falsehood in religious education, certainly tends to impair at the age when it is most needed, the early influence of a religious home." "There is one word of caution to be given to those who renounce inquiry: it is that they cannot retain the right to condemn inquirers. For the theologian, as well as the philosopher, has need of 'light unimpeded with any tincture of the affections, the more so as his conclusions are often liable to be disordered by them.'" "The 'strong swimmer' may strike out boldly, but the 'sentimental Werther-faced man' must not get beyond the moorings of the thirty-nine."

We hear end our references to this latest protest against the old theologies, whose baseless assumptions of an infallible Word, and a Thus Saith the Lord, are clean swept away. What a commentary upon past ignorance, credulity and priestcraft, when the very heads of the church give way to the brighter or upheaval which can no longer be withstood! Thy Gods, oh Israel, whom Christians have set up, now, with heads and hands lopped off, shame their worshippers, as when like false befores the Dagon-God of the Philistines! To what a banquet has the poor

child of doubt and death been invited, with his hope proven to have been built on reeds, instead of the sure rock of ages! Temple and tower gone down! Alas, that a Godless priesthood should still persist in feeding us with their dead formulas, whose fruit, like the Dead Sea apples, are but ashes to the taste. Our Sunday Schools indoctrinate with a dark and barbarous Judaism, submerging all better growth; or, if in strength to rise, with what agony and fear does the tender soul free itself from the bondage of its theological nursery. But rejoice; for never again can pulpity, with rack and screw, and falsehood, have power to chain the freed spirit with "come rest in this bosom."

The *Edinburg* and the *Quarterly* are yet silent as to the unroofing of Cambridge and Oxford, and the crumbling of their foundations, by a correspondent seven-fold blast which leveled the walls of Jericho. The *North British* founders dull and heavily at the ominous aspect of the heavens, beholding through the old veil the eccentric movement of the new seven stars, and thus find themselves powerless to bind the sweet influences of Plolades." According to the vision of John at Patmos, "the seven Spirits of God" are uttering "what the Spirit saith to the churches." Our seven angels, having sounded each his trumpet, "as when a lion roareth," and in chorus, as when "seven thunders had uttered their voices," the *Westminster Review*, not yet wholly free from the tradition of the elders, somewhat demurs to "the seven Spirits of God, and the seven stars," as if to say, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest, and art dead." But upon the whole, with wider vision, the writer more than embraces "the seven Spirits of God."

The writer in the *Westminster* is understood to be James Martineau, a Unitarian clergyman, and he opens worthily of the "Broad Church" in the following manner:

"A Book has appeared, which may serve to mark an epoch in the history of opinion. The latest phase of religion at length has developed its creed. The vigor and the candor of this volume would raise it above the dust of theological strife; but its origin gives it a place in the record of religious thought. The subject, the form and the authorship, are all alike significant. It is no work of a single or isolated thinker, nor of unconnected thoughts upon secondary questions. It is the combined work of several of the leaders of thought in our seminaries of religious and useful learning; and it deals (not without some method,) with the central topic, in which all religious inquiry is now summed up. In a word, it is a manifesto from a body of kindred or associated thinkers; if it be not rather an outline of the principles of a new school of English theology. But whatever be the intention of its authors, those who watch the progress of opinion must look upon its appearance, and still more upon its reception, as full of significance and instruction. When seven theologians, teachers and professors in our universities or schools, combine their strength to deal with the great questions of modern inquiry, the public may justly infer that it has a test of the progress of ideas within the pale of the church."

"We propose, then, to consider this book, not as if it were the work of one anonymous author, alone responsible for his opinions; but as fairly representing the ideas of a large body of the more vigorous minds within the church. On the other hand, we must decide how far the solutions here offered satisfy the unfettered judgment; how far they possess the elements of fruitful and healthy growth. This *Review* at any rate ought not to be silent whilst so much courage and candor call for recognition and support, nor can we lose the opportunity of insisting on this conspicuous triumph of the principle of free discussion. On the other hand, we should be wanting to our readers if we failed to point out the light which it throws on the position of official belief. When axioms of science, and results of criticism, principles and theories for which we have long contended, are preached in the oldlands of orthodoxy, we may welcome and proclaim the fact, whilst insisting that they be frankly adopted and pushed to their legitimate conclusions." "If, again, we speak of this book as aggressive, we do so advisedly. No fair mind can close this volume without feeling it to be at bottom in direct antagonism to the whole system of popular belief. They profess, indeed, to come forward as defenders of the creeds against attacks from without; but their hardest blows fall not on the assaulting, but on the resisting force. They throw themselves into the breach; but their principal care is to clear it from its oldest and stoutest defenders. In object, in spirit and in method, in details no less than in general design, this book is incompatible with the religious belief of the mass of the Christian public, and the broad principles on which the Protestantism of Englishmen rests. The most elaborate reasoning to prove that they are in harmony, can never be anything but futile, and ends in becoming insincere." "Is the crumbling edifice of orthodoxy to be supported by sweeping away the whole of its substructure?"

Of this course of the essayists, in dumping the rubbish of biblical foundations into the brook Kedron, whilst holding fast to the form of sound doctrine, proving all things, and holding fast to the good, and letting all the back parts of the Bible slide, the reviewer says; "Let our authors beware of such excessive candor, and rest assured that when the public once begin to read their Bibles in that spirit, they will soon cease to read them at all, and that the Hebrew Scriptures will take their place upon the book-shelf of the learned, beside the Arabian and Sanscrit poets." "The men and women around us are told that the whole scheme of salvation has to be entirely rearranged and altered; Divine rewards and punishments; the Fall; original sin; the vicarious penalty; and salvation by faith, are all, in the natural sense of the terms, repudiated as immoral delusions. Miracles, inspiration, and prophecy, in their plain and natural sense, are denounced as fragments or exploded blunders. The Mosaic history dissolves into a mass of ill-digested legends, the Mosaic ritual into an Oriental system of priestcraft, and the Mosaic origin of earth and man sinks amidst the rubbish of rabbinical cosmogonies. And yet all this is done in the name of orthodoxy, and for the glory of Christian truth. An expurgated Bible—miracles, inspiration and prophecy, under old names, with new meanings, in the harmonious whole, with a revised Atonement, a transcendent Fall, a practical Salvation, and an idealized Damnation. Hoorah!"

It will require another "Glimpse" to set forth the kingdom of heaven from the treasures new and old, as brought forth by the "Broad Church" of England, and surveyed from the *Westminster* mount of vision. In the meantime, let lovers of the truth rejoice to behold the engineers of the church "holed by their own petards"—rejoice that

"Ev'n Gods must yield, religions take their turn," when cloaked by the incoming of a broader light—rejoice that church fossilism, the most incorrigible

of the past formations, is unroofed in its temple, and its foundations cleaved away, and is yielding signs and threes that it must be born again. No longer is the old theological tomfoolery and nonsense capable of bridging the Jordan, but Spiritualism shall embrace the two worlds in a new heaven and a new earth. C. B. P.

WORDS VS. IDEAS.

Brother Child hopes to be pardoned in the use of words; for words to him are awfully trivial and impotent in a spiritual sense, and of much less significance than ideas. Of course, we entirely agree with the Doctor in the impotency of words, *per se*; but when used as the representatives of ideas, words then become all important and of vast significance. When words fail of expressing the ideas intended, then it is that we need a different application of old words, or the coining of new ones. What words could be selected from the religious nomenclature that would define the incoming light of Modern Spiritualism like "Harmonial Philosophy?"

The old, threadbare religious phrases—heaven and hell, angel and devil, saint and sinner, Christian and worldly, elect and damned, saved and lost, sheep and goats, good and bad, holy and unholy, righteous and unrighteous, pious and impious, religious and irreligious, virtuous and vicious—full of expressing the nature and actions of man, when viewed by the beautiful light of the spiritual spheres, which seems to be steadily and surely increasing in brilliancy and glory. They doubtless have expressed the prevalent ideas of the past, but to use them in expressing present unfoldings of truth and wisdom, seems to us like calling our magnificent steamboats canoes, or our lightning telegraphs post-boys.

Friend Child has labored well and faithfully to show the nonentity of evil; to prove that man is but a secondary planet, revolving around the great Central Sun, in the orbit marked out by the Supernal Father, and by the fiat of his almighty will; that every act performed by man is but the legitimate working of mind in combination with matter; that every deed is the product of law, and that law God's—consequently just and good; that every action is relatively, positively and absolutely good. Thanks to the Doctor for using his well-developed intuition as a battering-ram against the religious Chinese walls of exclusiveness. Quite time they were crumbling, and all given a chance of entering the Celestial city. In his remarks on Virtue he speaks of "vicious deeds," "naughty actions," "wicked actions," "serving the devil," etc. "Vice comes from our Father's hand." Is it not a law of nature that "like begets like?" If vice comes from our Father's hand, and he makes his children vicious, naughty and wicked, must he not be vicious, naughty and wicked himself? Is it not a perversion of language to say that God deals out vice, naughtiness and wickedness? Do these words express fully and fairly the intuitive ideas which find their way through the Doctor's brain?

Rev. Silas Tyrell says in his definition of virtue: "Hence you perceive that I include everything that ever was, is now, or ever will be, in my idea of virtue." Very good. In the next sentence he says: "Dr. Child uttered an eternal truth when he declared that vice was the sub-soil and top-soil that nourished and fed the production of virtue." But, friend Tyrell, if vice is the sub-soil and top-soil that feeds virtue, how can virtue be "everything that ever was, is now, or ever will be?" Would it not come nearer our meaning to say that virtue exists in every atom of matter and of mind in the universe of God, but no vice? No vice exists in God or his beautiful and harmonious works? Is vice a suitable word to express the idea?

Mr. Blood tells us that "sin is the transgression of the law." What law can there be except the law of condition? Is not law condition? Conditions vary; consequently the law varies with every condition. What is law to one organization is not law to another in like circumstances. What is law to one organization under one set of circumstances, is not law to that organization under another set of circumstances. Every organization obeys the law of its own condition as surely as the needle points to the pole. Every organization, together with the circumstances surrounding it, makes its own law, to which it renders implicit obedience. Attempting to bring the animal man to the same standard or law as the spiritual man, would be as unwise as telling water to run up hill. No two possess organization alike, or are surrounded with precisely the same circumstances; so no two can possibly be governed or judged by the same law. Each is a law to himself. Who is to say that the manifestations of the animal man are not just as divine and virtuous as the manifestations of the spiritual man? Who can say that the law of condition, as obeyed by the most insignificant worm that crawls at our feet, is not just as perfect and holy as that obeyed by the highest "seraph that adores and burns?" Who is to say that a man possessing the destructiveness of the tiger, is transgressing law when he destroys like the tiger? Does not the tiger obey the law of its condition? Certainly. Then why not man, when inheriting the tiger's animality? Is it wicked, naughty or vicious in the tiger? No. Why, then, in the man? Judas, when betraying Jesus with a kiss, rendered just as strict obedience to the law of his condition as did Jesus to his when crying, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Had Judas inherited the organization of Jesus, and had the same circumstances surrounded him that surrounded Jesus, Judas would have died on the cross praying for his murderers. But some one—perhaps friend Newton—will say that Judas committed a sinful, wrong, wicked, evil or vicious deed, because of a consciousness within him of having done a grievous wrong. That consciousness of wrong in Judas was an involuntary obedience to the law of his conscience. His kiss for thirty pieces of silver was no less obedience to the law of his acquisitiveness. Judas judged himself by the law of Jesus' condition—not by that of his own. His consciousness smote him for not having obeyed the law taught him by Jesus—a law which he could not obey; consequently he obeyed his own lawful condition, and then judged himself by another law, and was condemned. We often judge our neighbor harshly for not obeying our law of condition, and not unfrequently judge ourselves by our neighbor's law.

We are told that we must obey the law taught by Jesus, or be damned. We can obey the precepts of Jesus just so far as they run in the groove of our own condition, but not a whit further. Paul knew this fact hundreds of years ago, for he says, "For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." Though blessed with a powerful will, he could not transgress the law of his condition. But, what does Paul mean by "evil" which he must do? "Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." "I find, then, a law, that when I would do

good, evil is present with me." This law of "sin" or "evil" was the same law of condition which we find in Judas; and though Paul manifested the greatest anxiety to avoid or transgress it, yet he ever found the bonds which bound him to it as inescapable as fate. Had he, instead of saying "sin that dwelleth in me," said, "It is no more I that do it, but the animal organization in which I dwell, and which is subject to the same law of condition as all other animal matter," he would have uttered an understandable truth, and one as important to-day as two thousand years ago.

"Order is heaven's first law," and last also. The idea that system, law or order, reigns supreme throughout God's infinite universe, and man is left an exception—transgressing, disobeying, and trampling beneath his feet; law, at every turn—is to me an idea begotten by the infantile condition of man, and one which, with other childish ideas of God and law, is quickly to be laid aside, as no longer useful in our progress and spiritual unfolding. It cannot be.

"The general order since the whole began, Is kept in nature, and is kept in man."

Every act is in obedience to law, consequently there is no transgression; and if there be no transgression, how can there be sin, evil or vice? Let us, then, away with the hackneyed religious phrases, out of which the life and spirit hath long since departed. L. L. R.

East Toledo, Ohio.

SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA.

From the London Spiritual Magazine for December we extract the following:

To the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*: Sir—The insertion of my note of the 16th ultimo induces me to present a few more facts connected with American Spiritualism, so far as I had an opportunity of gaining experience during a brief visit.

The subject seemed to be more fairly treated by the editors of newspapers, generally, than is the case in this country, as reports of public meetings are introduced, and advertisements of seances are freely admitted—the former being frequently in company with editorial remarks of a candid and sensible character—and without respect to the particular political sentiments advocated in the periodical.

At Boston, one of these advertisements attracted my attention, issued by Mr. Huse, a "natural astrologist," who, having a brief trance, answered without hesitation, various questions. In my case, he replied correctly to a question, as I have since ascertained, and at the same time he afforded some voluntary information concerning my traveling plan, to which at the time I paid little attention, as my idea did not correspond with his upon the subject; but, subsequently, I ascertained that he was correct—owing to circumstances which were afterwards developed, and which caused me to extend my journey. I believe that Mr. Huse was one of many persons—who answer mental questions—alluded to by Judge Edmonds in the introductory portion of his work upon Spiritualism. I believe he has possessed his faculty of prescience from a very early age. In my case the question was not mental, as I asked for the desired information: the remarks which were offered voluntarily, referred to a subject not occupying my mind at the time. Travelers in America will find in the *Banner of Light* much useful information respecting the movements of mediums, and the places selected for their sojourn, etc. I ascertained this fact too late for utility, and therefore several opportunities for witnessing interesting phenomena were lost.

At St. Louis I saw the lecture room filled by an audience of both sexes, the object of the meeting being to hear a trance lecture by a female American medium, who spoke for upwards of an hour upon subjects of a scientific nature—and I believe that the auditors would have listened without reluctance for a longer time. The lecture was excellent; but I have mislaid my notes. It commenced by the playing of sacred music on the melodeon, and ended with a brief prayer or exhortation by the medium, which was delivered with an expression of sincerity and feeling not always to be discovered in pulpit orations. Several questions were asked by members of the audience, chiefly with respect to the scientific works of Hugh Miller; and plain answers were returned by the medium without reluctance or difficulty.

The expense of this meeting was merely nominal, as I paid ten cents only—not six pence English. I had arranged to be at St. Louis to hear Miss Harding, the English medium, who was advertised to lecture there on a particular evening; but the low state of the rivers—a constant source of delay in transatlantic journeys—prevented. I regretted this, as I had understood that her mediumship was not surpassed by any. While passing through Louisville, I had an opportunity of observing a remarkable circumstance connected with the crystal. An individual who advertised herself as Dorothea and Herlist, possessed one of these oracular gems. Having introduced myself, I requested to see the crystal. The owner's daughter, who had indicated by means of it numerous events to neighbors and strangers, was present; and after some conversation, I put a query touching my traveling arrangements—being not sanguine as to the accuracy of the reply, having known previously that there is much deception, mixed up with truth, connected with crystal-seeing. A statement was made which I did not believe; but shortly afterwards, circumstances occurred in connection with my visit to that wonderful natural curiosity, the "Mammoth Cave," in Kentucky, which convinced me that the seer had predicted with accuracy. Indeed one circumstance was alluded to by her as clearly as if she had been present when it occurred shortly after her prediction. I saw crystals advertised occasionally in America; but this was the only opportunity which I had for testing this branch of clairvoyance on predictive science. The seer last mentioned, indirectly confirmed Mr. Huse's statement, although unaware that I had met him.

While sojourning at New York I heard two trance lectures by Mrs. Cora Hatch. Several of her lectures upon subjects of public importance have been printed. Upon the occasion of my hearing her, the subject of her discourse was physiology and the original nature of man, and his prospect of improvement in future time. Upon both evenings Mrs. H. commenced and concluded her oration by giving an *extempore* prayer, well worded, and calculated to command the attention of her extensive audience; which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather—December—filled the hall. These public trance lectures or essays appeared to be very popular in America; but, I believe, only in one case has there been anything of a similar character in this country. Nature appears to have endowed Mrs. Hatch favorably for the purpose of public mediumship. There are, I believe, hundreds of mediums, more or less endowed, of both sexes, who especially cultivate this branch of spirit-intercourse. The subject is full of interest; and in the *Banner of Light* is well treated. I had the pleasure of seeing Judge Edmonds before I quitted America, having called upon him in New York to ascertain if he intended to publish a third volume of his work upon spirit-intercourse—the two first of which have obtained a worldwide reputation. I understood the Judge to state that he did not, at present, purpose to do so. He gave me, at my request, a small parcel of tracts which he has caused to be printed at his own expense, for gratuitous distribution; and which are connected with his own extensive experience in Spiritualism. The Judge stated that he would be glad to supply people upon this side of the Atlantic with copies of these tracts. I derived much satisfaction from their perusal on my return voyage. I observed in various American periodicals favorable notices of the Judge's literary works; and I hope that ere long the subject thereof may be fairly examined and discussed by the *Literati* and periodical writers in this country also.

Yours faithfully,
CHRISTOPHER COOPER.

Pall Mall, London, 1st September.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. H. Cozart, while in a condition called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize 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 *visita* beings.

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

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

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 pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circle, however.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

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, Belfast; Elias Sprague, New York.

Sunday, Dec. 8.—Has not God appointed death unto all men?
Tuesday, Dec. 11.—How can the Lord's Prayer be reconciled to the teaching of spirits? Kneeland Chase, New Hampshire; Emily M. Sargent, Michigan.

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

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, from whom radieth all forms of life, we thank thee for the blessings thou hast been pleased to give us. We thank thee because thou art our life, our head, our foundation, our all. We thank thee for the glory of thy higher self as seen in the heavens; for the darkness which covers the earth; for the sorrow we find in hell; for the joy we find in heaven. We thank thee because thou art blessing us every hour, casting off the darkness of our life, and putting on the light of thine own self. We thank thee because we are thine—in the beginning, through all time and eternity we are thine. We cannot wander from thee; though we dwell in hell, thou art with us. Though we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the universe, thou art there, ever blessing us by thy wisdom. So, oh Father, receive our thanks, now and through eternity.

Dec. 6.

Goodness and Depravity.

"How is it possible for a man to be good and perfect in spirit, and at the same time be physically, morally and intellectually depraved?"

This question was suggested to the mind of the interrogator, by the answer we gave a certain question concerning John Calvin.

Man in his first condition of life, cannot have a full conception of the Infinite. He must not expect to be able fully to analyze Jehovah. When the spirit of man dwells within the crude condition of clay, he must expect his sight will be limited, his reasoning faculties cramped, and indeed, for a time after he shall have cast off the mortal habitation, he must expect his sight will be limited. God gives one lesson at a time, and when man has learned one lesson there is another to learn, and so on until he becomes a perfect and powerful spirit.

We will endeavor to prove to our questioner that we gave at least a truthful answer to the question propounded to us some days ago. Notwithstanding he cannot perceive the consistency of the answer, it is a truth to us, and that is no less a truth than is any other to the mind of the questioner.

What is that portion of man you call the spirit? According to our feeble sight it is the God of man, that portion which is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, in goodness, and it can never become depraved; though it may take upon itself all the dross of materiality, it cannot become depraved. The spirit is a part of Divinity, and is therefore endowed with goodness yesterday, to-day and forever. The crude manifestations of evil floating in your midst, are not the direct children of the spirit; they come from the external, not the internal of the spirit. They are children of the condition the spirit dwells in. All truth, which is the same forever, is God. Place it where you will, it is still God. All truth is eternal—it never dies—never passes into decay; but it is so with the crude ideas everywhere floating in your midst? Are they not marked with dissolution?

A great portion of these thoughts thrown out upon the world by the words of life of past ages are found leaving you, going into nothingness, one by one. If they were truths, belonging to the man as a spirit, would a century wash them from your soul? No; nor a thousand times ten thousand centuries.

Now the man John Calvin believed that a certain portion of mankind were created for eternal damnation. Was it the spirit that sent forth such ideas? No; for that is God and cannot lie; but it was the outgrowth of that condition and habitation taken upon his spirit in his time of life. What would your fathers have said had we told them of your railways? Would they have comprehended it? No; for their spirits were not developed to a point to understand it. Again, what would you do to day say of your offspring, if they should go back to the mail box? You would say you are going backwards. The spirit of your fathers had not been developed to understand your modern improvements. Spiritualism could not have been comprehended by them. Everything comes in true time. Now, though the man John Calvin, was physically, morally and intellectually depraved, yet his spirit was perfect, for it was of God.

Your ideas of perfection are very misty. With you, to have a thing perfect, it must be complete. Now the mind, which is the clothing of the spirit, properly considered, in the child is quite as perfect as in the mature man. When walking in this crude state of life, you should feel that there is a spirit within which can never be contaminated by the clothing it wears. You may make mistakes as an individual man, but not as a spirit—a part of God. Those little diamonds of life, growing in forms of flesh, are part of Jehovah, and he proclaims everywhere, "I am the same yesterday, to-day and through eternity." Therefore these diamonds cannot be depraved, cannot sink below their value; but they are placed here to take in all the crude materiality of life, to receive all that is false, to reject all that is false. Much time it may require for the process. The spirit is the great winnowing machine, and the Great Spirit hath placed it for a time here, that it may mingle with the chaff—that it may in due time return to him all it shall gather of truth perfected. The God of all life is ever good, ever perfect, can never make a mistake. You are particles of that God in spirit, are as perfect as the great Intelligence, God.

Thomas J. Burko.

I'm here on a curious errand. I've got a son living in Montgomery, Alabama. His name is Richmond Burko. My name is Thomas J. Burko. I was seventy-nine years old. I don't want to say where I died; yet I suppose I must, else I would not be understood. My son is a partial believer in Modern Spiritualism. That is to say, he has heard much of it, and I have communed with him. I communicated to him in the city of New York, and imperfectly at Montgomery—his home; and I have communicated to him in this city.

About two weeks ago my son wished me to answer him a question. If I had communicated to him from my home in the spirit-world, he wished I would come here, if I could not do so in any more private way, and answer him a question. If I would do it, he would believe without a doubt, and it would be a source of great good to him.

I don't want my son to believe all that comes floating on the spiritual ship, for I don't believe there is more than half of it genuine. If he is to believe all he hears, without using his reason, I shall be sorry I came; but I hope this will prevent it.

He wants me to tell him what the next President will do with the South. Well, I know the question, and I will give an answer as I can. That is, that in the future we can only answer by reading the man's mind. That I have sought to do; but I have some difficulty in reading his mind, for he is one of the hard-shelled men it is hard for one to read.

My son thinks the coming President is going to be a great enemy to the South. I do not see anything in his mind to warrant such a belief; but I do think he will surprise the South. Instead of being down upon the South, I think he will extend the right hand of fellowship to the South, as to the North; and I think the South will have to pocket the joke, and laugh at it at their leisure. I think the people at the North will be equally surprised at the course of the man. They, like their Southern brethren, will have to pocket their disappointment, and say nothing about it.

I hope my son will not believe all that comes to him without using his reason. If God gave reason to you, he gave it to be used. If my son don't believe I came here to-day, I want him to say so; and if he does believe I have come, I want him to criticize me, as he will be sure to do what I have given him. Good day.

Dec. 6.

Henry P. Vinal.

I wish to send a short message to my mother, and sister—not forgetting my old physician, Dr. Dall, of New York.

My name was Henry P. Vinal. I was twenty-one years of age. Just about five months ago, my physician told me if I would travel, go to some other climate—and he recommended the climate of California—I should get well. So I took his directions, and arrived there safe, as my letter home will show. But shortly after my arrival, I became sicker. Then, about three weeks ago, I started for home, and died on the steamer, of bleeding at the lungs. I died several times before I left home. I should have stayed at home, but my physician said I might get well; life is dear, and I left, to prolong it. I want my mother and two sisters to hear of my death this way, before any other. I think Dr. Dall made a mistake in sending me off. I suppose he did the best he could, and I am not disposed to find any fault with him. But my younger sister is now sick, and her condition is almost exactly like my own. I want to say this much—if there is any chance of overcoming the disease, it can be done at home better than anywhere else; and if any one advises her to change, I would not do so. I would have given all I expected to possess in heaven or earth, if I could have been at home when I died.

I was a believer in the spiritual theory; my mother and sisters are not, and thought it was a result of my weak condition of body, which had a tendency to make me insane. I want them to know I was never insane; and though I found some things different from what I expected, I found many as I anticipated. If they will find me a subject through whom I can commune, I will give them all the minutia of my case, which I do not care to make public.

If I remember right, I commenced to bleed from the lungs somewhere about eleven o'clock in the evening, and I died sometime before twelve the next day.

I am weak yet, and have hardly power enough to keep good control of this subject, but I have power enough to tell all that is necessary. Good day.

Dec. 5.

Catharine Austin.

I believe that God has commanded that I take again upon myself a body—one that is subject to disease and death. Did I not believe it was the will of the Great Father, I would not come here to-day. I have dear friends on earth, who are strangers to spiritual truths and light as seen through Spiritualism. Darkness, heavy and black, hangs around them; but, notwithstanding this, I believe God has sent me to illumine that darkness, and bid them look beyond the earth, and know that they are allied to the higher and better. That life is open to them, and they may hear and see, and know that we who are passed from the sight are not dead, nor are we stumbling in the grave, to be called on the resurrection morn; but that that morn has long since come upon us, and we may now take upon us forms of flesh, and manifest as those who dwell in such garments. When the soul rises from the tomb of the flesh, then indeed is it resurrected—then indeed does it look upon the glory of the morning of the resurrection—then indeed does it hear the sweet song of liberty and life, such as it never heard before.

I come to teach my friends that they are but dwelling in the grave of flesh for a time; and that when they shall lay this off for the change of death, they shall never put it on again. It is not therefore any part of them, and can never minister to their comfort. As it is not necessary for their improvement, our God never will return it, after we are once separated from it.

Yes, darkness, heavy and black, is over and around those of my kindred on earth. Their hopes are in the graves of the past. They have sent forth no star into the future; but, notwithstanding this, their God—and my God, who is a lover of progress and truth, has divined a way by which they may cast off the darkness; and that voice of wisdom tells me this way is myself.

In the year 1830 I dissolved companionship with my body—in the month of August; and the king bringing deliverance, was fever.

My name was Catharine Austin. I was born in the town of Walpole, N. H., and I died in Hanover, N. H. My years in the flesh numbered twenty-three.

Dec. 5.

John Cilley.

My wife, let nothing cause you to be induced to do as the friends would have you, but rather rest upon your own knowledge.

John Cilley, to Rebecca, who is at Harvard.

Dec. 5.

Invocation.

Our Father, our Law and Life, again we find ourselves thanking thee for the inestimable blessing of life. Again we find ourselves drawing nearer to thee, the source of our strength, from out the shadow of mortality. We will not forget, our Father, that thou art our Mother also—the divine essence of our life. Thou creator and finisher of all things, we bless thee for thought that comes clothed in mystery, knowing that we shall in time find the gem hidden beneath the mysterious external. We bless thee, because thou art a God of love. We will not ask thee to pour out thy spirit upon the inhabitants of earth, for thou art constantly doing it. It is that that is ever drawing them nearer to thee, giving them an understanding of thyself and thy law. Oh Father, guide us as we draw nigh unto thee by prayer; and to thee we render all homage and praise, now and forever.

Dec. 6.

Whence cometh Belief in a Supreme Being?

The question we have been called upon to discuss this afternoon is one that we cannot fully answer at this time.

As God unfolds himself through nature, man will perceive him, will understand him, will know him; but in no other way can he comprehend him while he dwells in the mortal sphere. The question is, "What is it that causes all nations of the earth to believe in a Supreme Intelligence which governs the Universe?"

What is it? All nature asks the question, and the response is in her own heart. What is it? Is it the result of external education? No. What is it, then? It is because each individual is a star thrown off from the mighty central sun, *Deity*. It is because, by the interior life of each individual, he conceives of a corresponding higher life. It is because each child of the living God is an indestructible atom, and by the law of attraction it is continually going forth toward its great centre and source. Man's intuition perceives there is a Supreme Intelligence that governs the universe. The voice of the Great Creator speaks through everything he hath created to the internal of man, and gives him to know that there is a something which keeps him in his proper place, and draws him still higher in the universe of thought?

Whence does thought have birth? In the great breath of Deity. Now, then, every thought, under whatever condition it may be born, will intuitively turn to its source. It must do it, for the attraction is so great, so powerful, that it must turn to its source of life.

When man first became man, or an intelligent being, he was endowed with thought. It was born in his being; and from out that thought there came another and another.

Mighty indeed is the work that is constantly going on in the world of thought; but Jehovah gives one thought only at a time, and that gives birth to another, and so on; and so each turns to the Author of thought. Let man dwell alone, and, if he thinks, he will think of something higher than himself.

Generally man's conception of God comes through fear; and one says, the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. It is in this way: it is the beginning of active religion—pure, undefiled—and natural religion; but not that which floods your land at this day under the name of religion. The individual fears to do certain things, because he may offend somebody. Who? An internal sense of right and wrong is continually pointing to the proper way. And this is God. Each, then, knows the way to heaven, or to God. God has marked out a narrow path for each of his children. It is natural for man to have a knowledge of Deity. It is born within him, and this internal God must ever ascend to its Great Source. Take away all external advantage, and it must still go on, by an immutable law, forever and forever.

So, then, pure religion is not a result of external education. No; for when God planted thought in man, he gave him a knowledge of himself—to judge of God according to the power God had given him, to fashion his God according to His power. The Hindus' God is just such an one as they can understand; and our Father is just as well satisfied with their worship as with that coming from their hallowed ground, because they are his children, and can grasp only what they have grasped, and he would be an unjust God indeed, did he not receive all he hath given the power to give.

You need not send your missionaries to heathen lands, for God hath given them a religion good for them. You may for a time exercise a magnetic power over them; but take it away, and they must go back to their own religion, and from it they must rise, and not from your ground, for they cannot comprehend it.

The unlettered Indian has a better understanding of God than you have, because he is unfettered and free from the chains of civilization. God speaks to him in the wavy forests; he comes with the breath of the morning, and he kisses their brows with the evening zephyrs. They lie down in peace, fearing nothing, but repose in the arms of the Great Spirit, who constantly watches over them—and they have a firm reliance in him. Hence, then, their religion is better than yours, for it is more natural.

Instead of sending your people to teach foreign nations of God, you had better understand him yourselves; better enter into the sacred temples of your own souls, and seek God there. Then you shall learn that the attraction between your own soul and the Father of all, must draw you over to him. So, then, even as you are parts of himself, as you are fashioned in his image, so you must act like him, must come nearer and nearer to him every hour of your life. The Great Eternal will never cease to call you by his law, and you can never cease to obey the call.

Dec. 6.

David Spenser.

The spirit communicated as follows, by means of the alphabet for the dumb.

My name was David Spenser. I lived in Windsor, Connecticut. I was killed by the cars, which crushed my head. I was seventeen years old. I was not altogether deaf, but was dumb. I lost my speech, by scarlet fever and throat distemper, which I had when I was three years old.

Tell my sister Mary that I came to you. I have been dead most eight years.

Dec. 6.

Mehitable Babb.

I was asked to come here; I don't know why. I think myself I have no desire to come back in this way, but I was asked to come, and I want to answer the call, if I can, and I hope to do good and glorify God by coming. My name was Mehitable Babb. I was born in the town of Barrington, Mass. I have been away from my folks most eighteen years. I was ninety-two years old. I'm asked how I find heaven. I answer, as I found earth. When I got here, I was as a little child, I knew scarcely anything, and I was obliged to receive much instruction, and I am obliged to receive more now.

I was a Presbyterian by religion; but I don't want to have anything to say about it. I do not know why I came here; but I think it is for good; and if it is, I shall be glad I came. This is all I was asked to give, except a question about my religion, which I do not want to answer.

Dec. 6.

Henry Pottle.

Is this the wrong place? You don't remember me, do you? My name is Henry Pottle. Do you know my sister Fanny, in Boston? I want to get a chance to speak to her. She is a medium, but I can't get a chance to speak to her. She has got some folks round her that lie to her.

I was drowned most nine years ago, and I can't get from earth.

My mother, too—I would like to speak to her. Look here! can't I write a line to my mother, and you send it to her? Well, I'll try to do it. No, I won't do that, after all; but I will ask her to come here, and then I'll try to write to her, some things I do not wish to talk.

Dec. 6.

Samuel Cooledge.

My Dear Brother—Old time is bearing you nearer to me. Soon we shall meet in a world of reality, and I would not meet you as I see you now. So pray cast off the ill feeling that existed between you and me when I was with you in body. You will not regret it, and will find it much easier to get along after you get here. Our parents join in the request, for they see, as I do, that your best good demands this sacrifice. So make it, and be happy. Put it off, and suffer consequences.

Your brother,

SAMUEL COOLEDGE.

Dec. 6.

Paul Graham.

In God's name tell my son to stop gambling, or he will go to hell.

Dec. 6.

Miss Amedey at Binghamton, N. Y.

We copy from the Onondaga (N. Y.) Gazette the following notice of Miss Amedey's lectures in this place:

"In the afternoon, we went to the Universalist Church to hear Miss Amedey discourse on Spiritualism. She is a young lady, highly intelligent and accomplished, modest and unassuming in her ways, and a good deal more than ordinarily intellectual. She is an excellent elocutionist, and has a large supply of language at her command, and therefore talks with ease and fluency, and presents her thoughts forcibly, and occasionally, with a power that seems to sweep all before it. She at times draws the ideas she utters in the most beautiful imagery, which, while it dazzles with its brilliancy, neither misleads nor bewilders. She is equally strong in sarcasm; and when she chooses to yield it, she fairly peels the hide from the back of fog-demons, so scathing and withering are her remarks. Is she assisted in the work by supernatural aids? So she claims, and without pronouncing an opinion as to whether she is or not, we will say that we consider Miss Amedey eminently honest, and if her public efforts are the productions of her own mind, she is unconscious of it. We know she possesses the faculty of examining the human system while in an entranced state, and telling the defects or diseases that may exist internally, just as certainly as the most skillful physician could, if the body of his patient were as transparent as crystal, and he could view it with his natural eyes. We do not guess or imagine this; we know it to be a positive truth, beyond question, cavil or controversy. Faith with us is lost in knowledge."

TO "THE HUTCHINSON TROUPE."

BY LITA H. BARNBY.

The loving, who have gone before,
Are gathered round you now,
Their spirit hands—so white and fair—
They place upon your brow;
They whisper of the life that lies
Just veiled, within our midst,
And tell of brighter, calmer skies
Than earthly sun hath light:

The golden links, that covered, fell
'Neath dissolution's away,
Revivified, refined, endure
In everlasting day.
O see ye not the shining ones
That nestle near your heart,
Who in their love, from dear ones here
Can never, never part?

They weave around you love's sweet bands,
The bonds that cannot fall;
And ye are one, though part are here,
And part beyond the veil!
Your native hills, could ye but hear,
Are echoing still the strain,
That from those lips, all silent now,
Can come no more again.

But the deep music of the soul
Cannot by death be chilled,
And so the music of your own,
With their sweet life is filled;
And when ye sing the songs of yore,
They gladly blend around,
And breathing through your inmost ear,
Make it a holy ground!

O bless you, friends! go forth, go forth,
The angel-world is near,
And when you're fainting in the awe,
Will bring you words of cheer.
Then look not back, lamenting o'er
Your family bark, storm-tost,
The strength which ye have garnered there
To more than ye have lost!

Providence, Oct. 1860.

Correspondence.

Dayton, Ohio.

Through the untiring efforts of Bro. Davis, of this city, the car of progress again moves in Dayton. The Universalist church has been secured for regular Sunday meetings through the winter, and speakers engaged for several months. Mrs. Laura McAlpin, of Port Huron, Mich., opened the course November 25th, and had a good attendance the two Sundays before my engagement. She is a trance speaker of recent conversion and development, with a good organization, wholly devoted to the cause; of pleasant manner, fine deportment, and great promise. It gives the friends great satisfaction to see such speakers coming onto the stage, to supply the increasing demand, and fill the places of those eloquent and brilliant speakers—Emma Jay, Charlotte Beebe, etc.—who have temporarily left the battlefield.

We have fine and intelligent audiences here—not large nor enthusiastic, but reading and reasoning minds, in which the cause is evidently taking root with deep and strong hold.

The national disturbance affects this place some; for this is a manufacturing city, and several shops are running for a southern market, which is somewhat slackened. But all are calm, and quietly waiting the settlement of all difficulties, with a firm confidence in the strength and perpetuity of the Union. The commercial crisis can no doubt be traced more directly to over-issues than to secession. Nature, through a favorable season, over-issued the crops, and gave us a great surplus of grain, thus overbalancing demand, and reducing prices. Western banks, to supply purchasers of the crops, over-issued currency, and thus depreciated their paper. States and corporations, wild with speculation, and excited with rivalry in improvements, over-issued bonds and stocks, and thus depreciated their credit at home and abroad. These stocks being used by many western banks as securities to bill-holders, pledged for redemption, this depreciation has caused a wide margin of discounts and exchanges between banks based on them and others based on specie, personal securities, mortgaged property, etc.

Politicians and partisan newspapers, highly excited in the late campaign, have over-issued words, statements, descriptions, feelings, etc., and have greatly depreciated their credit and value, until the people have almost lost confidence in one another. Even the telegraph-offices have over-issued, and nearly lost their credit. The pulpits have long been over-issued, and have nearly destroyed the credit of the Bible, the churches, the devil, and even God, as they represent him. But in good time all these things will re-act and regulate themselves. Storms are always followed by calms, adversity by prosperity, night by day, winter by summer, etc.—at least, it always has been so since man kept historical notes. If alive and well, I expect to hear the birds sing in New England next spring and summer; but my engagements are nearly full to August, which will be spent in Vermont and New Hampshire, if applied for soon.

WARREN CHASE.

Dec. 19, 1860.

Mrs. Laura McAlpin.

Mrs. CHASE, EDITOR.—Will you have the goodness to present, through the columns of your paper, to the friends of progress, and the rest of mankind in particular, the claims of Mrs. Laura McAlpin, of Port Huron, Michigan, as a trance speaker of great promise. She was developed in this place in February last, since which time she has been lecturing in Port Huron to large and intelligent audiences, and we unhesitatingly pronounce her a decided success. Not only a success, but a grand triumph. She is now lecturing in Dayton, Ohio, and we are informed, with decided success. This, we think, speaks most favorably for her abilities as a lecturer. We are informed that her audiences in Dayton, have been the largest ever brought out upon a like occasion, in that city of Orthodox steeples. The subject of one of her lectures in Port Huron, was, "Human Life." We can only say, it was a masterly effort, and was listened to with breathless attention, by a large and intelligent audience. Any attempt on my part to portray the effect of that lecture would be a failure.

At the close of her last lecture here the following resolutions were offered:

Resolved, That we, as Spiritualists of Port Huron, tender to Mr. and Mrs. McAlpin our deep and heartfelt gratitude for the bold and unflinching stand taken by them in defence of the great principles of truth, progress and human development. That, to Mrs. McAlpin in particular, we are indebted for some of the most instructive, scientific and philosophical lectures it has ever been our good fortune to listen to.

Resolved, That we congratulate our friends abroad upon their good fortune in securing the services of so able a lecturer as Mrs. McAlpin.

Resolved, That we tender to the spirits our sincere

thanks, for their Herculean efforts in behalf of humanity.

After the reading of the resolutions, the spirits influenced Mrs. McAlpin, and responded to them, in a most thrilling and eloquent address of half an hour, at the close of which the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Hon. D. B. Harrington, Dr. A. E. Noble, J. H. White, Esq., P. H. Dale, C. B. Hubbard, L. S. Noble, Port Huron, Dec. 3, 1860. COMMITTEE.

Monroe, Michigan.

Seven years ago we learned that "afar off" the light of a new gospel was revealed. But these have been seven long years of famine here in the city of Monroe. With a population of five thousand souls, up to 1853, but one man of all this number dared to avow his belief in Spiritualism. That man, Elihu B. Root, has withstood the battering of infidels and dogmatists until his head is as "big as a bushel," as the neighbors say; and a heart of larger dimensions than the seven churches of Monroe can either govern or contain. He flaunts the BANNER at them all, and with it has done a glorious work. At his invitation, we were favored with the presence, on Monday, of Mrs. Sarah M. Thomson, of Toledo, Ohio. She gave us a lecture in City Hall, the first in all these long waiting years. Our city fathers, with unexpected liberality, gave us its use at half price; and quite as unexpectedly, a numerous and appreciative audience were present at the initiation.

Mrs. Thomson is a brave, good woman—an easy, graceful speaker, and as a test-medium, unsurpassed in readiness, accuracy and fidelity, by any I have ever met. Although she spoke an hour and a half, her audience could not let her go. For many minutes after she ceased, not a sound was heard; nor a motion made; and when she came down from the stand a perfect throng followed her to her rooms in the large parlors of our new hotel, where such strong, vivid, and touching manifestations of spirit presence were given to numbers around her, as to constitute an era in our local history. From that evening, until she left us on Wednesday, her footsteps were followed, and her intercession besought by a great number of our most worthy citizens, irrespective of creed or party; and all went away reluctantly, but abundantly convinced of our beautiful philosophy.

We felicitate ourselves, that we shall now see and hear more of the truths that have heretofore been confined to the lucky ones around us; and we cordially invite those ministering in these parts to come. Situated midway between Toledo and Detroit, and Adrian, we are accessible from all points.

There was a man once known here as "Little Chase, the infidel;" he was an auctioneer in those days, and sold books; we want him again to mount the block and peddle new ideas, and thus make restitution. So come on, Warren. Sell out our damaged stock of cracked, patched, and broken "fogies" and "blue lights." You are the man to do it—and only say when, and we will have them advertised, even if they do become, as is usual to say in such inventories, "too tedious to mention."

Yours truly, H. BEEFELD.

Monroe, Dec. 13, 1860.

The Questions Answered.

FRIEND A. W. EASTMAN—I notice in the BANNER of October 6th, 1860, thy friendly reviews of my questions and answers. I will say in reply, that I have enough of spiritual light within me to refute thy erroneous inferences and arguments, but I am unlearned, and not gifted with ability to write suitably for the press, so I will leave the discussion for some other person more learned and capable than I am, who may undertake it, and I will only therefore make a few remarks.

If God has not power over all things for good; or if he does not will to have all things right; or if he cannot do all he wills to do, he is not trustworthy, and there is no God, in the sense that we understand an over-ruling Providence;—and all things go haphazard. But I believe there is a God, and one whom I love; an almighty power for good, who directs all things for good, wills to have all things right, and has power to order all things as he wills them; otherwise he would be unhappy, always willing for good, and unable to command his work, and do what he wills. Now if God wills to save all people, but does not, or cannot, save all, it is a self-evident fact that there is a power in man great enough to counteract God's will. Now, friend Eastman, I choose to rely on self-evident truths, rather than on thy inferences.

Thy arguments and belief are right for thee, for the time being, because they are adapted to thy present stage of development and spiritual unfolding, and my arguments and belief are right for me, for the time being, because they are adapted to my present stage of development and spiritual unfolding; so then thou art right for the time being; and so am I; no blame anywhere. Man is something, or else he is nothing; then why not reckon him with other things?

RICH AND POOR.

BY RICHARD M. MILNES.

When God built up the dome of blue,
And portioned earth's profusion,
The measure of his wisdom drew
A line between the rich and poor;
And till that vault of glory fell,
He scattered earth he scattered with flame,
Or saving love he all in all,
That rule of life will test the same.

We know not why, we know not how,
Mankind are tried for woe or woe—
But to the Eternal law we bow;
If such things are, they must be so.
Yet, let no cloudy dreams destroy
One truth outshining bright and clear,
That wealth abides in hope and joy,
And poverty in pain and fear.

Behold our children as they play!
Blest creatures, fresh from nature's hand;
The peasant boy and girl and gay
As the young herds of gold and land;
Their various toys of equal worth,
Their little needs of equal care,
And balls of marble, huts of earth,
All homes alike endeared and fair.

They know no better!—would that we
Could keep our knowledge safe from worse;
So power should find and leave us free,
So pride be but the owner's curse;
So, without marking which was which,
Our hearts would tell, by instinct sure,
What paupers are the ambitious rich!
How wealthy the contented poor!

Grant us, O God! but health and heart,
And strength to keep desire at bay,
And ours must be the better part,
Whatever else be ours as they.

Each day may bring sufficient ill;
But we can meet and fight it through;
If hope sustains the hand of will,
And conscience is our captain too.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing hours. Sample copies sent free. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Philadelphia, four Sundays in January.

Providence, 4 Sundays in February, 1880. Address, the above places, or New York City.

Mrs. A. W. SPENCER will speak in Boston, through Jan. 10, 11, 12, 13, at Cambridgeport first Sunday in Feb., at W. Williams, Conn., second and third Sunday in Feb., at New Britain, Conn., fourth Sunday in April. She will travel in the West next season, commencing at Oswego, N. Y., first Sunday in August, and is now making engagements for Ohio and Michigan. Those wishing to be included in the list of lecturers, please send names to the Editor of the BANNER, or to the lecturers.

Mrs. EMMA HARRISON will lecture in January in Detroit, Elkhart and Attica, Indiana, (care of O. Waterman, Esq., Detroit); in February in Chicago, (care of Russell Green, Esq., Chicago); in Portland, Me., (care of B. Marsh, publisher, 14 Broad Street, Boston, Mass.); for the ensuing year. Mrs. Harrison will lecture in the West in the fall.

Mrs. ROSA T. ANDERSON, having returned from New York where she has been lecturing the last three months, will remain in Boston until the latter part of the winter, when she leaves for the South and West. During her stay in Boston, she will make engagements to lecture in Boston and vicinity, and also to attend funerals. Please address her at 22 Allen Street, Boston.

Mrs. MARY M. MACOMBER will lecture the two first Sundays in January, in Putnam, Conn.; the two last Sundays in Jan. in Cambridgeport, Mass.; the month of February in Leicester; first three Sundays in March in Hartford, Ct.; the last Sunday in March and first two Sundays in April in Boston; the last two Sundays in April in Taunton; four Sundays in June at Portland, Me.

M. B. STOKES will lecture in January, first and second Sundays, in Portland, Me.; third and fourth Sundays, and the four Sundays in Feb., at Bangor, Me., and vicinity; through March, at Putnam, Ct., and the first two Sundays of April at Providence, R. I. On three evenings of each week, at towns in the vicinity of the above places.

Mrs. LUCY DORRIS will speak the last two Sundays in Jan. in Portland, Me.; first Sunday in Feb., in Plymouth, Mass., the second in Cambridgeport, and the two last in Boston; the five Sundays in March, in Providence; the last in April, in W. Williams, Ct.; four Sundays in June, in Lowell, Mass. Address, Plymouth, Me.

Mrs. S. E. WATSON will lecture in January in Olney, N. H.; and in February in Lyons, Michigan. Those who wish her services on week evenings, in the vicinity of these places, can secure them by making application. She may be addressed at either of the above named places, or care of Emerson Warner, New York, Ohio.

LEO MILLER will speak in Providence, four Sundays of Jan.; Lowell, three first Sundays in Feb., in Cambridgeport, fourth Sunday in Feb., and first Sunday in March; in Quincy, second and third Sundays in March; in Philadelphia, four Sundays of March; the month of February in Lowell, Mass.; Mr. M. will speak on week evenings, at various places, in the vicinity of these places, in the month of March. Address, Hartford, Ct., or as above.

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Mrs. ISABEL THOMAS, trance medium, will answer calls to lecture in the New England States. Address, Bucksport, Me. Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON will answer calls to lecture in the surrounding towns, addressed to her at West Cambridge, N. H. Mrs. G. M. BROWN, trance lecturer, will receive calls to lecture, addressed to her at 14 Broad Street, Boston, in the month of March, in the month of April, in the month of May, in the month of June, in the month of July, in the month of August, in the month of September, in the month of October, in the month of November, in the month of December.

Mrs. E. C. CLARK will answer calls to lecture, addressed at Lawrence, Mass. Mrs. JOHN FLETCHER may be addressed, as usual, at West Medford, Mass. J. S. LOVELAND will receive calls for lecturing. Address, Wilmamatic, Conn. W. K. RIPLEY will speak alternate Sabbaths at Hampton and Lincoln, Me., until May.

Mrs. S. E. COLLINS, No. 1030 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, will answer calls to lecture. CHARLES C. FLAHO, trance speaker, 59 Warren St., Charleston, Mass. Wm. E. STRATTON, healing medium, 158 Sands St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CHARLES HOLT, trance speaker, may be addressed for the present at Dolphin, Ind., care of Dr. E. W. H. Beck. Mrs. J. B. FARNSWORTH will answer calls to lecture. Address, Pittsburg, Mass. Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH's services as a lecturer, can be had by addressing him at the Banner of Light office.

Mrs. HELEN E. MORRILL will receive calls to lecture in New England. Address, Hartford, Conn. Mrs. STEPHEN FELLOWS will respond to calls to lecture, addressed to him at Fall River, Mass. L. JUDY PARSONS will be in care of Dr. J. G. Atwood, No. 883, 10th Street, New York.

CHARLES H. CROWELL, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. Address, BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE. MISS EVELINE E. WASHINGTON, trance speaker, Rockford, Ill. Mrs. CLAYTON J. JACKSON, trance speaker, West Waller, N. Y. Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES, 38 Winter St., E. Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. E. O'CONNOR, trance speaker, 2 Dillway Place, Boston. Mrs. M. H. COLLE, care of B. Marsh, 14 Broad Street, Boston. Mrs. M. T. VAN HANDEL, 508 E. 1st St., N. Y. City. Mrs. SUSAN M. JOHNSON, trance speaker, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. O. H. WASHINGTON, No. 2 Harrison Avenue, Boston. Mrs. CLARA B. F. DANIEL, Westfield, Mass. Mrs. M. T. VAN HANDEL, 508 E. 1st St., N. Y. City. Mrs. E. F. ATKINS, Cedar Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Mass. Mrs. SILAS TIERNEY, No. 48 Warren Street, Roxbury. Mrs. M. J. JACKSON, Bonnettsburgh, Eschey Co., N. Y. H. L. BOWMAN, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis Street, Boston. Mrs. ELIZABETH HOWE, Windsor, Vermont. Mrs. SUSAN BENTLEY, trance speaker, Portland, Maine. Mrs. A. W. DELAPORTE, No. 2 King Street, New York. Mrs. J. E. PAINE, Watertown, Jefferson County, N. Y. DANIEL W. BIRCH, No. 4 Prince St., Philadelphia. Mrs. A. B. WHITTING, Albion, Mich. Address accordingly. Mrs. J. G. FISH, Three Rivers, St. Joseph Co., Mich. Mrs. M. L. MENDENHALL, Box 422 Hildreth, Conn. Dr. H. E. FISH, 105 Pine Street, Philadelphia. Mrs. M. D. CHADWICK, Linden, Ontario Co., Mich. Mrs. S. FRANCES BOND, Box 213, Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. P. L. LELAND, Middlebury, Summit Co., Ohio. Mrs. EMMA HARRISON, East Broughton, Mass. Mrs. M. T. VAN HANDEL, 508 E. 1st St., N. Y. City. Mrs. A. F. PEARSE, South Wilmamatic, Mass. Mrs. M. E. B. SAWYER, Baldwinville, Mass. A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohio. Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefonte, Pa. Mrs. SARAH M. THOMPSON, Toledo, Ind. Mrs. J. L. STEINER, Crown Point, Ind. Mrs. B. MARIA BURG, Springfield, Mass. LOVELL BARNES, North Wilmamatic, Ohio. Mrs. H. P. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. S. L. ORRILL, Phenix, N. Y. E. R. YOUNG, Box 85, Quincy, Mass. C. H. DELIBRE, Box 314, Boston. DEXTER DAVIS, East Boston, Mass. A. O. ROBINSON, Fall River, Mass. ELIZABETH WOODWORTH, Lowell, Mass. CHARLES P. RICKER, Lowell, Mass. JOHN H. JAMES, Yonkersville, N. Y. JOHN ROBERT, Indianapolis, Ind. J. H. CURRIER, Lawrence, Mass. ADA L. HOYT, Chicago, Illinois. ELLA WILSON, Wilmamatic, Vt. Mrs. J. L. DAWSON, 105 Pine Street, Philadelphia. N. S. GREENE, Lowell, Mass. W. A. D. HUNT, Cleveland, Ohio. H. A. TUCKER, Foxboro, Mass. BAY, R. HARRIS, Toronto, C. W. A. A. COOPER, Providence, R. I. JARED D. GAGE, Onondaga, N. Y. F. G. GURNEY, Duxbury, Mass. J. J. LOCKE, Greenwald, Mass. J. E. PARKMAN, Elkhart, Ind. Dr. L. LYON, Lowell, Mass. Dr. O. C. YORK, Boston, Mass. P. T. LANE, Lawrence, Mass. Wm. E. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio. GEO. MARSH, Adrian, Mich.

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Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched floor of all time,
Sparkle forever.

LABOR.

Despise not labor! God did not Despise
The handiwork which wrought this gorgeous globe;
That crowned its glories with yon jeweled akies,
And clad the earth in nature's queenly robe.
He dug the first canal—the river's bed—
Bolted the first foundry in the gushing spring.
Wove the first carpet for man's haughty tread,
The warp and wool for his first covering.
He made the picture painter's palette;
The statuary's first grand model made,
Taught human intellect to re-create,
And human ingenuity its trade.
Ere great Daguerro had harnessed up the Sun,
Apprenticed him to his new art to serve,
A greater Artist greater things had done,
The wondrous pictures of the optic nerve.
There is no deed of honest labor born,
That is not godlike in the telling limb,
Howe'er the lazy scoff, the brainless scorn;
God labored first—till liars use it to him.

[The Cal. Harpianian.

We ought to love life; we ought to desire to live here
long as God ordains it; but let us not so encase ourselves
in time that we cannot break the crust and begin to throw
about the other life.

THE FLOWER OF TRUTH.

O, gather that flower now,
E'er 'tis strown by the winds away;
T will ever sweetly bloom,
If you gather it to-day.
The seed must be laid deep,
Within the fertile soil,
And it will ever prove
Temptation's snares to spoil.
The flower will one day bloom,
Though watered well by tears:
T will one day surely prove
To vanish sinful fears.
O, gather the seed to-day,
And plant it in thy youth,
And it will surely bloom,
A precious flower of Truth.—[E. T. Palmer.

There is an efficacy in calmness of which we are unaware.
The element of serenity is one which we particularly need.

O visions that haunt me, waking,
How swiftly do ye speed,
Like a ripple over a lake,
Or a shadow across a mead.
Ye dance, and gleam, and glimmer—
Though feeling, wondrous fair—
I would dwell in your cloud-built palaces,
My castles in the air.
I would stand on your golden towers
And gaze at the gleaming west,
Or lay my head, at evening,
On a pillow of cloud, to rest;
And through the purple shadows
Should float a seraph band,
And my soul should drink the music
Of the far-off spirit-land.—[Evan Edwards.

Notions may be imported by books from abroad; ideas must
be grown by thought.

O! lovely voices of the sky
Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang—"Peace on earth!"
To us yet speak the strains
Whereof, in time gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O! voices of the sky!—[Mrs. Hemans.

It is little troubles that weary the heart out. It is easier to
throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery.

THE FUNNY TYPES.

A GOOD ONE.—Some years ago the Knickerbocker
Magazine used to offer a brass quarter dollar to the per-
son who made a rhyme on the word "window." The
following is the "effort" of a successful rhymist:

"A cruel man a bottle caught,
And to the wall him pinned, oh!
Then said the bottle to the crowd,
'Though I'm stuck up, I am not proud!
And his soul went out at the window."

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer,
"how do you like your profession?" "Alas! sir, my
profession is better than my practice."

"Dawker," said an exquisite, "I desire you should
tell me what to put into my head to make it all right."
"Only brains, sir—nothing but brains."

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls,
said: "In the time of Moses I have no doubt I was
the golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady; "time
has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

The following is given as the new mode of parsing,
down east. "I court." Court is a verb, active, indica-
tive mood, present tense, and agrees with all the girls
in the neighborhood.

Whoever undertakes to put a joke on the razor-strop
man is sure to get floored in the long run. Recently,
while selling his strops at Plymouth, and expatiating
the while on the evils of rum-drinking, a tipsy fellow
cried out, "If rum-drinking made me lie as fast as you
do in selling your strops, I'd quit it to-day." "Very
good," replied the strop-seller; "the only difference
between your lying and mine is this: my strop enables
me to lie in a good, warm bed, while rum makes you
lie in the gutter."

An Irishman got out of the cars at a railway station,
the other day, for refreshments; but unfortunately the
bell rang and the train left before he had finished his
repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like mad
after the cars; "hould on, ye murdering old shame-
fagin—ye've got a passenger on board that's left
behind!"

COULD SEE TO PREL A DOUGHNUT.—Hugh Hendry,
a former President of the Vermont Valley Railroad,
while attending the recent session of the Legislature
at Montpelier, made a remark to a friend that he "was
a little deaf, but could see as well as ever." He after-
ward went to the hotel for dinner; and after being
seated stuck his fork into a doughnut, and commenced
to peel it, supposing it to be a potato. Young Meade,
the Brattleboro' sculptor, being a witness of the "op-
tical illusion," retired and produced a life-like sketch
of Mr. Hendry, while in the act of peeling the dough-
nut, and underneath was the following inscription:
"I am a little deaf, but can see as well as ever."

An old Dutchman, who, some years ago, was elected
a member of Legislature, said, in his broken-English
style: "Ten I went to the Leichlatur I fought I would
find dem all Solomons dere; but I soon found dere was
some as pick folks dere as I was."

A REAL RELIQUER OF A JOKE.—A man lately re-
ceived twenty lashes, well laid on, at the whipping-
post in an English town. The culprit, instead of
bellowing when the constable applied the lash, laughed
immoderately, which made the angry officer lay on
with harder force. On giving him his twentieth blow,
the angry officer could stand it no longer.

"Well, look here, mister," said the offended officer,
"I've done my duty, and I can lick ye no more, but
I'd just like to know what it is that's so funny?"

"Funny!" roared the other, "why it's excellent.
You've got the wrong Smith! I aint the man that was
to be whipped—it's the other one! Now you'll have
to go it all over again! Really, it's too good! You
must lick the other man! Ha, ha!"

A writer called at the printer's and accused the com-
positor of not having punctuated his poem, when the
typo earnestly replied: "I'm not a pointer—I'm a
setter."

Reported for the Banner of Light
BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 23.

QUESTION.—"Is there, in nature, an absolute moral
law for all our conduct?"

Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Chairman.

Mr. SPOONER.—It is clear to me that there is, in
nature, a moral law for all our conduct, although we
do not always know what this law is. Our want of
knowledge of the law does not disprove at all the ex-
istence of the law. There must be such a law for
every act, because every act must necessarily operate
more or less beneficially than another act would,
upon our own welfare, or the welfare of others.
And the moral law is but the law that requires that
the act, promotive of the highest good, be preferred
to one that promotes either a lesser good, or a pos-
itive evil. Our knowledge of this moral law is neces-
sarily very limited, because we come into the world
in entire ignorance of the causes that promote or
injure our well-being; and it is only, or principally,
by experiment, that we learn how particular causes
do affect it. When we have learned by experiment
how particular acts affect our own welfare, and that
of others, we have learned the moral law in relation
to those acts. Our increased knowledge of this kind
constitutes our intellectual progress; and our ob-
servance of the laws thus discovered, constitutes our
moral progress. Unless there be a moral law for all
our conduct, a part, at least, of the moral world is
in chaos.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—Is there any absolute moral law
which is a standard for human action? We will
first inquire, is there any philosophical law that
governs matter? I claim that there is. If matter
has laws that govern it, intellect must have laws
too. Then if there be intellect in man, there must
be laws that govern it. We learn that there are
such laws by their action upon the minds of men.
There is a law that makes us breathe; and if there
is any deviation from this law, we suffer—we die.
I claim that there is a moral law that governs our
relations to one another, and when we act in accord-
ance with the dictates of this law, we act for the
good of the whole. The man that does this, is a
pure, good, moral man. A breaking of this law
causes us to suffer individually and collectively.

Mr. EDSON.—I agree with all that has been said.
I feel that there is such a law as Mr. Spooner and
Mr. Cushman have referred to. Then if there be a
law in nature for the government of our moral con-
duct, can that law be broken? I do not believe it
can. The divine law permeates all conditions of
matter, and each individual must execute these laws
for him or herself. Every soul is elected and or-
dained to execute these laws as best it can.

Mr. BURKE.—When we talk of law we must think
of a Lawmaker, or a Lawgiver. If there is a Law-
maker, what is the character of the laws he makes?
If this same Lawmaker has made the man that his
laws governs, then these laws must well be adapted.
I conclude there is an absolute law of nature that
governs me, and this law is universal, and is always
in order; and there are no exceptions. The Law-
giver has made a law of morals that is absolute,
perfect and universal. The laws of the Creator that
govern men, are intended for man. These laws are
true, in all the relations of life. In proportion as
men begin to sympathize with one another, the law
of kindness is developed; and this law, when de-
veloped, will rule humanity with more power than
any law of force. I agree with the introducer, that
there is in nature an absolute law that governs the
moral world.

Miss BALL.—Our life is constant. We cannot lay
down an absolute law, of conduct for eternity. We
may will the infinite good in our finite existence;
and in this is the perfect law of life.

Mrs. SPENCER.—In this Conference every one has
freedom for the expression of thought. This is a
great privilege; it is a blessing less appreciated by
you than by many far away. I have listened to the
free expression of each speaker on this subject with
interest. The speakers here have different views;
each is right to his or her place. I will compare
each speaker to a timber that fills its own place in
the building for which it was designed. Each one
was designed to fill his or her own place, not ano-
ther's, in the temple of creation, by the Great Architect
that governs all things by design.

To me there is a moral standard for our actions.
We use terms for the expression of our thoughts
that are often misunderstood; so we often appear to
differ when we do not. The standard of morals is
for man, not for animals below man; and this
standard of morals constitutes one of the chief differ-
ences between the animal creation and that of man.
The manifestations of good in many is no evidence
that there does not exist a natural moral standard.
The laws of nature are not grasped by human hands,
but by human understanding; so the understanding
of men must be developed to a view of the standard
of morals that exists in nature, to find evidence of
that standard.

The souls of men are over-developing—outgrowing
old forms, and substituting new. Our national gov-
ernment may be outgrown, and a new form dem-
anded. Our fondest expectations and loves are often dis-
appointed for means to work out our greater good.
Our lives are interwoven with afflictions, and we
often need some soothing cordial; and for this purpose,
Dr. Child has been directed by an over-ruling
wisdom to say, "Hailo, humanity, whatever is, is
right!" and if humanity can accept and believe this
bold proclamation, it is a narcotic that will mitigate
their sufferings.

Each one has a divinity within, that will become
supreme, and that will rule the soul in its unfold-
ings to grasp a higher standard of morals than that
of the past, which shall ere long be thrown away.
Any in the light of this age, that act contrary to
the highest convictions of their souls, prostitute
and disgrace themselves in their own estimation,
without regard to outside standards of morality.

Progress over implies change; change that ever
gives us a clearer view of right.

It is very beautiful to talk about and anticipate
what we are to be in the future, but our great work
to-day is to tend well to the business that lies be-
fore us.

Mrs. ATKINS.—All nature is governed by law; all
things are governed by law—while you are all
breakers of law.

Dr. GARDNER.—There is an absolute moral law in
nature, and it is well defined by Jesus of old, viz.:
"Whosoever ye would that men should do unto you,
do ye the same unto them. There are absolute moral
laws in nature, that govern all things. But I do not
believe that the standard is the same. I cannot
believe that a law of God can be violated. But the
standard of action that governs our relations, one
to the other, is one, and the law that governs our in-
dependent existence is another. I conclude that each
one is his own standard for natural moral action in

the fulfillment of each of these laws. Even Dr.
Franklin was weak in assuming a standard for
others, and so it has ever been with our masters.
This is the great error of the religious and moral
world. There is no standard for the quantity and
quality of physical food that can be laid down for
all; each is governed by his own, if there is no
absolute rule in food, than there is in regard to
moral acts.

Hashish, tobacco and opium may be necessary in
disease, for some, and a curse in health for others.
Let us look at nature, each one for himself. There
are immutable laws in nature that cannot be vio-
lated without a penalty. I say violated, and yet as
an abstract truth man cannot violate a law of na-
ture.

Mr. WETHERBEE.—We can't answer the question—
what is the absolute standard of morals in nature—
unless we can see from beginning to end. This we
cannot do; yet I believe that such a standard some-
where exists. Now our standard of morals suffers
change, perhaps, every day.

Same question next week.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
REV. W. M. FERNALD AT ALLSTON HALL.
Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 22, 1860.

It had been announced that the desk at Allston
Hall would be occupied by Miss Fannie Davis, on
this occasion; but owing to illness she was unable to
fulfill her engagement, and her place was sup-
plied in the afternoon by Rev. Mr. Fernald. The
theme was the "Physiology of the Soul."

The lecturer said: The term physiology is usually
applied to the science of the physical organization of
men and animals; but it may with propriety have
reference to the state of the soul, as a structure;
and hence our attention is devoted to the "Physi-
ology of the Soul."

First, it is necessary for us to conceive of the
structure of the soul. In general terms, true phi-
losophers understand that there is only one eternal
source, out of which all things have been unfolded,
and mind and matter are the positive and negative,
or in other words, the two extremes of all substance.
The whole doctrine of God and immortality may be
included in this thesis. The clergy are apt to speak
of the soul without reference to the body. Surely
we cannot deny their distinctness; but how can we
understand the influence of revivals and conversions,
on this hypothesis. When great conversions are
made, and bad men become suddenly good men, the
change is wrought upon the brain as well as upon
the spirit, and this change evidences a suscepti-
bility to psychological or spiritual impres-
sion. Though there are exceptions to this general
law, they do not at all invalidate the rule. If a
man had no brain nor heart, I fancy he could never
be converted at all. The more natural a man's
soul, the easier his conversion.

God himself, as an organized spirit, is bound by
his own laws, and held by his own receptacles.
Men remain in a negative position—in criminality,
because of their habits and circumstances; but only
a realization of their position will turn them from
vice to virtue. Fine physiological and psychological
conditions are required; and without them all the
eloquence of the pulpit and the thunders of eternity
could not wake man from his lethargy.

Instead of the work of reformation, we need ante-
cedent formation. Instead of reformers, we need
formers. It is hard to reform those who have come
from a misshapen birth, with their souls clothed
in unfitting garments; but to create beautifully and
truly is the most important as well as the most
earnest work. Not only time, but eternity, is in-
cluded in this great physiological truth. The soul
receives before its birth, that it must bear through
eternity. The nature of a man may be outgrown;
but it is hard to change the pre-natal character-
istics. If physical disorders and harmonies are gov-
erned by the law of hereditary transmission, spiri-
tual, moral and intellectual ones are, and peculiar
results are quite as common in mind as in body.

The question of offspring must be uncertain. It
is a matter of common observation that boys resem-
ble their mother, and girls their father; and when
a great man is born, you generally find his charac-
teristics those of his mother. It has been said that
when the world has need of a great character, the
angel throngs conspire to operate upon the organic
germ, and so far as the laws governing admit, in-
fuse the needed elements. Spirits have more to do
with us than we know of. Through the period of
gestation, how slight a circumstance will change the
whole character of a child! Napoleon was ushered
into life amid the civil convulsions of his own Cor-
sica, and his father was an officer often in active
service. It has been said that the children born
during the first French Revolution were weak, nerv-
ous, and irritable in mind, and often showed sym-
ptoms of absolute insanity. Who in active life has
not seen this power of pre-natal influences illus-
trated? Here, then, is the true place of action:
Education and culture may do much after birth;
but much of their hard labor can be saved when we
go to work in good earnest, and ask, as if we wished
to know, what we shall do to be saved.

I have preached theology and the new birth for
twenty-five years, and still believe in the second
birth; but to me the first birth is of vastly more
importance than any other. I feel the need of the
regeneration and new birth every day; but it is not
better to avoid its necessity if we can by keeping
the body and soul from becoming shockingly mudi-
lated in the first place? We can at best make only
an approximation to purity; and the second birth
will ever be a necessity, till we have progressed be-
yond sin and transgression. The sooner we under-
stand and practice upon the principle of improving
the birth by improving the man, by progressing his
power scientifically, the sooner we undermine the
foundation of all discord and misery. This is the
radical truth which lays at the foundation of all
human reformation. Let the experiment be tried—
let a few start out on this principle, and see what
will be done. Occasionally we see men and women
regretting that they have no laudable ambition.
Some say, "Oh, if I could only write a book, that
would go flying through the world, and live and
speak when I am dead!" They can do greater
things than write a book—win a fame more lasting
than any volume in the libraries of the world.

Before any thorough and radical change can be
made, the subject of marriage should be understood.
If children were only born under the laws of nature,
—which are the laws of God—we could dispense
with a great part of our theology, for the Holy Ghost
would find an easy entrance. What is marriage
now but a bargain entered into between two persons
to unite their stock and interest, and live together,
and share the joys and sorrows of life, "till death do
them part"? The children, the results of this
union, have souls. They do not always think of
that. I know it is hard for us to always find the

true marriage; but we might do better than we do,
and thus prevent a great amount of sin and misery.
Clergymen and others have much to say of the time
of conversion, as the period when the soul first re-
realizes its divinity; but the moment of conception is
of infinitely more importance. Man cannot undo
the character given him at that time, and he must
follow out the bent of it more or less truly. Society,
education nor conversion can transform a deformed
mind into a genius, nor a sage into an idiot. The
grace of God cannot overreach his own immutable
laws. Your greatest men are those who are born so.
I know this is trenching on the theological notions
about free will; but they are only notions. A man
or woman born low, unless well cared for, will remain
so; they may be converted, but the probability is
they will die as they have lived—corrupted and cor-
rupting. A born idiot does not turn into a Shakes-
peare. If this is true in intellectual matters, it is in
morals. It is impossible, without bad blundering,
to raise a bad crop from good seed. The same rule
applies to the unfolding of human beings. Could
Shakespeare have been a fool or blockhead from his
birth? Could Howard have been born a villain, or
Channing and Washington outcasts? The soul
requires a careful guidance at birth, as well as
training afterwards. I am compelled to recognize
man's destiny as analogous to every other species.

Man has freedom in proportion as he has reason.
A man becomes a devil because of a faulty brain.
Clergymen have been too prone to overlook the order
of nature; and, seeing not the origin of the soul as
well as the body, have set the second birth down as
the universal soul-panacea. There is no greater
borey to the soul than this; but improve the off-
spring and you improve the offering, for it is a per-
fect circle. While in our present condition as a
fallen race, the second birth has more to do than all
else, and there are approximate powers by which we
may mold the unborn child with more lasting effect
than all that comes afterward? We recognize and
act upon this principle in raising our cattle and
horses, but man is deemed unworthy the test.

The great problem to-day is, how to inaugurate a
new style of human births; and the solution of this
problem will be the ushering in of a new era of glory
upon earth.

MRS. E. H. BURT AT ALLSTON HALL.
Sunday Evening, Dec. 22, 1860.

This was the first appearance of Mrs. Burt before
a Boston audience.

She said: There is beauty, poetry and sentiment
in Spiritualism. You can learn through it that per-
fect trust which casteth out all fear; and to-day,
while discord is about you, you need to know its reality.
Some who talk theoretically cannot realize it practi-
cally—do not have that perfect trust in it which be-
liever should give. It is an every day religion—one
you can believe in and trust in. You trust in the
physical world, because you know it is governed by
laws; and you who solicit Spiritual communion,
have only to ask, and you have that within you
which attracts spirits to you.

The spiritual laws are recognized by the soul in
all its conditions. The growth of the soul cannot
be crushed out. If you lay a stone upon the grass
it will sprout out around it, and grow in spite of
opposition; so spirit will manifest itself, though
buried beneath all the lower faculties. And while
you recognize the power of spirits, you cannot help
admitting the control of matter; and your own
spirit has the same power which leads to perfect
trust and confidence—not that you have escaped
something in the future, but that God's purposes
are for man's happiness, which is often reached
through the channels we despise. There is no ca-
price either in the spirit or mortal world. This
magnetism—this perfect trust—attracts to you spir-
its that can control and influence you. If you could
understand the law that governs your spirit, when
disasters and afflictions come upon you, you can rise
and call up the divinity within you, which will carry
you through all inharmonies. He that repels the
ministrations of the spirits who come to his fireside,
finds he has cast off that which will yet become an
anchor to his soul, and will reject them no more.
The home might be made a centre around which
should radiate all the heart's truest aspirations. The
homes where naked feet patter across the floor are
often visited by angel guests who do not visit the
marble palaces of your beautiful streets. There is
often a trust, and a growth of spirit there, that we
find nowhere else.

This is eminently an age of money-making and
speculation, but it will give place to a higher and
more harmonious era. Then there will be less said
about the fear of paucity, for money-making will be
subordinated to nobler faculties. You cannot blame
men for struggling for wealth, for it is the key to
the bounties of earth; but it should not usurp the
whole purpose of life. Men look more at reputation
than at character. But we look rather at character.
The rich man owes the beauty of his house to the
taste of his employed artists, rather than his own
taste.

Men are respected for their wealth and reputa-
tion. You are dependent upon laws for develop-
ment, rather than caprice. Prayer is an outburst
from the soul. It calls out the highest feeling of
men and women. It responds to the very interior of
the spirit. It unfolds the very petals of your soul,
and gushes forth to the outer world, and in answer
to it, dewdrops of divinity settle upon the soul of
man. Be a man, with whatever you are en-
dowed; and spiritual laws will work through your
soul, and you will become a power to draw good
spirits to the earth, as the magnet will draw to itself
its kindred metal.

Religion must enter into business—into every
sphere of life. Men must be educated to know that
there must be hours of devotion in every day—
when business thoughts shall be controlled, and the
love of money-getting subordinated to human sym-
pathy.

You have to learn that spirits can take hold of
everything spiritually. They can approach man in
every sphere of life. The change is wrought within,
and you must have the perfect trust in the good
judgment of your divine ruler and supervisor.
Never can you realize happiness until this change
comes within yourself. This is being born again.
It will be Christ's second coming.

Spirits have such a control over matter, that the
force of spirit magnetism will heal the sick and
anguish the body. The more positive the physician,
the surer the cure. The products or results of fam-
ine and pestilence are its own remedy. Self-con-
fidence is man's strength. Men reverence the
moneyed man. It is not the money, but the con-
fidence money inspires, that gives him strength. The
physician understands this positive power; for
his positiveness banishes disease with his presence.
The positive man will never be sick while his posi-
tive spirit endures.

Do not accept it as poetry and sentiment, that

there is a commingling of the spirits passed with
those on earth. Do not accept it as sentiment, that
you are mediums drawing spirits back to earth.
Receive it as a practical truth, and you will surely
profit by it.

GLEANINGS FROM "FESTUS"—NO. 1.

COMPILED BY D. S. TRACER.

Heaven is no place;
Unless it be a place with God, allwhere.
It is the being good—the knowing God—
The consciousness of happiness and power;
With knowledge which no spirit e'er can lose
But doth increase in every state; and aught
It most delights in the full leave to do.

All these things
Thou wilt know sometime, when to see and know
Are one; to see a thing and comprehend
The nature of it essentially; perceive
The reason and the science of its being,
And the relations with the universe
Of all things actual or possible.
Mortal, immortal, spiritual, gross.

This, when the spirit is made free
Is the divine result, proportioned still
To the intelligence as human; for
There are degrees in Heaven as everywhere.
By God's will. Unimaginable space
As full of suns as is earth's sun of atoms,
Faithful to match His boundless vastness.
All of yon worlds, and all who dwell in them,
Stand in diverse degrees of bliss and being.

God makes to each spirit its peculiar Heaven,
And yet is Heaven a bright reality, a state
Where all is loveliness and power and love;
Where all sublimities of mind
Not infinite, are limited alone
By the surrounding Godhood, and where nought
But what produceth glory and delight,
To creature and Creator is; where all
Enjoy entire dominion o'er themselves,
Acts, feelings, thoughts, conditions, qualities,
Spirit, and soul and mind; all under God,
For spirit is soul defined.

Hast not heard
How thin existence here, on earth, is but
The dark and narrow section of a life
Which was with God, long e'er the sun was lit,
And shall be yet, when all the bold bright stars
Are dark as death dust—Immortality
And Wisdom—thy divine sisters—
Are tending thee on either hand.

Sin is not of the spirit, but of that
Which blindeth spirit, heart and brain.

Men might be better if we better deemed
Of them. The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it. Men may overget
Delusion—not despair.

REASON AND DESIRE.
DEAR BANNER.—I am a constant reader of your val-
uable productions; and among the most valuable, to me,
are the brilliant thoughts of our brother, Dr. Child;
yet with him all is not yet truth, to my conceptions of
reason, although his thoughts generally have the ring
of the pure metal.

In number eleven of the present volume I find many
true sayings, denominated "axioms;" yet, to my
mind, all are not truly "axioms." For instance, in
discussing Reason, the Doctor says "reason obeys de-
sire," and, as an illustration, he says, "In childhood
and infancy we are strictly obedient to desire." In
manhood and mature age reason holds an unequal com-
bat with and is always conquered by desire." Nay,
may not always conquered. Desire is like the blind
man; Reason has eyes, and can see, consequently can
lead the blind, and does so.

In early infancy all are strictly obedient to desire;
not strictly so in childhood—only in degree; less so
as we unfold from infancy to childhood and youth up
to true manhood. The very combat referred to by the
Doctor as existing between reason and desire, is an
index pointing to the ultimate supremacy of reason in
every individual. In early infancy no such combat is
perceived; but as soon as reason begins to unfold, the
combat commences, and progresses in a ratio corre-
sponding with such unfoldment in wisdom or reason.
To illustrate: The child desires whatever, in its
nature, gratifies any of the senses. It will seek such
gratification, without regard to consequences, until
reason begins to unfold; then it begins to consult or
weigh consequences. A simple illustration of my po-
sition: The cold child desires warmth, and seeks to
gratify that desire by approaching the fire. Contact
with the fire arouses reason, which at once becomes
master in the combat, not to subdue or destroy, but
directs the desire in its mode of gratification in accord-
ance with wisdom, which looks to the good of the
entire manhood. A little later in unfoldment, the
youth wishes to gratify his desire for amusements.
The theatre presents very strong attractions. He
makes up his mind to indulge his desire by attending
and witnessing the performance. Immediately there-
after he learns that a dangerous contagious or infec-
tious malady has broken out in the city—perhaps the
cholera or small-pox. His reason says, if I expose
myself by going into so large and promiscuous an as-
sembly, I may contract the disease, and ruin my-
health or lose my life. I had better forego the desire
for amusement, and save my health or life. Which
here held supremacy in the combat? Was reason con-
quered by desire?

In true manhood reason is sufficiently unfolded to
carry the beacon light to guide desires from the ces-
sations of excesses. Examples are not necessary to be
enumerated, as they will spring forth spontaneously
in the minds of every true thinker.

Do not suppose I deny the Doctor's position, that
desire is perfectly involuntary, and a legitimate off-
spring of the soul—I only contend that reason is a
like spontaneous and higher element or attribute of
the soul, and holds supremacy over all beneath it when
sufficiently or fully unfolded. I hold that in all of
the unfoldments of nature, in the words of progression,
from the Central Power, each succeeding development
modifies and directs the preceding in a more harmo-
nious mode of action. This principle may be illus-
trated by every successive unfoldment in nature, from
the primitive formations up to the most expanded and
comprehensive intellect in the human kingdom.

In the primitive formations extreme action was com-
mon; later unfoldments modified that extreme eccen-
tricity of action, and caused that action to tend to the
circular. To illustrate: The atmosphere, though elim-
inated from grosser elements of the earth and terres-
trial bodies, yet it, or rather the central power through
it, reacts upon and modifies the very gross elements
from which it had its origin; and they, combined, elabo-
rate and eliminate a still higher element than the
atmosphere. So with all other elements in nature.
The higher or last unfoldment in its action always
manifests the most light and power. As this principle
is true in the elements and gross matter, even so it is
true in the human kingdom. The child is eccentric in
all of his actions, feeling only the force of desire unen-
lightened by reason; as it gets older, reason begins to
unfold, and the child begins to grow out of its eccen-
tricity, as desire is modified in its action by the grad-
ual unfoldment of reason, or light. Thus, by degrees
the child (often of a larger growth,) is unfolded up
toward the harmonious man.

S. B. J.
St. Charles, Ill., Dec. 20, 1860.