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THE WHITTEMORE MESSAGES.

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM HENRY, THROUGH
THE MEDIUMSHIP OF HIS SISTER,
MRS. L. SMITH.

October 14th, 1862.

I have come, dear sister, on my annual round to pay you a visit, and impart a few more thoughts in addition to those already communicated. It is with much interest I come. I am only too willing to be for a short space of time with you, directing your powers of mediumship, which, for me, have a peculiar fascination. And it is less difficult for me to come to you, bound together as we are by the ties of consanguinity, or blood relationship; the attraction seems greater. This is not always so as regards one's own family, but often the contrary. A too strong resemblance sometimes prevents the magnetic condition, being composed not of opposites, but of elements too nearly allied to each other. This is not the case with us, there being a manifest difference between us, evoking the magnetic current as readily as though of entirely opposite natures. And when I say it matters not whether I come to you, or you to me, I do not mean by this that you should lay off the body, but that by spiritual attraction we are drawn together; and you may as well be attracted by the spirit-world to come out from your home duties unto that spiritual recognition, as for me, by your desires, to come to the home circle. Do you understand this clearly? If not, listen again. Do you see that child busily employed with its toys? It remembers not the injunction given by its parent to perform certain tasks ere it goes to play, but heedlessly pursues the path of pleasure, regardless of consequences. But ever and anon the thought intrudes itself—disobedience—not doing as commanded. Conscience asserts its rights, and plays the mischief, with satisfied pleasure. An influence is at work within the soul, which securely gains ground and commands obedience. And this is what we call coming out from one's own self and doing the will of another—or spiritual attraction.

If, on the other hand, the child had departed from the presence of its guardian, and performed the obligation without neglect, the inference would surely be that it had done so from its own beautiful will-power, not drawn on from outside influences, but inherent in and of itself. The one, absolute, positive; the other a negative principle, acted upon by others. Thus, when you will it, you draw us to you; when we will it, we draw you to us. The positive and negative conditions are in no ways alike: the one giving strength, the other receiving it. Both are necessary in certain states of mind; for to be absolutely positive, forbids the possibility of receiving from others; thus, in order that you receive from spirit-life instruction, you must become receptive to that condition: the listener, student, inquirer. But when you go forth into the world, amidst its snares, temptations, wrongs, the negative condition would not be the truthful one for you to emulate; but you in your turn should be the controlling magnet, the positive power toward all wrong doing, and by so doing you become receptive to those higher powers, who will do only good to your souls.

This is our definition of the terms positive and negative. It is a new tale that I would bring, but something that may benefit; therefore, when I come, I seek to make clear certain technical points which once puzzled me, and still bring confusion to many minds.

A new phase of modern Spiritualism is needed still; something widely different from what passes under the name—a something that shall engrave new thoughts more plentifully in the fertile soil which of late years has been preparing for its reception.

It is clear to any thoughtful mind that the first advance in truth must bring with it much error; for wrong once imbibed must poison the perceptions; and as you perceive a thing, so is that thing unto your souls, until properly eradicated.

Cannot you readily see this? No two see the same thing exactly alike, because no two are alike; neither can they ever be, for from the foundation of the world it was not so. The product of our experience it would not always do to bring; for what appears reasonable, natural, right to us, would give very disproportionate views to your unenlarged vision, until such time as you can be educated into these views, or lines of conduct. I remember well the effect the teachings of certain doctrines had upon my faint perceptions of right, moral duty, &c., and shrink from introducing like topics for fear of like results. Nevertheless, the way is open for investigation, and none need go hungry for want of spiritual food, for there is enough and to spare for all who will make free to help themselves.

But, as we said before, a reform is needed still, a purging process, cleansing as it moves along, and opening all the passages to free inquiry; morally renovating the people everywhere. This will be done; the result, a softening down of prejudices on the one side, and a more generous forbearance on the other; a greater willingness to think for one's self, with less party restraint; a general modifying of public sentiment toward the strange and marvelous, permitting all to judge for themselves. To listen is to learn; and when the prevailing mind becomes willing to listen, then half our work is done.

The mind that reasons has learned half the task at once. For once in the position to gain knowledge, you will the more readily listen to Reason's teachings. She speaks in a calm, mild voice, inviting honest investigation without credulity; speaks to the innate perceptions of man, not to his lower instincts—fear, dread of suffering, avenging punishments, and so forth—but to the loftier attributes: loving mercy, long suffering, gentleness, forbearance, and all the finer emotions of the soul. This is a religion which cannot harm; but must, if carried out in the daily walks of

life, ennoble and purify. Not merely by assent, as to creeds, would the spiritual faith do good; but the living principle is there, and if found, will carry peace to many souls, where all other beliefs have failed; and to such we come and bring the healing balm. Theoretical belief of the world has had in abundance, and has been found lacking in vitality ever since the world began; and although modern views have done much to promulgate truth and scatter error, yet it has but half performed its mission, lacking still in many essentials, and in those very things we come to teach, viz, forbearance and a loving charity to others. Why this failure? Because you fail to see the living truth, and do not fully recognize the hidden value of such a practice. You judge more by present action than future results, and cannot take in the full measure of such procedure. In vain would it be for us to come and lay out plans for your consideration, unless you fully understood the object of our coming, and had confidence in us. In the second place, you must see the necessity which links us to you in unmistakable certainty, ere you will accept our mission to earth, and feel the need of a change in the moral sentiment of all peoples; then we shall be recognized as the needed aid, and not before. We have a work to do, an unthankful task sometimes, but none the less useful for all that.

The child cannot see why the parent has laid down certain rules for lines of action to be governed by in after years; its immature judgment will not permit of it; but governed will display the truth of those sayings, when that child, in mature life, feels the blessedness of lawful restraint. So with us: we come with strong determination to do good; and although we can but lay the platform now—be scarcely recognized as of any use to the world—yet future ages will mark the advance of the present century in all spiritual knowledge. Improvement of any kind is not of mushroom growth, but of slow, gradual development; and the more thrifty in progress becomes the most retarded sometimes.

Analogy—the gradual growth of that stout, healthy, out-door plant—look at it. Every fibre seems to stand out defying the health-giving breeze: stately in proportion, the loud whistling wind plays among its leaves, bestowing fresh loveliness and more fragrant sweetness for the harsh treatment it receives. It is no bedded plant of hot-house growth, but contains within it a life-principle, which defies the cold, bleak winds of opposition.

So should it be with you. Blown about by every dissenting doctrine, opposition should but strengthen, call out the powers of mind to build up and add fresh strength to your walls of faith. Not that defiant power which seeks to crush, but that gentle opposition which waves aside unjust treatment, and adds fresh beauty to your strong-hold upon the good-will of others—inflicting no wrong, receiving no injury. As with the plant, so with you: the harsh winds do but purify and strengthen, bringing out all of strength within for the power of resistance. So with mind: all its forces should be brought into action for the same purpose, to strengthen and beautify the soul. Listen, then, to all arguments brought to bear against Spiritualism, that all of its hidden beauties may be seen and felt, willingly, because these very things are needful to give lasting and healthy growth.

The love of virtue is strong with many souls; but a lack of Christian charity is painfully manifest. They believe in the right, but cannot bear the lack of it in others. Such we should denounce the hothouse growth. They see the right, impatiently follow it, and become weak from overgrowth and forced warmth. Shut up too much within themselves, they become an exotic, fit only for the greenhouse, and pale beneath the influences brought to bear upon them. Many such there are, and the fate of such is seen to wither and die when the cold blasts of winter sweep freezingly around them. Then there is the spurious growth, grown fat and bulky by inordinate over-feeding, who are of short-lived duration, and soon pass away. And so on, we might enumerate all the different classes of mind; but enough has been said upon this subject, and we will pass on to another.

There is a natural and a spiritual life in harmony the one with the other during its term of residence here, linked together in its earliest formation for the better adaptation of that inner principle, the soul. Mind, body, spirit, soul—terms such as these are household words, and an explanation from me may not be irrelevant here.

The natural body contains within it the essence of spirit, indwelling and of it. United by the closest bonds of intimacy, the two are one, harmoniously traveling on together, the feeblest wants of the one are felt by the other. Thus spiritually united in the closest bonds of harmony do we find the physical and spiritual, when properly blended in natural birth and no malformation or diseased organization preventing. Bear this, then, in mind: the body and spirit are one, and while in connection with each other, are simply the interior and exterior development of the same thing. They are one; but in process of time the outer waxes old, fulfills its purpose, and ceases action, loses its hold upon life, putrefies, and you bury it out of sight. Now the spirit has assumed its new action, and seems to have drawn unto itself all of the former vitality of what you term the body, and does its double work with manifold beauty and usefulness. Its appearance is drawn from the outer garb—for each being, unlike all others, carries its own characteristics—and you would invariably pronounce it the body, still. The spiritual body seems the same to us here as the mortal, when that belonged to us, but is a more perfect piece of workmanship, fitted for the calls now devolving upon it. Thus much in explanation of what we desire to say.

This, then, is the body. But what does the body contain? Surely something more than mere in-

animate matter? Ah! here you have reached the subject, the soul or life-principle, or the key which winds all these treasures up.

Within the sensorium of the brain, the centre of all nerve power, residing investigation the locality or abiding-place of the germinal principle, that which reproduces man, from which all outer emanations proceed. This spiritual influx, or growth, is on the same principle precisely that the plant shows when, from the tiny sprout, it becomes the mighty tree, once imbedded or encased wholly within the small germinal seed. And man, as the new-born infant, you cannot doubt, now contains all that shall make him the erudite scholar or wise politician, mathematician, philosopher, or whatever else he may make by development. Understand by this that whatever we are capable of becoming, lies within us, and is that which makes us what we are. Therefore, the nobler the soul, the larger the productive principle, and the more healthy and powerfully developed we become, in the first instance. Ah, this is a grand study, and one which would do the race good if rightly read, and life governed by it. If, then, this is true of man, that he is propelled accordingly as he is interiorly framed, can he do more? No.

You do not expect the rose over to become the oak. Neither need you ever expect man to become more than he is, therefore he can never become God more than the child can become his own parent. Individuality remains throughout eternity. Divest yourself, then, at once of the thought that the growing power within man will ever become aught save what he now is—man. This is his peculiar province, the sphere in which he was created, and in which he must forever travel.

The great All-Wise Principle, the former or designer, by whom all things are created, gave man certain powers by which he may excel and become mighty, but beyond a certain limit he may not go. Fixed powers are given him for wise and holy purposes, even as law governs all things.

The term of our residence here, though short, has been long enough to prove the fallacy of such doctrines, to our mind, as that man, being a spark of Divine Love, will some day merge into Divinity. We shrink from such a doctrine, for it is capable of doing much wrong in the world. It is an error of such palpable growth, and of such spurious pretensions, as to demand but little attention, save a passing remark, yet it should not go unrebuked among you. A spark of the Divine Love! Nothing truer; but so is yonder rose-tree, or that mighty oak. Both are amenable to the same laws, produce the same results, grow together in the same soil, draw fragrance from the same air, make unto themselves growth by the same atmospheric process, live and die together. But you would stand aghast to discover, after what you now know of the relative habits of both, that the one became merged into the other, the rose becoming the oak, or the oak the rose. No, no such power can add to the beauty of the present one.

The love of pleasure is a theme often-treated upon, but unmeaningly sometimes, it would appear to me. Allow me to say a few words upon this subject. The love of pleasure—what is it? You define it as gratification, an indulging of one's passions as nature dictates. And is this wrong? Let us see. And can it be prevented, either in a natural and healthy state, or, on the other hand, in the diseased, morbid condition? Love of pleasure would seem to me to be that which should really enhance one's happiness; not mere momentary gratification, but a useful, inborn faculty, given to man to answer the demands of Nature—an inherent principle, given for a wise purpose, and only wrong when debased from its legitimate action; and so long as health exists in any department of soul, faithful justice says, gratification is its natural appetite. Understood clearly, this will be found to be the proper development of all man's powers, however vain and frivolous they may upon the first examination be found.

And now to give an example, to render our meaning quite plain, for we would not be misunderstood upon this subject: Look upon the headlong zeal of an impetuous youth; born into this life, tempted daily by its dazzling snares. That youth can no more help being entrapped into vicious paths than you can remove evil out of his way. And why? He has a desire as strong as his hold upon life for the absorptions of that giddy round of pleasure. It is not his fault; he cannot help it. Organization has placed him there, and he is but answering the design of his being, living according to natural law. He is not to blame; he is what you have made him. This requires careful study. Controvert it if you can.

Again, it is but natural that tempted appetite should inflame and disease the entire system. Not so with suitable gratification; that is always reasonable, never unjust in its demands; but prompted to further calls, weakens the digestive powers of mind, as well as body, and produces that morbid action which breaks up the healthy relation hitherto existing, and gives a preponderance to diseased action.

All faculties of soul have their uses and abuses. The one faculty is as necessary as another; all productive of good, and so on. That poor boy, hurried on in wrong doing, had no more power to extricate himself unaided, alone, than you in your ignorance help to keep him there.

He feels the necessity of it, but heeds not the weakened power within, which perhaps may never have been strong, but goes mercilessly to himself down the road of present gratification, unmindful of the morrow, debasing and brutalizing all the finer instinct of soul, until the weakened, worn out frame sinks perhaps into an untimely grave. You should so understand life, its origin, necessities, conditions, so that you can clearly see its errors, frailties, and know how to apply the needed balm. Life on earth is given that you may learn of it, understand its relations to duty, and then you will less seldom err in your translation of it.

This subject is one full of inquiry, and, until well analyzed in all its parts, cannot be dispensed with. Look upon it in whatever light you may, you see proportionate dangers everywhere, in every phase of human existence, and this is one grand study of our present abode. What is man? When we have solved this question we have measurably improved, and are then competent to judge of man, not before. We have come hoping to benefit individuals, not the world, for this must be the work of ages of individual exertion; but it is the lifting of the stone, step by step, stone by stone, that removes the quarry. Forcible measures can never effect the good that long-continued perseverance is sure to accomplish. By gunpowder experiment the stones may be torn from their foundation, but by no art of man can they be thus assorted and hewn for the granite edifice.

The artificer would smile at such an arrangement; therefore when you hear folks talk of uprooting and tearing all old usages and long-established forms to pieces by one self blow, understand the thing can never be done, and would not benefit future generations if they could. It is only by the law of progression, slow development, that men can build up a more perfect system of order in the household of his experience. Learn this as you learn everything else.

There is a natural and a spiritual world, allied to each other as the natural and spiritual body. All nature bears a resemblance throughout its works, and the analogy proves true here. Let us look beyond the confines of earth, and see if we did not a resemblance similar in all respects to the animal and mental found in man. Earth, the dark, mundane body, eliminating from every pore a visible radius, or magnetic current, answerable to what we find in man, spirit; the one an outgrowth from the other, even as mind and body are of man. The one indwelling and self-creating, the other acted upon. The selfsame principle which exists in man, is, also, to a certain extent throughout Nature; is the productive, germinating principle, the life-essence of all things. The spirit of man becomes visible only when the earthly particles are so far counterbalanced as to appear translucent, and suffer the inner to cover the outer, or to become so completely absorbed by electrical conditions as to hide the dark, earthly grossness. This is not often the case. So you seldom see the spirit of man while clothed with the body; but there are times when it is seen, and it might be seen oftener.

The same with matter. All things created have an interior more allied to that perfect workmanship, ethereal, less dense, but perfect in all its parts—the spiritual body. This aura becomes an atmospheric element, purified by the loss of its density, and the air we love to breathe. As in the spiritual, we of the spirit love to dwell there; and as the spirit of man is more beautiful than the body, so this atmospheric earth becomes doubly beautiful. This is not hard to understand, but requires thought to aid perception. You see it in a measure, but are not fully competent to solve it yet. Matter forms a perfect whole, subservient to law, as well as man, and corresponds in all its relations to man. Thus when we say there is a natural and a spiritual world, we convey not only the idea of two distinct spheres, but of a union, a blending together of these two into one entire whole, even as man and spirit are one; united, but still divided.

The spirit-life exists within you now, is part and parcel of humanity; so the spiritual world is in and all about you. Proceeding from all that creates earth, even as spirit is emblematical of the man; not in some far away, remote corner by itself, but here, here, here, all around about you. Composed, as it is, of all that goes to form earth in an advanced condition; it becomes the home of spirit from a natural relation to it, as the home of his fathers, so a home to him. Look upon us then as neighborly visitors, not intruders, when we venture to look in upon you, as we are wont to do sometimes; but permit the intercourse to be less restricted, that it may become more frequent among you.

We classify ourselves according to your understanding of us as spirits. But how singularly strange it would sound for us to always address you as bodies; and as the term spirit means to us nothing more nor less than the present body, your language to us implies no more than that. Brothers in the spirit, or friends in the spirit-world, sound far more sensible, it seems to me. It matters but little what terms of expression are used, provided there is the right understanding of the thing and you grant us the privileges you award to one another, as constituents of one great whole, as belonging to the great brotherhood of man—a very little further progressed by virtue of our promotion to a higher sphere—but, as we claim no glory for our passport here, being an unconditional one on our part, having never sought for acceptance. Do not clothe the name of spirit as containing all that is noble or wise, but treat it in the same ratio as you look upon your fellow-beings.

We have passed into that higher life where it is our privilege to witness much as yet withheld from mortality, and, grain by grain, through individual minds, we seek to bring it to you as an inducement to lead you away from the harassing cares of the earthly life—to think of something nobler, better. Man is a thinking being, and his thoughts developed into a proper channel enhances his happiness; but if permitted to run in a low channel it demoralizes. Low, sordid hopes can never elevate, but must always depress; and a study of one's own capabilities—his promises—in the future, the position he may arrive unto by dint of his own exertions—will create within the man faith, the crutch upon which he should lean, until in the strength of his manhood he may walk alone.

Drop by drop from the bucket of experience falls upon the parched and thirsty earth, moistening its surface, until, in time, we trust you may receive plentiful, copious draughts from the well-

filled fountain of living waters. All spirit-life are learning lessons of wisdom from their parent earth, and, as we glean, we store away for your future benefit. As the parent obtains knowledge, he imparts it to the child, that he may profit by his experiences; so we, when we discover any great truth, feel not half the satisfaction we should, could we bring it at once to earth. We are living and learning, even as with you, and as we perceive more distinctly from our standpoint of information, we deem it proper and best to speak upon what most interests us. We have given some useful hints as regards spirit-life and its juxtaposition with earth and man. We have not been as clear as we wished, but it is impossible always to speak as we would, for, remember, it is through another that we must impart our ideas, and the current of still waters becomes turbid by such a mixture, so it is that perfect unity is not always attainable between the controlled and the controller.

Earth is a material body, and must always remain so, subject to change, as everything in nature changes; but it is folly to believe that a sudden revolution will take place, precipitating her from her place among the planets, to be known no more. She has her path to travel in, and will go on in her accustomed rounds for endless ages to come, peopling her soil as at present, feeling no danger that more will be born unto her than can be accommodated spiritually here; for it matters not, how fast they come, we each one find our respective sphere and travel along harmoniously together. By gradation or regular series of progression, we move along, not standing still here more than on earth. This would imply constant change, and so it is with us. Those of us nearest earth are usually those more recently departed; the natural consequence being to lead us there, where all of our home relations are centered, for a time at least. This, then, being our home or birth-place, all of our fondest recollections centering there, why should we go far away, more than the man, who, after a disposition of foolishness and frivolity, has spent a portion of his days in wickedness, becomes spiritually minded, loves only the good, and may be said to live in another and superior element? He goes not away, but abides where he did before; but he breathes a new atmosphere, corresponding to his alteration of feeling. He makes his own condition.

Exactly so with us. We go not away, but live and breathe in a new element, connected still with earth as our greatest attraction. But as progression continues, those of us long ago passed away, according to condition, pass along, loving not so much the density of earth, but exist more naturally in the purer, more ethereal portions, distant perhaps from earth. This is not so much dependent upon time as states or conditions. An old hoary-headed sinner will not live out the evil disposition of his ways for a long, long time, perhaps, while another may commence the work of regeneration immediately. The germ-principle of the one has become diseased, and needs purification before the work of progression can commence, while with the other he has not become so debased as circumstances indicate. All mankind progress, but in the same ratio exactly as you do here. It matters not, then, whether the disposition be good or evil, we still inhabit earth, or are not far remote from it, and be our designs good or evil, you are more or less affected by them. This is morally, true of earth. You know this to be so; and if so of earth, we then being partakers of its privileges, bounties, proceeding from and of it, does it not stand to reason we should be governed by it, that is, governed by each other? You exercising the same sort of relation toward us that we do toward you, according to the moral power within us. This is not a leveling of spirit-life, but the just and true position we hold to each other; not a debasing system, but elevating to the whole human family. Look at it. You see the multitudes of human beings passing away from earth to the higher life; but is it, philosophically speaking, any higher to that individual, cut off suddenly by instantaneous change, as they are continually passing away in your land now, by the horrors of warfare, cut off in the midst of low, debasing scenes? The change to them may be a desirable one, but would they not be drawn quite as readily to the scenes of their earthly life, and still be exercising an influence there; while on the other hand, would you not be quite as likely to throw around them healthy influences, with the aid you draw from us?

Who ever lost a friend yet, even in the midst of carnage, imperfect though their characters may ever have been, but the violence of their death has called out all the love of their friends' souls, and they expect, ay, believe him to be better than when death found him? Would not the very hope awaken better expectations in the soul of the departed one, when the depth of love is blinding your eyes with tears for them? And the more you encourage that faith, the stronger will their impulses be. Note this fact, and see if it be not so, in the daily walks of life.

You expect much of children. Let them see your expectations, and how hard they will strive to meet your fondest hopes. Blame and discourage a child, and you render it fearful and less likely to gain true pride of character, its strongest hold upon independence and pure morality. So with the spirit everywhere. Your very desires and expectations of them affect them more than you have been led to believe. Simply because they do not like to be found below the standard marked out for them in the beginning; and the starting point once attained, future improvement is made more certain. You do govern us then, as well as we you, so that in reality we are dependent the one upon the other, even as all things throughout nature and the universe have a bearing the one upon the other.

There is a reality in the subject of which we treat, but but few recognize, simply because they do not understand, and it cannot be expected that we shall create much interest in a short essay like

this, where there are so many topics to touch upon. But if we call out thought, your own reason will do the rest for you. It behooves us to say many things which to you may appear unnecessary, even foolish, because you have heard them treated upon so many times; but not so to all; and we write for those not so well versed in spiritual logic, whose advantages for hearing and seeing have been more limited than with you. So excuse us for some ideas familiar with you. My messages are more particularly for home consumption, for friends and family.

The home of the spirit we once before treated upon, but indefinitely, and would be glad to add something more. We have told you that earth comprised our home, but the question arises, have we local homes, or do we roam at will or pleasure all over the earth's surface, in the upper regions of space, or dwell as man dwells in his own domicile, adding unto his comforts there, or, thriftless, depending upon the services of others for abiding places? We laugh at the various conjectures which fill your minds with regard to us, and the strange hypotheses which are brought up. In the first place we feel the need of a home as much as we ever did, and have ample means within our power to command such as our desires may crave.

In the first place, be it remembered, we have not the mortal body to tax our appetites, passions, and inordinate love of gain, etc.; but the better part of man's nature, which thinks, plans, arranges, loves, hopes, prays, etc., to befriend us now as it never could before. And the body it now acts upon, moves in consonance with its own state of feeling. Now then away from the body, when in the preponderance of spiritual action, you bring to mind the ardent desires which have been yours, when you have reached out after that purer, holier life you have felt was in store for you. It was not houses and lands that you stood in need of, but that indwelling purity of character which should forever bring peace to your souls. And you felt that this would be a home indeed, the one thing needful. The world of nature spread out all about you, the school-house from whence you could learn many a lesson—grand, mighty, beautiful.

The spiritual body carries with it the semblance of mortality; but without its needs of daily refreshment, such as you now partake of; calls not upon you for that needed rest, complete suspension of all powers, bodily, mentally, but continually feasts upon the abundance of good things salutary to spiritual existence, so varying our occupations that we do not weary of them. We depend not so much upon what actually exists, as to what is to be our portion in the future, hearing always in mind the bright prospect of an endless hereafter, wherein man may work, and by his own exertions elevate or morally depress his noble attributes. We divine the nature and causes of all things by a long residence here; glean important lessons of wisdom every day from every little minutiae of daily life. It is in such walks as these that we find abundant use for all of our powers here, and they furnish the meat, drink, and necessary rest to our souls. This then is our employment: learning something new from the very threshold of our existence here and throughout eternity.

As you gain nutriment, sustenance, particle by particle, from every thing of which you partake, so we desire strength and wisdom from an indwelling love for all that is wise and beautiful in God's universe. The feeble perceptions of man enshrouded within the corporal form, has not that wide expansion of intellect which is his by inheritance here—learn that the child perceives not in his younger days much that interests the man; the man precisely the same as regards spirit-life.

The discerning powers are slow to act, previous to development, but are intensified by relaxed muscular action, which thwarts, for wise purposes, rapid growth. Slow, but perfect growth, natural, well-filled out years on earth, according to progressive laws, is the full outline of commencement here. Live, then, as you wisely should live, as long as your obedience to nature's laws will suffer you to remain, and then in peace and blessedness commence your career joyfully here.

Ah! this leads me to speak of my own entrance here once more, just four years ago. Ah, yes, to a day. I love to remember it all now; the bitterness long since passed away as a fearful dream. My experience was not according to nature's laws, a falling away of one's powers, body and mind, but to the exceptions of the rule, accidental occurrences. This was out of the regular range, did not come under the regular school practice, neither of the new; it was out of the law-abiding practice altogether, but governed by law, nevertheless, as we say of the exceptions to all rules; for all things are governed by law, however great the discrepancy may at first seem. Well, four years to-day, or to-morrow, rather, I awakened into spirit-life.

Would you have me back now? Not if you knew the full deliciousness of life here. But that you cannot. Write about it as much as we may, we can but at best give you the smallest possible foretaste of it, in your happiest moments, when all the world seems pure and beautiful. I am with you often. I have not been weaned from earth yet, and shall not be, so long as I can interest and feel that I can in the leastwise be useful there.

Jane is coming. Hear what she has to say ere I leave for the day.

"Oh, Dolly Ann, it is all so good and beautiful here. I would not come back to earth now if I could; I don't care to stay long when I do come. It seems better suited to me here in all I do; and I feel sometimes as though I wanted you all here right away."

My dear family! how I love them all; and they get along so nicely without me. I am so glad that they feel so much happier than they did when I first passed on. Emma is a darling, and her father knows it. Tell her, mother is very proud of her. My dear little Nettie is just as dear as ever. Tell them all I love them so much that I cannot find words to express it. Henry says I must not get so excited about it if I want to write; but I cannot help it. Eliza is at home again, with her dear family, and mother is often there, too, with them all, in their own little home-circle; it is so pleasant to come. I wish they could see me just as I am.

I am glad that they are not averse to the spiritual faith, for they may be very much benefited by it. Those people who are prejudiced against it can derive but very little comfort from manifestations of any kind. Eliza is capable of making a very fine medium—so Henry says; and Horace has good powers; both are gifted. And their little home pet, he is grandma's darling.

Charlie, I hope you will always be very happy, and meet with all the happiness you anticipate. I think you will always remember mother's wishes, and try to add to her happiness by leading a thoroughly good and virtuous life. Think of me as being with you all.

And what shall I say to my dear husband? We shall never forget each other, Charles; and wherever you go, and whatever you do, I shall always

hope for your happiness. Believe me, when I say that whatever is for your happiness will make me happy, too. You were ever a kind, good husband to me, and my whole woman's heart is centred upon you still. Believe me ever your loving, JANE."

There are a few things more that I would like to speak of before I am done, for it is possible that I may not give another lengthy communication before the year comes round again, if I am then permitted to do so. Time casts his shadows before him, and bids us take him by the forelock, lest he escape us altogether.

The necessity of direct communication, full, free, unadulterated, with the inhabitants of earth, is daily seen here; and approaches are being made to this effect. When we can come and find you ready to receive us with glad and willing hearts, the morbid sensitiveness to fear dies away; then it is we can be truly instrumental in doing you good. But now, sometimes when we come and momentarily impress you with our presence—vividly, I mean—you shrink away affrighted, and your soul unmistakably says, that to see us would be the greatest evil that could befall you. Do you think we would come, under conditions like these? Never! Don't expect it. We cannot, if we would for a strong magnetic condition must bring us there, proceeding from your own mind—an impelling magnet. Listen, then, when I tell you that you are not to see us until after every vestige of fear has departed from your soul toward us; so if you would ever see us, correct this weakness within you. The daily intercourse between us, as residents of the two spheres, depends, not so much upon us, as upon you. For this reason: we understand more readily the feeblest desire of your souls; while on the other hand, it is the most difficult thing for us to make you understand our most earnest wishes. Therefore, when your desires are strong toward us, we are with you at once; we come many times not to be listened to at all. We do not say this to blame, or expect it to be otherwise, but to state facts, and enable you to learn how to approach us.

I am your brother, clothed with the garments of immortality. The spiritual body, the outer form existing in the spiritual formation of earth, my present home, and I stand before you now, exercising the powers of my will upon you that you may write these words, and yet you do not see me. Why? Because the spiritual vision is closed—remains unopened within you—like any other undeveloped source of pleasure or faculty. You have the power, but it lies dormant within you.

We cannot trace the inborn powers which lie within man to their terminus, for as one desire creates another, so one possession makes room for another. There seems to be no limit to man's capabilities, and this is which unmistakably distinguishes him from the brute creation. They possess certain faculties, but go not beyond a species of intelligence or instinct, while reasoning man progresses from generation to generation, with no fixed powers within which to confine him. Future generations will find him still further developed; and we doubt not time will find him possessing all the facilities and present advantages of spirit-life, while still in the form—we of spirit-life having passed on in the same ratio—for it is not to be supposed that the elementary classes shall ever be possessed of greater advantages than the senior classes. It depends upon mankind how fast they shall improve as a people, and of their knowledge or insight into all things spiritual, and we are paying the way for this blessed insight.

Every spiritual blessing flowing in upon you, makes room for another, and your ready acceptance of them far in advance of preceding generations, has brought all spirit-land to your door, eager to impart their story, that you may live and learn by their experiences. It is a beautiful fact; and could you see the desire, on their part, to forward this thing, you would be surprised at the apathy and lukewarm sentiments of the majority of minds yet amongst you. Harshness, bigotry, superstition daunts them not; but when they come, an eager multitude, to speak to loved ones.

Withheld from powers of communication directly with them, they flock around a medium with the most intense emotions sometimes, and it is hard to deprive them a sitting; therefore it is you have regular attendants, as soon as you have developed yourself into the right condition as a medium, who take charge and watch over you, and regulate, as best they may, all conditions—who are over with you.

This is the best safeguard you could possibly have, my dear sister; and when it is in your power, seek to gratify them by listening to their impressions, which they ever stand ready to give you. This will demand but a small portion of your time, and the relaxation from other duties will be highly beneficial.

It is impossible that I should always be with you, at all times and places; but with this safeguard provided, you need fear no evil. Write, then, when you can, and for whoever may come. It will be with my good pleasure always.

And now may the great God, who framed all things, in whom we all live, and move, and have our being; love and bless you all.

From your ever dear and affectionate brother,
H. WHITTEMORE.

"Women's Ways."

The San Francisco Golden Era, in discoursing upon this topic says: "Women say that men are impetuous, and crush her. They cannot emerge into positions beyond the caprice of their self-constituted lords. The sex complain too much. They are the thralls of their own vanity. No ukase with them so exacting as the whimsical fancies and absurdities of fashion. Look at maid and matron, promenading our thoroughfares. Men chew tobacco and expectorate the yellow saliva upon the pavement. The fruiterer launches forth a decayed peach or a rotten apple. The streets are full of filth. No matter. Delicate woman proudly sweeps along, arrayed in gorgeous finery. Behind her footstep brushes a long sweep of skirt, licking up mud and odor and tobacco-spittle, and every manner of nastiness. She is the slave of fashion, the helot of her mantua-maker. Until she emerges from her seclusion and blind submission to the behests of a needle-woman, she must not expect sympathy from the male."

ICE A LIFE PROLONGER.—The problem of suspending life by freezing, seems to be accumulating data. Perch and mullet have been carried from Lake Champlain to Eastern cities, frozen perfectly solid, and on being put into a tub of water, have come to as lively as ever. A female convict in Sweden is in ice on experiment. A man was found lately in Switzerland, who gave signs of life after being frozen for nine months. The power of stopping while the world goes on may be the next wonder. Ice houses may soon be advertised with comfortable arrangements for skipping an epoch, or waiting for the next generation.

Sir William Temple said, "The greatest pleasure is love; the greatest ease is sleep; the greatest medicine is a true friend."

A REFLECTION ON THE WAY.

If I had been made the world one whit the wiser, it were could make me enough long, long ago. What *Zeus* taught, mankind no better know; But in the amplitude of man's diadems, For man, the heart becomes psychologizer, In every age of mind, soul, spirit, brain; So that good men can never quite attain All the bad lack; so Reason cannot reign; So God is beaten on the common road By Hell's fierce fugitives, and calls in vain For succor to his children, who all cry How Christ was wronged when he on earth abode, But who still Christ in Heaven crucify. H. New Orleans, July, 29, 1861.

INCIDENTS OF THE SEA AND LAND.

SCOTCH SPIRITUALISM.

[The following story taken in deep spiritual remoteness. It was written by Mr. Duncan McLean, Commercial Editor of the Traveller, and appeared originally in that paper. Mr. McLean is an outspoken Spiritualist, and declares that he cannot call to mind the time when he was not a believer. The story refers to Dr. Donald Kennedy, of Roxbury, who is also a Spiritualist.]

On the first of June I visited a familiar friend in a neighboring city, and found him in a happy frame of mind.

"My dear Oskum," said he, taking me by both hands, "I am pleased to see you at this time, because I know you can appreciate the happiness I enjoy. Be seated, and I will tell you where I have been and what I have seen."

Having brought myself to anchor, my friend proceeded as follows:

"A few minutes before your arrival, I was surrounded by my dearest friends. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, and, nearer still, my darling young ones, over whose early graves I have shed many bitter tears, were restored to me again in the beauty of holiness. I have walked hand-in-hand with the blessed, and have seen the home that awaits me in the immortal world when my body returns to its native earth. All that is good and beautiful here blooms in perfection there. No more shall I sorrow for those who have passed away, nor feel sad when I look upon a new-made grave. Death and the grave shall henceforth be to me the keys which open Heaven."

Here I interrupted him by inquiring if he had recently attended any spiritual meetings.

"Not lately, Oskum," he replied; "I suppose you imagine that I am under the influence of Spiritualism, but such, I assure you, is not the case. My knowledge of the immortal world goes back to a period long before the word 'Spiritualism' had its present signification. Thirty-three years ago, when I was a boy, I happened to render some service to an aged shepherd in the Highlands of Scotland, who raised the veil which separates time from eternity, and showed me more than all the developments of modern Spiritualism that I have yet witnessed."

Ronald Cameron—that is his name, for he still lives—is a native of the Isle of Skye, and is, probably, one hundred and twenty years old. He had been a soldier, and had fought for Charles Stuart during the short campaign which terminated in the fatal field of Culloden. When peace was restored, he became a shepherd on the estate of a nobleman, whose son, wounded and bleeding, he had borne from the thickest of the fight, and sheltered in a cave until his wounds were healed and pursuit over. Such services were gratefully appreciated. He might have lived in comparative idleness, a favored retainer, but he preferred employment as a shepherd, and had his wish gratified.

He had a neat cottage, near the sheepfold, in the centre of a glen, three miles distant from any other house. Here, with his dogs and his sheep, he passed most of his time, for he was not married, nor had he any of his kindred near him. Though age had whitened his locks and wrinkled his face, his kind blue eyes were still bright and clear, his step firm and fleet, and his voice full and manly. He had the impress of old age, but retained the vigor of manhood in its prime. Living alone in such a secluded spot for so many years, naturally suggested to the minds of a superstitious people ideas of second sight, especially as he was known to be a native of the Isle of Skye, a place where the souls of the departed are said to be in constant communication with the living. This impression was confirmed by an incident which occurred several years before.

A gang of sheep thieves attempted to poison his dogs and rob his fold. Alone he overcame them, though five in number, and detained them a whole night in his cottage. One of the thieves fired at him, but he said:

"Put up your shooting-iron, man, it cannot hurt me."

By the exercise of a power which all felt but could not explain, he made them follow him to his cottage. When they entered they saw the table spread, six plates laid, and a smoking haggis in the centre.

"My friends," said he, "I knew you would come, and therefore I have made some preparation for your entertainment; be seated, and make yourselves at home."

He then invoked a blessing upon the food they were about to eat, and afterwards helped them and himself. Whether they ate anything, they could not call to mind, but the next morning they found themselves lying on the cottage floor, covered with blankets, and pillows under their heads. Simultaneously they sprang to their feet and rushed out of the cottage, as if pursued by the officers of the law, without pausing a moment to look behind them.

In after life one of them stated that the night passed in the cottage was the most frightful he ever experienced; every action of his past life and its consequences in a future state, flashed upon him with terrible effect; he writhed in agony, suffering torments beyond the power of words to describe. He awoke with the screams of the damned ringing in his ears, and bounded out of the cottage unconscious of the presence of his companions. From that time forward they all changed their lawless mode of life, and became honest, industrious men. Previously they had been notorious sheep-thieves, who had lived for years upon the plunder of the folds in unfrequented districts. Their several stories, in passing from mouth to mouth, were no doubt exaggerated, but they confirmed the general impression that Cameron was a wonderful man, which made people think of him with awe as they approached his pasture or saw him tending his flocks.

I made his acquaintance, and won his friendship by rescuing one of his lambs from drowning. The little thing tumbled into a deep hole in a burn, the sides of which were steep and concealed by willows. At considerable risk, I plunged after it, and seizing one of the branches, drew myself and the lamb by it to the burn-side, where the bleating mother was waiting to receive me. I shall never forget the meeting of that lamb and its moth-

er; it was the sweetest development of animal affection I ever witnessed. Though wet from clow to clow—the salt water—I threw myself upon the grass beside them, to share the pleasure which they seemed to enjoy; they kissed, they licked each other—the young one hung upon its mother's neck, each bleating in response to the other, as if expressing their love. I could have looked at them all day, but was disturbed in my pleasurable pastime by Father Cameron, who approached me unobserved and raised me in his arms.

"You are a good lad," said he, "and God will bless you; I saw you save my lamb at the risk of your life; and it is not the only life you will save in your earthly pilgrimage. But, my son, come home with me and dry your clothes."

He took me by the hand; and though I had previously regarded him with superstitious awe, I felt my heart warm toward him as we walked through the glen. After my clothes were dried, and I had partaken of some refreshment, he walked with me to the village, conversing about the trials and temptations of life, and advising me, under every circumstance, to remember that I was ever in the presence of my Maker, who would surely help and protect me if I put my trust in Him. At parting he gave me a guinea, and requested me to visit him whenever I had an opportunity.

I know not how it was, but from that moment I loved him even better than when I had been my own father. We met often afterward, and every meeting seemed to increase my pleasure. I was in perfect harmony with him, and would have been content to pass my life in his company. But such was not my fate. As I advanced in years, the realities of life urged me to look out for the means of living, and I decided to emigrate to America. A few days before my intended departure, I called to bid him farewell, feeling as if I should never meet again on earth. My heart was heavy and the tears stood in my eyes when I met him on the mountain side surrounded by his flocks. He embraced me, and said:

"Dry your tears, my son, we shall meet again; neither earth nor ocean shall divide us. Let us sit down under the shelter of this braid, and I will show you that which few are permitted to see. Place your hands in mine. Now raise your eyes and tell me what you see."

"I am," I replied, "in the centre of a large city, circular in form. Innumerable beings are coming out of a building near me, and are met by friends who embrace and lead them away toward the rising ground. Men, women, and children of every complexion, and of every nation issue from this circular house, and all appear happy, but all are in motion, advancing upward on every hand, singing songs of praise to our Redeemer. The streets radiate from where I stand in straight lines, and also seem to be laid out in circles, rising one above the other. Everything I see—the houses, the gardens, the flowers, the trees—look new. The sky is light and the air warm, but I see no sun, nor clouds to shut him from view, if there were one; yet all is beautiful beyond description. Still, my heart warms toward the mountains and the streams of my native land; so much beauty and regularity tires my eyes without satisfying my heart. Heaven, without heathery hills, lochs and running streams, would be no Heaven to me." I paused a moment, and then resumed: "The scene is changed—mountains and vales, rivers, brooks, and lakes, villages, and every other beauty of country scenery of which I have ever read or dreamed, are before me. I am happy; surrounded by hosts of friends who welcome me to their delightful homes. Shall I go and live with them forever?"

"Not yet, my son," he replied; "you have many earthly duties to perform before you can join your friends. But look again."

All the pleasures of earth, purified by the influence of Heaven, rose to my unimpaired view, and countless millions of angels were soaring and singing as they ascended toward a great, central sun whose light seemed to illumine the universe.

"Take me away, father," I entreated; "I cannot look long upon this scene and live." And I fell to the earth, covering my eyes with my hands.

"You have seen," he said, raising me from the ground, "some types of the new Earth and the new Heaven, but you have not the capacity to comprehend them; still, they will exercise a cheering influence upon your conduct in this valley of tears; and the time may come that you will be fitted to know even as you are known. But always bear this in mind, that Heaven may be enjoyed here if you labor to purify your soul. Heaven is more a condition of the soul than a place of gorgeous scenery. The first time you saw the new town of Edinburgh you thought it a kind of Heaven. I showed you a type of a celestial city into which the spirits of the departed were issuing from its centre to their allotted homes, and each saw in that city his idea of Heaven realized. Edinburgh, if placed at a corner of one of its streets, would have appeared no larger than a dirty drop of water in the sea. As all your ideas of happiness were associated with hills and streams, because these surrounded your parents and friends, you could not appreciate the boundless magnificence of even a celestial city, so I showed you the humbler Heaven of your thoughts and the happy spirits of your departed friends. Here you were happy also. You could not endure the sight of the home of the angels because you had not been purified by the performance of the duties of life; you have not yet been tempted, nor have you felt the need of a Redeemer, consequently you know nothing of his boundless love; and without having experienced its influence you could not enjoy Heaven. But few ascend from earth to Heaven. When our mortal puts on immortality, we go to the Heaven of our affections, surrounded by those we loved most on earth, who instruct us in the mysteries of holiness, to qualify us to enjoy their company; and we, in turn, perform those services for others. Thus we are continually receiving and communicating instruction, thereby increasing our happiness as we increase our knowledge, and at every advance in love, approach nearer Heaven. There, as here, we must labor for that which we love most, with this difference, that there we have no bodily wants to distract our minds. Many a poor man, borne down by the trials and afflictions of life, has had but limited opportunities of serving God according to the desires of his soul; in the immortal world such will progress rapidly. On the other hand, many who have never experienced privation, nor learned goodness by administering to the wants of others, nor virtue by acts of self-denial, will encounter many difficulties when they enter the spirit-world. There is no standing still in the universe. Motion is a universal law, in mind as well as matter; and what we do not know we must acquire by our own exertions; in other words, we must work out our own salvation. The schoolmaster may instruct and explain, but the pupil himself alone can learn—no one can learn for him. Labor, therefore, my son, to learn the will of God betimes, and you will never lack good influences to instruct you."

"But, father," I inquired, "why do you not go in the towns and villages and show the people what you have shown to me, and explain to them their condition in after life? By doing so you might make them happy."

"Because, my son, I could not if I would; there is not one in ten thousand like yourself, susceptible of my influence. But all and more than I have shown to you has been described and explained in books many years ago, and is well known to the learned; yet they do not believe it, because they are not sufficiently illuminated to comprehend it. I allude to the writings of Swedenborg. God, through his servants, floods the world with light, ages before men prepare themselves to see it. But the time will come when the sons of earth will be able to communicate with those they love in the world of spirits."

"Father," said I, "can you show me my life on earth?"

"Yes, my son, look and behold your future. It is but a picture which you cannot comprehend, because many of its scenes will call into action emotions and feelings of which you now know nothing. But when its leading incidents have been felt in pain or in pleasure, then you will realize its truth, and it will again pass before you. That is, the past only will be presented; the future, in mercy, will remain a mystery. I have shown you at a glance your journey from the cradle to the grave; in another moment the future will fade from your memory as if it had never been. The scenes of spirit-life, and your earthly experience, thus far, will remain impressed upon your mind, because they are of the past, and are designed to influence the future. It is now noon; the sun is on the meridian, and I can show you no more at present; but this day twelvemonth, at the same time, I will be with you again."

"I shall then be far away, father, if I have good luck, and you may be in your grave, for people say you are the oldest man in the glen."

"My son I shall never die—I shall be 'changed' in a moment, in a twinkling of an eye," but I shall never taste death. This may seem strange to you, yet it is a doctrine of the Bible. For fifty years I have mingled freely with the inhabitants of the spirit-world, and have the assurance that I shall enter into eternal life, without passing through the portals of the grave. I see the spirits of the departed mingling with the living, and influencing their actions for good and evil. Near you now, are the spirits of your mother and your sister; their influence is powerful for good, and will guard you among the trials and temptations of life. In large cities, like Edinburgh and Glasgow, it is frightful to see the predominating influence of evil. Men seem to have forgotten God, and to have yielded themselves willing servants of the power of darkness."

"Since you have been so kind, father," said I, "will you instruct me to acquire this wonderful power of seeing the spirit-world?"

"It is a gift of God, my son, which may be conferred on you, if you labor to love Him in sincerity and truth. His spirit alone can instruct you, and open your spiritual eyes."

He stooped and picked from the ground a handful of weeds, and wrapping them in a handkerchief, gave them to me, saying—"Keep these—they will enable you to gratify your humanity. Now good bye till we meet again; but you will not sail as soon as you expect."

"Father," I said, "the whole picture of my future life, which but a moment ago was as visible to me as the sun, has vanished, and I cannot recall it. Will my impressions of the immortal world be also erased?"

"They will be modified, but not erased. To retain them as you saw them, would unfit you for the duties of life; enough will be left, however, to cheer you when all else appears withered and dry. Now go, my son, and God bless you. In a year we shall meet again."

He was right when he said that I should not sail as soon as I expected, for nearly a year elapsed before my arrangements were completed, or, in other words before I could procure the money to pay my passage. About the middle of May, I embarked on board the ship *Leven*, Captain Cousins, at Greenock, bound to Boston. There were twenty-two passengers and a crew of twenty, all told, on board. We left port with a fair wind and pleasant weather, which continued several days, bearing us far out sight of land. Among the passengers was David Spence, an old man, who was going to join his sons. The change of diet and air, aggravated a large ulcer on his throat, causing him severe pain. I sympathized with him, procured medicines from the captain, and did everything in my power to afford him relief, but apparently without effect. "The ulcer spread over his breast and threatened his life; it did not seem possible that he could live another week. After watching by him most of the night, I fell asleep, and dreamed that if I would take a certain portion of the weeds, which I had received from Cameron, and steep them in whiskey and boiling water, a medicine would be made, which, if taken three times a day would give Spence relief. I awoke immediately and followed the directions of my dream. In ten days the ulcer disappeared altogether, and new, smooth skin without any sign of inflammation, covered the place where it had been. Spence told me that he had been afflicted with it from childhood; sometimes it healed over in one place, only to break out with increased pain in another. For the first time, within his remembrance, he felt free from its pain; he believed himself thoroughly healed. The pleasure I enjoyed was enhanced by the reflection that I had been influenced by the spirits of those who loved me. I still retained a pleasing impression of what I had seen of the spirit-world, though it was more like a dream than a reality.

About half passage across, the wind which had been easterly, changed to the northward, and blew quite fresh. We were under single reefed topsails, going rapt full on the starboard tack, heading our course, when, in the darkness of the night, a ship bound to the eastward struck us on the lee quarter, brought our mizzenmast by the board, and shattered our stern-frame. She passed on without taking any notice of us, and was soon lost to view, in the darkness. We all rushed on deck, expecting the vessel to sink under us; but the captain, who was not only a good sailor, but a man of commanding influence, told us to go below again and dress ourselves properly, while he and the men looked out for the ship. We obeyed. He then wore the ship round on the other tack, in the hope of bringing the lane side out of the water, but he was soon convinced that she must sink, for the sea rushed in very fast, and she was deeply laden with coals and pig iron. Her pumps were rigged and manned by the passengers, while the crew hoisted the ship to and hoisted the boats out. There was no confusion nor alarm after the first shock, for every one had confidence in the captain, and obeyed his orders promptly.

"Five feet water in the pump-well, sir," said the mate, addressing the captain, "and still the leak increases."

"Very well," he replied calmly, "put the women, children and old men in the longboat, and send the carpenter here to attend to the pumps." By his orders, water, provisions, blankets, and as much clothing as the capacity of the boats would permit, were also put on board. Though we felt the ship sinking under us, he kept the pumps go-

ing to the last, to prevent the men and passengers crowding together. Only one at a time was permitted to leave the ship, and he had to pass between the chief and second mates, who were stationed at the gangway. When all were on board, she had sunk to the plankton, and still the captain lingered on her deck, apparently irresolute whether to leave, or go down in her. "We are waiting for you, sir," shouted the mate; but receiving no answer, he sprang on board, accompanied by two men, forced him into the longboat, and cut her painter. The ship was now under water to the mainmast, sinking by the stern. The sudden pressure of the air in her hold burst the decks and hatchways open with an explosive noise; she rolled twice or three from side to side and disappeared, dragging her masts and yards after her. We were alone upon the ocean, a thousand miles from the Western Islands; but as every one had left the ship in safety, we were not depressed in spirits. Had a single life been lost, the effect upon us would no doubt have been gloomy. The weather, too, was mild, and the sea long and regular, settling to the southward before a strong breeze. The captain, five seamen, and all the passengers were in the longboat, and the mates and the rest of the crew were in the two other boats. At daylight the mates pulled alongside to consult the captain about their future course, but he was very gloomy. He was a young man, and as this was his first voyage as captain, he felt the loss of his ship as the end of his own career, hence his reluctance to leave her.

"Gentlemen," he replied, "in the Atlantic Ocean the wind generally decides the course which boats must steer. I supposed this so well understood that I did not consider myself of any use to you after the ship went down. I put a good man in this boat to steer her, in place of myself, believing that you all knew how to shape your course before the wind. It is the only course we can steer. While the wind continues northerly we shall shape our course for the Western Islands; but I suppose our only hope of success lies in being picked up. Let us endeavor to keep together, and leave the rest to Providence."

We then got our sails and ran before the wind, going at the rate of five knots an hour. Twice during the day we had some broad and water served out, but the captain tasted nothing; he sat aft by the man at the tiller most of the time, with his head resting on his knees, as if asleep. At night the wind increased to a gale; our sail was taken in, the rudder unshipped, and a steer oar used in its place. The captain, roused from his lethargy, took active command of the boat, and stood at the steer-oar himself, guiding her over the lofty waves which threatened to engulf her at every roll. In the lulls between the seas, the men were kept at the oars, pulling or backing as directed, while the passengers spelt out another in bailing out the water thrown on board by the wave crests. It seemed the longest and darkest night of my life. I expected every wave would hurl us into eternity. The fear of instant death had almost erased from my mind the bright impressions of spirit-life, which, at one time, I thought would lead me to covet death rather than shun it. When daylight dawned it only revealed our utter desolation upon the wide waste of waters, and made more palpable the danger by which we were surrounded. There was no help and little hope. The other boats were not in sight, and we feared they had been swallowed up by the relentless sea. The captain toiled at the steer-oar, and though evidently depressed in spirits himself, tried to cheer us. "Five days more," he said, "and we may yet live to see our friends; I ought to say *your friends*; for my own part, I wish I were sixty fathoms under water. I have no friends—no fortune."

About noon the gale increased, still blowing from the northward, accompanied with rain, lightning and thunder. I had just been relieved from bailing; wearied with the exertion, my head sunk upon the gunwale of the boat to court sleep, when I heard my name called, and felt my right hand in the warm grasp of a friend. Ronald Cameron was sitting on the thwart alongside of me—not a shadow, but flesh and blood, as when I last saw him. "Do not be surprised, D," he said; "I promised we should meet again on the first of June, and I am here. Fear not—by sunset you shall be saved; the other boats are ahead of you, all well. Good-by, till we meet again."

He pressed my hand, and was gone. Then recurred to my mind that he had shown me my present condition in the picture of my life a year before. That evening, about sunset, as he predicted, we were taken on board the ship *Sovereign*, which had previously picked up the other boats' crews; and, twelve days afterward, we all landed in New York. Every first of June, from that day to the present, Ronald has visited me about noon, giving me a few words of encouragement, and then disappearing.

Incessant toil and poor remuneration seemed my lot in life, and but for the influence of his visits, I should have felt very despondent. About eighteen years ago, I recalled to mind the virtue of the weeds or herbs which he had given me, and thought they might be the means of relieving many who were suffering from ulcers and kindred diseases, but, unfortunately, they were lost on board the *Leven*, and I know no name for them, by which to ascertain whether any grow in this country. It was July when I was first impressed with this thought, and I ranged the fields in search of the weed, whenever I could spare time, and read every work upon herbs that I could procure. I was impatient; I would not wait for the return of June, to ask Cameron. Winter came and spring succeeded, and still I was unsuccessful; and when June arrived, by some strange hallucination, I forgot all about it until Cameron was gone. Year after year I traveled the fields and continued reading medical works, much to the annoyance of my family, who feared that my brain was affected. Finding that my studies interfered with my daily work, I reluctantly resolved to abandon them, if my memory again failed me on the first of June. That day I was in the field under the shade of a lofty elm, pining over my repeated failures, when Cameron came at the usual time.

"Dear D," said he, "I know what has been in your mind for years; but, in kindness, I would not give you the information you so evidently desired, because you were not properly instructed to use it aright. By reading and study, you have acquired an insight into the various diseases which this herb or weed will cure; and you have felt the bitter pangs of poverty enough to make you appreciate the blessings of plenty. But your privations are not over; years will elapse before the merits of this healing herb will be recognized."

He pressed my hand and was gone, without naming the herb; but when I turned to walk home, I saw on every hand the long desired treasure. I had seen it scores of times before, and could not account for my blindness in not recognizing it. Now I could appreciate the value of my previous reading and study, for I had only a few experiments to make before I achieved complete success. In three years my medicine was the means of relieving thousands and enabling me to live comfortably.

This day Cameron had just left as you entered. Our conference was pleasing. The picture of my past life, with all its privations and temptations, was brought vividly before my mind and explained. He lifted the veil which separates the mortal from the immortal world, and introduced me to the spirits of my departed children, whose death had caused me many bitter tears. They were so happy and so glad to see me, that I felt reluctant to leave them. No words can describe what I have seen, nor convey any idea of the pleasure which I have experienced. Henceforth I shall never shed a tear over the graves of my friends, but rejoice that they have gone to a home where the love of God shall be their everlasting delight. At parting, Cameron advised me to beware of the machinations of evil men, and to remember that "there is no condition in life beyond the reach of change."

This—continued my friend—is a kind of Spiritualism of which our most gifted mediums have no conception. Cameron has often told me that it is within the power of men to-day to live in such close communion with God that they will pass from time into eternity without tasting death. A pure soul, he contends, will purify the body and endow it with immortality. It is the condition of his soul which enables him to be wherever he desires."

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND WHO EXPRESSED A DESIRE TO BE A POET.

BY BELLE BUSH.

The purest poetry lives not in words,
But lingers 'round the heart's deep chords;
It is not found in measured rhymes,
Nor yet in music's mellow chimes.
Its blisful sphere is not confined
To those by classic lore refined—
But it may bless the humblest mind.
It is not always born of speech—
The flowers of thought too often reach
No further than the lips that speak;
Or, if a wider range they take,
O'er human hearts their sounds may break,
Only to make them plain and ache.
Not so with poetry that's born
Within the soul's eternal home,
That, planted in the human heart,
Becomes henceforth of it a part,
And shows itself like golden rays,
That o'er the hill-tops burn and blaze
In many pleasant winsome ways.
Would you, my friend, know whence it comes,
And where its living presence roams—
What form it takes, what witching spells
Can call it from its hidden cells?
Know, then, it is the *Soul of Truth*!
Oh! seek her, she will work no ruth,
But crown thee with immortal youth.
From heaven she comes, o'er earth she roams,
Oh! fingers in the humblest homes,
And where she finds a quiet rest,
Or lodging in the human breast,
There quick she sows the blessed seeds,
That grow and bear for human needs
The golden fruits of good deeds.

Go, then, and write upon the sands of life
The poetry of noble deeds,
And they will be like fruit-producing seeds
Laid in the fertile soil, that quick upspring,
Uprooting noisome weeds.

If thou wouldst make life's journey safe and sure,
Be patient to endure—
Let all thy thoughts be pure—
Thy aspirations high, thy purpose strong,
To strive and win the victory over wrong.

Let every ill be borne with patient trust,
And learn from day to day
To bear thy cross along an even way.
"I will win for thee the star-crown of the Just,
And leave upon thy robes no soil of dust—
Upon thy soul no stains of cankering rust."

Leave scorn to the proud, and pride to those
Who dwell in clay-built huts,
Down in the marl pits and the moral ruts,
Wherein men fall who souls
The greed of gain o'ermasters and controls.

Leave sadness to the weak; be brave and free;
Hide not the truths you see;
Strew them with generous hands along the lea,
Where'er your path may be,
That others here may see
The pearl lamps guiding thee,
And they will grateful fly, to God, and thee.

Judge no one harshly—*angels never blame Earth's erring ones*, but gently fan the flame
That kindles in their hearts the sense of shame,
More potent far than words of withering scorn,
That only awaken discord where they're born,
And wound the soul, and plant within a thorn.
That rankles there and shuts from hearts forlorn
The dawn of heaven, the penitential morn.

Go, cheer the sorrowing; feed earth's hungry souls,
Scouring for bread and with watching and with strife;
They need thy heart's best prayer,
The gentle, tender care
That soothes with pleasant words and acts of love
The bruised hearts that seldom look above
Their idols made of clay,
That fade too soon away.

And leave them mourning, like a wounded dove,
Whose mate is dead, or faithless, learned to rove
To other bowers, within a neighboring grove.

Cheer on the young, whose race is just begun;
Sustain the aged form.
Bowed low beneath life's storm;
Bless those whose hearts are true who fall.
They are our brothers still. Oh! bless them all.
Thus wilt thou sow on earth the golden seeds,
That, springing up and whitening in the field,
A hundred fold shall yield
Of fruits for human needs.

Then men will bless thee for those golden seeds,
And name thee here the *Poet of good deeds*.
Adelphi Institute, Norristown, Pa.

Quarterly Meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association.

The First Quarterly Meeting of the "Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association" was held at "Spencer Hall," in the city of Fond du Lac, on the 4th and 5th of November, 1864. The meeting was called to order on Saturday, at 2 o'clock P. M., by Col. A. B. Smedley, the President, and the afternoon was spent in business and conference.

Mr. George White, of the ordinance department, gave some interesting statements concerning Spiritualism at Washington, D. C. On motion, an Executive Committee, consisting of three from each locality represented here, was chosen to look after the interests of the Association. The following is the Committee chosen: Oshkosh—A. B. Smedley, Dr. T. Carter, H. C. Jones; Omro—E. Thompson, W. W. Wilcox, Mrs. H. B. Buckwith; Fond du Lac—Mr. Moody, M. Gates, L. H. Spencer; Ripon—J. Woodruff, Geo. M. Henderson, H. A. Stewart; Waupun—A. P. Phelps, A. S. Palmer; Spring Vale—Chester Hazen, Mrs. L. Cheehey; Appleton—T. Patten, Mrs. Parkhurst, L. L. Randall; Sparta—Dr. U. W. Sargent, Mr. Cook, Mrs. Mary Annstrong; Berlin—F. Hamilton, Mr. Woodhull, Mrs. Dr. Phelps.

Saturday evening an excellent discourse was delivered by Rev. Moses Hull; subject, "Christianity and Humanity against Churchism."

Sunday morning, from 9 to 10, was devoted to conference. At 10 A. M. the funeral of the late Governor Tallmadge was attended in the hall; address delivered by Rev. Mr. McNell, a Universalist clergyman, immediately after which, Rev. Moses Hull delivered a funeral discourse upon the occasion of the death of Mr. Youmans.

At three o'clock P. M. a large audience had the pleasure of listening to an address by Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon, who did herself great credit as a bright, intelligent and eloquent expounder of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Sunday evening, Rev. Moses Hull preached a powerful and eloquent discourse from John xiv: 12, when, after a few remarks from Mrs. Gordon, and passing a unanimous vote of thanks to the good people of Fond du Lac for their kindness and hospitality, the Association adjourned, to meet at the village of Berlin on the first Saturday and Sunday of February next.

Oshkosh, Wis. JOHN P. GALLUP, Sec.

LIVING DEATH.

BY WILLIAM P. BRANNAN.

Our lives at best are but a living death;
The lingering days of pleasure and of pain
Are throbs and pulses of each pulsing breath,
Which come and go—and may not come again.

From youth to age we know but slow decay,
Howe'er we sin, or search for Truth and God;
For still Death's angel haunts our devious way,
And treads the path each mortal foot hath trod.

We leave life's spring-time home with all its blooms,
Its Eden-glories and Arcadian airs,
And seek in other climes our unknown tombs—
And breathe, in other lands, our heart-despairs.

We die to friendships of our early years;
We change in form and mind, in act and speech;
We die to childhood's gush of heart-warm tears—
Unclassing souls that once were each in each.

We die to charms that thrilled through every vein,
With heavenly heart-aches and foreboding woe;
To eyes whose beauty fired our heart and brain
With blessed raptures none but lovers know.

We die to forms too fair for earthly mold;
To angel faces, bright with Paradise;
To soul-felt yearnings pen hath never told,
Or tongue hath uttered underneath the skies.

We die to hopes of happiness and ease,
And vain ambitions, maddening once our brain;
To dreams of fame our souls could never seize—
And then awake to needless toil again.

The Orient light that ushered in our birth
With Memnon music or prophetic doom,
Goes down in darkness on our evening hearth,
And drops its pall upon a nameless tomb.

Thus morning, noon and night—from year to year—
We fall and fade, and gasp for life and breath,
Until our spirit, bonding o'er the bier,
Looks on the closing scene of Living Death.

Cincinnati, O., 1864.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearths, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they choose, and angels,
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(LITTLE FAVORITA.)

FAIRY FAVORITA;

OR THE

KINGDOM OF THE MAYBES AND PERHAPSES.

Little Favorita lived in a Fern cove near the margin of a beautiful streamlet, and a very happy life lived she; for she was both good and beautiful, and very many excellent little people loved her dearly, especially her mamma, who kept her very tenderly from all harm, and taught her all the good and beautiful things that she had learned herself. Favorita could balance herself on the most delicate thread of grass, and could hide herself in the half-unrolled leaves of the fern, so that her playmates would have to search a long time for her; and she could dance on a blade of the arbutus until she made those who looked at her quite dizzy, and yet she was so gentle and loving with all her fun and frolic, that they gave her the name of Favorita, the Favorite.

Her tender mamma had never permitted her to go very far from her side, but had always watched her with much solicitude; for not far from the fern country was the dangerous land of the Maybes and Perhapes, which she very much feared her darling daughter might sometime be tempted to enter. To be sure, she gave her child every reason for remaining at home, and she continually told her of the beauty of the life in the fern country, and the dangers of the country of the Perhapes.

"Why, if you should go there, my child," she used to say, "you would never know what you were about again. There are so many of the Maybes and Perhapes that they would come to see to their threads about you, and lead you so far away that I could never find you again. They say they spin all night, making the cords that they are to bind about people, so that they can lead them where they will."

Now all this only made Favorita more and more curious to know this large family of Perhapes and Maybes; but she was too good a child as yet to think of disobeying her mother, and she satisfied herself with climbing up to the top of the tallest fern she could find, and looking over into the meadow where the Maybes and Perhapes lived. Sure enough, there she saw a great many very busy little folks gathering the down from the dandelion seeds, and carrying threads of the cotton grass, and putting them together in piles under the cranberry leaves.

But they did not seem to work long at a time; but Favorita could see them get together in groups, as if planning some mischief, and sometimes even she thought she could hear their voices saying:

"That's the way to do it. If you want to lead people into trouble, the way is to begin by little and little."

As Favorita grew older she became more and more anxious to know what was going on in the world about her.

"How foolish," she used to say to herself, "it is to be always staying in one place, when there is so much to be seen and known everywhere! Surely, my dear mamma must have found out things for herself, and if she has seen the folly of many things, why I want to see the folly, too, that I shall know all about it."

Now it chanced that Favorita's mother went a little journey just before the midsummer festival; they said she had gone to the hilly country to get some honey from the Columbees, and as it was a journey of some peril and labor, she left Favorita at home. She did not as usual give her many warnings, or much advice, but merely said:

"Favorita, my child, do nothing that you will be ashamed of while I am gone."

The very afternoon after her departure, Favorita, feeling quite dull, with no one to kiss and no one to prepare the nice threads of silk from the pods of the milk-weed for her to spin, climbed to the top of the tallest fern branch she could see, and looked over into the meadow to see what the Maybes and Perhapes were about. What a family of them there were! and how Favorita longed to know what they were doing, for the hum of their voices could be heard above the singing of the meadow flies.

"I am very sure," said Favorita, "that it will be nothing to be ashamed of to go and see these little people, and find out just what they are about; and as my mamma told me only that I should do nothing to be ashamed of while she was away, I believe I will improve this opportunity

when I have no work to do, and when I find myself so lonely. I can see very clearly the best track for me to follow—just through that tangled mass of meadow-grass, and over these beds of moss. I am quite sure that I had better go now, and not wait longer."

Thus saying, Favorita swung herself down from the fern leaf, and started for the kingdom she had so desired to know something about. She got on very nicely through the clumps of tall grass, and was very much entertained by many things she saw, but she found the path growing more and more difficult as she advanced. She toiled on for some time however, till at last she became quite bewildered, and was unable to make any progress forward.

"Oh, how deceived I was!" she said; "this country is full of peril and danger! What can I do? I would turn back if it were possible, but I know not the way to retrace my steps. I believe that I must use my trumpet that my mother made from the feelers of that big bug that died down by the margin of the stream. I remember that my mother said that it came to its death because it wandered so far from the place where it lived. Oh, I hope I shall not die thus! I am already ashamed of myself for not heeding my good mother's advice; but I must make the best of what strength is left me, so here I blow my trumpet, hoping that help may come."

No sooner had the sound of the trumpet ceased, than Favorita heard a great commotion, and soon she was sure she could distinguish voices.

"I tell you it was only a mosquito beginning his afternoon efforts," said one voice.

"No, no, indeed," said another, "it was the call from some of our neighbors. I do hope it is some one from the Fern country, that has become bewildered in our swamps, for such an exclusive, aristocratic set of people as those are I never did know. They are as afraid of us as if we were those ugly fays that torment people all they can—but hush! don't you hear some one call? and oh, what a sweet voice! I do believe it is the voice of a beautiful child from our neighbors over the way."

Favorita called again quite loudly, and soon she saw herself surrounded by a crowd of little folks, that bustled about and looked so very brisk and lively, that she was greatly amused. There were old women no taller than the little old woman that washes her feet in a tub that can be seen under the petals of every garden violet, and yet they had on little kerchiefs and cunning little caps, and held in their hands little bunches of thread as fine as a spider's web. And there were young maidens that could not reach to the top of a fly's wing, and yet they looked quite wise, and wore very cunning dresses made of the down gathered from the leaves of the mouse-ear, and spun and colored.

"Dear child," said one, "how came you here? Very glad are we, I'm sure, to see you. It is seldom that any one visits our country, and no wonder, for it is a dangerous path that leads hither."

"I have often heard of you," said Favorita, "and I very much wished to know just what sort of people you are; but I fear I have done very wrong in coming, for my mother is away, and has often bade me never to venture this way; but now I am here, I must beg you to take me to some place where I can rest, for I am completely wearied with my journey."

"It is only a step to a fringed orchid," said an old lady; "lead her thither, and put her into that freshly opened blossom, and scatter this dust that I gathered from the lobelia blossoms at her feet, and she will sleep soundly till morning."

Favorita was too tired to say that she did not much like the odor of lobelia, and allowed them to lead her as they wished, and do as they desired. She soon fell asleep, and did not awaken until the next morning.

"I really wish I was safely at home, and could find my breakfast in the white clover blossom, that my good friend Fantine always brings me; but since I am not there, I am determined to make the best of my time here, and do all the good I can. Do tell me," she asked of some one approaching, "what you live in this dismal country for, and why you all keep yourselves so very busy?"

"Why, really, you are a simple child if you do not know about the families of the Maybes and Perhapes! I will tell you all about ourselves after breakfast, for the truth is, I am tired of this sort of life, and perhaps you can help me out of it."

They found their breakfast awaiting them, and after it was finished they went into a snug little cave formed from the dried cone of an alder, where they could overlook the whole community.

"My name is China Maybe, and those old women keep me at work all day, spinning, spinning, and picking the threads of the cotton grass. You see the reason we live here is because there is so much beautiful soft cotton that we can gather, and so many nice little webs spun over the bushes that we can spin with it."

"But what do you wish to do with it?" asked Favorita.

"Why! you must be a simple if you do not know that the family of Perhapes and Maybes have to work all the time," said China, "winding little threads about people's necks, so that the bad fays can lead them as they will."

"Oh dear, dear," said Favorita, "how dreadful! What do you do it for?"

"Well, it's a long story, as I have heard it, but I will make it as short as I can."

"And you won't wind any threads about me?" said Favorita timidly.

"Oh no, that we will not. We have only to do with the big people. You see the family of the Perhapes is a large family. They are the ones that wear those green dresses, and they once were quite decent people till they began their bad business; but you see that those bad fays that do all sorts of mischief made some of them believe that they would do almost anything for them if they would only help them beguile poor little boys and girls; and at last they were persuaded, and now they do a great business."

"But what do they do?" said Favorita.

"Well, the minute any one thinks, 'I've a good mind to do some mean thing,' then up steps one of the family of Perhapes and begins to whisper in his ear, 'Perhaps it will not do any harm,' 'Perhaps it is all right,' 'Perhaps some one meant I should do so,' and so on till the person gets so bewildered that he don't mind that some one is winding little threads about him that will lead him far away from the beautiful country of right and goodness, for we weave our threads, oh! so strong, if they are fine."

"And who are the Maybes?" said Favorita.

"Oh, they are another family, that does the same sort of work," said China. "They became acquainted with the Perhapes, and after a time came to live in the same country, and now we all work together. I belong to the Maybes, and just as I told you of the Perhapes, I begin the moment I hear a little girl or boy saying to themselves, 'I've a good mind to do some bad thing,' to whisper, 'Maybe it won't do any harm,' 'Maybe it is all right,' 'Maybe my mother would just as

soon I would as not,' and I keep so many maybes going in their heads that finally I put little cords about them, and then the mischievous fays have them all to themselves, and lead them into all sorts of mischief."

"Oh dear!" said Favorita. "I think that is dreadful. But do tell me what do the little girls and boys listen to you for?"

"Well, that is strange," said China; "but you must know that their papas and mammas often listen to those old women, who are very cunning. They go silly about among the old folks, saying their perhapes and maybes till they do a great many wrong things. I could n't help laughing, the other day, as I saw that old woman that you see yonder trying to lead a clever old man to do some wrong act."

"What was it?" said Favorita.

"Well, I don't mind telling you, if you want tell, for I shall get myself into trouble if I reveal all the secrets of the Perhapes. The old man was a farmer, and he was putting up some cherries for market, and he thought to himself, 'Hard times these for farmers. I wish all my cherries were fair and nice, then I should have a fine sum for them. I've a good mind to put some of these poor ones at the bottom of the boxes.' You ought to have seen how quickly that old, cunning woman, with the green turban on, stepped up to him and whispered 'Perhapes' in his ear. 'Perhapes no one will know,' he said to himself. 'Perhapes, perhapes,' buzzed she. 'Perhapes they will be as good as the cherries of other farmers are then,' said he. 'Perhapes if I don't do it, the huckster will. Perhapes he'll stop and buy some poor ones and put at the bottom, if I fill all up with good ones.' 'Perhapes, perhapes, perhapes,' whispered again the little old woman. 'Perhapes,' sighed the old man, 'the peach crop will fail; then I shall need to make more money from my cherries. Perhapes I'd better put in these just these few, at the bottom of this box.' Whether some better thought came over the old man or not, I do not know; but he suddenly turned and said, 'Away with these wicked perhapes. I'll do right, let what will come. Don't the Lord know whether I'll have a peach crop and an apple crop, and does he want me to cheat on cherries to begin with? Away with these miserable perhapes, I say.' And he put his fine, large cherries at the bottom of the measure, and the little old woman went away in such a hurry that she lost her kerchief and her turban, and you never saw such a figure as she made as she came back to the kingdom. Oh, how I laughed to see her scamper, and to see her stamp her foot in anger when she found she had lost her new turban. She has not ventured out since, but has stayed at home spinning, and I should n't wonder if she left the kingdom entirely."

"Oh, how glad I am," said Favorita, "that the old man was steadfast in the right."

"Yes, it was clever; but they are not all so," said China. "It was only a few days since that I went with that other old lady in the yellow dress. She is one of the family of Maybes, and she took me with her to an old woman who was selling tape and thread, and such things. Another old crone came in to buy some pins, and she gave a twenty-five cent piece, thinking it was a five, and went directly out. 'Dear me,' said the vender, 'if she hasn't made a mistake. Wonder if I had better run after her? Guess not.' Here Mrs. Maybe stepped up and began buzzing her maybes in the ear of the old woman, till she began to say to herself, 'Maybe she took it for five cents over the way; if so, it's as much mine as hers. If she did n't, maybe she'll never miss it. Or it maybe that she has over so much money, more than I have. If I should over find she had n't, maybe then I'll give it all back to her.' So saying she put the money in her pocket, and Mrs. Maybe gave a little chuckle and wound a treble cord about her neck."

"Oh dear, dear," said Favorita, "how much trouble a little matter can make."

"Sure enough," said China; "for the moment I had leisure I thought I'd just pop in and see the old woman that made the mistake, and there she sat looking sad enough at having lost her hard earned money, which she had calculated would buy her some tea for her supper. I tried to whisper to her to go back, but as I am a Maybe myself, I found I could make her understand nothing that I said."

"But," said Favorita, "can you approach any one you please?"

"Oh no," said China, "we can go only to those that first begin to think of doing wrong. You see the minute that any one begins to feel in himself that he will not do exactly right, then he draws about himself a sort of damp, murky air, just like this in the swamp here, that enables us to get up close to him. But if he never has a thought of doing wrong, then we have no chance to whisper in his ear. But I have not told you how easy it is to lead people after we have bound a great many little threads about them. If you do n't mind, I'll take you to-morrow to see a little boy that I've been a long time whispering to."

"But oh, China," said Favorita, "I wish you would n't any more."

"Well, perhaps I won't, if you will go with me. But hush; there comes the shrewdest Maybe of all the family."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Letters Received.

ADDIE L. B., PRINCETOWN, MASS.—Your letter, so neatly written and so correctly expressed, gave much pleasure. May all the beautiful influences of your country home make your spirit true and noble, and the sweet benedictions from your dear guardian angels be ever a stimulant toward the pure and loving. We all need a great many experiences to make us good and strong; may we both find what most we need to enlarge and beautify our spirits. I trust you will gather some of the beautiful evergreens and scarlet berries before the snows come, that you may wind them into wreaths for Christmas and New Year, for all these things help us to become cheerful and thankful.

Your friend, L. M. W.

TO E. J. P., GENEVA, ILL.—In your enigma you do not give all the numbers; therefore no one could guess it. Try again, and always give the answer when you send. In writing enigmas, great care must be taken to represent every letter, or else the word cannot be formed as answer.

Word-Puzzle.

BY MRS. M. D.

Who does not feel OTIDEUCLEIS for the LEBIWN ECL of our MERTONGEYN while CHEVTCALN the ROPERINSOGS of this DILATFICAR war.

On the occasion of the anniversary of the coronation of Alexander II. of Russia, at the Russian Chapel at Paris, on the 7th of September, a strange incident occurred. While all in the chapel were on their knees in profound silence, a deep, sepulchral voice exclaimed, "Long live Poland." Every body was frightened excepting the priest, who went on with the service.

THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1864.

