

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. III.

{COLBY, FORSTER & COMPANY,  
NO. 31-3 BRATTLE STREET.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1858.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

NO. 1.

A Beautiful Sketch, Written for the Banner of Light.

## LEAH HEBBARD;

### THE ANGEL-TAUGHT CHILD.

BY MADGE CARROLL.

DEAR MINNIE—As you seemed interested in what I told you concerning the young Leah Hebbard, and inquired so particularly about the state of her health, I write sooner than usual, to let you know that she is dead. I should like to write something very pretty, very tender, about the child, for, under the circumstances, one might expect it, but really I have grown so hopelessly prosy, that I cannot undertake it, with the prospect of a mortifying failure staring me in the face.

But Minnie, kind, this sweet child had really won a warm nook by the somewhat comfortless fireside of my heart. She possessed a sort of weird fascination over me, that actually made me afraid of her. Her glowing accounts of unfolded visions, her earnestness and eloquence, had such an enthralling charm, that very frequently I was forced to leave the room.

I have no desire to go astray after "strange gods." The faith that puts aside the Bible, as a worn out book, and professes to have newer revelations, divine light, is to be avoided by all true Christians.

I hope Charles and Isabel will live to see the error of their way. And also do I hope that our heavenly Father will forgive that self-deceived child, for misleading them. But you will say this is only a repetition of what I have written before. So it is, but my rebel heart will wonder where that deluded soul is gone. And yet I know it is impossible—it is questioning God's judgment. Leah whispered of perfect trust and fearlessness to the very last. Charles conjured her to tell them, if one shade of doubt, as to the truth of what she had seen and heard, crossed her mind. She smiled, and said faintly: "The coming seasons—the wakening flowers—the wings of returning birds flashing in the sun—all the ever-changing, yet ever-changeless scenes in nature, prove to the discerning eyes of love, the fact of the free spirit's visitation to earth. And as to the holy truth of that which I have been impressed to teach you, live out the pure lessons, and let the growing harmony of your lives answer."

And so she died, believing, and so they live, believing.

I send you some stray papers which were found among her few possessions; when read, return them, as the folks here get a high value on them. They are written mostly on small soiled bits, probably collected from the ash-box, and scribbled in a style almost unreadable. I managed to spell it out, though, so you certainly can. There is a singular beauty about the mysterious records, and when one considers that they came from a young, and entirely uneducated girl, they seem remarkable. Her father is more a kitchen maid; and they say the girl was so ignorant as to be almost a fool, until lately.

Read the scraps, and try to help me out of the perplexity into which their perusal has thrown me.

Yours, affectionately,

LUCK.

#### LOVE'S GRAVE, LIFE ETERNAL.

The sun, with golden pencilling, was writing good morning on the dull grey scroll of the eastern sky, when I sat down beside Love's grave. Soft, dewy gleams had rained on the small mound, in the nighttime, and every grass-spear was wet, and every tiny scented flower-urn was full.

I watched the golden lettering in the east, growing broader, flashing and kindling into deeper brilliancy, reaching up to rob the pale moon of her light, and outshining all the stars. Brighter and brighter rolled up the gay greeting words, broadening and widening at last, into the clear, Good day.

And with the glorious light—the light that is sure to outlive every storm-cloud, and outshine every eye, with that ever new splendor flooding earth and sky, I sat beside Love's grave, so desolate! And as my mind gradually turned from the contemplation of nature's just born day, to the dread knowledge of my loneliness and grief, how like a great sword it pierced my heart. And then that slender grave shadow rose higher than earth's mountains, higher than heaven's sun, overdarkening the whole world.

And yet that buried darling was but a little child. A little child, years younger than I, who had seen the summer bloom but seven times, and just at the commencement of this sweet rose month, they told me she had gone to the land of everlasting roses.

But I did not believe it. Did I not see them lay that lovely form under those sods, and hear them breathe prayers over it, and rain tears over it? I did not believe it when they told me, but now I know that it is so.

Night after night I watched by that grave-side, to see her in her angelhood, and entreat her to speak to me once more—breathe but one kindly word to me, before soaring beyond the starry heights. Then I told Phil, the gardener, that they had buried her too

far down, she could not find room to spread her wings and fly out. But he only told me, like they always do, that I was a "fool."

And yet Love has cleared those earth-blots and risen. When, I do not know, for have I not kept guard over that grave day and night? Have I not even in slumber, circled the swelling mound in my arms, so that she might not rise without waking me? But she has done so; she came to me this morning in a beautiful dream, and I knew it was a true dream.

"After I had wearied myself out with calling to her, and weeping because she did not come, I fell asleep, and had such a wonderful vision. I must have been still sleeping, but I thought I was awakened by some one touching me, and, on opening my eyes, I saw a beautiful, stranger lady bending over me."

"Look up, rise up," she said, in such soft, kind tones, that I could only look up into that face so exceedingly fair. It was like Love's, in its exquisite loveliness, and yet unlike it, too.

Her eyes were strangely dark and beautiful; they looked like a deep well, when stars are shining in it, and her hair was very black, but with a gleamy ripple in it as it lay around her brow.

"Look up," she said again, and raised me with a tender, clasping hand. Then I rose and looked about me. Was it sunset? No, the sun, in its most gorgeous evening pomp, never spread such splendor over earth, never hung such glory on tree, and shrub, and flower.

I was lost in gazing, entranced by the sweet miracle that had transformed nature, always so lovely, into still more surpassing loveliness. Around every leaf, soft emerald-gleams were playing; over the roses hung a pink transparent cloud, flushing into deeper bloom where the color on the roses deepened, and piling like gathered snow flakes over the white buds and blossoms, and it was still light, everywhere light. Every blade of grass was folded round by a slender sparkling line of light, and even the rock by the river's side, that had always appeared a lifeless gray, scintillated with a mingled shower of violet, purple and amber.

And oh! that river! It was like naught that my eyes ever rested on before; it was more glorious than a river of rainbows, with the sunshine goldening over it. For many, many minutes, I could not speak a word; then turning to the stranger, with a half-formed thought that she might account for it, I inquired, "What is this light?"

"Life!" she answered.

"What life? Whose life?" I asked.

"Not the life of a soul that prisons a dead sorrow within its portals. Not the life of a soul that lends its powers to work evil. It is Nature's life, my child, simple natural life."

With singular quickness I caught up her meaning. "Not the life of a soul that prisons a dead sorrow within its portals?" I repeated, half questioningly, for those words seemed to apply particularly to me.

"Not your life," she said, turning those divinely tender eyes upon me. "If I should tell you of a flower that bloomed in supreme beauty, yet bloomed prematurely, and faded early, yet held in its heart a rare seed—a seed richly ripened, capable of expanding into a fairer flower, endowed with better life,—and if I should say there came a bright-winged bird, who took that precious seed, and carried it away to a land of endless summer, where it could bloom and bloom perennially; and then if I should say that every kindred seed left here, dropped into the ground, and remained buried in darkness, never more to unfold beneath the genial sun-rays, because of the transplanting of their sister, what judgment would you pass on the little self-doomed things?"

I hesitated—not because I could not understand her words, but because my uncouth utterance would come in contrast with the silver melody of her tones. Then I stammered out, "I think they were fools."

She pointed to the great Lodore mansion, just visible from its hilly station through the bending trees.

"Do you see nothing in the appearance of that house that might in any way relate to my comparison?"

I looked—every window was shut close against the sunlight, and clouds of grape hung heavily from them. Her meaning flashed clear upon me, and I answered, "Yes."

"And do you feel anything here?" she laid her soft hand on my breast.

And again I answered her, "Yes."

"Yes—out here under the blessed sky," and she looked up with lighting eyes. "Standing on this beautiful earth, you have shut this great joy within your heart. Open it, and let God's daylight in!"

"But Love is dead! Love is dead!" I exclaimed,

the darkness of my wee again shrouding my spirit, and then her words seemed only a cruel mockery. Had not my great grief swallowed every ray of God's daylight?

"Love is dead—is this her grave?" she asked; she seemed just to have noticed it, and stepped back to read the brief inscription:—

LOVE LADY.  
Born May 21, 1850;  
Died June 2, 1857.

What a glory had broke over that small mound! I had not turned my eyes upon it since awaking, and now it was all glittering with the soft life-glory that bathed tree and shrub, rock and river.

"Is it here they have buried her?" she again questioned, as I, wonder-rapt, had not answered the previous inquiry.

"Yes, they put her here, so far, far down that she'll never get up again."

"Hark!" she said with a radiant smile, "who is it that calls?"

I listened, and far away over the golden-lighted river-waves I seemed to hear a voice summoning me:—

"Leah! Leah!" so thrillingly clear, and sounding so far away in misty distance. "Leah!" it called again, and I, catching the tone so familiarly dear, so lately lost, exclaimed in a transport of delight—"It is Love! Love!" my heart seemed to form and speak the beautiful word, and almost break, in its fullness, over it.

"Nay—Love is dead!" said the lady, pointing to the grave with a brighter radiance in her smile.

"Oh! she can't be dead, she's calling me, and not from the grave!"

"No! not from the grave! In a grave, where earth's children lay their dear ones, and think of their dear ones as being laid?"

A pair of round, white arms stole over my shoulders, and my face was pressed back to rest against Love's soft cheek.

"I knew that Love's arms, for where on earth was there a tender clasp for me, outside of their sweet circle! I knew it was Love's cheek against which my own was pressed, for who but she ever laid her own so confidently on that of the friendless Leah Hebbard! Was I not gone to that land of everlasting roses! Had I not by some unaccountable means passed into the house of many mansions—died in my slumbers, and entered the pearly-gemmed portals in unconscious calm, to wake in the midst of its sweet inhabitants? Such a thought welled up in my breast like a blessed food. And so that it would not appear strange and startle me, the good Father made it seem a familiar garden, and only let his angels show me Love's grave, so that I could welcome with deeper joy my living darling, remembering my darling dead."

"Do not let that which I am about to say, grieve you, my child. You are not yet risen to the higher life; you must go back to your customary avocations, and Love returns with me. But you shall see her again—very often. With her you shall read some of the great life-lessons that it befits both to learn."

Sit no longer in the shadow of this grave-stone; the soul of that which was dear to you—the bright essence, the life is not buried under that mound—this you now know. Go roam the sunny hill-slopes, the wooded heights, the gloomy dingles, and learn hope from the wonderous works around you."

I listened to her sweetly spoken words—then for the first time turned to see Love's face. Oh! what a bright, laughing face it was. The sun soft tresses strayed about it in the same wild way, and all the old bloom was flushing the rounded cheeks.

Why need I give in detail all her artless prattle? it was dear only to me, to me only, sweet.

The beautiful lady strolled apart as we talked, and decoupled herself with weaving together sprays of red and white roses. When her perfumed garland was finished, she approached and placed it on my head, kissed me, and took Love's hand, saying they must return. Strangely enough my mind was pervaded with such a perfect calm, that there seemed no room for grief or fear, when Love "upraised" her sweet red mouth to kiss me a good-bye. "I'll come again," she assured me.

"Yes, Leah, never doubt that promise. But meanwhile you must record all that has just occurred; will you try to do this?"

"I can't write, hardly, and I don't know any words," I answered.

"I will aid you; never fear. The ability to do comes with the will."

"And what shall I call you?"

"My earth-name was Mary—call me that. Now one more embrace from Love, and we depart. Come at this hour seven days hence, and we will meet you here."

They vanished from my sight, even while those soft-toned tones trembled on the air, and I awoke (this time in reality) to find myself alone.

Too full of astonishment and joy, to suppress my wonderful knowledge, and strange experience, in my own breast and brain, I ran toward the house with the whole story on my lips. But I was suddenly brought to a stop by a strong hand laid upon my arm. "Make no revelation—speak no word. The time is not come," spoke a deep, melodious voice in my ear, and, though I looked about, I could see no one. Yet I obeyed the command and was silent.

11.

#### THE ENCHANTED LAND.

I have once more been in the enchanted land of visions. Are they visions? How fit undecidable

proof of their blissful reality, came these flowing words, swift and strong as a river current, and sweet as the music of river-waves! Bright language such as I never heard before, and words whose written meaning I never comprehended, now flash like brilliant thought-wings through my brain, seeming to lift it up as with a great light, and run like a fire-stream burning to my fingertips.

When I write I find little difficulty in chaining my ideas within the reach of words, but when I would give them outward utterance while conversing, I blunder out in the usual style.

At the same hour as before, just the one before sunrise, I went with a strangely fluttering heart, to keep my angel-tryst.

Many mornings since, have I gone and sat there, wondering, fearing, and hoping, but have come away disappointed.

My mind was in a tumult at the hour that had been named for my second meeting with Love and her beautiful friend. How much of hope and trust beat in my doubting breast I did not know until I sprang up to meet Mary and Love, exclaiming, "I know'd you would come!"

Beyond aught I have ever known of happiness, was the rapture of this early morning meeting. And yet I did not manifest my joy, as I am wont to do, by screaming and dandling with wild heart and wilder brain, it came in, so all-pervading but so all-transquilizing. Mary bade me come with them, and we rose up into that bright, clear air. How this was accomplished I cannot tell, but we seemed to float upon the soft atmosphere, like a water-lily trembling on the blue wave.

Oh! it was a such a free, glorious feeling, to be sailing thus over the earth, so untrammelled by its narrow forms, and with such a comprehensive view of it, unrolling before us. Mountains rising, rivers sparkling, towns and cities mapped out before our gaze, and that many-hued splendor flushing over all. It was a sight the grandeur of which none who have not seen could feel or understand.

"It is the vital principle of Nature, child, whose workings are ever visible to us. It dwells in the heart of the small acorn that drops unnoticed into the ground, and which the dirt and leaves overcover. It throbs in that little guarded cell, with the same inherent power that causes the beating of your heart. It swells, it expands, it upreaches, it rises into the greater light, and unfolds into a mighty oak."

Sometime I will explain this principle, but not now; you do not possess sufficient mental strength to grasp the grand idea.

Think of it now as life, and remember life is always light—once darkened, it is death."

"Is it death then, when the sun goes down?" I asked.

"No, for it is not dark then, although it may seem so to you. Nature never sleeps, and knows not the blindness of darkness."

But Leah, you must not now so question me. All that it is best for you to know, will in time be taught you."

I was silent, and watched the radiantly varied panorama gliding out under our airy way. Momentarily I tightly clasped Love's hand, with a vague dread ever present that I might lose her, never to look upon her joyous face again.

Mary was the first to speak, after this time of quiet. "I am going," she said, "to visit a friend of mine, a dear, true friend, that pearl unfortunately so rare, in this small world beneath us."

We descended into the midst of a great city, and traversed its thronged highways. Yet no one seemed to see us, no wandering eye met ours, no hurrying feet turned aside for us. I held close to Love's hand, wondering why it was so, but I said nothing to her, as she seemed so intent on gazing around, and her blue eyes were shining so thoughtfully beautiful.

Mary ascended the steps of one of the handsome houses that stood side by side in rows along the streets. And there we waited. Presently some one came out, and as they did, so we passed in. Mary's friend, whom we had come such a distance to see, sat reading, and paid no heed to us. She stood unnoticed, scanning his face with her soft eyes brimming with tenderness. Then in a low and exquisitely harmonious voice, she sang:—

"Long ago, long ago, the great sea-waves of life,  
That are ever hurrying to and fro  
Paused mid their restless strife  
Paused to murmur softly and low,  
A sweet refrain in the heart of a shell."

A sweet refrain, a sweet refrain, a tangled shred of sound,  
A mingled anthem of joy and pain,  
Rang through the pearly bound,  
Awakening echoes that died not again,  
But ever in answer swell.

Wild and high, wild and high, thundered the mighty flood,  
Tossing that shell where the pastures lie  
Of the kindly Shepherd, God;  
While far beneath it the earth-winds sigh—  
Around it, the waters of bliss.

And blent with the life-psalms learning now,  
Casualty trembles that melody,  
Sweetly in time with the musical flow  
Of the heavenly harmony."

She had drawn nearer him, at the conclusion of her sweetly-sung song, laid one white hand on his brow, the other on his head. With infinite affection she pressed her cheek against his hair, her lips upon his brow. Then approaching us, she sat down and took a hand of each in her own:—

"Children," she said, "I have brought you here to gain instruction. Do you understand that passage in Scripture which says, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink,'

Do you suppose it to be merely in relation to physical needs? Not so. There is a hunger and thirst widely apart from these. You, my poor one, have felt it," she said, circling me with her arm. "Blessed is the hand that offers even a cup of cold water to quench the wild want of a thirsting heart! And thrice blessed is he who giveth meat as well as drink. Blessed is this man! look upon him and honor him, little children, for there are many, very many, breathing the love-fraught airs of the Better Home, who must return to learn of such as he. No silver scroll in those higher halls of knowledge, holds a brighter, purer lesson, than is to be found in this man's heart and life. I have seen him beside the couch of pain, and in his very presence there was healing. I have watched over him at all times, and under all circumstances, and never knew him guilty of one unworthy act: I opened before me the beautiful vista of his past ways, and all along them Truth, Faith, and Charity have strewn drops of light, as the stars strew the heavens."

She turned her face towards him—that face so beautiful with eloquent feeling, and he sat there so unconscious of the angel in his room. A soft shade flitted over her face, then she said, speaking with a sweet, sad cadence in her tones:—

"This is our hardest trial, to sit in the presence of our earth-friends untried, to stand beside them with yearning hearts, anxious to comfort and assist, and have them so unconscious of it."

"Can't he see us, then?" I inquired, forgetting, in my anxiety to know, the gentle check she had put upon my propensity to question.

"No, he does not see us," she answered kindly. "Why can't he? Am I an angel when I'm with you?"

"No, Leah. I will explain your condition at a more convenient time. Come, take Love's hand, and we will go hence."

I took the little rose-tipped fingers in my own, and we left the house. Again we trod the maze of city streets, and saw such mingled wonders, I could not even with my now gift of words, describe them. Love broke her sombre silence, and chatted gaily on all we saw and heard.

At length, after Mary had let us run on in this way for a long time, she stopped, and pointing upward to a glittering, sun-draped cloud, that lay slumbering on the azure vault, she said we would go there and rest. We ascended in the same manner as before, I without any effort of my own powers or will; and, reaching the bright spot, we sat down amid its sun-wreathed folds, and overlooked the mighty metropolis. How pure it looked from our glorious observatory! A mere cluster of beehives, with a narrow way pencilled through them!

Mary noticed my gaze riveted on the place, and circling me with her arm, she said:—

"My child, close your eyes a moment, and you shall behold this sun-lit atmosphere with a new vision."

I obeyed, and she drew my head to rest on her shoulder. She passed the hand so illy-white, so illy-soft, caressingly over my forehead.

A warm stream of light seemed to follow the gentle touches; flashing up like sparks before my eyes.

"Leah," she said, speaking so musically and low, "Man has termed the world you live in a vale of tears. He mourns over the cruel fate that dooms him to journey through it. He looks upon the earth-life as a burden, and wastes his hours in vain longing, in useless repining. A vale of tears! Leah, look upon it!"

She raised her hand from its gentle resting on my brow, and, unclosing my eyes, I looked around me, and down upon the world. But was it the world? Our world! centered round with such dazzling glory! A glory folding it in like a sea of light, and raining down upon it bright, warm, and all penetrating. Was it the world? Our world, to which those glorious brows, radiant robed beings were flitting, bearing in their arms such beautiful burdens? Could it be the world I dwelt in, the same place that had seemed to me such a desolate, desert spot? I saw, too, that our resting place was not a cloud, but a lovely temple with pillars of pearl, wreathed round with emerald and gold-leafed vines, and festooned with a soft, cloud-like drapery. We were sitting there on chairs of regal purple and gold, and with an almost imperceptible motion, we were floating toward that blessed sphere.

Quick through my wonder-stricken mind had rushed these thoughts, and then I asked the question:—

"Is that the world, or is it heaven?"

"Yes, it is the world—the world which you inhabit—the beautiful world in which thousands of men and women dwell, with blinded eyes that cannot see its divine glories. The bright field amid whose ripening harvest man stands, lifting his empty hands to heaven, gathering in not a sheaf of the golden grain ripening and dying around him! There is not a spot in that great sphere on which does not rest the ladder reaching the skies. No out, however lonely, where man or woman dwells, unvisited by angels. No place so far from heaven that the tired soul sleeps there without dreaming of it—and how over that soul may have wandered from the right—however heavily sin may weigh it down, and close darkly about it—still the portals of that soul is Bethel, the house of God, and habited by angels."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

A voter deficient in personal beauty said to Sheridan: "I mean to withdraw my countenance from you." "Many thanks for the favor, sir," replied the candidate, "for it is the ugliest mug I ever saw."



## Poetry.

## FIRST DEATH OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY COVAIN BEMIA.

There never came a brighter morn,  
From o'er the distant sea;  
The birds sang a sweeter song,  
From off the old elm tree,  
Then when the angels left their bowers,  
To hail a spirit-birth,  
And twine a special wreath of flowers,  
From heaven down to earth.

We watched with sister through the night,  
Her breathings faint and low;  
For when the stars had veiled their light,  
We knew that she must go!  
Oh, how our hearts did bow with grief,  
When came that long drawn sigh—  
I'm weeping now to think of it—  
That sad and last "good-bye!"

How quiet was our household then,  
How silent every tread;  
How kind and gentle were our hearts,  
When little May was dead!  
And if ere we spoke an angry word,  
That caused a bitter tear,  
We did not care to do so then,  
The angels were so near.

Nor did we like to see the sun  
Across the carpet play;  
Or basking in the sparkling light  
Of colors bright and gay;  
And so we put the curtains down,  
To hide the rosy hours;  
For who could love the sunlight then,  
With hearts so sad as ours?

And oft I'd go to mother's room,  
When no one else was nigh;  
To look once more on that pale face,  
Then turn away and cry;  
But now, down by the greenwood dell,  
The little stars at even,  
Can guard the form we loved so well—  
But sister's gone to Heaven!

I wonder when I go to sleep,  
To wake on earth no more,  
If sister will not be the first  
To welcome me on shore?  
Oh, yes! methinks I see her now,  
That little cherub one;  
She's waiting on the spirit-shore,  
And beck'ning me to come.

THATCHWOOD COTTAGE.

Translated for the Banner of Light.

## SYLVESTER NIGHT'S WANDERINGS.

## A PHANTASY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. BELDERN.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Outside the storm was raging, as if in celebration of the last day of the year, with its tempestuous glees. The howling gale shook furiously the gray, heavy clouds, that cast down upon the frozen earth, their burden of snow; which no sooner touching the ground, was whirled in thick clouds towards the sky. It was one of those nights, in which the winds rave unchecked, and moan around the corners, and penetrate through unthought-of nooks and little crevices; intruding into well-warmed, comfortable homes, and bowing to their power, the flickering lamp-lights.

Happy is he, who on such a night can assemble his loved ones around him, and in laughter and merriment, defy the wintry blasts and the desolation without. But, the one that sits alone, and, immersed in sorrowful recollections, gazes upon the fantastic flicker of the fire-light, or listens to the gnawing wood worm in the decaying frames of the family pictures,—oh, pity such an one! and when you sit together, a jovial company, and the pearly lilt of wine flashes in your goblets, be it with you a duty to dedicate the first glass to the poorest one on earth—the lonely, the forsaken! Drink to him before you touch your glasses with enthusiastic wishes for the welfare of happier friends. Your remembrance would wing its way, as a spring-like zephyr, laden with blessings, to the lonely chamber of the forsaken one; and though he know not whence the peaceful breathing came, he would acknowledge its influence by a tear of gratitude. For this, believe me, there are friendly spirits, that in various ways convey our thoughts, far, far away—even unto those whom we name in our prayers, ever so distantly.

I sat alone, on the last night of the year, in my solitary chamber, determined to remain awake until the new year opened its portals; for it had become a rule with me to watch on Sylvester night, and hail the New Year's advent with a wish and prayer. I loved to hear the songs of the children, as they passed through the streets with hymns and earnest songs; I remembered, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, how often I had taken a part in these excursions; the last hours of the year were filled, to me, with reverential memories and aspiring hopes.

I went to the window. The gale had somewhat abated, and the snow fell in fine, sharp flakes, a sign of the intense cold and its duration. But the streets were filled with life, with jostling, smiling crowds, such as no other winter's night can show. Friends hurried once more to greet each other before the New Year came; some, perhaps, inspired by benevolent feelings, hastened once more to speak comfort to the afflicted, and presage for them the fullness of happiness with the New Year's birth. The windows, that on other nights at this hour were dim and closed, were nearly all illuminated; there was mirth and festivity in many homes, for some persons think it best to spend the last hours of the year in dancing and revelry.

"How may things look inside of your illuminated windows? How in the darkened dwellings? Where will true happiness enter this night—where rest the burden of cares? Does peace dwell in the palace opposite, or has it fled to humbler homes?"

So did I question myself, when I suddenly heard a rustling at my side. I turned quickly around, and to my astonishment beheld a thoughtful old man standing there, on whose face the hand of time had furrowed many a deep, expressive line of thought, care, and experience. A wide, dark mantle, concealed the bent figure, and was partly drawn over the silvered head. The strangeness and suddenness of his appearance moved me strongly—it was so strange, so spectral. But yet it was not fear that caused my voice to tremble and my head to bow in reverence before the venerable man.

"Who art thou?" I inquired, perusing attentively the old man's features.

"I am the Master of this Hour," he replied in a serious tone.

"Master of this hour?" I repeated.

"Yes; a master, and yet a passing portion of the whole; all yet, but soon to be naught but a thought—a remembrance!"

"But what seek you here?" I questioned, without following the meaning of his enigmatical words.

"I would serve thee!" replied the old man, smilingly. "You asked yourself, how matters were inside of the houses spread before you. Will you see with your own eyes?—then follow me. I will conduct thee, wherever thou wouldst go, unharmed and unseen."

I looked doubtingly at the strange old man. Was he having his sport with me? And yet his aspect was so earnest, it inspired confidence and respect.

"Thou dost not confide in me," he said. "So be it, then; remain where thou art. Thy wish guided me here. The power that I possess over this hour, opens doors and walls, unseen and unheard for me; and I can bestow the boon upon another. I would have given thee this privilege, but thou doubtst me, and my promises. Farewell!"

I felt ashamed and rebuked at these mild words; that I could for a moment have held a suspicion of the venerable old man.

"Stop, stop!" I cried, "and forgive, if by word or look I have hurt thy feelings! I do not fear thee, and will willingly follow thy guidance. Conduct me wherever it pleases thee; show me the sorrow and the joy of this night."

The old man smiled benignantly; then he made me a sign to follow him. We were soon in the street. The snow clung to my boots, and, every step I took, gave forth that creaking sound that chills one's blood; but I did not hear the old man's footsteps, he seemed rather to float before me than walk, and that so swiftly I could with difficulty keep up with him. Every now and then he would stand still, and look smilingly around, until I reached his side, then he floated silently on as before.

We halted before a magnificent building. I recognized it immediately as the palatial dwelling of the banker Goodfriend. The first story was brilliantly illuminated; and rich strains of music were wafted to the street below, attracting the attention of many passers-by, who, listening for a moment, hastened on to warm their numbed feet by rapid walking.

"We will go up there first," said my venerable conductor, and he passed the arched doorway that opened of itself before him.

There was life and bustle throughout the house. Servants hurried up and down the stairs; the kitchen-fire burned brightly, and the treasures of the wine cellar were taken from their dampness in large baskets. Everything betokened a grand festivity.

We passed over the tapestried stairs without stopping; no one heeded or questioned us; though many passed us by, they did not appear to behold us. We entered a brilliantly lighted saloon; my guide drew me to a window recess, from which point we could observe all that was passing.

Around a large and beautifully ornamented table sat the aristocratic and wealthy guests, partaking of a choice repast. Merry faces and words, cheerful mien and conversation, met there in seeming harmony, and the praises of the host were ever renewed with enthusiasm.

"The delicious wines—the choicest delicacies—only our hospitable Goodfriend could provide such a feast!" said an old, bearded officer, as he stretched forth his hand for a dish of his favorite pastry.

"The most select company is to be always found here," was the opinion of a maiden lady of forty, who, by the use of cosmetics and rouge, ineffectually sought to conceal the inroads of time.

The banker, a little, elderly man, with sparse gray hair and golden spectacles, sat at the head of the table, and endeavored with a show of conscious modesty to cast aside the flatteries of his guests.

"May the coming year find us often, and as cheerful as now together!" he cried, as he raised his glass.

With loud acclamations the wish was received; and the old officer, much to his reluctance, left his pastries, oysters and cream in peace awhile, to respond to the toast.

"The best friend and most generous host!" which was drunk amid loud applause.

When their enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, the banker arose, and once more thanked them for this proof of their friendship and good will. "Allow me," he said, "to add to my fervent thanks a position which will surely now find acceptance, for joyful hearts gladly fulfill what is demanded of them. We shall not everywhere find hearts as glad as ours. To many, this night closes a sorrowful year, and to-morrow begins another of care and toil. Many a brave, good son, looks shudderingly towards the future, as he thinks of his old, feeble, helpless parents. Many a mother knows not how she shall obtain food on the morrow for her trembling little ones, who this night go hungering to bed. There is sorrow and privation with old and young. But first of all—let us help the children, and that is a principle followed out, even in the highest circles—let us help them, and we assist the parents, and lighten them of the greater portion of their cares. The confidence of a large number of my fellow-citizens has placed me at the head of an undertaking, which is to provide for this need. There is to be founded an asylum for children; but the sacrifices it demands will be great. But the blessing of such an object is tenfold; every one must feel happy to contribute to so grand a work. I come as petitioner for suffering humanity; you will not withhold your aid!"

A murmur of approbation followed his words.

"The banker is indeed the impersonation of benevolence!" said, much affected, an elderly lady to her neighbor; "there is no charity undertaken, but he is at the head of it. He is a true angel of exalted bounty and inner mission!"

The lady she appealed to nodded her approval, and wiped a tear-drop from her cheek.

The banker took a silver fruit basket, that stood empty before him, and placed in it several gold pieces; then he approached a young and beautiful lady who sat near him.

"Will you, my lady, undertake the collection for this beautiful object? If your charming eyes extend, none can refuse, and to your eloquence all hearts will bow; and hands will give more generously, than if I petitioned for the poor, with everyday words and manner."

The young lady bowed gracefully, and blushed at the compliments, but she willingly undertook her office. With sweet, soft words, she turned to each of the guests, and all gave generously; availing themselves of the opportunity to pour the choicest flatteries and compliments into the ears of the beautiful and benevolent young girl.

With much emotion the banker followed her movements, when suddenly a tall, haggard-looking man, in a black coat, approached, and touched him on the shoulder.

Goodfriend turned quickly around.

"What is your wish, secretary?" he demanded, with a manner that denoted some embarrassment.

"Only a few words, sir, if I may entreat you," he replied, with a deep bow.

Goodfriend arose, and followed his secretary to a corner of the saloon.

"I must express to you my admiration," he began with a sarcastic smile, "that so easily you can accomplish the public good with other people's money."

"Walther!" angrily replied the banker; "can I have no peace from your mockery, not even this night?"

"I mean no mockery, sir," continued the secretary. "On the contrary, I have been thinking how to begin the article which I am to send through a third person to the office of the State Journal. I shall write: 'Yesterday there was a grand soiree at the mansion of the rich banker, Goodfriend. The elite were there assembled, and the untiring friend of the poor, the generous host, again convinced his guests how truly he labors for the amelioration of the sorrows of the toiling classes.'"

"Do what you please," interrupted the banker in strong embarrassment, "but save me from your eternal sarcasms. As you have taken a look into the shattered condition of my finances, does that empower you to persecute me like an evil spirit?"

"I do not wish to trouble you," said Walther in a low voice, "I only warn you. We cannot maintain our position more than three months, then bankruptcy must follow, even with strict economy!"

"Be silent, creaking raven!" cried his employer, looking anxiously around. "Try, any how, to procure me some money. Major Wlostenstein will undoubtedly arrange a party for play; that is his invariable custom. As host, I cannot withdraw myself; bring me, therefore forty *Louis d'or*, out of the desk, immediately."

"I am extremely sorry to disoblige you," replied the secretary, shrugging his shoulders; "but there is not one left in the desk."

"How?" cried Goodfriend, turning, very pale, "where is all the money—my rents of part of this house and the rest, where has that all gone to?"

"To bakers, butchers, and other coarse trades-people," sarcastically responded Walther. "They threatened to sue you on the first of January, if they were not paid on the last of December. Of course, if I had known that you intended to play to-night, I would have allowed the people to go to law, and kept the money; perhaps you could have won with it, if fortune was propitious. But malicious persons would have said to-morrow, the extremely wealthy banker, Goodfriend, has been sued for debt. I shall in future ask for further instructions from you, sir."

"Say no more," entreated the banker, and he looked disconsolate. "But can you not get me some money?"

"No, sir, I cannot!" said Walther decisively. "The poor young widow up in the garret is the only one that has not paid her rent, and she owes it for a quarter. But she is very poor; the pretty widow! and she has a sick child. You must, therefore, show her a little regard and consideration."

"How? regard and consideration?" cried the banker. "Consideration with such a beggarly pawk? Go immediately to the woman; and tell her that I shall throw her on the street if she cannot instantly procure money. And, do you bring me the money here, quick! Go immediately!"

"May I add in to-morrow's article in the paper, that the noble benefactor of the poor, the universally esteemed banker, Goodfriend, cast, on the same night from his house, the poor widow and her sick child?" A sardonic smile played on the thin lips of the secretary, and a mocking gleam of hatred was in his hawk-like eye.

"Be silent, miserable villain!" cried the excited banker; then as if frightened at what he had said, he added: "No, Walther! I did not mean it; you know I love you, I esteem you—but only procure me some money!"

"I know how to appreciate your excellency's love," sneered Walther, as he made a deep bow.

Much excited, the banker returned to his seat at the table. The silver basket had gone the rounds, and was filled with paper money and gold pieces. With a graceful inclination the beautiful young lady presented to the host the collected treasure.

The banker had supreme control over himself; he was truly a man of the world; his conversation with his secretary had drawn him from his usual impassiveness—only a moment. A happy smile now played around his pale, thin lips.

"The grateful tears of the poor and suffering will give you more beautiful thanks than could my weak words express," said the banker, and he gave the silver treasure basket to his secretary, with the request to count its contents upon a neighboring table.

With the most respectful demeanor in the world, Walther took the basket, and complied with his employer's request. He took care, however, while counting, to slip a handful of gold pieces into his sleeve, from thence to his pocket.

"My pay for counting!" he muttered between his teeth, smiling pleasantly all the while.

Then he turned with his characteristic and sanctimonious mien towards the company, and cried with unctuous voice—

"The donations of love and benevolence amount to six hundred and fifty dollars!"

An exclamation of joyful surprise followed this announcement. Walther placed the money before the banker.

"May the consciousness of good deeds, of suffering alleviated, elevate this last hour of the year, to be the happiest!" said the host, with much emotion. And the sudden strains of music accompanied the happy wish.

The secretary once again touched his employer's shoulder.

"I go, now, up to the poor widow," he whispered, "and if she has no money, I will have her on the street immediately; she and her child!"

"Allow her to remain until to-morrow," whispered Goodfriend in reply, "only procure me some money!"

"Angelo benefactor of the poor! So, you allow the widow to remain until to-morrow?" said Walther to himself, as he left the brilliant saloon. I felt strangely in this atmosphere of seeming and being, of truth and falsehood. I felt dizzy, as if I stood before a yawning precipice.

"There is no happiness here, despite of all these brilliant lights and wealthy surroundings," I said to my conductor, who was smiling bitterly, as he

gazed upon the scene. He drew me unobserved away from the glittering assembly, where, loud but not true gladness reigned.

We did not leave the house, but entered a back building, and ascended four steep stairs till we came under the roof. A door opened before us, and we looked into a small, low, dimly lighted room.

Here sat, before a little table, a young woman, whose face had once been very beautiful, and would still be deemed lovely, although care and many tears, those foes of beauty, had washed away the crimson of her cheeks. The eyes of the young widow were dimmed by tears and nightly watchings; and from her needle-work they glanced anxiously towards the bed, beneath whose tattered curtains was heard the breathing, heavy and irregular, of a sleeping child.

The poor seamstress' name was Martha. The tie that seemed formed by fortune and so smilingly approved by love, was rent by the hand of death in a cruel manner; after a few short years of joy. The willing hands of the devoted husband had sought ample sustenance for wife and child; now, she was compelled to count the moments of the day and night, that she might toil for a bare subsistence and obtain medical relief for her child.

The only window of the little garret looked out upon the yard, and the reflected light of the brilliantly illuminated saloons played on the wall. The poor mother glanced towards the rays of the light, and listened to the sound of the mingled instruments. And as she beheld the servants returning the many dainty and untasted dishes to the kitchen, she sighed deeply; for privation is more deeply felt in the neighborhood of superfluity.

It was bitter cold in that narrow garret, and the empty wood basket beside the old battered stove, plainly told the tale, that necessity alone, and cruel want, had extinguished the friendly fire. The poor young widow sat in a thin, cotton dress; for it was her only one, the last! and the old cloak she had spread over the sleeping child. But the strong necessity of action, the gnawing care, caused the feverish blood to circulate and flush the wan cheeks; so she felt not the cold, thinking that every stitch neglected deprived them of their scanty meal. Martha's needle flew along the silken fabric which was to form the ball-dress of a noble lady, with heightened speed, yet she paused often, that she might not stain the thick rich silk with her bleeding fingers.

You wealthy honor and pleasure seekers! You do not once bethink yourselves, that upon your costly robes the bitter tears of poverty have fallen; that the needle employed upon its many stitches won bread for a hungry family! Oh! choose less costly robes, but compensate the toiling laborer; and truly, the consciousness of a good deed, the satisfaction of right, that will brighten your eyes, will be far more dazzling than the most magnificent diadem, beneath whose weight of gold and diamonds you can scarcely raise your heads!

A neighboring church clock struck half-past eleven. At the sound, the poor woman hastily rose from her chair, and took a vial with medicine that stood upon the table. With great care she endeavored to pour the remaining contents into a small spoon, but the cold had frozen the liquid. Almost in despair, Martha sought to warm the mixture, by holding it in her hands, alas! they too were cold as ice, and it was by continued efforts, holding the bottle over the lamp, that she succeeded in thawing it.

Martha took the lamp and drew the curtain. A deep sigh issued from her heart, as she looked upon her pale child, and her second supplicating glance was toward heaven. Troubled hearts of mothers! they have but confused words to pray with, when in their despair they supplicate for the lives of their little loved ones; but the silent prayer of their looks penetrates through thousand cloud-barriers unto Him who hears and saves!

Very gently Martha touched the child.

"Anna!" she called, "dear little heart! Anna, wake up!"

The child opened its weary eyes, and looked right lovingly into the good mother's face; but when she beheld the vial with the bitter medicine, she turned away, and began to cry, as she stretched forth her thin hands in entreaty.

"Anna, my child! be good, darling! don't cry," pleaded Martha, with the sweetest tones of motherly affection. "This drink will make you well, my little heart! my dear life! And then when you are well again, I will buy you such pretty toys, and your favorite cake you shall have again; and a new dress, a right merry red one."

The sick child would not yet turn her face towards the bitter medicine, and cried and moaned.

"Well, then Anna," cried the poor mother, after repeated efforts to induce the child to take the remedy; "if you will not obey me I shall feel hurt and sad, and will grieve so long that I shall die, and then shall rejoin your father in heaven. Then you will be left all alone, dear child!"

The promises of toys and luxuries had failed, but the fearful words so solemnly spoken obtained their aim.

The child turned quickly around, and saying, "Don't be angry mother! I don't cry, mother!" she took the spoon, and swallowed the bitter mixture, although with much repugnance.

"That's my darling!" smiled the mother, as she laid the weak little sufferer back upon the pillow; "now go to sleep again dear; to-night the angel of the New Year enters every house, and drives away the old, sorrowful year, and to those that have been good and obedient, he brings—"

Martha did not proceed, for some one knocked at the door. She hastened to open, astonished at the lateness of the visitor. It was Walther, the sarcastic secretary of the banker, who entered with a smile, and looked around the desolate chamber.

He had seized upon the present opportunity with joy, as a means of avenging himself upon the poor defenceless woman, whom he had persecuted with his attentions in the days of her prosperity, while her husband lived to protect her. Martha had complained to her husband of his importunities, and he had somewhat ungenially kicked the secretary down the stairs, with a promise of breaking his neck the next time he ventured on a visit to the house. Walther never ventured there again; but now, he presented himself before the widow, with a sense of security, and in domineering triumph.

"Mr. Walther!" said Martha, in embarrassment, as the rays of the lamp fell on his mocking, repulsive countenance. "So late at night, too."

"Of course you did not expect to see me here; on the last occasion of my visit your husband very politely conducted me down stairs!" replied the secretary with his usual mockery. "But I was compelled to call at this hour to give you notice; in half an hour, comes the New Year, and if the time passed on,

we should of necessity be obliged to let you remain another quarter."

The flush of indignation crimsoned Martha's face, but at his concluding words she almost dropped the lamp in terror.

With fiendish joy Walther noticed her agitation.

"How is this? give me notice?" cried Martha. "The banker is esteemed the benefactor of the poor, and has always been so kind and considerate with me."

"He is called kind and benevolent," sarcastically replied Walther, "but people are not always what they seem, and the world names them. You thought me once a false, nay, even a bad man," he added in a friendly manner, "and yet I am good, very good, when I am known better."

"I owe a quarter's rent," said Martha; "I know it well, but my poor child continues sick, and I can scarcely earn enough to pay for the medicine and the doctor. When my little Anna is well again, I can earn more, and lay aside something every day, to pay my rent with."

"But the banker requests his money immediately; this moment; do you understand that, Martha?" said Walther.

The widow cast a disconsolate look towards the bare walls, and the one rickety chair that stood beside the worn-out table.

"This is all that in these bitter times is left me," she replied, with a deep sigh, "the rest has long been sold. But banker Goodfriend cannot be so unfeeling as you would have me believe. I will go to him to have a little patience, to grant me time; he will not, he cannot refuse me!" Martha hastened towards the door.

"Do not give yourself any unnecessary trouble," said Walther, coldly. "The servants would receive you with scorn and mockery, and not permit you to pass, for there is great festivity below. Don't you know that the aristocracy have no sympathy for the poor, in the midst of their assemblies? What good would it do them to manifest benevolence, where no one would hear of it? If the whole city could know of it, it would be another thing. They love to give generously in public, and thus build themselves a stairway to heaven."

The poor woman gazed upon the evil messenger in despair, but he remained calm and immovable.

"So you really have no money to pay the rent?" he questioned.

A despairing shake of the head was her only reply.

"Then I cannot help you; I must fulfill the commands of my employer. Take your child, Martha, and hasten to get out of the house. The things in the room we shall retain for the rent you owe."

With a cry of terror Martha rushed to the bedside of the child, that had fallen asleep. She stood there as if to guard her sole earthly treasure from that harsh decree. But as she saw that Walther remained standing near the door, she endeavored to gain courage and self-control. She approached him, with tears and entreaties, that he might revoke the cruel sentence. But fright and sorrow had taken complete possession of her; her words were confused, incoherent. The cold, sneering Walther, almost felt pity for the suffering woman.

"I pity you, Martha," he cried. "See, I have perhaps more feeling than the loudly praised banker. I feel almost as if I would help you!"

Martha looked upon him in hope and doubt.

"You know that I always admired you," he continued; "I retain a portion of those feelings towards you, although you are not as fresh and pretty as then. I will myself pay your debt," and he took out of his pocket the gold pieces he had stolen, and toyed with them; "but you must not receive me so distantly, you must—"

He could not proceed, for he saw the change in Martha; the poor, sorrow-bowed woman, suddenly stood erect before him, in all the grandeur of queenly pride and virtue; defiant, as if she trod upon a lower world! The fire of scorn that blazed from her eyes, threatened the annihilation of the cowering sinner. Heroes have bowed in humility before the awakened consciousness of insulted womanhood; cowards, like Walther, can but shrink into nothingness.

"Villain!" cried Martha, in thundering tones of indignation; "does my poverty and desolation give you the right to insult me? Do you not know that in woman there dwells a power to triumph over such worms as thou art? And now you stand trembling there, at your own baseness, like a sinner before the judgment seat! Be it so,—take all you find here, but my poor, suffering child I take with me!"

The dignity of outraged virtue gave place to a mother's wounded feelings. Martha hastened towards the bed, wrapped the little one in a pillow, threw the cloak around it, and, with the precious burden in her arms, loudly weeping, passed the door.

"I go," she cried, with choking voice; "in some hospital I shall surely meet with pitying hearts who will take my child! but, away! away from this den of tigers! But if my poor, sick child dies in the cold night air, do you answer the accusation of its innocent soul, when it calls you murderer before the throne of God!"

With these words, Martha hurried towards the staircase, and descended leisurely, seeking to soothe the loudly weeping child that clung to her in its helplessness.

Walther stood like one bereft of thought. The inner and better portion of human nature was unknown to him; its sudden revelation oppressed his soul as with a nightmare's power. As he collected his thoughts, and reflected upon the consequences of his evil deed, he called loudly upon Martha to return. But the poor mother, with her sick child, had left that abode of cruelty.

I longed to spring from my hiding place and chastise the miscreant; but the stern old man, my conductor, held me back, and gave me to understand that we must be silent spectators, that to render help would be impossible.

The foregoing scene had so deeply affected me, that I heard not the old man's request to follow him. At length he dragged me thence; when we came to the street, we found no traces of the suffering mother; she had long since disappeared.

"Come!" urged the weird old man; "Come, the time that belongs to me is passing away. Follow me, I will show you true and quiet happiness."

Although I almost felt terror for my strange associate, I followed him again. My thoughts were with the good and unfortunate Martha; without any aim or purpose, I walked beside the old man, through many streets.

We halted; this time not before a palace, but before a snug little house. The rustic porch gave signs



of its adornment in summer and autumn with the hospitable vine, and light streamed through openings in the shutters, revealing the white walls, that in their purity challenged the fallen snow.

We entered. I heard the creaking of my footsteps in the sand, which had been strewn in the narrow entry. And the door of the well lighted room opened of its own accord before us, and revealed the whitest walls I had ever seen. The fairy Order seemed to have made it her abode; there was no glare of wealth, but the spirit of cleanliness smiled from every nook, and welcomed the stranger. Not a cobweb was to be seen, no intruding fly ventured there; but the domestic animals thrived and showed their happiness. A little rough coated terrier, and a grey cat, found there a comfortable shelter, and lived in harmony, having cast aside the usual hatred of their species towards each other. The cat's favorite resting-place was the woolly back of her friend, the terrier, and he never attempted to disturb her repose.

Before a table, sat a hale old man, and beside him a noble-looking matron; and they had laid before them two pictures, in whose old-fashioned representation was made manifest the fact that the portraits were taken a quarter of a century ago.

The old man took in his hand the portrait of the young, blooming woman, attired in the strange-seeming garb of years past.

"That was Catharine Rustig, once, yes; yes, that it was; as you once looked and dressed," said the old man, laughing. "If the painter had to go over his work, he would have to labor two days more, to put in the lines and wrinkles of the original."

"Go! you are very impolite, again," pouted the old Catharine, as she half turned away her smiling, contented face.

"Oh! powder and hail!" laughingly cried her husband; "you are sixty years of age, and yet full of vanity, coquettish as ever. I like that! But come, turn round, Katy, and look at me right lovingly; for when you smile, you are indeed as pretty as you were thirty years ago. Is it so, Katy?"

He gently turned the yet pouting housemother around, and tapped her cheek. She could feign no longer, but looked him in the face, and that was the sign that their short quarrel was ended, and peace signed. Both laughed heartily.

"Do not say so?" cried the old man; "when you laugh so merrily, you are nearer to my soul, than you were twenty—nay, thirty years ago, more like yourself then."

"Go on mocking, father," said the old lady, as she pointed to the picture of a strong, handsome man that she held in her hand. "Between this one and you, there is not much resemblance; where, for instance, are the brown locks? oh, can you tell? They are grey now; and the martial moustache, and the fiery eye? Where have you left them? You mocking bird! If I were young again, and you came a-courting in your present aspect, I would show you the door!"

"You would not do it?"

"Wouldn't I? I know I would."

"No, no, think it over, Katy; you would marry me again, to-day."

"Do you think so?" said the old wife, smiling.

"You may be right, for the young men of to-day are generally worthless."

"Oh! make an exception of our Franz, the sergeant in the regiment of Guards; he is not an old man; and whoever has anything to say against him—why, he can quarrel with me, that's all! I will tell you something; the women of to-day are not like those of the past, they are vain, silly, and frivolous!"

"Just listen! And is not our good Emma a woman of to-day? The old Countess, whose house-keeper the dear child is, cannot praise her enough. The good, angel-hearted girl! When she comes to see us—next Easter, you will see that some of the women of to-day are as worthy, good, and industrious as you thought your Katy thirty years ago."

"Oh, yes, our Emma," said the smiling father, "she is indeed an exception."

"And our Franz, too," admitted the mother.

She rose from her seat, and replaced the pictures against the wall, put another large oak stick in the fire, and looked carefully into a small saucepan that murmured mysteriously, as if concealing some luxury, wherewith Catharine was to surprise her husband, for the new year.

"Only listen, father, how the wind howls," she said, as she saw the old man cast an inquiring look towards the guest in the stove.

"Yes, yes! It is just such another night as that was forty years ago, when I was a hardy soldier, and held the watch outside the mountain gate. Do you remember who came that night, with two little children, fleeing from the advancing French, that despoiled and burnt down everything in their way?"

"Certainly, I remember," replied Catharine, softly tapping him on the shoulder. "It was myself—and I little thought that the brave soldier who so kindly sheltered me, and my sister's children beneath his parent's roof, was to become my husband."

"What Providence directs, is always for the best," said the old man, smiling.

"It was a terrible night," said Catharine, shuddering. "The enemy had swarmed around the neighborhood, and our poor village had been taken possession of by marauders and military vagabonds."

"But we showed them the nearest road to another world, when they came near us!" cried the old veteran, at the recollection of his warlike exploits.

"It was the highest time," replied his wife, "or they would have destroyed everything above the ground. My blood runs cold when I think how my old father burst into the room, that night, and cried: 'Fly! fly! The French!' From our door we saw the burning roof of the church, and heard the shout of the enemy. Once more my father bade us fly as quick as possible. I had scarcely time to throw a warm shawl around me. The cold was so bitter, that streams and pumps were frozen; but we hurried not of the blinding night air, in our terror. I hurried to my sister's, who was lying sick, her husband was absent, and we wept together; how could we remove her? Where to? Father quickly resolved for us; he took the two children, and gave them over to me, and bade me flee with them to the city; he would remain with the sufferer, and protect her. We parted with many tears. I took the children, wrapped them in the warm shawl, and hurried out of the village. I heard behind me the cries of the farmers, whom the soldiers were maltreating, to compel them to confess where they had concealed their money and valuables. In fear and trembling I ran over the deep snow; desperation lent me double strength, and I believe I made my way to the city, which is a good hour's walk, in half an hour. The children cried in my arms, and called piteously for their mother, though they loved me dearly. I was not cap-

ble of soothing them that night. My anxiety and trouble caused me not to have recourse to their favorite songs. I tried several times, but my voice was choked. 'Before the city gate I fell down senseless.'"

"I heard the cry directly," interrupted the old man, "and begged the officer on watch to have the gate opened. 'What, what?' said he, 'who knows what vagabonds are about, and the enemy is swarming around. I will have no gate opened.' My entreaties were in vain, and the heartless soldier would have left you to die in the snow, if the great round had not appeared. The Captain demanded the cause of our dispute, and ordered then that the gate should be unbolted. I hastened out, lifted you and the children up, and carried you into the watchhouse. Your open, lovely little face struck me wonderfully, and when my comrades commenced, according to their custom, to make coarse jokes about the poor girl, I asked for permission to take you to my parents, who lived in the city. I knew that the good people, although poor, willingly took one—even three unfortunate to their humble shelter."

"Yes, they were good people," replied his wife, and her voice trembled with emotion. "They took such loving care of me, as if I were their own child. And when the hard times were over, and the little ones returned to my sister, who had escaped unharm, your mother said to me, 'Katy, you seem to be a good girl, will you remain with us? You can obtain employment for your hands in the city, and besides, you can help me a little about the house.' Well, I was not disinclined, for I liked you better every day, although I did not wish it noticed. It was however not so much the gay uniform, that drew me towards you, oh, no! it was the brave, kind heart, that beat beneath the soldier's coat, without which, I should have been allowed to perish in the snow. So when the war was ended, and you had obtained your discharge on account of the shot in your arm, and were in comfortable employment, you thought that Katy would make a good companion."

Your mother, too, was in favor of the project, for I have remarked that thrifty-housewives like to see their son's choice fall on a good housekeeper. But I was happier than you all, though I did not at all display my love towards you. We were as happy as kings can be. May our dear children once be as happy, we cannot wish them more. What do you think, father?—that the dear souls are thinking about us? They knew that we celebrate New Year's eve as our happiest anniversary."

The old man gave no answer. Catharine bent towards him, and found him fast asleep. No wonder! he had heard the same story so often; had related it so often himself. Catharine did not feel vexed; on the contrary, it relieved her of the necessity of diverting his attention from the simmering contents of the saucepan.

"See, see! father sleeps quite soundly," she said, as she softly arose: "Sleep on! your favorite drink, the spiced wine, will soon boil; and when the last hour of the year strikes, I shall fill the crystal goblet yonder, with the fragrant drink, and step before him and awaken him with—'A happy New Year!' That will be such a pleasant surprise."

The sounds from the stove grew more distinct, for the spiced wine began to boil. Not to miss the first strokes of the twelfth hour, the old lady opened a window and pressed back the shutters. She listened attentively behind the closed window for the expected signal.

"See, see! father sleeps quite soundly," she said, as she softly arose: "Sleep on! your favorite drink, the spiced wine, will soon boil; and when the last hour of the year strikes, I shall fill the crystal goblet yonder, with the fragrant drink, and step before him and awaken him with—'A happy New Year!' That will be such a pleasant surprise."

"My time will soon expire, and then I have no more power," he replied, as he quietly glided before me.

The events of the hour had so fully engrossed me that I followed silently and absorbed in thought. When I looked up, I found myself in my solitary chamber, and it seemed more lonely and secluded than ever. The light of the lamp was expiring, and fell on the surrounding objects with a spectral gleam. I thought I was yet within the magic domain of my old conductor, and I turned to question him. But judge of my astonishment, when in place of the bent old man, I beheld the sudden presence of a rosy boy, arrayed in a garb of light, who looked upon me with a friendly and promising smile.

"Who art thou?" I asked of the now apparition.

"Do not know me?" replied the boy. "I am the son of the old man, whose reign is ended. I am the New Year, and must now announce to mankind my accession."

"Be welcome, then!" I cried; "thy friendly face presages a happier time."

"The smiling features belong often, to the first days only, they are usually happy ones for all. Often, however, care forms a wrinkle on my cheek the second day of my existence. Every one sees me with different eyes; to many I come as a harbinger of peace and happiness; others see destruction in my aspect, and dread my approach."

"But what do you prophesy yourself, of the future?"

"Good to all, if they understand to enjoy present happiness and bear sorrow with faith and courage. Farewell, I wish thee joy."

With these words, the beautiful boy disappeared, and I stood long gazing at the spot where he had vanished, as if I wished to recall him. The distant song of children recalled me to reality.

I hastened to the window. The last stroke of the twelfth hour was dying away, and on the street below, merry voices greeted one another with:

I wish you joy! A happy New Year.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1858.

#### GET A HOME.

Get a home, rich or poor, get a home and learn to love that home, and make it happy to wife and children by your beaming presence; learn to love simple pleasures, flowers of God's own planting, and music of your own—the bird, wind, waterfall. So shall you help to stem the tide of desolation, poverty and despair that comes upon so many through sorrow of little things. Oh, the charm of a little home! Comforts dwell there that shun the gilded halls of society. Live humble in your little home, and look to God for a grander one!

He who labors for mankind, with a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

## Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
TWO OWLS.

BY C. FAIRBANK.

Two serious and most learned owls,  
The most profound of modern fowls,  
In secret conclaves sat one night,  
For owls, you know, are blind in light.  
Their subject of discussion was  
No less, than history from chaos  
Up to remote eternity.  
But oh, they never could agree,  
For number one was orthodox,  
And number two most heterodox.  
"T was not the first sight of dispute,  
For ever since times most remote,  
The ancestors of number one,  
With holy and indignant frown,  
Burned, tortured and condemned the race  
Of number two, and had the face  
To say, it was God's holy will,  
That they should torture, damn and kill  
All those who differed in their faith—  
At least, so history plainly saith.  
But increase of the heterodox,  
Taught number one, the wily fox,  
No more to use the rack, but try  
Persuasion and the charms of shy  
And unassuming modesty.  
As cloak for his hypocrisy.  
Yet, notwithstanding all the arts  
Of number one, his cunning darts  
Don't fetch the bird, they sought to kill,  
And number two increases still.  
The trouble is, old number one  
Sticks to authority, and none,  
Except the light of ages past,  
To him will answer; but the fast  
And progress-loving number two  
Reads wisdom in the faintest hue,  
Which from our glorious sunlight beams  
Through the thick veil, that almost seems  
To cover his entire sight,  
And dims those rays of heavenly light.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## The Log Cabin Home.

BY EMMA CARRA.

Toward the close of a pleasant day in mid-summer, my companion drew up our weary horse by the side of a wide, rough gate that opened into an enclosure containing a small log-house. There was very little that was attractive about the premises, save the green, waving grass in front of the low door, and the strong, old forest trees that stood near by, looking as though they had guarded the spot long ere a pale face had trod the western soil. The clearing I could see from the half-open gate, extended some few rods beyond the humble habitation, and then commenced what seemed to be an unbroken forest of gigantic trees, and trees of smaller growth, while at their base were woven in tangled masses, low shrubbery and creeping vines.

"Oh, let us go a little further, William," I said, to my companion; but, pointing to the noble and faithful animal that had borne us thus far on our journey, he replied:

"No, Emma; although we cannot expect to be entertained here as we could in that home of luxury we have left, still I trust we shall find shelter here, and perhaps food, while poor Dobbin will look mute thanks for the fresh grass spread out before him, and the cool shelter of those trees."

I said no more, and brother and I passed on to the closed door of the cabin. As yet, we had seen no face peering at the window, as is the custom of those who live remote from the active scenes of life, and I began to think that some lone settler had reared this humble cabin, and then, becoming weary of the primal stillness that pervaded the spot, had deserted it and the few acres that he had cleared.

Giving a gentle rap at the door, we waited several minutes for it to be answered, but we waited in vain, and I painfully realized the increased beating of my heart, as William slowly lifted the latch, whispering, as he did so:

"Emma, perhaps some lone settler has died here, and this cabin has become his tomb!"

I immediately grasped his arm, and in silence pointed to the vehicle we had left in the narrow road.

William shook his head—no; and the rough door yielded to his touch, swinging back on its leathern hinges, and revealing to our eyes what stilled my increased circulation.

The low door opened into a narrow entry, and from thence into a large square room, containing a recess where rested on a low but neatly-made bedstead, a soft bed with snowy sheets and a patch-quilt of curious workmanship. Neatness and taste were displayed in everything I saw. There were books on the rough board shelves that were nailed to the logs, and there were materials for writing on a little table in a corner near the recess. A rocking-chair, too, was standing in front of the hearth, where lay a tiny shoe and a well-worn doll, while here and there against the sides of the cabin were hung various articles of wearing apparel, both for male and female use. Cooking utensils, too, glistened above the wide stone chimney, and all looked as if a careful hand had completed the arrangements but recently.

Still around the whole enclosure there was no vestige of life, save my companion and myself, and the tired animal who was to carry us to a large town some thirty miles distant. No; not a fowl clucked around the door, nor was there a mastiff left to guard it. Around was all unbroken stillness, save when the whispered conjectures of William and myself floated through the space.

"Those who inhabit the cabin," suggested William, thoughtfully, "may be employed in the field; if so, they will return by-and-by, and perhaps they will not think our remaining here in their absence an intrusion."

"There are no fields about here, William," I half-whispered, as if afraid to disturb the silence. "Don't you see that this open space is bounded on all sides by a thick and tangled forest?"

"True. They may have gone to some neighbor's, to make a visit, or—"

"Nonsense, William! I have not ridden ten miles since we saw a habitation, till we came to this, and were not told there that twenty miles would intervene ere we saw another? Those who lived at the last log cabin where we stopped, did not know of this spot affording shelter to any one, or they would have told us."

But we will record no more of the conversation that passed on our first entrance into the deserted cabin. Ere the sun sank behind those centennial trees, our horse was quietly feeding on the green

space that surrounded the door, and we had kindled a fire on the wide hearth, and prepared ourselves a comfortable meal from the stock of provisions we had stowed in our travelling carriage ere we left the last settlement. Our table was supplied with dishes that we took from a closet in the smaller recess, guarded only by a coarse curtain of snowy whiteness.

We have said that ere the sun disappeared we had prepared a comfortable meal. We should have said that we were preparing it; for ere the warm bread was on the table, and the white eggs boiled and by its side with other refreshing accompaniments, twilight had deepened into darkness, and artificial light illumined the viands before us.

"Hark!" said William, as he replaced his empty saucer on the table. "I think I hear footsteps without."

"Oh, dear!" I answered, in a whisper; "what if this should be the abode of robbers who are now returning from some marauding expedition into the distant settlement?"

"Never fear," returned brother, pointing to the little stock of books and the tiny shoe and the doll, if such characters dwell here there would be no such books read beneath this roof, nor would childhood find a resting-place here. I will unclose the door and reconnoitre," and, rising, he attempted to go towards the door, but I restrained him as the footsteps approached. Yielding to my entreaties, he examined his pistol, and adjusted anew the sharp weapon he carried in his belt. In another moment the low door was pushed suddenly back, and a tall, robust man entered. I shall never forget the look that the settler bent on us as he stepped within.

"Friends, or foes?" he ejaculated with emphasis, as he darted his right hand beneath his coarse blue blouse.

"Friends!" answered William, showing no outward emotion save a little less color in his red lips.

"My name is Ravenor," exclaimed the stranger, and if you are travelers who seek rest and shelter you are welcome; but if you come as—as—Well; let it pass. I will take you at your word, and believe you are friends till you prove yourselves otherwise;" then, turning toward the door, "Come in, Angie," he said, in a much softer voice than he had spoken, "come in, and bring the children."

I caught the lighted candle we had furnished, and stepped toward the door. Its rays fell on the form and features of a most beautiful woman, who pressed to her bosom a babe, while clinging to her loose robe was a fair child whose age did not exceed three or four years. As she looked up she met my gaze with a sweet smile, and, extending her hand, said:

"I, too, shall say you are welcome, for it is so long since I have seen one of my own sex, that I cannot, if I would, think them other than friends."

Passing into the room, she laid her babe on the soft bed in the recess, while the older child ran to Ravenor, and, clasping his knees, begged to be taken up. The strong man lifted him in close proximity to his lips, and, giving him a kiss, pleasantly bade him to go to his mother at the bedside.

I endeavored to apologise for our intrusion, but my words died in whispers; but not so with William, who had, at the bidding of the stranger, again seated himself near the table, but was not partaking of the food.

"I hope you will pardon our intrusion here," remarked brother, "for I assure you, unless almost compelled by fatigue and hunger, we should not have entered your cabin after finding that its lawful occupants were absent."

The host smiled, and bowed as if he wished no further apology to be made, and then, turning to the young mother at the bedside, "Come, Angie," he said pleasantly, "let us have our supper now, for we have worked too hard to-day not to relish a meal, be it ever so coarse."

"Here is plenty for us all," remarked William, as he arose and placed his own and another chair near the table, "and I hope you will show that you are not displeased with us for the liberties we have taken, by partaking of such food as we provided for ourselves at the last settlement."

This invitation did not seem unwelcome to the young mother, who looked weary, and she took her seat at the table, with her eldest child seated between her and her husband. Our conversation turned on various topics, when Ravenor informed us that he had not been in his present locality but a few months, having removed from another, farther down, through the forest at the back of the cabin.

"I thought that dense wood almost impenetrable, and surely I thought that for many miles away nothing laid beyond it but dark forests," said William.

Ravenor smiled, and for a moment he did not speak. Presently he looked up, saying:—

"I once thought as you do, but I found a path that led me to an open space, and a half-reared cabin that some former settler had deserted, and—"

A sudden pause caused me to look up, and I saw that the face of the speaker was flushed, as though he thought he was becoming too communicative, while the cheeks of the wife wore a paler hue than when she seated herself at the table. In a few moments the pause ended as William remarked:

"I suppose you hear but seldom from the great cities at the East?"

"Very seldom, I assure you," answered the host; "but still we do not think of them any the less, and any information from there is always welcome."

"Do you never see the Eastern papers?"

"Have not seen one for a year or more. The town where they can be obtained is too far away to be traveled to often."

"True; but I thought those who journey past here would be apt to call on you as they went, and it is seldom the traveler is without the means of giving information."

"Can you tell me anything concerning New York?" asked the host thoughtfully, and seemingly not noticing the last remark.

"Yes; they have elected a new governor within a few weeks, and the state of the finances are good."

"Oh, I have no interest in those things," remarked the host, nervously; "but tell me—tell me if—I am too tired to talk much to-night; to-morrow I may think of many questions to ask you."

"You will not leave us for several days?" remarked the wife interrogatively, as she looked into my face.

"That will depend on my brother," I answered.

"We will stop with you to-morrow," answered William, "but we cannot stop longer, as the officers at the bank are waiting anxiously to hear from me when I shall have arrived at Chicago."

"Then you are connected with a bank?" remarked the host hurriedly, laying his hand on William's arm,

"Only to investigate the mysterious disappearance of a large sum of money, that was taken some two years since, and has never been found, nor nor will be, I fear, unless the present efforts of those who are employed for the purpose prove successful."

"Can you tell me nothing of how it disappeared?"

"Nothing; only that the cashier was left alone in the bank one night till a late hour, and the next day, though he was at his post, the money was gone."

"And was he blamed for this transaction?"

"He was—and imprisoned; for it was proved that he was the last one seen to emerge from the vault on that fatal night."

"And did you, with no other proof, blast the reputation of one who might have been blameless?" almost hissed Ravenor through his closed teeth.

"No," answered William, "I was not connected with the institution then, and since I have been employed there I have doubted if Morton were guilty, though I never saw the man."

A bitter smile passed over the face of the backwoodsman, and then, after a moment's pause, he remarked:

"So you are going to Chicago to ferret out the rogue or rogues that made him, or themselves, rich at the expense of another's reputation?"

William looked into the face of the speaker, as if he wished mentally to penetrate the thoughts of the host to their very fountain head, but from his now calm manner he could read nothing, so a slight inclination of his head in the affirmative was the only answer given; and, a little while after, all left the table.

A few minutes later, the plain dishes that we had taken from the recess, were cleaned and returned to the narrow shelves, and then the backwoodsman invited us, in company with himself and his beautiful wife, to sit on a low, rude bench, in front of the door, where we could enjoy the soft, soothing, moonlight view, that lit up the dark forest surrounding us. William and the host were seated a little apart from Angie and me, but I could hear enough of their conversation to know that the subject which had been broken off so abruptly was resumed, and once, after a pause, I heard Ravenor remark, as if in continuation of previous thoughts:

"What if it should be proved that Morton did not even know that the bank had sustained a loss till he was informed of it by the officers? Would they make restitution by installing him again in his office, and paying him for the time he lost in prison? And would they shower benefits on their children, if he have any, for the stain that will ever attach to them, because their father has suffered as a common felon?"

"Alas!" answered William, "they could not make reparation if they would, for poor Morton is in his grave—he died in prison."

"Died in prison!" repeated Ravenor, in a voice almost sepulchral.

I did not hear William's answer, for at this moment a shrill cry from the babe within brought Angie to her feet, and drowned the voices of the speakers.

Above the square room were two low chambers, and in each was a bed, not of soft feathers, but filled with the dried leaves from the forest, and laid lengthwise along the rude floor, that separated our apartments from the room below. Never do I remember to have had a more luxurious night's rest than that I enjoyed on that pallet of leaves, for the day had been warm, and our journey lazy, when we consider the olden mode of traveling. When I awoke in the morning, the sun had dried the dew from the grass, and Dobbin had eaten his fill, and lain down beneath the shade of a far-spreading tree.

As I looked through the small aperture, left both to ventilate and to give light to the chamber, I saw the host coming up from what seemed to us to be the impenetrable forest; and as he neared the cabin, I saw Angie dart from the door, and in a moment the strange settler folded her to his breast, as he would a child, and pressing his lips to her forehead, asked if we had risen. I stepped aside that they might not see me, and as I did so, the wife replied: "No, Albert, for they seemed tired, so I stepped quietly when I prepared breakfast, and did not wake them." And then she added in a lower tone: "I wish you would not go. Oh, I shall be so lonesome!"

"Never mind, darling, I feel as if I cannot bear to stay here forever, wasting my manhood in hard labor that will bring me but little reward, and will deprive you of filling that station where you were once an ornament."

By this time they had passed my low window, and ere they entered the door, their conversation on this subject was ended.

"Where can he be going?" I involuntarily asked myself, and stepping quietly into the other apartment, I whispered to my brother what I had heard. William passed his hand over his brow and looked around with a bewildered air, as if he were trying to comprehend where he was, and the conversation of the previous evening, and then answered in the same tone I had spoken.

"Emma, I do not believe that our host is exactly the character that he endeavors to represent himself to be. I believe that—that—yes, I do believe that he is somewhat familiar with the business that has taken me so far away from home."

"One who helped to rob the bank?"

"No; but—but if Morton did not die in prison, I should have believed that Ravenor and he were the same."

At this moment the hostess spoke my name at the bottom of the rough stairs, and stepping back unperceived, I responded to the call. A rare breakfast was prepared for us of fresh vegetables and sweet milk, and when the meal was ended and the morning's work done, Ravenor proposed that we should all go a short distance into the forest to see a beautiful little stream that leaped in sparkling jets from out a spring, whose depth he had never been able to fathom.

"Will you not fasten your door?" I asked, as the last one who left the cabin simply drew it to.

"Oh, no," answered Ravenor, with a smile, "we never bar against thieves here. It may be months ere we shall see another of our species."

"Then that accounts for our finding no barrier to our entrance yesterday," I remarked, turning to Angie.

"Yes," answered the wife pleasantly, and then added, "We have but little to lose, and if we wished to do so we could not make our house very secure, so we leave it as you see, and trust to the honesty of our neighbors."

The next morning, ere the sun had risen above the tops of the trees, we had again partaken of breakfast



Quite a spirited scene occurred at the State House last week, on Friday afternoon, between Mr. Prescott, representative from Salem, and Hon. Caleb Chushing, from Newburyport. The question was on the "Dred Scott Resolves," and was to be taken at 6 o'clock, in the order of the House. Mr. Prescott quoted literally from the speeches of Mr. Chushing for the past



twenty years, and again and again repeated that the latter had endorsed Wendell Phillips' charge that the Legislature were only "whit washers." Mr. Cushing corrected Mr. Prescott, and challenged him to the proof. The opprobrious charge was made several times in the course of Mr. Prescott's speech till at length Mr. Cushing rose and pronounced his opponent's statement a "wilful and deliberate falsehood." There was much excitement. It was evident that the party with which Mr. Prescott acts, were not inclined to sustain him in his charges against the member from Newburyport, and regretted the breach of parliamentary decorum of which he was guilty.

The amended "Personal Liberty Bill" passed both Houses of the Massachusetts Legislature. The Legislature adjourned on Saturday. The House sat up, the night before, until half-past eleven, and the Senate until three o'clock in the morning.

The Washington Globe tells the following laughable story, in connection with the protracted session of the Senate, forced by Senator Green last week, Senator Clark, having the floor, had a hard time of it. Having spoken from half-past four to six o'clock, he said: "If it be the pleasure of the Senate to adjourn now, it would be very agreeable to me. I have had nothing to eat since eight o'clock, neither bread nor anything else." But the Senate would not adjourn, and he proceeded until 8 1/4 o'clock, when, during an explanation by Mr. Green, having spoken over three hours and a half, he availed himself of the opportunity to indulge in that beverage which "others but not inebriates," with accompanying muffins and sandwiches, which gave his desk the social aspect of a cosy tea table. The Hon. Senator retained his right to the floor, with a cup of hot tea in one hand, and a huge sandwich in the other. The scene was novel; but a twelve hours' fast had created an inexorable stomach. By the call of the Yeas and Nays, he was afforded ample time to finish his repast.

#### ON REVIVALS.

We like to hear people who have honest and hearty opinions to express, express them. It indicates a sound state of the conscience, and excellent digestion to the thoughts, and a warmth of heart which rarely fails to do abundant credit to those who thus put forth their sentiments.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has had somewhat to say about this present revival of religion in the churches. She says that she does not like this merely emotional religion, which seems to manifest itself in the conduct of a great many of the converts of the day. She regards these demonstrative exhibitions of religion as the result of impulse and excitement, and not likely to exert an abiding good influence upon the subject of conversion through life. In an article which has recently made its appearance from her pen, she speaks of these revivals as no new thing; they have not been confined to Protestant churches, nor even to Christian countries; the Roman church has had them; old heathenism has had them; modern heathenism has them. One and all have had their trances, illuminations, and ecstasies. Those only, she says, are Christian revivals, which "make men like Christ;" and adds: "We say, therefore, to our friends, that the period of a great religious impulse has come; that there will be revivals all over the land, either false or true—either of a Christian or a heathen type; and by their fruits ye shall know them."

Rev. Mr. Chapin, of New York, has likewise preached a sermon on this subject. He takes the opportunity, too, to express his fears lest all may not be good—no, nor even very much of it, either—which is to come out of this great modern awakening. He believed for himself, that conversions that were hurried in so brief a time, and so sudden a manner, were very apt also to prove short-lived. "No sinner," said he, "can be changed to a saint by a sudden shock. Religion was something to be acquired by daily prayer and effort; by holding close and constant communion with God; by acknowledging Him in all the forms of Nature; in the hours of sorrow as well as the hours of joy; by administering to the necessities of the poor, and by thus letting our light shine before men, that others, seeing our good works, might glorify our Father which is in Heaven. The truly religious man lived his religion; practised it in his daily walks; in the family circle; in the inarts of business; and wherever he might be placed. There was no excitement about such a man; his life flowed gently as a river, and his end was peace."

Could more be crowded into the same number of words? To all the above, we can heartily subscribe. All who know what true and abiding religious sentiment means, can subscribe to it likewise. This speaks of something that has permanency; of a change that implies life and continuity. It is not the whiffling sentiment that flares up or goes out, according as it is blown upon by one impulse or its opposite; it is a thorough and radical conversion, which, as it is not effected in a moment of spasms, so requires a lifetime in which to attain to its just and proper developments. What can be said against such a conversion as this?

#### INSANITY.

We have received from the State Printer Pub. Doc. No. 9, being a report of the commissioners and officers of the State Lunatic Asylum at Worcester. It is an interesting document, filled with statistics which are valuable to all who are interested in the mental condition and diseases of mankind. We have found no fling at Spiritualism in the report, nor have seen any cases admitted under that cause in the tables furnished by the Superintendent, whose report is a very interesting document. A tabular statement of the patients admitted during twenty-five years last past of the institution, shows the causes of their insanity, from which we learn that 23 cases are set down to Spiritualism; Measles, 1; Somnambulism, 1; Millerism, 10; Religious, 261; Religious anxiety, 6; Religious excitement, 21; Religious fanaticism, 20; Religious perplexity, 12; Patheticism, 1; Infidelity, 1; Mormonism, 1; Ill-health, 602; Domestic trouble, 377; Pecuniary difficulties, 189; Jealousy, 26; Intemperance, 559; Abuse of the generative organs, 253; Violent temper, 14, of whom 18 are females; Death of husband, 19; Death of wife, 10. What an epitome of life!

#### NOT TRUE.

Those out of employ will do well to consider an advertisement in another column of the California Emigrant Company. The high rates now paid for service in California, and the present low rates of passage, render this a good opportunity to emigrate thither.

We clip the above editorial from the Post of Mon-

day. We venture to say that the senior editor of that paper would not knowingly lend his columns to advance any interest, at the expense of truth and justice. The statement that high rates are paid for service in California is *veritas*. We have friends there who are good mechanics, and they state that they can scarcely earn sufficient from day to day to provide themselves with the necessities of life. A Bostonian, just returned, informs us that he could get nothing to do, and others would return had they funds sufficient to secure passage tickets. We hope and trust that the Post, for the cause of suffering humanity, if nothing else, will correct its statement as soon as possible.

#### THE BOSTON DAILY COURIER.

This paper wears old spectacles—the same it wore twenty years ago—and it can't see how younger, healthier people can see without them. Though venerable, respectable, and advanced in years, this paper has yet to learn that

"The difference is as great between  
The optic seeing as the object seen."

The following lines from Pope may be well applied to the talented editors of this eminent paper:

"Old politicians chew on wisdom past,  
And tatter on in business to the last—  
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,  
As sober Lanesboro', dancing in the gout."

#### Meetings in Boston.

##### EXERCISES AT THE MELODEON.

Rev. R. P. Wilson, a trance speaking medium from Ohio, lectured at the Melodeon on Sunday afternoon last.

His text was taken from the 17th verse of the 17th chapter of John: "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth."

The idea of spirit-propitiation is one that extends through all religions, and is identical with religion itself. It is stimulated by the desire of the soul to become pure and sanctified. It especially runs through that religion which recognizes sacrifices as a purgation of sin. All the Jewish sacrifices, and the sacrifices of all other nations, are but the types of man's gratitude to his Creator; but it was a material idea, not a spiritual one, such as rules religion to-day. These sacrifices were not adapted to the religious needs of all coming time—it was necessary that they should be done away with, in order to make way for a higher development. We know that Christians to-day look upon the blood of Christ as a sacrifice necessary for their salvation; but Christ did not himself teach such a doctrine—he taught that through Truth alone could man be sanctified. As the blood is the propelling power of the human system, so is truth the foundation of all religion; thus, we read literally what we should understand allegorically, that through Christ's blood are we to obtain an eternal life of happiness.

We are all susceptible to a divine influx, and the spirit of man is made a divine reservoir. He has but to ask, and he receives. Must we look back to Calvary and see the blood shed upon the rocks for us, or may we not look to the power within ourselves? We must open all the avenues of our being if we would receive the highest truth that is open for us, and become pure angels hereafter. Man finds God not in a moment—under the influence of revival-enthusiasm—but in every day of his life, in the world around him, and in the soul within him.

What will save us from disease but the purity of the blood in the veins? Keep that pure, and your life will flow smoothly. What will save us from error and fanaticism but Truth? Keep that on your side, and you need fear nothing.

When we become conscious of a single truth, that truth becomes eternal. Eternity cannot bring us to all truth, nor all truth to us, but we may have the spirit of truth with us always. Nothing will sanctify us but truth. The purging of our souls of all improper affections is necessary to our sanctification. Christ needed the influence of truth upon his soul to sanctify and purify it, as much as we do. We cannot fall with such a guide—it is the very essence of law, flowing from the head of Divinity.

In the evening, Mrs. Coan gave her last *seance* for the present in Boston. Messrs. Morey, Swallow and Sawyer were chosen a committee to assist the medium in conducting the exercises. They then prepared folded papers, containing the names of their departed friends, and the name of "John" was spelt out by the use of the "printed alphabet." The raps then designated "New Hampshire" as the State in which he died, and the town was given correctly.

Considerable time ensuing, and no positive demonstrations occurring, the committee retired, and Messrs. Henry, Clapp and Emerson were chosen in their stead. Papers were then taken from the audience, and from the number one was soon selected, and "Charles B. Wilkins" written. The paper contained that name. The State in which he died was then asked, and "Massachusetts" given. "Boston" was designated as the place. Both correctly answered. The question was asked if he died a natural death. The response was "No." He said the cause of his death was "strangulation." His friend in the audience said he was found drowned. The spirit said he died in the month of "November" of "1867," and gave his age as "between 24 and 25." Correct, as far as known.

The name of George P. Towksbury was then written, and found within the ballot selected. "Gilman Dudley" was written; and found in the ballot designated. He gave "Massachusetts" as the State in which he died. Incorrect. Not answering any further interrogatories, he was passed, and—"James" was written. The ballot selected contained the name of "Thomas Balch." [This was the first error of the kind that has occurred in any of Mrs. Coan's public sittings at the Melodeon this season, and was probably the result of her own haste, in selecting the wrong ballot.]

"Elizabeth Bean" was the next name written, and agreed with the name found in the paper. This spirit declined answering any questions.

The name of "Sarah" was then written, and "Sarah G. Dudley" found in the chosen paper. No response was given to questions asked.

"Franklin W. Bonney" was written, and found in the ballot selected. The State in which he died was asked, and "Massachusetts" given. His age was given as "between 18 and 14," the year of his death as "1866," and his disease as "typhoid fever." Correct.

"Thomas" was next written, and "Michael Thomas" found in the paper.

"Stephen P. Mills" was the next name written,

and the ballot selected contained that name. The cause of his death was asked, but no answer received.

"John" was then written, and "John B. Swett" found in the paper. No answer was given to questions asked.

"Benjamin" was the next name written, and "Benjamin Devall" found in the ballot. "Massachusetts" was named by the spirit as the State, and "Salisbury" as the town, in which he departed this life. The year was given as "1826," and "October" as the month, of his decease. He died of "hemorrhage of the lungs," at the age of "43." Correct. "Nancy" was written, and "Nancy Bowen" read from the ballot. A lady asked the relationship the spirit bore to her, and "aunt," was designated. The State in which she died was asked, and "Massachusetts" given; the place was asked, and "Lynn" named. Correct.

The next name written was "Ambrose," and "Ambrose Collins" was found in the folded paper. He died at "New Bedford," of "consumption," and his occupation was "bookbinder." Correct.

The Committee then reported that the raps appeared to be produced on the under side of the table—that they, individually, had received no tests, but that they could not understand how the medium should know the contents of the folded papers.

At suggestions from the audience the table was turned over, and carefully criticised by those upon the platform, but we did not learn of any springs or wires being found.

##### MISS ROSA T. AMEDY IN SALEM.

Mr. Edron—Not being present in the afternoon, at Lyceum Hall, to hear her lecture and poem, we have no means of judging only from the reports of others. Those best qualified to judge, correctly, say they were of a superior order. In the evening, she commenced the exercises by a short and very appropriate prayer. She then made some very interesting remarks in proof of the spiritual doctrine, after which she invited or requested any one of the audience to offer a subject for discussion. After a short pause, a gentleman arose and offered, as a subject, the second coming of Christ.

She commenced her work and continued to the end in the most finished manner. The arguments were strong, exceedingly appropriate, and conclusive. To attempt an analysis of this lecture, about an hour in length, would be to mar the beauty of such a finished and splendid production.

It seems very wonderful that such an embodiment of home, practical truths, should emanate from one whose education has been comparatively limited. But to the genuine Spiritualist, the wonder is materially lessened, knowing as he does that such an array of profound arguments, accompanied with the truly angelic appearance, could not proceed from any one, only as an organism, through which the spirit acts. That this lecture (and poem) was delivered in the purely abnormal state, ought not to admit of a doubt. Every honest, candid person who hears her, whether in her great lectures, and still more wonderful improvised poems, need not doubt of their genuine, spiritual origin. No one need hesitate that the spirit doctrine is founded in truth, if he will take a little pains and be honest to himself, letting reason, conscience, revelation and Nature have full sway. Without this, the mind becomes clouded, judgment warped, and, as a matter of course, wrong conclusions are drawn.

The honest portion of any community who have once heard such trance-speakers as Miss Amody, Mrs. Hatch, Miss Hardinge, Miss Boob, Mrs. B. Jones, Mrs. Henderson, and other distinguished ladies engaged in the Spiritual ranks, as well as the many gentlemen in the same holy calling, may rest assured that the doctrine is true, from the fact that it is well known they have never been able, nor even attempted, so far as we know, to give such lectures in the normal state. The character of the subject matter is of a different stamp from what mankind have been in the habit of hearing. The ideas advanced through these mediums by the different spirits are, generally speaking, of a most exalted and ennobling kind. Those who have had the privilege to hear this doctrine from such lecturers, have been compelled to admit that such grandeur of ideas, sublimity of thought, boldness of imagery and richness of figurative language could never emanate from mortals in their normal state, unassisted by spiritual power. Could any one who heard Miss Amody's lecture on Sunday evening deny the spirit power that controlled her during its delivery? Here was an array of deep, logical, original powers of thought and comprehension of first principles, by which the spirit was enabled, through her, to grasp the most formidable subject and pour forth a torrent of mighty arguments. There seems to have been the greatest powers of analysis and illustration, of depth and profundity, great command of words, facts and events, well sustained comparisons, continuity and compactness of style and argument, and, in short, finished, flowing eloquence.

Now, if what has been said is true respecting the lecture of Sunday evening, what shall, say, what can be said of the improvised poem, "America—its destiny, physically, morally and politically?" This poem was about thirty-five minutes in its delivery! To say that it was a great, or even a very great poetical effusion, would be conveying a faint idea of the reality! We think we have read the best poems in our language and other languages, from Homer to Chaucer, and from him to the immortal Longfellow, and Whittier, his powerful competitor, and have heard many great original poems delivered fresh from their authors, each and all written and spoken in the normal state; and also not a small number in the abnormal condition, where many of the highest order of poetic minds were speaking through their organisms; but must honestly and frankly confess that nothing that we have ever yet read or heard will bear a favorable comparison with Miss Amody's poem on Sunday evening. If no photographic report was taken then, it will ever be deep regret to all those present, who wish to preserve the greatest poetical production ever before improvised!

The delivery of the lecture must have been very astounding, even to those who had heard her before. But to hear her, and see her, in that never-to-be-forgotten poem, was a privilege never before enjoyed by any other present.

Miss Amody, in every respect, could not fail to impress all present, that a spirit from a high sphere, with wonderful intellectual and moral powers, was actually speaking through her to that throng of earnest inquirers after truth. The grand fundamental points of the poem, around which all things else were made to cluster, was that of Liberty, the greatest birth-right of man. Here was a subject for the poetical inventive genius of the highest gifted

intellect of any spirit in space, however old or far advanced in knowledge.

The gracefulness, ease, and oratorical finish, apparent in the speaker, was a subject of remark at the time, and combined with the rich subject-matter, may well be considered as one of the greatest wonders of the age!

The first lecture we ever heard from Miss Amody, was just about a year ago, at Lyceum Hall, Salem. It was exceedingly argumentative; the premises and conclusions perfectly harmonizing. One of the prominent points of the lecture was, the non-existence of a personal Devil. The arguments throughout, on this point as well as all the others, were a triumphant vindication of the stand taken, and a total overthrow of this relic of past ages, and must have been convincing to all present. What amount of opposing spirit influence there was present, was probably unknown, but certain it is, she out her way through all contending forces, and wound up the lecture satisfactorily.

It is said that Miss Hardinge is equal to Miss A. Having never heard her, we cannot judge of her powers. It is to be hoped that it is so, as it must be a great source of joy to all who are seeking after truth. We shall cheerfully and patiently wait the time (in May) when she will lecture before a Salem audience. It is pleasant to know that several of the most prominent speakers in the country, including Miss Amody, Mrs. Hardinge, Mrs. Hatch, &c., will be here in May. May God, in his infinite mercy, bless their labors among us in convincing unbelievers of the truth of the Spiritualistic doctrine, and of enabling them to be honest and decided enough to acknowledge the truth when they are convinced! SALEM, March 21st, 1868. F.

#### Correspondence.

NEW ORLEANS, March 12, 1868.

DEAR BANNER—Still in the Crescent City, and if the public does not manifest a little less interest in the developments of our cause, as observable in Mr. Forster's career, I feel we shall not quit it for "a season."

Many of the most cultivated minds of the South have avowed their appreciation of the subject, and determination to investigate. The lectures of Mr. F. are leaving their mark upon the age, and the growing audiences are demonstrating the fact, that all classes of people are gradually recognizing the individual right of thinking for themselves. The church organizations here still follow in the old beaten track, although they cannot fail to see that ere long in the march of progress they must be left behind, unless they entertain the God-given principle. An application was made this week, by a number of the first men moving in the ranks of Spiritualism, for the First Congregational Church, over which Dr. Bolles presides, in order that Mr. Forster might deliver a discourse in it, some evening during the week, on the Unity of God. The trustees of the church met, and considered the request, the result of which meeting was a letter of refusal. The ground of refusal was, that Mr. Forster was not a clergyman; another that they did not wish to open their church for anything but religious services; again, that they did not believe in Spiritualism, and feared the public would associate them with, and consider them as upholding, the cause. These reasons, weak in every instance, need hardly a reviewing thought.

This church claims to be as liberal as any in the land. It has had trials of its own, from which, however, it has sadly failed to learn the great lesson of liberality and justice. I trust that when Spiritualism shall have stepped forth upon the pedestal of popularity, it will not, as Unitarianism has done, repudiate the lessons its earlier sufferings should have taught it, and join the war with theology against any new idea which may differ from its own. It is one more victory which must be placed to the account of Spiritualism. We seek to show that organizations are not all they claim to be. We seek to demonstrate that creeds, outside of which no individual subscriber to their tenets, dare step, though prompted by the loftiest aspirations, are deleterious in their effect, both as regards the individual and the community. In this case, however, Spiritualism has remained quiet, while the church pronounces itself, the fact of its lack of individuality and liberality.

Winter, having so little effect upon the South, seems to have given up his campaign in this quarter, and if all accounts are true, to have increased his forces for a last effort on the North. Evidences of the presence of Spring are numerous here. The trees are putting forth a livelier green,

"And a livelier fire comes upon the burnished door."

The many gardens which crowd the city are filled with flowers of every hue and perfume, and from the rich green of the orange tree, peep in wild profusion those blossoms so much prized at the North. The beautiful Le Marque rose, the whitest that blooms, peeps forth from the latticed fences along which its vines have run, or dances with the breeze in the branches, and on the trunk of the tall magnolia. The sultry sun goes away to rest satisfied with his day's supremacy, and the soft stars look forth upon the world, the perfume laden zephyrs fan your brow, and from the live oak and the towering tallow, the magic melodies of the mocking bird fall sweetly upon your ear. These things shall be remembered long after my association with them has ceased, like the melody of music one hears in pleasant dreams.

I have scribbled a little on the poetical order, which may go to fill up, although I have no intention of immortalizing the gentleman whose name the acrostic reveals.

He is a warm hearted man, blessed with a firm and remarkable belief in our cause, sustaining it by that belief, and contributing cheerfully his quota to aid its progress.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! the future may come and bring pain if it will, Or wail and the sob of sorrow and grief, Such shadows will make me remember thee still— Each thought of our part shall bring happy relief. Pried high are the spots where bloom brightest the flowers, Henceforth precious must be the glad thoughts which remain. Oh! God of our Friendship, from out thy bright bowers, Draw the glory gone by—gild the future again. Oh, memory! the joys and the pleasures you bring, No heart can hold lightly, no being forget— Above the cold world our affections shall cling, Like vows to keep sacred the day when we met, Devoted of a friendship, unselfish as ours.

No feeling to link the great race to each other, Endured by no kindness whose misery lowers, Endured, we'd pass this life in wishing another. Be joyous then, happy, for friendship again, Endowed by the gods, has begun the sweet song, Retrace the soft chord, until every rich strain Tells the tale of a Friendship which years shall prolong, I am a little uncertain as to whether I shall go to

Texas first, or to Mobile. Mr. Forster proposes lecturing there, and I desire to keep in his company as much as it is possible.

Mr. F. proposes having the next conversation with you, I believe, when he will speak more of the city and its impressions. I understand the sales of the Banner are looking up in this city. And it must eventually find its way to many a household circle—for true it is the world is beginning to think. Trusting you have a warm sun, a perfumed breeze, and are greeted at every turn by exotic flowers, I remain, Respectfully yours, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

\*This is a much prized shade tree—it derives its name from a berry it bears, the inside of which resembles tallow.

#### REV. DR. TUCKER.

MANCHESTER, N. H., March 25, 1868.

Mr. Edron—I find in your last number a very interesting communication from Rev. Dr. Tucker. He is manifesting himself here in a very interesting manner, through one of our writing mediums. Can you find time to give me a little sketch of his history? I have the impression that he was one of the Orthodox ministers of Boston. Am I right?

Your follow-searcher after Truth.

W. W. B.

[We have been informed since Dr. T. first communicated, that he was Pastor of Baldwin Place Baptist Church, in this city, some years since, and was much esteemed as a clergyman and a man. Perhaps the spirit will himself respond to your request.—Ed.]

#### The Buss World.

FUN AND FACT.

E. O. Libby & Co., 76 and 78 Washington street, will publish in a few days a Biography of Gen. ISRAEL PUTNAM, ("Old Put.") by George Canning Hill. It is uniform with Mr. Hill's "Capt. John Smith," and is number two of the beautiful American Biographical Series for Youth. The volume is to be finely and copiously illustrated by the pencil of Billings, and will meet with a large sale. This new series promises to be exceedingly popular.

Digby says there are a great many "hands" about at the present time that need alms.

THE NEW POST OFFICE.—The Boston Post Office is to be removed from State street, where it has been located many years, to the corner of Summer and Chancery streets. A new and substantial building is to be erected by private enterprise; and Postmaster Capen has been authorized by the Department to lease it as soon as completed. For our part, we think its removal shows clearly the progressive spirit of the age. The business of our post-office has been conducted in darkness long enough—now let there be more light, and the letters won't get into the wrong boxes half as often as they do at present.

Why is the letter a like a sewing machine? Because it makes needles needless.

One hundred of the students belonging to the Columbia S. C. College, have been suspended till October next, for insubordination. They tarred the benches of the recitation room, and committed other exceptional acts, because the Faculty refused to suspend the exercises of Thanksgiving day.

SPRING GOODS.—Messrs. Bean & Clayton, corner of Union and Elm streets, who always keep for sale a large assortment of cloths and clothing inferior in quality to no other similar establishment in Boston, have added to their stock a new lot of furnishing goods, suitable for spring wear, and are now ready to supply their friends, THE PUBLIC, on the most satisfactory terms.

PROGRESS.—The Legislature of Louisiana has passed a law abolishing capital punishment, and substituting hard labor for life in the place thereof.

GOVERNMENT WAGONS BURNED.—By the burning of Mr. John Cook's manufactory, at St. Louis, on the night of the 26th ult., two hundred government wagons were destroyed.

Counterfeit \$5 bill on the Washington Bank, Boston, are in circulation in Jersey city.

Mrs. Corn L. V. Hatch's lectures, delivered in various parts of the country, are soon to be printed in book form. The price of the forthcoming volume, we understand, is fixed at \$1.

Digby asks if the present religious excitement among the Orthodox churches is not regarded as obnoxious by some? We can't see what the young scamp means, unless he refers to John Knox, as the father of Orthodoxy.

There was quite a severe snow squall at Alexandria, Va., on Monday last.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. CAMPDEN, ME.—We should be happy to have you do as you suggest.

C. C.—A lady who wishes to attend one of our circles, can do so by applying at this office in the forenoon of any day she pleases.

W. H. BONE, N. Y.—We are about making arrangements to establish an agency in London, but can send the paper, for the present, from this office. Postage is 2 cents each number, pre-paid in Boston.

JESSE H. B. STILLWATER, MIN.—That letter was not received. We have looked over our files, and do not find it.

#### MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—The desk will be occupied at the Melodeon on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M., as usual. Speaker not announced.

A weekly Conference of Spiritualists will be held at Spiritualists Hall, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Thursday evening, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock.

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Speaker, Rev. D. F. Goodard. Admission free.

A Circle for a Medium Development and Spiritual Manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE POOR—entitled the "Harmonical Band of Love and Charity,"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield street, every Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All interested in this benevolent work are invited to attend.

Mrs. Rosa T. Amody, trance-speaking medium, will lecture on "Yellow," on Tuesday, March 30th, in West Bridgeway; Thursday, April 1st, in New Bedford; Sunday, April 4th, in Quincy; Tuesday, April 6th, in Salem; Friday, April 9th, in Foxboro'; Sunday, April 11th, in Cambridgeport.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, No. 69 Main street, every Sunday morning, afternoon and evening. The meetings will be occupied by circles, the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by Loring Moody. Hours of meeting, 10 A. M. and 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, 155 Commercial street. D. F. Goodard, regular speaker. Seats free.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday morning and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Marlboro Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

CHARLES II. CROWELL, the excellent Trance-Speaking Medium, will lecture Sunday next, March 21st, in the above hall.

SALEM.—Meetings are held in Salem every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Bewall street. The best trance-speakers are engaged. Circles in the morning free.

J. N. KNAFF, Supr.

Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 1/2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.



Written for the Banner of Light.

# INVOCATION.

To spirits! At this twilight hour,  
Come, with your strange etherial power,  
And to our mortal senses, reveal  
The light which earthly mists conceal.

Our grosser faculties refine,  
And from the purest source divine,  
Whence gleams the immortal spirit's day,  
Pour on our souls, a kindred ray!

Father! we thank thee that a bliss  
So pure to us thy children's given,  
While wandering in a world like this,  
To speak with our beloved in heaven.

Oh, may it give a loftier tone  
To every deed and thought of ours,  
And fit us for that heavenly home,  
Where love divine fills all the hours.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

M. M.

## Correspondence.

### LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

MR. EDITOR.—I closed my last letter to you, having intended saying something about the objections of unbelievers. I hardly know whether it is worth while to notice any objections, for these persons do not object to what they see for the purpose of receiving evidence of proof, but solely for the purpose of opposing. We will produce manifestation and objections are raised; they say, "Give us physical evidence." And in accordance, raps are given, tables tipped and raised, and they say, "That is humbug—can't explain how—but want something of a higher order." We give them trance-speaking, singing, and other equally and more wonderful evidence, and they will then say, "Any one can talk, write and sing; give us ocular, physical evidence." It makes no difference what evidence is given, if they do not investigate for a good purpose they will not be convinced, for when convinced against their will, they will remain in error still. Another objection raised is the fact that mistakes are made by mediums; no one who has not investigated Spiritualism can understand the laws by which it is guided, and consequently cannot see that we may expect wrong communications from certain mediums, and under certain circumstances undoubtedly deceptions are practiced by professed mediums; but it is certainly very unjust to condemn us unheard, because of some doing what we do not justify. "How many churches are there who have not had deceivers enter and take part in their services? How many creeds are there whose advocates have not proved hypocrites? Is there a single religion which cannot count its fallen clergymen by tens and almost by hundreds? And what would be thought of us if we should cry humbug for such a reason?"

I do not believe there is a church in existence (aside from the Romish) which, if we could get the candid belief, we should find that nine out of ten are believers in Spiritualism; but they dare not own their belief. It is amusing, and yet unpleasant, to hear those most deeply interested in the Orthodox revival, speak of our excitement and delusion, claiming everything good for themselves and allowing us nothing; we thank Heaven, are charitable, we believe a good deal of good will come out of their excitement; deluded though they are, it is a stepping-stone towards the higher developments that awaits them. They say they have no excitement. I am charitable enough to believe they mean what they say, but it appears to me that when they are obliged to get up flaming handbills announcing star speakers in order to attract a crowd, announcing "Awful Gardner" as an attraction, and so on, that it partakes a little, at least, of excitement.

I fear my letter is already too long, but I cannot close without relating a few developments which have occurred here, and some, I think, of an entirely different nature from any ever before published. One medium predicted that Gov. Banks would sign the address for the removal of Judge Loring, and on the next day would address the Legislature on the question. This was predicted as soon as the Senate had passed the address. We also have a prediction that Queen Victoria will die before the Prince apparent is of age, and consequently Prince Albert become "Regent" under the law recently passed in anticipation of that event.

A few weeks since a writing medium, a young man, while sitting in a circle, wrote some fine poetry. It was then written that if all would leave the room, except the medium, the music would be given; the medium was left alone in a light room, became entranced in a moment's time, and sang the verses three times in succession. Among the persons who heard it, were some having superior musical ears, who gave it as in their opinion the most exquisite music they ever heard; the voice bore no resemblance to the natural voice of the medium.

Another more remarkable instance occurred to a person not known to have medium powers. He lost his wife some six months since, and a few days ago went alone to his parlor, opened the piano and sang, and played a few pieces. He then played a favorite song of his wife's, one which they frequently sang together; he repeated it, and a female voice accompanied him; he sang it over again, and as he finished, some friends opened the door and asked who was singing with him; he said no one; he knew the voice accompanied him was the voice of his wife, but he could not stop to see what it meant. His friends had heard the whole of the last time of its being sung, being close to the window. They are credible persons, in whom the public have the utmost confidence. These manifestations are from private sittings, and I do not mention names, but any person desirous of investigating can hear by addressing me.

Another young man, who as yet has not shown a full development, but appears to have very fine clairvoyant powers, had a dream, as he calls it, in which an alphabet cipher was shown him. He recollected it the next day, but paid no attention to it; the next night it appeared again, and in the morning when he awoke, he put it on paper. He has not received anything since, but probably it is a key to some future event. I will send you a copy of it in my next, perhaps you may be able to decipher its meaning. He was told it was an alphabet, commencing with reference to our letter A, each character representing the succeeding letter.

At a circle recently, a young man was entranced by the spirit of Rev. J. G. Wentworth; (does any one recognize the name?) he said he would speak at a future day; when the day arrived the circle met, but Mr. Wentworth would not control; Joe Burt, of Philadelphia, had full control. Burt was leader of a band of negro serenaders, and says he died in Europe. The affinity of the medium is more to the light singing of Burt than to the nature of a speaker;

but we hope soon to have him in a condition for Mr. Wentworth to control. Burt sings and plays all the Ethiopian songs and other matters to perfection. Mr. Wentworth, on one occasion, has controlled the medium enough to show the medium a vision, which lasted about fifteen minutes, during which he beckoned in the air, talking in a low tone, and shook hands with the spirit. On coming out of the trance, he said immediately, "I've seen my mother." He then looked thoughtful, repeated the expression, and described the vision, calling it a dream of a few nights before. He said his mother looked like an angel, and was accompanied by a good many dressed in white. While describing it, he was confused, and immediately became entranced, going through the same motions, and probably had the same vision, but when he came out, he had no recollection of either. He is in a consumption, and since becoming entranced has been able to sleep all night, which he had not done for a year—says he feels better also. Once when Burt controlled him, we suggested that he had better not sing, as it might hurt him. He says—

"He ain't in any condition to sing; why don't he tell his folks about it, when he raises blood? I see him the other night getting in coal, and he raised blood, I know, as I watched him; let the coal go—never get well so." &c. On coming out of the trance, he said he did get in some coal, and raised blood, as stated. I will close this lengthy letter, next time keeping within limits.

NEWBURYPORT, March 23, 1853.

### IS IT MIND IN THE FORM?

FRANKLIN, N. H., March 18, 1853.

MR. EDITOR.—A few evenings since I was sitting alone with a young man, who is a medium, when the spirit of John C. Calhoun purported to be present. I asked him questions for nearly an hour and a half, in relation to the politics and men of his own time, as well as the present; also, concerning his experience in spirit life, he answering all the while promptly, by tipping the table, and evincing strong personal characteristics, and much intelligence. At length I took out my watch, and while looking for the time, the thought occurred to me to ask the spirit if he could tell me the time by my watch, and on asking him the question, he replied promptly that he could. I then told him he might tip the table first, the number of times to correspond with the hours, and tip out the minutes afterwards. The table then tipped ten times, and after a little pause, tipped again nine times, making ten o'clock and nine minutes, which was right. Knowing that the medium did not see the watch, I thought the spirit must have taken the knowledge from my own mind, but on asking him the question, he said he did not—he could see the watch himself. There was a clock in the room, which was not running, and which was so situated that neither the medium nor myself could see the position of the hands, nor did either of us know the time they indicated. I then said to the spirit: "Can you tell me the time by the clock?" He answered affirmatively. I then requested him to first tip out the hours, then tip once for each five minutes, then tip the odd minutes, if there were any over, even five. The table then tipped nine times, then five, then two, representing the time to be twenty-seven minutes past nine o'clock. I then took the light, and went to the clock, and found it exactly as represented by the tips.

The following day I was alone in my room when a trance medium came in, saying: "I have been impressed to come here—I can't say why, but know it is so." I replied, "Then we will see what is wanted;" and sitting down to the table, the medium's hand was influenced, and wrote a few lines which was so illegible that I did not then succeed in reading it. In a moment, however, the medium turning to the right, and with his eyes closed, exclaimed: "Oh, I see a man here." And on my requesting him to describe him, he said: "He stands up straight, is pretty tall, and rather thin, his hair is grey, and stands out straight from his head. His forehead is not wide, nor very high, but is full, projecting over his eyes; his face rather thin, and his eyes remarkably bright and piercing. He looks like a very smart man, and of great decision." Though I was very certain I knew the spirit from the description, yet I asked him to give his name. The medium's hand was then influenced, and wrote: "I thought you would know me by the description. Don't you know any man that had hair like that? I don't want to give the name, for I want to give you a test." I then said: "It is Calhoun," and he immediately answered in the affirmative by striking the medium's hand vehemently upon the table several times.

I will leave it to those who have seen the great statesman of South Carolina, in the latter years of his earth life, to say whether the above is a true description of his personal appearance.

### THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

LEWISTON, March 24, 1853.

MR. EDITOR.—I inclose the required yearly subscription for the Banner of Light; and I take the opportunity to express my satisfaction with your paper generally, and especially as regards the messenger department. The diversity of intelligent character, style and sentiment, there exhibited, corresponds so well with my own observations, as to exclude from my mind every suspicion of fraud on the part of Mrs. Conant.

After a long and careful examination of this spiritual philosophy, under the most favorable circumstances, I have arrived at the mathematical conclusion that "figures cannot, and do not lie," and that "dead men do tell tales." However incredible, and however undignified the assumption may appear, yet, tables do move, do talk, and do reveal the secrets, the admonitions, and the affections of an immortal existence. It may be said, the Bible does the same; yet, in the absence of this auxiliary evidence, this direct and tangible proof of the soul's immortality, how many thousands there are to whom death is an eternal sleep? The ponderous theories, the very profound and foggy speculations of Mahan, Paraday, DeGasparin, and others, who have hurled their ecclesiastical thunders against Spiritualism, ought to have demolished it. But dogmatical declarations, and plausible fictions, are not facts. Truth and error will no more amalgamate than oil and water; and when mental echos, involuntary molecular motions, and mysterious, imaginary fluids, are invoked to explain the phenomena of Spiritualism, it becomes lamentably evident that there are others, than Spiritualists, who have lost their senses. To the honest investigator they are, "Vox praelus nihil,"—nothing more. If Spiritualists are deceived and deluded, their opponents are certainly no wiser. They have failed to show the delusion, and their

efforts to do so, reminds us of Goldsmith's village school-master:

"In arguing, the parson own'd his skill,  
For 'e'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still."  
Spiritualism is not exclusive; all who wish to do so, can have easy access to its truth, or its falsity. It costs nothing to investigate its claims to the one or other, for as my immortal friend and relative says, in one of his messages to me: "Great things may be learned from the ever-open book of Nature, by an eye and heart trained to read and appreciate such lessons. He must cultivate habits of observation, who would be truly wise."

The communications which we have received from departed acquaintances, have invariably tested and proved themselves, by their characteristic peculiarities, and a detail of occurrences during life. Others, from a great distance, and of whom we had no knowledge by name or otherwise, have been tested by writing, and all have proved surprisingly correct.

These invisible friends have uniformly taught us lessons of wisdom, morality and religion. They admonish us to be kind to each other, to be kind, benevolent and charitable to the sick, the desponding and the poor, and in our social intercourse with the world, to observe the golden rule of "doing unto others as we would they should do unto us." Now, if these sentiments are the teachings of the Devil, as some profess to believe, we can only regret that there are not more devils on earth.

I would be glad to speak of the many extraordinary musical and other physical manifestations we have witnessed, but they have been so numerous and so diversified, that time will not permit. I have already written much more than I had intended, but my apology for so doing is, that the subject is interesting and attractive.

Wishing you a long life, and all the happiness that may flow from the successful propagation of an important truth.

I am yours, &c.

DANIEL SHAW.

### LETTER FROM THE WEST.

ERIC, March 9, 1853.

DEAR BANNER.—Agreeably to a promise made in a former letter, to keep you informed of the progress of Spiritualism in this part of the great prairie land, I write you. There are many barriers to my getting about, the first and foremost of which is my delicate health. The second is that I am off from the immediate line of railroads, and, consequently, lecturers have never found their way to this by-way, while the people are constantly asking for more light. I have just returned from a short visit to the flourishing village of Prophet's Town, a name derived from the great Black Hawk Prophet. Here I found by far the largest, as well as the most intelligent portion of the community were adherents to the great harmonial philosophy. It has, however, met with strong opposition from the Methodists, who numbered, as I was informed, at one time, ninety members, but who have dwindled down to sixteen. They have a large brick school-house, which these aforesaid Methodists occupy on each Sunday morning and afternoon, while the Spiritualists occupy it at night.

A Mrs. Julia Lanner has been developed as a trance speaker, and speaks on every Sunday night. Last Sunday night I was present, and after Mrs. L. had done speaking, I was called upon to speak to them. I addressed them for a short time upon the subject of the birth of the spirit, a subject which has been sadly misinterpreted by the so-called Christian churches here at this place. On last Sunday afternoon, as I was informed, the very week and lenely Christian minister, who doles out religion after the Methodist creed, undertook to give the Spiritualists a severe lashing. He called them everything that was vile, and then handed them over to the tender mercies of their revengeful God, as fit subjects for endless wrath. These very excellent Christians used all their power to keep the Spiritualists from occupying the school-room, although it was understood that they were to have it each Sunday night, but our friends maintained their right, and now these worthless resort to the mean spirit of abuse and misrepresentation.

A Mr. Cutler has been a writing medium, but for some time past his gifts have been taken from him, on account of continued ill health. Some beautiful manifestations have been produced through Mr. C.'s mediumistic powers. Stones of different sizes have been brought in by invisible hands, and placed on the table; at one time a plate was taken from the cupboard and carried to an adjoining room, where a box of salt stood; the lid was heard to open, and while the circle held hands, the plate, filled with salt, was brought in, and dropped on the floor. At another time a lock of hair, taken from a box standing on the secretary, brought and placed in the centre of the table; the spirits were asked to take it back, when the hair began to move towards the edge, and disappear, and nothing was known of its whereabouts for some time after, when it was discovered on the floor, immediately under the centre of the table. It is physical manifestations that the people require here, while, at the same time, lecturers are greatly needed. While the Eastern cities and towns are flooded with lecturers, many of the Western towns have never been visited at all. Do send some along; give us light, more light.

Miss Amey, who is a beautiful lecturer, might feel it her mission to come this way. We hope she may.

I must now give you some account of the interest felt at Eric, which is a much smaller place than the last mentioned one. The Rock River divides them, and for the most part of the past winter it had been impassable. I am nine miles from the town. There is in this town, however, but one medium, a Mrs. Wensler, who deserves more than a passing notice. She is a lady of high moral worth, one whom not the most bitter opposer of Spiritualism can bring a single accusation against. She is a highly developed medium, both for speaking and seeing spirits, but is not used as a test medium. She has spoken a few times in public, but her domestic duties take so much of her time, that she is rarely induced to appear beyond a private circle, which the friends of Spiritualism here regret exceedingly.

I spoke of Mr. Walcott, the spirit artist, at Columbus, Ohio, to some who were investigating the spiritual phenomena, and one gentleman wrote on for a likeness of his father; and a correct one was sent him. It caused a great excitement, and eight more have been sent for, with what success, I as yet have not learned.

I have recommended the Banner to all the friends of the cause of truth here, and hope to be able to send you quite a list of subscribers from the prairies, sometime in the course of the spring.

Truly yours, in the cause of Truth,  
CHARLES SNYDER.

### ANSWERS TO AN INQUIRER.

NO. VII.

"I have lived nearly five years in the house I now occupy, and during the first two and half of the third, an old gentleman and his wife lived in the next house. The old gentleman sickened and died."

A few days before his illness, which was not of long duration, he had dreams, and one of these, which, according to my understanding of it, was not all a dream, his wife related in my hearing, not long since. He dreamed he saw two angels, (or spirits), who informed him that they had come for him, and they wished him to go with them. He replied to them, that he was not yet quite ready, but that he would go with them in a little while. On being asked if he knew who the angels were, he said they were his brothers, who had long since left this world. His wife, on hearing his narrative of the dream, intuitively understood that his end was near, and it caused her a flood of tears.

A few days later, the old gentleman sickened, and during his illness he had several partial lapses of the spirit, during which his pulse would be scarcely perceptible—his hands moving tremulously in various and uncertain motions—and he would be frequently heard to ejaculate the names of friends and relatives long since deceased. I visited him a few hours before his death, and witnessed that the vital forces were summoning their vigor to separate the soul from the body; and with a view to impart strength to his waning powers, I placed my hand on his head, while he was in one of his lapses. The effect was almost instantly to restore him to consciousness. I instructed one of his sons in relation to what I was doing. I requested him to do likewise, when the next lapse should occur, which he did with similar results. We both remarked a very peculiar sensation in our hands, after having thus restored the old gentleman to consciousness, and it remained with me for several hours, and even at this day I sometimes fancy I can feel something of it, when I recall the occurrence to my mind.

Now this, matter all has its weight with me, as evidence in favor of the modern spiritual theory, and with the thousands of similar instances of dreams, visions and premonitions, before them, it is a wonder that mankind refuses to regard them as they should be regarded. Yet I do not know as it is a wonder after all, for although it looks rational enough to me, as an evidence of the spiritual theory, I confess I do not well understand it, and perhaps a similar inability to understand it may be the basis of unbelief with a considerable number of persons, who would be glad to have some definite opinions in regard to these matters.

You have probably been informed that I have been sick during a considerable portion of the winter, with typhoid fever? Well, this will explain why I have been a very negligent correspondent.

During a portion of my illness I fancy my dreams border on spirit land, and I have faint recollection of a delicate little female form, apparently a child of eight or ten years old, clad in a blue robe, answering to the name of Elsie, that played a prominent part in my visions. But I do not know as I can attach much importance to such freaks of the imagination, though a peculiar circumstance in the early history of my family would furnish a reasonable explanation to my visions, if any value were to be attached to them.

LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN.—The copy of the following interesting letter from Dr. Franklin, on Good Works, Meriting Heaven, Prayers and Deeds, and the Example of Christ,—was found among some ancient papers in one of our old families, and was obligingly handed to us for publication. It was addressed to the Rev. George Whitfield, the famous Methodist Revival Preacher.—Salem Gazette.

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1753.

DEAR SIR.—I received your kind letter of the 2d inst., and am glad to hear that you increase in strength. I hope you will continue mending until you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has. As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more serious service to you; but if it had, the only thanks I should desire are that you would always be ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance; and so let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family. For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men to whom I shall never have an opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless meritorious men, who are infinitely above being benefited by our services. These kindnesses from man, I can, therefore, only return to their fellow-men; and I can only show gratitude to God by a readiness to help His other children, and my brethren, for I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less to our Creator. You will see my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting heaven by them. By heaven, we understand a state of happiness infinite in degree, and endless in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such a reward. He, that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed, imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more so the happiness of heaven? For my own part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it; but content myself in submitting to the disposal of that God, who made and who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose Fatherly goodness I may well confide; that He will never make me miserable, and the afflictions I may at any time suffer, may tend to my benefit. The faith you mention has, doubtless, its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavor to lessen it in any man; but I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it. I mean real good works; works of kindness, charity, mercy and public spirit; not holiday-keeping, sermon reading or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty; the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful; but, if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit.

Your great Master thought much less of these outward appearances and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the deeds of the word to the mere hearers; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands to him that professed his readiness, but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox priest and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares shall, in the last day, be accepted; when those who cry Lord! Lord! who value themselves

upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles; but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that he came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time so good that they need not hear even him for improvement; but, nowadays, we have scarce a little person that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations, and that whoever omits them offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and happiness; being

### MANIFESTATIONS IN A DISSECTING ROOM.

We have received from Mr. G. A. Redman, the well-known medium, the following particulars of manifestations that may be regarded as adding a somewhat new feature to modern spiritual wonders: Mr. Redman, during the past winter, attended lectures at a certain medical institution which need not here be named. One day he was dissecting the body of a large negro; the flexor muscles proceeding down the fore arm and wrist, and whose office is to close the hand, were all cut, and he was cutting the integuments of the palm of the hand, when the hand suddenly closed and grasped the knife by the blade. He pulled it with a moderate degree of force for the purpose of extricating it, but the hand not relaxing its grip, he called the attention of some other persons to it, and left it sticking there till the next morning, when he found the fingers relaxed. He then, in presence of witnesses, had recourse to his medium powers to obtain an interview with the spirit who had owned the body. His questions were answered by laterations of the dead body that was lying before him, and also by raps. In this way he received several particulars of the life and death of the negro, and among other things it was stated that he had died with delirium tremens. The brain, on being opened, presented strong evidence that such had been the cause of the man's death.—Spiritual Telegraph.

## Communications.

Under this head we propose to publish such communications as are written through various mediums by persons in the spirit world and sent to us.

### Parents Responsible for the Physical Deformity of their Children.

No. 2.—Through H. R. W.

In our previous remarks, we attempted to show by the laws of Nature, that man is directly accountable for the deterioration of his progeny.

In our future remarks, we intend to point out those evils which tend most to produce such results. In the first place, we see even in the present day, with all his expanded powers, man does not fully realize the great end and object of his earthly existence. Even among the most enlightened minds there is prevalent a spirit of infidelity and indifference regarding this most important subject. As though, after all, the beautiful earth, and man, the great master part of creation, were but the work of chance. This indifference, together with ignorance of the laws of his being, has brought about the present undeveloped moral condition of the civilized world.

We propose, in connection with these ideas, to view man as he is, possessed of a Triune Nature—and that in order for his progeny to be perfectly developed and healthy, he must possess a well balanced and harmonious physical system, as well as a highly developed spiritual and intellectual nature. Although these three natures are intimately connected, so that the healthy or diseased condition of either one must seriously affect the other, yet we believe the spirit to be more readily affected by a diseased physical system, than the vice versa. We care not how naturally spiritual or intellectual a man may be, if he is possessed of a material organization, burdened with disease, his soul must inevitably be cramped and dwarfed, as, in the earthly or finite existence it is through the body that the soul must develop itself.

The first thing to be attained, then, is for man to reform himself from the evils which infect his material nature, and bring himself in harmony with the laws of his being. This will alone prevent the propagation of those evils to after generations.

We shall now particularize some of the greatest evils which most seriously affect the physical nature of man, and thus tend to lower him in the scale of being. As we look at the present condition of the world, we behold one which we think has been the most fruitful cause of misery, and the consequent degradation of mankind. This we declare to be Intemperance. There are many reasons why this is so. First, it deprives man of his God-given reason, and when that is destroyed, he descends infinitely below the brute creation. It destroys the vitality of his physical system, and thus renders him unfit for the fulfillment of his duties, either in the public or social circle. It is also the cause, directly or indirectly, of three quarters of the crimes committed in society.

The evil is enhanced by the fact, that intemperance causes men to congregate together, in low dens of infamy and vice, where the very atmosphere is contaminated by the presence of low and undeveloped spirits who have left the form; and then seek to oppress the poor besotted victims, thus causing them to rage and still more defame their God-given natures.

And here we would remark, by the way, when man shall more fully understand the laws of affinity, which, though unseen, (and in a great measure unrecognized,) yet are unalterable in their operation as any law of their being, he will perceive more fully the truth of our position. Oh, that we could write in letters of liquid fire the evils which this hydra-headed monster has caused.

The dreadful homicides, the parricides, the thefts, robberies and arsons,—the scenes around the family circle, where the maddened victim of intemperance falls with a fearful blow the once loved partner of his bosom—the innocent children, which have been turned upon the cold, uncharitable world, homeless and friendless—the friends that have been made foes—the rivers of blood which have deluged the world, and even more. A lifetime would scarcely suffice to write the enormities of this scourge of the human race. Yet in the face of all this, do we see men meet together, and hug to their bosom this scorpion, which, at every embrace, sends to their vitals the poison from his fangs.

Oh, man, then hail with rapture every effort which shall be made to relieve you from this curse. It is to the rising generation that we look for its removal. We would impress upon your minds the truth, that children which are begotten of intemperate parents, are surely inoculated with their evil propensities and dispositions, and unless we can cause a reform in the present state of society, must not fear that the rising generation will prove, by their own lives, the degradation of their parents.

To argue at length, or place before you in detail, the awful effects of intoxicating drinks upon the physical system, would seem to be a needless repetition. Look at the bleated and disgusting visage of the inebriate, as he saunters forth at early morn, to renew the stimulus, which Nature's repose has deprived him of. Behold his tottering gait, his red and swollen eyes, his weak and trembling limbs, his dry and parched lips, and then ask what are the effects of the poisoned cup. Then look at his moral and intellectual faculties, and see how they are shattered,—scarcely the semblance of humanity. All these, and more, must be apparent to every observing individual who has arrived at the age of discretion. Then we say it is time for man to awake, and break this iron chain which has so long fettered his soul; to come forth and live in harmony with the laws of God. Then shall the generations to come



not behold their mal-formed bodies and intellects, and curse the day of their birth.

Oh, then man, look within thyself! behold there indelibly stamped upon the tablets of your soul every thought and deed of your earthly existence. See how even one impure thought mars the surface of that tablet, and its effects shall be felt, even in the far off ages of eternity. Then resolve within your soul that henceforth purity of thought, and nobleness of action, shall ultimate in a life devoted not only to the best interests of yourself, as an individual child of the Father, but that your life may be a beacon-light, which shall shine through the dark bigotry and materiality of the world, to guide humanity onward and upward in the path of progression.

[Emma A. Knight, of Roxbury, Medium.]

### Charles Green, to his Brother Henry.

Dear Brother—The facilities for communication are so good, that I cannot refrain from addressing you. I am pleased to find you progressing in the good cause; I may say I hope the time is not far distant, when you will be proclaiming the truth before an assembled multitude, and that with such power of argument, such force of truth, that it will not only find listeners, but make believers. People have been in ignorance long enough, ignorant of the most simple laws, as well as the most profound. Oh, brother, cast your mitre, enter the field of battle strongly mailed for defence, as well as provided for action. Let every stroke for the good cause tell. Cut down its foes—prejudice, bigotry and selfishness; but protect the truth, bind up the wounds of modest worth, of open-handed benevolence, and gentle love, for though nearly famished from loss of blood, they shall know no death, for the Great Father is with them, and the cause for which they suffer; with His aid shall they be made strong, and with gigantic frames, and uplifted heads, crush beneath their feet the plant of error, whose blossoming is past, and whose seed-time has come; from this springtime a beautiful doctrine, that is all sunshine and happiness—like unto the worm, changing into the gorgeous butterfly, but not like this, fleeting, for that which is true can know no death, no end. CHARLES GREEN.

### MY DARLING'S FIRST SPIRIT-VOICE.

BY DR. C. ROBBINS.

Mamma Leo, I've been dreaming,  
"Mid the realms of beauty-bloom—  
And your darling's strangely happy,  
"Way from sorrow, blight, and gloom."

Papa Charley, I've been crossing  
Earth's mysterious river-rill,  
"T was a step that made me happy,  
—Life and joy increasing still."

Mamma Leo, now I'm waking,  
Sweetly wondering how I'm here—  
While I'm singing, laughing, talking,  
Strange, dear mother, you don't hear!

Papa Charley, I'm progressing,  
Taught by spirits of the air;  
In the school of joy and gladness,  
With the little ones so fair."

Mamma Leo, we are singing—  
One, united, snow-white throng!  
Come, dear mother, come and hear us!  
Does your heart know that "New Song?"

I am roving, blithely roving,  
"Mid the fields of light and love—  
On the banks of life's pure river,  
Come, dear Papa, come above!"

I am dwelling, I am dwelling,  
"On this strange, mysterious shore,  
Where the loved from earth departed,  
Sing their triumphs evermore."

Here I'm resting, sweetly resting,  
"Neath the shade of heaven's dome,  
This my rest, henceforth, forever,  
This my resting-place and home."

CHARLESTOWN, March, 1858.

## The Messenger.

HINTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CORWANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light.

The object of this Department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them.

By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are anything but FINEER beings, liable to err like ourselves.

They are published as communicated, without alteration by us, as we believe that the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, instead of expecting that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. They all express so much of truth as the spirit communicates, that it is not possible to speak of its own condition with truth, while it gives opinions merely relative to things it has not experienced.

The Spirit governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to the best advantage, to see that truth comes through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

### Messages Received

During the week ending Friday, March 26, to be published in their turn. Harvey Burdell, Harriet Lincoot, Addison Phillips, William Gray, John Gillespie, Charlotte Howard, Henry Clay, Reuben Willey, Adase Elias Smith, Wm. Livingston, Chauncey Booth, Rebecca Rice, John E. Thayer, H. Wright, William Homans, Robert to Massa Pratt, John Pemberton, Wm. Parsons, Mrs. Macomber, Robt. Graham, Ellen Beck, Capt. John Coffin, Fred. Barker, Mary Pease, James Tobbetts, Capt. John Hanson, Elder Bisbee John Hubbard.

ERRATA.—In our last we published a message from Samuel Bragg, Dromoe, Lower Canada, but as we printed it "S. C." instead of L. C., it made him a resident of South Carolina. These mistakes will occur in records of all inspiration.

### Francis Parkman.

I am here this afternoon, not to make a confession, but to do whatever good I may chance to see in my way. I, as an individual spirit, have passed off the great stage of an earthly existence, and can now fully realize a spiritual existence. I fear I have but half learned my lesson, and I regret to say that nearly all my life on earth was misspent, full of errors and I might say full of evil. I have often found my way back through mediums privately, but never publicly, that I am aware of—at least I never intended to do so. I find that man is placed upon earth to fit him for heaven, and according as his works fit him for earth life, so shall his joys or sorrows be in spirit life. From what I have told you, you must consider me in no very happy condition; however, I do not expect to live eternally under a curse; neither do I expect to be resurrected suddenly to a place of happiness; but I do expect daily and hourly to work out my own salvation, and enjoy it in the independence of a God.

I have learned there is pleasure to be found in doing good, and I have also learned that the sweetest fruit is eaten after hard labor. I view the earth life in my present condition as one would a passing

panorama; and I fail not to see even now in that picture, my own tragical passage from earth to spirit life; and as I look upon it, I cast reproach upon myself, and upon none other. Everything around me seems barren, and I am told that I must cultivate beauty, if I would enjoy it. In this state of existence, every man enjoys all he earns and nothing more, and one cannot rise above the other, except in point of goodness, for that is the only current coin here—thank God for it!

It would be far better for the inhabitants of earth, if goodness prevailed among them to a greater extent. All our earthly lives seem but a primary school, in which the soul is taught the first rudiments of happiness and misery; and as the soul with the body matures, God will give the soul wisdom enough to discern between the two, therefore no man need err—no man need be spiritually unhappy. He may suffer all the annoyances of an earthly life, and yet suffer them only in a material sense. The body may daily furnish or waste away in poverty or in sickness, yet if goodness is current in that soul, that child of God will be happy, in spite of all the ill-conditions that surround it.

For my part I would much rather be a Lazarus than stand in the rich man's position. I pity those who hold much worldly possessions; I know they are sorely tempted; I know the metal tends to harden the nature; I know full well it tends to shut out the sunshine of charity and goodness, and they are slaves—willing slaves—for they find themselves to be so, and are unable in many cases to break the chain, and loose the bands, and go free. The rich man I will compare to the inebriate, who daily seeks that which will rob him of God's best gift, Reason. He strives again and again to break the maddening influence that surrounds him; again he resolves to touch and taste no more; again he is tempted, and falls. So is it with the rich man—he resolves to be the possessor of so much, if the Giver of all Gifts sees fit to bless him! But with the thousand, comes a wish for a thousand more; and with the two comes a wish for a doubling of the fortune, and so on—for man is never satisfied.

I repeat it again—I pity the rich man, as I pity the inebriate; for the love of gold is a disease in many, and that can only be driven far from the sufferer by self-denial; by prayer for holy influences to aid him. But alas! man is poorly able to pray for holy ones to guard him, when he prays through gold. It is like the inebriate; he prays through smoke and fire, and his prayer becomes like incense to mortals, and ascends no higher. The present financial crisis is but a shadow of what the future will be; too long the gifts of God have been unequally distributed; too long man has usurped the power which belongs to Jehovah; and the time is now fast drawing nigh, when, through those who have once lived in form in our earthly state, these things shall be made far different. The rich man lies down to an uneasy slumber,—he rises in the morning, filled with unhappiness. Every dollar he gets, adds more to his sorrow; it robs him of his spiritual nature, for he is entirely sordid and material; and one from the celestial heavens can scarce recognize the spirit, so deeply embedded is it in materialism.

Thank God I am free; thank God I have nothing to do with the dross of earth; I can hardly thank Him enough. I have suffered enough for the sins of my earthly body. I should have laid up a mine of wealth for my present residence; now I am poor enough. But I have a wish for all mankind, for their welfare and for their progression.

If I had paid attention, even in a small degree, to the advice of my very near and dear friend, I should not have been in my present condition. That advice was thrown away in the past, but I trust in the time to come it will be like pearls in his crown of happiness. He gave it freely, and it will, no doubt, return to him like bread cast upon the waters, after many days, to bless.

I deeply regret my past life, and I am striving to so obliterate the dark past, that in a short time, none in spirit life shall look upon me as one who has come up in iniquity. When I first entered spirit life, I felt a degree of moroseness, of melancholy, almost amounting to horror; and I looked with hatred upon all mankind, until I saw I was only adding fire to the hell that surrounded me; and now I am changed, I am free from all that which caused me so much sorrow, and I only desire that my friends may free themselves, ere they are sent into spirit life, without a shelter, without a home, without the wedding garment.

My time has expired; pardon all the mistakes I have made, for I am not accustomed to your medium. I am Francis Parkman.

### William Pratt, Aia.

I've been requested to come here; is there any objection to my saying what I want to? I belong in Prattville, Alabama. That was my home, and my name was William Pratt, and I have been requested to come here and communicate through your paper. It goes out there, I believe; I am told that some of the folks get it. I've been dead about or near fifteen years. I am not sure; if I was, I should have said just fifteen years. The folks wanted me to tell what I did with. I expect I was poisoned, but I am not certain about that myself—but that's the conclusion I came at. They wanted me to tell how old I was. I was sixty-nine—that's a good age, wasn't it?

There is a mystery to my folks about my death, and they want my opinion, but I shan't talk about it, as it matters not now how I died.

Now, Prattville is not a great ways from Montgomery; I done business there once, and left and went home; supposed I might have lived much longer, but my time, it seems, came. I often go to the place, but cannot manifest. They want to know what I think about religion—they mean the various systems you have. Tell them I think it's all humbug. I always did think so, and I don't know any religion, except Universalism, that I would risk my soul on. I'm happy, and don't care what becomes of the place I used to live in. They needn't think it troubles me, for it don't. I'd just as live the niggers would have it as anybody.

Tell them I am happy—expect to be better off, sometime, but am well enough for this time. I don't know but what you think me strange, but I talk just as I feel, and am not altered from what I was on earth, in that way.

They want to know if I ever see Ben; I answer, yes, but not in the same relation I did when I and he was on earth, for he is on the same foundation as I am, working his way up the same as I am. Every man is his own master here.

They want to know if I suffered much when I died. Tell them if they had been in my situation, I guess they'd have thought so. And as for the monument, I care nothing about it more than the wind, but if they take pleasure in decorating the place, I've no objection. Oh, tell them I have the best wishes for all my friends, and want to see them all happy. Well, that's all I can say now, and I'll go.

Feb. 27.

### Nathaniel Smith.

According to promise, I'm here, but I don't know what I can do. Perhaps you will recollect sometime ago you had a letter from my folks. My name was Nathaniel Smith. I told you I was with you when you received the letter, and I told you I would answer as soon as I could. There are many questions in it I cannot answer, because I cannot—the best of reasons.

I am very happy to answer my relatives, and am pleased that I have been called upon; but, to tell the truth, it has been twenty years since I animated a mortal form; twenty years since I spoke as I now speak, and I assure you it is difficult for me to learn to speak through you now. Suppose you went away from your house, and stayed that time, saying speaking your native tongue during that time, would you not have a difficult task to do, to use it? You would be astonished to see the multitudes of spirits who are learning to control mediums, learning the language, or to use those vocal organs they have so long laid down, in order that they may return to their friends.

I died in New York; my much esteemed relative says in his own mind that I died in 1837. I shall be obliged to correct him; I died in 1839, and you will find me true, by referring to the books at the old hospital in New York city, for I died there.

I was taken sick, and conditions rendered it necessary for me to be taken to the hospital, and I died there, and that is the last time I spoke on earth. I have not been far from earth, yet have not been in communion with earth. Did not even hear the call, for some one told me I was dead, and had better come. So as quick as I could I came and wrote. Now my relative wants to know about my affairs, who I had on earth at that time, and what their names were. Now if he will go to the hospital, he will find a record of it, for they take down the name, residence, place of birth, and names of relatives, of every person who enters. And these questions were asked me, and I know it was to go on record. I don't understand it, exactly, but it was so. I should like to go to New York and manifest to my relative, if he will find a medium; but I wish him to go to the hospital and ascertain if I am true, for I always did things square.

I feel just as I did when animating a mortal form twenty years since. I was much pleased on getting here, to find that I had not got to spend an eternity in misery; and I found that I was not going to a place of extreme happiness, but should eternally progress, and I was glad to find it so.

I don't know as I have got anything more to say. I have told you all I can tell you, and be sure I am telling the truth. If occasion calls, I'll meet you again, if I can. Good bye.

Feb. 27.

### Luke West.

"Oh, Jordan am a hard road to trammel, I believe." It's a fact, I tell you; it's like dying over again to get here. This rig don't seem so very natural to me, after all. Well, but, how do you do, any way? Don't know me, do you? Well, suppose I should say I wouldn't tell you? Suppose I should say? (Wo remarked it would please us, if he sang well.) I guess I won't, for I have not got my own whistle; but the text I chose seemed so appropriate, that I could not help singing that for you. Well, I'm watching round the boys who have set up business for themselves—did you know it? They made a pretty good strike, and I guess they'll come right side up. I suppose they thought they had filled another man's pockets long enough, and thought they'd fill their own. The old fellow who was here a while ago, (Francis Parkman,) thought money an unnecessary evil, and I think it is a necessary evil. So you see we differ, but we do not quarrel about it; every one has a right to his opinion.

Well, but, do you know me? Well, I am Luke West. Now the boys are wondering whether they are going to succeed, and I thought I'd come and tell them. Well, they will do well, if they will let rum alone. They'll line their own pockets, and be their own masters. They must single out some head, and let somebody be master, then there will be no quarrelling. Must have a head, you know, in all establishments, if you want things to work well.

Give my best wishes to the boys, and tell them to push ahead, and when they see a fellow that has n't got a cent, give him a dollar. Take all the four-pences, quarters and halves they spend for rum, and put them away to help the poor, and if they do, they'll find six put in the place of the one they gave. Rum is the downfall of many, and I don't care where I hit—never did. I used to drink, but who shall speak of these things but one who knows from experience? Tell them if they will do as I tell them, I'll be sworn to help them for a year.

I'm all right; shall work myself out in bright colors yet. Takes a long time to wash the paint out, especially when it's rubbed in. I didn't live in this world, in the crowd I did, without getting some spots on my soul. I tell you; but time and patience will rub them out.

Now these boys know I come to them, and I want to give them a little better proof of it, and to tell them I'll help them if they will do as I want them to, and I will not, if they don't; is n't that right? They are a good set of boys—fast, but the fastest have the best hearts, and I want to get them along. Well, but, I don't talk very smart, but I can if you wish it. I do this so that they may recognize me—they would not know me if I used fine language.

Well, but, good bye, I'll see you again.

Feb. 27.

Luke West was a negro minstrel, when on earth, one of West, Campbell and Peel's troupe. This message is given to a company who follow the same business. We knew West by reputation, but never saw him, nor heard him sing. One of the company he speaks of was an intimate friend of his, and some two or three years ago, Luke made his first appearance to us, and requested us to procure the attendance of this friend at our sitting, which we did, when he manifested satisfactorily, we believe, to him.

### William N. Hobart, to James Hobart, of New York City.

Years have passed since I dwelt here in earth-life. Hopes have been swept away—shadows have clung around those I loved so well—death has walked among them, and they have feared him because they have been taught to do so; and even now, one still dear to me lingers upon the threshold of the eternal world, and I to-day come to speak peace to that soul—to rear high the banner of peace—to give him knowledge of the future existence.

In the earlier history of your nation, men dwelt in darkness, and were content to dwell in it to a certain extent. Their souls were shrouded almost at all times with darkness so dense that spiritual truth could not penetrate it. In the infant history of the world we find Spiritualism, like a brilliant star, guiding many to peace.

When the child Samuel lay down to rest at night, the voice of God, by one of His angels, called to him. Samuel then goes to Eli, and tells him of it. The old man says, Go lie down again, and if the voice call thee, say "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." How much better it would be for all of God's children, when they hear the voice of the angels of God, to listen to it, as did the child Samuel. But they do not seem to recognize their God at all, but have put him afar off in space, and set upon him a crown of justice, without love or mercy.

We say in the infant history of the world, they were far different from what they are in the present time, in this respect. If God did indeed speak in the olden time, why may it not be so now? Are there no Samuels now? We find many—blessed be the God of Hosts—and we pray that many, ere this century has passed on, many may have heard and answered, as did Samuel.

But, my dear friend, I have come for a special purpose to-day. As I said, one who is dear to me lingers between the two spheres, and he has heard of the star of Spiritualism, and says, if it be true will not some of my friends who know me in days gone by come and speak to me? Oh, we have heard that petition, we have listened to that prayer, and have been sent by our Father to answer the call. We would tell him that as he has fashioned his future home, so will it be in the land he is going to. All his earthly life he will find on record in that unknown country. If he hath sinned, he must pay the penalty of that sin; if he hath lived an honest life, he need have no fears of hereafter. Yet we would not have him conceive that an eternal hell of fire awaiteth him, for the eternal Father never did conceive of such a horror, and how shall we, His children, speak of such a destiny for man! Tell him to cast all his troubles at the feet of our Father. Tell him to ask for forgiveness, and at the eleventh hour he shall receive his penny. No man shall be forgiven, unless he asks first. Jesus, our loving brother, forgave no man until he was asked to forgive. He that was Mercy and Love will not fail to direct you. This dear child even now doubts the existence of a God, and he says, Give me some proof that such an Intelligence lives. Tell him to look abroad in Na-

ture's domain, and he will find proof that God lives in everything that hath life; tell him to look into his own soul, and if he looks honestly, he will there find proof enough that God liveth, and that he governeth all things.

Already many invocations have gone out for his salvation—for his happiness as he enters the spirit-life, but yet they will avail nothing unless his own soul comes up also—unless the prayer comes from him, and with it a prayer for all mankind—for he who seeks for happiness, unmindful of his brother, is unworthy of love. Tell him to look back to that mother, and to the time when she taught him to raise his infant ideas in prayer to that God, and to build his foundation on those infant days. He asks, are we ever with him. Yes, oftentimes are we, and oftentimes do we look with pity upon that dark soul which asks in these enlightened days, Can there be a God? Friend, direct my epistle to James Hobart, of New York City, from William N. Hobart, who passed from earth forty years ago.

March 1.

### William Harvey.

There is a time appointed for every inhabitant of the spirit world to return, and converse with mortals. Many seem to be to-day—this hour. There are many circumstances connected with my coming which seem mysterious to me. I am first, obliged to govern myself; second, I am obliged to learn to govern the spirit of another; and thirdly, I am obliged to govern matter; and lastly, the elements which surround the matter I wish to control. All these things seem strange to me, but I as an inhabitant must learn. I must take my first lesson, as many have done before me, and as many must do after me. I have many dear friends on earth, and I come in answer to their call. My friends, like the friends of all spirits, want some proof. They say if our friends do indeed return, let them identify themselves so they can be recognized. I do not object to this, and will do what I can to satisfy them.

It is now thirty-five years since I was first taken sick. I was sick nearly six years, and then I was freed from the mortal body. Thus you see I have been here near thirty years. My disease was cancer of the stomach; it first presented itself in the form of inflammation. It troubled me then for some time, and at last assumed the form of cancer, which carried me from one state of being to another. I died in New York city. I was carried there to be operated upon. My birth-place you'll find in Vermont, but the greater portion of my life was spent in the State of New York. I was what the world would term a merchant. I dealt in fancy goods. I always had rather an indistinct idea of the spirit world, and I believe I received impressions from there long ere I became an inhabitant of it. I could not believe in a hell, nor that I was to be transported to a state of happiness immediately, but that I should merely pass to a new state of being. I was a strange man, and many of my friends who are now old, are wondering how I found things—how I progressed and so on, and they have said, if I can receive a communication from that person, I will believe and doubt no more. After I heard of this call, I set about finding a medium, and very soon heard of the one you have here. I immediately set about informing myself of this business, and improve the first opportunity to come. I wish to tell my people that I have never had cause to regret the belief I entertained on earth. I have seen no local hell which is a place for torment, such as ministers preach. I have found no heaven which is a state of perfect happiness. I have found no personal God, such as the church believes in, nor any personal devil which it is taught exists. They wish also to know if I retain the eccentricities of my earthly life. I can only answer them, that I believe what they called strange belonged to my spirit, and therefore I retain them. I had a father and mother living on earth, but they passed to me, or rather the spirit world, nine years ago. The friends inquire concerning them. Say to them they do not dwell with me, although we often meet. I have a sister who died in infancy, and they inquire for her. Say to them this sister dwells in the celestial heavens, and seldom returns to earth. I believe I have answered all questions that were asked of me, and therefore, with your permission, I return home.

It affords me gratification to come here, if by doing so I can afford my friends pleasure or aid to their wisdom.

WILLIAM HARVEY.

March 1.

### Joshua Sears.

I have long sought to come here; I have anxiously waited for what I am blessed with now—power to speak.

Oh, I am unhappy, unhappy! And yet I know I shall not always be so. I know there is salvation for me, as well as for all mankind; but when I look back, and in memory, pass over the time I spent on earth, I can but feel sad and melancholy, and full of unhappiness.

My life was misspent; every day of my natural existence is a blank to me, and now God, in a thousand ways, calls for His own, and I have nothing to give Him. He trusted me with His blessings, and I appropriated them all to myself. Day after day new blessings were added to me, and instead of being a just steward, what have I been? I have been unjust to myself, unjust to mortals, unjust to God! And now, when I have called me away from the field of labor, I am like Adam—I sought to hide myself—but I knew it was useless. God looks at me through a thousand channels, and you must not wonder, gentlemen, that I am anxious to manifest, when you consider that my future happiness is founded upon what I receive at this hour. You must receive it in simplicity, for I cannot clothe it in purple and fine linen. I have friends on earth who are dear to me, and I know, and God knows, they are pursuing a wrong course on earth. I know, and God knows, the misery that awaits them when they meet me in the spirit life.

It has been said, gold hardens the heart, and locks up the channels of the heart, and I know it to be the case, therefore I sorrow for my friends.

Now, it is my business to unlock those channels, and if they harden their hearts, they must bide the consequences. There has been a time when I declared I would not return to earth. I could not then overcome my feelings; but I now have overcome myself, and return. I have nothing to depend upon but myself. I have learned, at this late hour, that I am my own saviour. I have trusted my soul to a poor craft, which has foundered, and now, if I would save myself, I must swim to land. I have been here only a short time, but long enough to understand my own condition, and the conditions of those I love, and I do beg of them, in the name of God, to turn and live; and hard indeed will be the lot of them at death, if they do not hear and understand. I am not allowed to come to satisfy curiosity, but to save souls from almost a literal hell.

I expect to receive hard usage in coming; I expect to be rejected, but if I never sow the seed, I cannot expect to reap a harvest. But my duty is plain, and if I suffer, I must go on.

I had dealings with many men on earth, and bitter curses were heaped upon me, and terribly have I suffered; not one of those curses but have come up hither, and been showered upon me here. I beg of them to spare me, for truly I have suffered enough for them.

There are many with whom I dealt on earth, who spoke well of me. That assumes the form of a curse also, for when I find them telling me what I know I did not deserve, I feel sad.

If I had any virtues, and they are aware I had such, let them keep silent upon the subject, and thank God that I had them. I have met with many of my acquaintances, while here; some are in like condition with myself. While others are happy, some have gone up higher, and found true happiness. I shall strive to exert myself in future, and shall consider my time on earth lost, for which reason I have the more to do now. My name was Joshua Sears.

March 1.

### "A Wife," in answer to Questions.

In No. 22, a wife sent a message to a husband, but gave no name, either of herself or him. We received a letter from some one, asking for answer to certain questions suggested by the message, and it is this letter which the wife speaks of, as a call upon her.

Who calls for me—who says come again? You don't know me, never saw me. Why does he call for me? Why does he ask me to come? Can I benefit him, or can I benefit myself by doing so? You think he is very fair, very honest, and so he is, but the children—the children, do you know anything about them? Oh, dear! then I have come in vain.

Do you know anything about Edward—where is he? Ah! care to know is where the children are, and how they are doing. I am poorly conditioned to see them now; perhaps in time I shall not be so, but that I can see them. Did you tell him that I said she was a good woman? Well, that was right. Now say to him that if he will give me full permission to state all facts, I will do so; until then I cannot answer his questions. Will you do so? Then I will go.

March 1.

### James Gavitt.

My very dear, dear brother; you have no doubt almost forgotten me; yet it is not so with me. On the contrary, I have watched over you at times all these long years. I have long sought to come to you, but never succeeded until to-day. This day the thoughts of other days came to me like a mighty rushing wind, and I was drawn to you, but am poorly able to control this medium.

I will come to you again soon, and give you more in regard to my past, my present, and my future life. Love to all—God bless them.

March 1.

### John Barrett.

Within three hundred yards from the place where you now are, lies an old man, suffering almost the agonies of death. That old man is my father. Seventeen years ago I left him. Then he was poor, but sustained himself comfortably; and now sickness has been laid upon him, and for the last four months he has been suffering not only in body, but in spirit. I come here to-day to ask permission to take your medium there in spirit, that I may aid him—that I may restore him to health, for his time to die is not yet. I can draw material aid from you two, and concentrate it in him, and take it to him, and thereby save his life. I have been at work for the last half hour, very much against her will, I assure you, to accomplish this.

We answered that we had no objection, if our guides permitted him to do as he wished, and he seemed to relax his control of the medium, who became, as it were, clairvoyant, and spoke as follows, there being some minutes between each sentence:—

Straighten him out. Cover him up—he's cold. He's sleeping quiet now, let me go home. I can't wait. There is one chair only here, no back in it—a stove, no wood. I'm half froze—poor old man, nobody to take care of him, nothing to comfort him. There's an Irish woman, stop her, don't let her come in, she's crossing herself; she thinks he's dead, but he's only asleep. That's nice—a bowl of gruel—he'll see it when he wakes. Can't you put it in the chair, so that he can get it easy? There, don't pull me so—let me go now, everything is right. Wait, let me go first, you'll fall down stairs. Which way? Oh, I see now. That's two tight—three—four. I'm out doors now. You go now, I can find the way.

After a few minutes, the spirit resumed control, and said:—

Thank God, you have rendered me timely aid. One hour later and he would not have had longer time on earth—he has much to do here.

You ask me for proof of this strange event. The old man will doubtless give you proof himself, for he feels my timely aid. Disease has been conquered, and he only wants nourishment; and he will have it through an Irish woman, for he is a medium. Her hands are open to work, and her heart is full of sympathy, and by acting upon her sympathy we can save not only one but many.

I was an American. My father an American. Yes, he is a Bostonian. Trouble has been ever in his pathway since I have had any knowledge, and even now, after that kindred have been taken from him, sorrow is left—that clingeth sometimes closer than all else. He has been to-day made aware of the presence of spirits, and will not fail to report such when he again walks among you.

I died of consumption, which I probably inherited from my mother. I was an only child, and I lived to be only ten years of age. My mother died at my birth. I have known what it was to live in poverty. My poor father did all he could to educate me; he did all he could for me, but the Great Father took me away, perhaps that I might this day save the life of my parent.

To-day I have performed that which I hardly expected to perform—but to-day I was told to persevere, and God would aid me. Never again will I doubt His power; never again will I doubt His love.

My name was John Barrett. My father lives now only a few doors south of Cross street, among the poor and lowly. My father, something like two years ago, supported himself well as a laborer. He has been sick most of the time since. Of late he



