

that she never would wish another home than in his heart. I was sorry to undecieve him; but the bitter draught led to his doom.

"Joseph, the defect was in her own heart, and would have embittered your whole life. Blake bowed the poisonous seeds when she was a mere child, and they fell into congenial soil. She was just able to read and be amused by fiction, when he placed books in her hands that have moulded her character for life; she was disgusted with the plain, homely duties of a wife and mother, and craved excitement; she wanted to be one of the heroes that her depraved fancy had learned to picture. Blake is a man just suited to such a taste—handsome, accomplished, fascinating, but wicked as Lucifer himself; he knew well all the time that he was forming her taste and sending her books, what the result would be; he has been long in accomplishing his object, but none the less sure. There are many such victims—their fortune we can foresee; a few months or a year of gaiety and pleasure—then death or a life of remorse and suffering."

It was almost cruel to inflict this suffering upon Joseph. His pure soul could not comprehend the depravity of Blake's heart, and when I proved it to him, his soul was filled with indignation against the man. It was a healthy reaction—at least it turned his thoughts from dwelling so much upon himself. I advised him to keep himself busy, and not spend a moment in idle reverie. As an amusement, he began the study of the French language with me, and in return he was to hear Henny's lessons in arithmetic. It was amusing to hear them—Henny was very slow at figures—it seemed as if she would never comprehend fractions; but her teacher was patient; he cut up apples into fourths and eighths, and made squares on the slate, and when he had pie for a luncheon, he would call Henny to eat it—and she, poor child, was so humble and so sweetly patient, and would look up with so much reverence to her teacher, and yet with so little comprehension, that it was half painful and half comic to see them. But when at last she did really understand that she could multiply a fraction, and yet not increase its value, her delight was unbounded. From that time she made some progress.

CHAPTER XX.

Henny and Mark had been out for a walk. It was a pleasant day in June, and I had dressed him in little pants and a velvet sack, with a broad belt around the waist, and an embroidered collar in the neck. His curls hung from under his broad-brimmed hat, and his bright face was dimpled with smiles, as he held up his foot to show me his new gaiters and said "Aunt Martha gave them to Mark." I kissed him, and he bounded away, while my eyes followed him with all a mother's pride and love. Yes, I did not know it, but my child was my idol when I felt that my husband's heart was not wholly mine, then I turned to the love of my child, and, as a mother, my heart was satisfied. Day and night my thoughts were with him—so intense and unselfish was this love, that I did not spoil my child. No, the highest, purest love is not that which leads a mother to seek her own ease by the indulgence of the child, but is keenly alive to faults, and spares herself no pains in correcting them. My boy was naturally high-spirited and willful, but even now was learning to govern his temper, and by his gentle, loving ways had wound himself around our hearts. I had just sent his daguerrotype to his father, not with my own, as had been requested, but by itself—how it would delight John, for the boy had grown so much during his absence. But to return to the walk; I was reading when the children returned. My little boy came with a heavy, slow step towards me—"Mamma, my head aches so, it seems I shall die, take off my pretty clothes, and let me sit in your lap."

I gratified him, and after putting on a loose sack, he climbed into my lap, and resting his head on my bosom, sat there for the remainder of the day, refusing to eat, or to play, but making no complaint. At evening the heat in his head increased, and I gave him a warm bath, and laid him in his crib. Towards midnight his mind wandered; he called for papa, and I gave him his father's picture, which seldom failed to amuse him; he looked at it languidly while, then laid it one side, and stretched out his little arms—"Take me, mamma—take me—I so sick!" I became alarmed, and sent for the doctor. He pronounced the disease scarlet fever. I know the danger, but the good constitution of the child, we hoped, would carry him through, as the rash came out well.

"All right," said the doctor, and added—"by good nursing I hope to save your boy."

I thanked God and took hope. I did not leave the room, save to eat, and then only from a sense of duty, and to gain strength. I dared not trust any other one for a moment, and I was unconscious of weariness or a desire to sleep. The fever passed its crisis, and all our hearts were glad. "Now the danger is over," I said to myself, and for the first time for ten days drowsiness came over me. Henny sat by the child's side, while I lay down in the same room to sleep. I slept many hours, and my boy slept also. Once during the time Henny awakened him and gave him his drops, and then she said she sang and he fell asleep. I awoke refreshed; Henny brought me a cup of tea—I took a bath, and made my toilet, which had been sadly neglected. As Henny combed my hair, which had grown long and thick again, we had a pleasant talk about "the baby," as we still called him; how good and patient he had been, and how dearer than ever he would be to us. My heart was buoyant, and my step light. I felt that one fearful part of child-life had been safely passed.

How strange it is, that the greatest trials of life always come upon us in an hour when we expect them not! We feel secure; we have passed a great danger, and are triumphant, when suddenly our joy is turned to mourning, and we lie, crushed and bleeding beneath the pressure of some unlooked for calamity.

That very night a change took place in my child; the heat in his head returned, his cheeks were red, and again his mind wandered. The doctor looked grave; he, too, had become attached to the child, and was gratified at the ease with which so violent a disease had been conquered.

He stayed some hours. His looks expressed a doubt. Finally, turning to me, he said: "There are some indications of a brain fever. Would you like some one to counsel with me?" "No," I said at once; "I feel safer to have him wholly under your own control. I have a strong prejudice against these counsels."

There was no lack of skill or attention on the part of the doctor; but the fever increased, and the delirium also. Once, in an interval of reason, he called aloud, "Papa! papa!" I brought the picture and held it to him, for he was too weak to raise it. He smiled and said: "Good by, papa—good by."

It was nothing new—he often said this when he was well—but now it sent a chill and clasp to my heart, that made me seize the sudden clang to my bosom. I did not ask myself "Can he live?" I said, "He must not die!"

I did not ask the doctor if there was danger, for I would not admit the thought. Alas! life and death are not in our hands; the strongest love cannot ward off the shaft of the destroyer; we may bare our own bosoms to receive the stroke, in vain; he is pitiless, and our most precious treasures, the most dearly loved, are taken.

My little boy grew worse daily. His fever was on the brain, and his suffering was great. In his restlessness he would want often to change from the bed to my arms. "I was holding him, at one time, when he seemed more quiet. Suddenly he stretched out his arms, and came near springing to the floor; then his limbs relaxed, his head fell back upon my arm, the little hands dropped, and his face was very pale. Aunt Martha was with me. She bade Henny go quick for the doctor. The little one gasped as if for breath.

"What is it?—what is it, Aunt Martha?" I exclaimed.

"My dear child," she said, as she bent tenderly over me, "this is death!"

Then she took the child from me, and laid it gently in her own lap. Alas! alas! its little life was ended.

How I lived through that day and night, I cannot tell. All I can now remember, is a feeling as of sinking in deep waters, and my soul exclaimed, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me! Oh, for death, that I might hide myself in the grave, and be no more!"

I had not, I confess it, either Christian resignation or its cold prototype, calm philosophy. I had worshiped, and my household gods were taken from me. Life, henceforth, had no charms for me.

I was lying in a darkened room, and thought myself alone, when suddenly a low voice said, "The Lord chasteneth whom he loveth." He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. One light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

I knew the voice. It was one that had always spoken in kindness and love, and the speaker had known a like sorrow. But I was not patient under my trial, and I turned away, and refused to be comforted. "Surely no sorrow is like unto mine."

Aunt Martha left me, and I remained until the day that my child was to be buried. Then she came to me.

"Anna, if you wish to see your little boy once more, come with me."

I arose mechanically, and followed her. She took off the covering that lay upon the dead, and then I beheld the sweet, calm face of my child, beautiful in his dreamless sleep. Strange revulsion of feeling! I was calm now, and as I gazed, a strange quiet stole into my heart.

"He is not lost, but only gone before," whispered Aunt Martha; and there was something in the face of the corpse that told me so. Can it be that the disembodied spirit lingers for awhile around the tenement from which it has so lately escaped, and that it imparts something of its peace and joy to the mourner?

I have sometimes seen a bird linger lovingly around the nest that has sheltered it, sometimes for days, and then when its wings grow strong for flight, rise higher and higher into the blue expanse above, till the forsaken nest was forgotten, and the bird knew it no more.

I have since had this feeling of sudden calmness and peace while gazing upon the corpse of a beloved friend, but never with such power as when I lingered over that of my child.

We buried him as the sun was setting; his little grave was made close to Uncle Mark's, and it seemed a consolation to me that I could leave them there together.

"Not here, not here!" said Aunt Martha, as we wept together at these graves, "but united in heaven!"

Oh, those days and weeks following that funeral! How the sight of a worn shawl, a toy, the crib, his little plate and cup, would waken my grief, and cause the tears to flow!

The only event that broke the monotony of the four weeks following, was a letter from John, in which he says: "Yesterday I had a narrow escape, which I must relate. I was in company with our friend Ward, whom you remember well. We were on our way to establish a trading post in a part of the country where miners had just gone in great numbers. We were on horseback ourselves, and had two pack-mules, well laden. We were riding along, conversing pleasantly, with no thought of danger, when I heard the report of a gun, and at the same instant Ward exclaimed, 'They have killed me!' I sprang from my horse, caught him in my arms, just as he breathed his last—and while I hold him, another ball came, and landed his heart, and thus was I saved. I laid him down, for I could do no more, as his death was instantaneous, sprung upon my horse, and rode to the nearest settlement for help; but I heard the reports of other guns, and one bullet whistled past me.

Death was very near. I seemed to see the faces of my wife and child, and heard distinctly, as I thought, the voice of the lamenting, 'Papa, papa!' A kind Providence spared me, and I returned in a few hours to bury my friend; but already had the dead body been robbed of its clothing, and our goods stolen.

Such are some of the dangers of California life. But time passes quickly. I trust in God, and work hopefully.

My time is more than half out, and then for home once more, where my wife and child, dearer to me now than all the riches of California, will give me a welcome that will obliterate past peril and toil."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
SMILE ON ME.
BY MAUD CARROLL.
Smile on me, blessing of blue,
Arching the mountain walls;
Smile on me, blessing of green,
Kissing the valley falls.
Breathe on me, lighter some wind,
Laden with summer blooms;
Sing for me, forest-rhymes,
Birds of the rainbow-plumes.
Speak to my softly and low,
Voices I love to hear;
Linger in the tones, come ye and go
Over the water-clear.

All that is good and great—
All that is bright and dear—
Tenderly give me about—
Angels are hovering near.
Maidens, with voices sweet
As the river's murmurous tune,
Children smiling and bright
As the sun of a golden June.
Greet me with winning words,
Like silver music falls;
Then smile on me, blessing of blue,
Arching o'er mountain walls.
And smile on me, pilgrims of earth,
Sing with me thankful psalms,
For my joyous soul uplifts
Into the heavenly calms.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.
MY CHOICE.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

"Good bye, Cousin Harry!"

"Good bye, May! and take care of yourself until my return," then, with a heavy and lingering pressure of the hand, turned quickly away.

This was indeed a sorry parting between two persons, who, aside from the close bond of relationship, had been from earliest infancy betrothed to one another.

The last bell struck, and the next instant, as if by magic, the heavily freighted steamer swept gracefully away from the wharf, while a loud huzza from the crowd on shore rent the air, mingled with the waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

I flattered my kerchief in the breeze, until the proud vessel dwindled into a mere speck upon the surface of the horizon, while my poor aunt, unable longer to control her emotions, fell weeping like a child upon my neck.

I tried to offer some few words of comfort to one who had so faithfully performed the office of mother to the orphan girl, as my uncle handed us into the coach waiting to conduct us home; but even they lost their power to soothe, because they came not up from the depths of a truly sorrowful heart.

Henry Ritchie was just five years my senior, and more of a man at twenty, than some persons are at thirty, or thirty five. As his only living cousin, I ought to have been extremely dear and near to his heart, for the same roof had sheltered our youthful heads ever since the death of my parents, which occurred when I was about eight years of age.

I was by birth a child of the South, my father, the twin-brother of my Uncle William, and the namesake of his only son, having in early life, married a young French lady, and settled in Louisiana. After fifteen years residence in the Crescent City, both fell victims to that terrible scourge, yellow fever, during the summer of the year 1836.

So short was their sickness, and so sudden their death, that my childish mind did not for a moment realize the extent of my loss, or the extreme loneliness of my situation. A letter, written by an intimate friend of my father to his only brother at the North, announcing the sad tidings, brought the latter to New Orleans, some three or four weeks after the burial of my parents. There was but one course for my Uncle William to pursue in the matter, namely, to settle up his brother's affairs at once, and make the orphan child an inmate of his own family.

The idea of traveling was something new and novel to my youthful imagination, and it was with a feeling amounting almost to joy that I bade farewell to my native land and friends, and stepped on board the packet destined to convey me to Boston, my uncle's place of residence.

I shall never forget the day of my introduction into my aunt's family, or the first night which I spent under her hospitable roof, when, after two or three hours' continued weeping, I at last sobbed myself to sleep.

I had often heard of my Cousin Harry, through the medium of my father, who, until a month or two previous to his death, had kept up a constant correspondence with his brother in New England. Each in their union had been blessed with but a single child, and it was but natural, with all their fraternal devotion to one another, that they should have desired a marriage in after years between the idolized children of their respective hearts. Thus it was that Henry Ritchie and myself were betrothed to each other in our very babyhood, and before our infant minds could fully comprehend the meaning of the sacred contract which our worshipping parents had so readily made for us.

I remember perfectly well the hour of my first meeting with my cousin, at that time a shy and so-

berred boy of thirteen years; and the first agreeable impression which he made upon my mind was that time. That he was handsome in his classic Saxon style of beauty, no one could deny; but there was a softness in the light that gleamed from his clear blue eyes, which chilled my beating heart, and made me to shrink away from the fond caresses he would have bestowed upon me. My relatives noticed my singular manner, but attributed it to a matter of course, to the entire strangeness of persons and things about me, and the usual diffidence of childhood.

But I soon found that the bright picture which my father had painted of my new home, was losing its charm and brilliancy of color. Although surrounded by everything that was needful to my comfort, I was far from being happy, according to the general acceptance of the term. I missed my mother's kiss and prayer, my father's smile, and even the untiring devotion and attentions of my colored nurse Rosa—who at the death of her master and mistress, had been sold, together with some five or six other slaves, to a trader in Alabama.

My entrance into one of the public schools of the city; however, soon diverted my thoughts into a new channel, and banished the feeling of utter loneliness to which I had for a short season so entirely yielded up my youthful heart.

Time flew on, but each succeeding day only strengthened the great dislike which I had taken to my cousin Henry, upon the occasion of our first interview. Ours was, to all appearances, an acquaintance which would never improve with age, for I really believe that our first impressions of one another were mutually repulsive and unfavorable.

I called Harry an idler at a seat, and a book-worm by creation; he called me a tease and a hayden, and when angry, a perfect miniature Venus during an eruption. Thus we retaliated upon each other, until Aunt Sarah overhearing our loud tones and excited conversation, would constitute herself Magistrate of Peace for the time being, and settle our difficulties by sending Harry to his own room, and me to my music or embroidery. That I was not blest by nature with a gentle and passive disposition, I was well aware. But conscious as I was of my own imperfections and infirmities, I could not bear to have them constantly held up before my eyes, (and glaring upon me like evil monsters in their great magnitude,) by Cousin Henry, who, to speak the truth, was a perfect juvenile reformer in his way, and always labored to impress upon my mischievous mind the truth of that scriptural passage, which says, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Both Cousin Harry and myself were spoiled children, although perhaps in a different way. Having neither brother nor sister to share with him the comforts of life, Henry Ritchie had early learned to depend upon himself for amusement and instruction. The selfish in part of his boyhood's days in the solitude of his own little room, which his indulgent parents had fitted up handsomely with a library, writing-desk, maps and globes, purposely to gratify the intellectual tastes of their only child, whose mind seemed from infancy bent upon the acquisition of knowledge, rather than of youthful sports and pleasures. His sedentary life made him a brilliant scholar, a dutiful but not particularly interested son, and a most indifferent friend.

My abrupt and sudden entrance into his father's family must have been a source of annoyance rather than of pleasure to a person of his peculiarly sensitive temperament. Accustomed from the days of babyhood to having my slightest whim and caprice humored, with slaves ever ready to come and go at my bidding, it was but natural that, when I found myself as I was in my disposition, I should have looked for some similar tokens of indulgence among the few relatives of my northern home.

Had my Cousin Henry been disposed to look upon me at the outset as a companion and equal, I should undoubtedly have opened to him the well-spring of my heart, and lavished upon his barren and desolate soul the entire wealth of a sister's affection—for it was a part of my very existence to love and be loved.

Even my aunt and my uncle, who were to me the kindest and best of relatives, failed to understand me, else they had not attempted to check the exuberant flow of spirits which are so necessary to the vitality of some beings, and lend such an exquisite charm to the person of childhood. Thus things went on; Henry studying and I laughing and coquetting with all his boy-associates at school, until my poor aunt, in her despair, would turn helplessly to her husband and say, "It is evident that Harry and his Cousin May were never destined for one another."

"Pshaw! let them alone," my uncle would say, who never uselessly troubled his head about the affairs of others, more especially young people. "Time will bring them to their senses. May is pretty, wild and romping, while Henry is sober, bashful and reserved. Both are as yet mere children, and cannot be expected to evince the judgment and wisdom of persons of maturer years."

But even years wrought not the desired change in our hearts which my dear uncle had so earnestly declared would sooner or later take place.

Henry Ritchie had arrived at the age of twenty, and now looked but a single year of his majority. In his studies he had more than realized the expectations of his adoring parents, having received from the hands of his teachers numerous testimonials in the shape of diplomas, books and medals. My cousin was ambitious for further improvement; he desired to go abroad, and spend from three to five years in study and travel upon the continent. His father being endowed with a good supply of this world's riches, could not reasonably refuse the request of an only son, though a trifle exorbitant in its tone; so after many misgivings and fears upon the part of Aunt Martha, it was at last decided upon that Cousin Harry should make a trip to Europe. The reader has already witnessed our parting, and whether our future meeting will be less chill and ceremonious, is a problem which a few minutes' close attention cannot fail to solve.

After my cousin's departure, the proposition was made to me by my uncle, that I should spend the time occupied by Harry's absence, in some excellent boarding-school, or first class Seminary. Such a one was to be found in Brooklyn, New York, and without hesitation I acceded to my guardian's plan.

One thing, however, surprised me not a little, which was the perfectly business-like manner in which my Uncle William spoke of my contemplated studies. He had only one son, when he should return to his native land. It was clear to my mind that the

subject had been from time to time pretty thoroughly discussed between my close-minded cousin and his parents, although the former, during my seven years' residence in his father's family, had never once alluded to the matter when in my presence.

I thought that my cousin perhaps considered me too young to entertain a contrary opinion, or exercise any voice in the matter, provoked and maddened me for, at fifteen years of age, I imagined myself quite a woman. I had no doubt but that my aunt had spoken the truth, when she had told me so many times, in the privacy of her own chamber, that my deceased parents had earnestly desired that a union might take place, in after years, between Henry and myself; but I could not bring my mind to the belief that there either was, or ever would have been—allowing that my parents had lived—anything compulsory in regard to my wedding a man toward whom I felt not the slightest love or sympathy, but merely respected because of the intimate and close degree of relationship existing between us.

Like Mary of old, I said nothing either one way or the other upon the subject, but "pondered all these things in my heart."

To Brooklyn I went, without delay, where I made the acquaintance of a young Philadelphia girl, whose strange resemblance to my cousin Henry Ritchie caused me to shudder perceptibly when first presented to her. But I soon found that her looks quite belied her, for a kinder or nobler heart was never bestowed upon woman, than that which throbbed in the breast of Blanche Malcolm. Like most school girls, we soon contrived to get up a most devoted attachment for one another, which we often declared eternally could not lessen or sever. Blanche protested that I was the most beautiful and bewitching little Southerner that she had ever met with, while I returned the compliment by saying that I should have christened her the fairest flower of the North, were it not for her terribly close resemblance to my odious cousin Henry, whom most people called handsome.

Together we read and laughed over the letters which my dignified and scholarly father sent me from Europe by nearly every other mail, and to which I, in my replies, often insisted upon her adding a postscript. I wish you could have seen those letters from Henry Ritchie—so thoroughly business-like in their tone, that even you would have laughed heartily at the idea of calling them love-letters.

"So you will marry this cousin Harry of yours, May, when he returns home, without feeling for him the slightest particle of love?" said my friend Blanche one day, after listening to a long dissertation of mine upon the follies and imperfections of my betrothed.

"Why, yes—that is to say, no, if I can only have the good fortune to meet with some loving and chivalric knight who will esteem my beauty a prize sufficient worth adventuring the loss of a broken neck for, by wooing and carrying me off in triumph as his bride, before the face and eyes of my cold and exacting cousin."

Blanche laughed lightly at my words, and replied that I would probably change my opinion of Henry Ritchie, when he returned to America a thorough scholar and a highly-financed gentleman.

"May be, and may be not," was my significant reply, as together we prepared to enter the schoolroom.

Nearly five years have passed since my cousin set sail for Europe. After a year spent in traveling, Henry Ritchie had at last settled down for three or four years' hard study at the University of Heidelberg, preparatory to his entering upon the practice of medicine in his native city of Boston.

His letters stated no set time for his return, and so, having finished my studies at the seminary in Brooklyn, I availed myself of my friend's kind invitation to spend the coming winter with her at her Philadelphia home.

There my acquaintance with her only brother, Clarence Malcolm, began, who had recently returned from Europe after some three years residence abroad, with the view of improving his health, which had been materially affected by too close attendance upon his profession as a lawyer. It is said that like attracts like. This was the case with Mr. Malcolm and myself. He was frank, generous and enthusiastic; I was warm, impulsive and ardent. Love spoke in silent eloquence through the medium of our eyes, although neither dared to breathe a word upon the subject to mortal ears.

Days and weeks rolled on, and the time came for me to return to Boston. Clarence grew gloomy and dejected, while a similar feeling of sadness and nervousness seemed fastening itself upon my heart. Seated in the drawing-room together, the evening previous to my contemplated departure, Clarence rose from his seat beside me upon the couch, and began rapidly pacing the apartment. We were alone, and though I kept my eyes intently fixed upon the book which I held in my lap, I had a faint presentiment of what was about to follow. Of a sudden Clarence Malcolm paused in his perambulations, and sinking impulsively upon his knees before me, poured into my not insensible ear the story of his deep love for me.

"Rise, I beseech you, Mr. Malcolm!" I entreatingly said, "for, although my heart is wholly yours, I am unfortunately betrothed to another!"

The words had scarce escaped my lips when a servant ushered a tall and light-complexioned gentleman of decidedly foreign aspect, into the room. One glance at that face, convinced me of its identity. With a slight scream I would have made my escape from the room; but Clarence Malcolm, rising quickly from his lowly position at my feet, detained me.

"I confess, sir, that your countenance is an unfamiliar one to me," said Mr. Malcolm, as, after handling me to a seat, he extended his hand to the stranger by way of courtesy, who was standing in the centre of the room, like one struck dumb with amazement, after the singular discovery which he had just witnessed.

"Do you not remember, sir, a person, who some three years since, rescued you from drowning in the Seine?"

"I do, indeed, sir; and it is to you, my brave friend, that I am at this moment indebted for my life. God knows I tried hard enough to seek out the name and address of my preserver—when reason, after long hours of unconsciousness, at length returned its accustomed way—but in vain. Now, sir, that I have at last found you out, let me extend to you that hospitable and friendly welcome, which is the noble prerogative of my life, you so richly deserve."

My readers can easily imagine the scene of emotion and confusion which ensued, which, upon Clarence presenting me to his unknown friend, he discovered that we were by no means strangers to each other, as the world, "Cousin May!" and

"Cousin Harry" simultaneously burst from the lips...

The following Christmas there was a double wedding at the residence of my uncle, in Boston...

Five years have passed since then, and I, for one, can truly say that I have never for a moment regretted "My Choice"...

Written for the Banner of Light.

ANGEL GUIDES.

BY MARY E. MASON.

They come to us on in the still hour of night, And gently withdraw us from slumber...

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Devil in Denmark.

BY JACOBUS.

"The Devil is in"—Your's Attack.

The devil has played a prominent part in the social history of the Northern nations. Their legends and traditions have a "powerful smell" of sulphur.

Cyprinus was worse than the devil. He lived in one of the Danish islands, and wrote a wonderful, but wicked book on Witchcraft.

Outwit the —? Very hard to do, or admit, but the thing has undoubtedly been done.

A few miles from the town of Horsens, in Jutland, lived a miller, who owned one of Cyprinus's books.

He opened the book, and read another portion of it. But the devil was not to be defeated. He would not attend to more than one thing at a time, and he had not yet received a commission from the terrified intruder.

"Here!" cried the miller, holding out a sieve. "What shall I do with it?" asked the devil.

"Empty all the water out of the pond near by, and carry it, in this sieve, ten miles distant!"

"Sold!" said the devil, in a devil of a rage, as he disappeared, "leaving behind him," says the Danish historian, "a most loathsome stench."

We do not doubt it. This is not the only instance on record of the devil having been out-generated.

Once he engaged himself as assistant cook to the monks of Esrom. Their reputation, for piety extended throughout the earth. The devil, therefore, was anxious to conquer them.

He prepared the rarest and richest viands. Though the cooks that the devil sends to saliors is a wretched hand at his trade, the Old Boy himself, as the monks soon found, is the ablest that ever touched a ladle.

It is even hinted in the chronicles of the convent, that the devil went further still. There are dark suggestions of scarlet sinners. But let us give the devil his due—the benefit of the doubt—and deny that he used any other agency than delicious viands.

Brother Russ, however, betrayed himself. Like many of his children, he could not stand success. His schemes succeeded so admirably that he forgot his prudence.

owner, saw it there, but did not suspect who had slaughtered it. To catch the thief she climbed up a tree near by, and determined to stay there till he came for the parts that were left.

The devil soon came, sure enough, and many others with him. They applauded Brother Russ. They said, in their glee, that they would soon invite the Abbot and his monks to a feast, in hell.

The peasant heard and trembled. Next day he apprised the Abbot. The monks were instantly assembled, and with prayers and palms sought to exorcise the fiend. Brother Russ heard them say that his favorite plan was frustrated, and tried to speak away. But he had a penance to perform.

For many years after this event, the pot and gridiron of Brother Russ were religiously preserved in the convent of Esrom.

The priests, if the records are authentic, have unwittingly "the subject of this memoir"—as the biographers say—very frequently, and with the greatest shrewdness. They tell, for example, how the devil was once deprived of a victim by a priest of Jutland, of whom it is said that "he knew more than his paternoster."

"You will allow him to remain here, at least," said the priest, "until the candle burns down to the socket."

The devil consented. "Thank you kindly," returned the priest, as he blew out the candle. "It will never burn down as long as I can help it!"

He put the candle in his pocket! The devil left in his own name, of a rage. The man repented of his sins, and never had anything more to do with his Satanic Majesty from that time till the day of his death!

Again: Once on a Christmas eve a party of young men were playing cards in the town of Lemvig. They staked immense sums, and won, and lost in proportionate amounts. In their delirious excitement they were very profane. Late in the night they heard a knocking at the door.

"Come in!" they shouted with drunken energy. A well-attired gentleman, clad in black, opened the door, and entered the room. He asked to be permitted to join them in their game. They willingly agreed to allow him. He lost every game. A card happened to fall on the floor. One of the party stooped down to pick it up.

"Quelle horreur! From the boots of the stranger protruded a cloven hoof—the only part of the body that the devil cannot change or conceal. The young fellows were alarmed, and sent for the priest. The holy man came and ordered the devil to depart, but the devil would not stir!

"By their profanity and gambling, they brought me here, and I will not go until I taste warm blood!" The students shuddered! A little dog was running about the room. The priest caught it, tore it in pieces, and threw it at the devil. He seized it and eagerly devoured it.

"Now," said the priest, "you must go!" The devil howled, but sat still. The priest took a gimlet and bored a hole through the lead of the window.

"Go out there!" he said to the devil. "Thank you," returned the devil, "I would rather go as I came."

"You shall not do it," replied the priest, as he shut and locked the door, "for if I allow you to depart as you entered, you can come again. Make yourself small—and go out of the gimlet-hole!"

The devil sat still! The priest opened the Bible and began to read it. The devil couldn't stand that. "I'll go!" he said, and disappeared. But it cost him so much to make his exit through so small a hole, that his howls were heard for many miles around.

The devil has even left his footprints in Denmark—on one of a row of stones in a field near Sonnerod. One night he ran away with a bride from her marriage feast. He could only run with her—had no power to harm her—until some one, a man, should take off her bridal wreath. The bridesmaids had placed it on her head in the name of Jesus, which was a charm so potent that it destroyed his power.

He offered a handful of gold to every one he met if they would only take off the wreath; but no one would do it, and he ran round the country carrying his burden, until he came to the field near Sonnerod, where he rested on the row of stones. You can see his foot-mark there to this day. If you do not believe it, you may go there and see it for yourself. I tell the story as I read it in the legends of Denmark, and legends, you know, always speak the truth.

The danger of having anything to do with the devil is illustrated in the history of the lady of Klobbygaard.

Her mansion is in a valley—a very lovely spot—on the road from Aalborg to Histed. She was a very wicked lady. She was given to the practice of sorcery. She delighted to hear of every crime that was perpetrated in her neighborhood. She frequently showed her favorite servant a large chest full of silver coins, and offered to give him as many as he could take. He tried often and tried hard, and tried long to lift them, but he never could raise a solitary piece. When once he said that he wished he was the owner of so vast a treasure, she sighed deeply, and said—"Ay, ay! but then the horrible death!"

One night, a tenant came to pay his rent. Every room was dark. He didn't know what to make of it. He walked, or rather groped, from room to room, until he came to an apartment in which he saw a solitary light. In the middle of the floor was a half-bushel measure. Suddenly a ferocious-looking dog walked into the room, went up to the measure and barked! A silver coin fell from his mouth! He barked again, and again a coin fell into the measure. He barked full and running over, and then left the room as mysteriously as he had entered it.

"Well," said the peasant, "that's an easy way of making money, and a very useful quadruped. Here, every one in the house is asleep and their dogs are busily barking them rich. I suppose I may as well help myself, as they will never miss it in the morning."

So he took thirty pieces of silver, and offered them to the lady, on the morrow in payment of his rent.

She instantly recognized the pieces, and accused him of theft. He told what he had seen on the previous night. The lady was so terribly alarmed at the discovery, that, in order to secure his silence, she made him a free gift of his farm.

Shortly after this event she ordered her coachman to harness her horses. The night was very dark, and the coachman objected; but she insisted, and he complied. He drove her over unfrequented roads, precipitous and rugged, until they came to an ill-ruined castle, of which the coachman, although he knew the district well, had no previous knowledge. The lady alighted and entered the saloon, which was brilliantly lit with tapers. She ordered the driver to remain till she returned. He stayed with his horses for several hours; but at length he became so weary that he determined to seek her. He went up to the window and looked in. Why did he start, turn pale, and run for his life? He saw his lady sitting in the middle of the room, undressed. A man was combing her hair. A pile was burning at her side. No one ever heard of the lady afterwards. The coachman swore that she had gone to hell. Who knows? Who's been there? Now "do not all speak at once!"

With another diabolical legend I will conclude my notes of the Devil in Denmark. It illustrates the impropriety of taking the devil's name in vain.

A girl saw her mistress take some ointment from a pot and anoint a broomstick. As swift as thought it ran between her legs and flew up the chimney with her. The girl was surprised—astonished, we might say. You do not wonder at it, I hope? Really, if you reflect on it, it was excusable in the damsel to be surprised. It was not an every-day occurrence, this greased broomstick method of locomotion. Let us hesitate, then, to blame the girl. She thought she would be as good as her mistress—a common thought with aspiring Bridgets. So she went to the pot, anointed a wash-tub, and coolly sat down upon it. Whew-w! Away—away up the chimney—over rooftops, rivers, forests, fields—dismal swamps and fertile lands—away—away quicker than the birds fly—quicker than the lightning flashes, flew the maiden on the ointment-eating tub. Down—down from her "course" among the stars—down—down till the mountains could be seen again—down—down till the trees and the rivers could be traced with ease—down—down toward the rooftops of a foreign city—came the damsel and the tub—down—down through the soot of a chimney she descended until she sat in a room of hideous witches, chattering of unearthly things. There, too, sat her mistress—"chief among them all." The devil, as in duty bound, was among them. After he had danced and paid the fiddlers, he came up to the girl and told her to write her name in a book which he gave her. Instead of doing so at once, she scribbled a few words to try the pen. The devil swore. He could not take the book back in consequence of this act. Next morning they all started for home. They flew in company—the wash-tub rivaling the fleetest broomstick. They came to a brook, and the girl hesitated.

"It won't do," she thought, "to take such a leap in a wash-tub."

But she had excellent pluck—this maiden of the tub. "I'll try it," she said. And she did! She accomplished it easily and well. She looked back.

"That was a great leap," she said, "a devil of a—"

Down she dropped—down to the ground. There was no use in trying to urge her wash tub again. It would not stir.

"Miles and miles from home," she sobbed, "oh, ho, ho, what's the matter?"

"Do not mention my name," said the devil, "except when you need my services. Do not mention above all, when you are in a dangerous situation."

"Oh, ho, ho, ho," cried the girl.

"The book! the book! give me the book!" said the devil. She gave him the volume, and had to trudge home afoot, carrying the tub, and sobbing sadly.

This illustrates, as I have said, the very bad effects of mentioning your father's name unnecessarily. Remember the lesson!

Written for the Banner of Light.

Memories of the Past.

BY CORA WILBURN.

"And slight withal, may be the things which bring Back on the heart the weight which it would fling Aside forever—It may be a sound. A tone of music—summer's breeze, or spring. A flower, a leaf, the ocean, which may wound. Striking the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound." BYRON.

In the glorious light of the new dispensation, that brings the truths of first-born time to the longing hearts of the present, the gloom and the sorrow hitherto enveloping the past is rapidly passing away, to give place to deep reflection; thanksgiving for trial, and gratitude for suffering; as the mind emerging from gloomy views of life, from superstition's rules and man's authority, compiles the lessons of the past, with all its anguish of deception and bereavement, that its history may serve him for guidance in a future, better path. That for bitter ness he may substitute charity; for angry and rebellious feeling, gentleness and self-control; for worldly justice, angel mercy; for every wrong, forgiveness; for every error, reformation; for every evil deed, restitution, expiation.

This is practically taught by the faith that holy sinners call "the sinner's lure for the destruction of souls," this extracting of the one drop of honey from the bitterest draught of suffering, is urged upon the true believer by this faith of guiding angels. If a change of heart is to be effected, in order to gain our admittance to the Father's kingdom, it is by the gradual, slow and sure development of our higher faculties, that this change from the rebellious, obstinate, unforgiving, hostile animal, to the meek, strong, forgiving and submissive spirit, can be brought to pass. The work must begin, and must be continued within our own awakened and aspiring souls. And to avoid the shoals and quicksands of life, we have the beacon-lights of the past, its landmarks, its very tomb-stones, its haunting memories even; for, while the human heart throbs in its earth-encasement, there will be longing and regret for the familiar places, here, lost to sight; for the forms and faces gone, whose mortality dare not follow; who even, when they return have wrapt around them garments so resplendent, we are compelled to veil our dazzled sight, and dare not look at what once was ours. But, the haunting, ever-renewed memories of the past need no longer grieve and wound and alarm. Our direct foe is disarmed

by potent love; in the trusting, soul no fear need enter. The broken friendship, has long since been renewed; its chain extends from earth to spirit-land; the tolls and miseries of the past arise, only in contrast to the blessedness of the present, to incite the heart to gratitude. The sound of the bell at twilight—it moves the heart to sorrowing reminiscence—it fills the eyes with tears, it chimes so low and mournfully when a mother's last earth-sigh was drawn! If you deem her sleeping beneath the sod, unconscious, inanimate, feeling not of life or love, well may you weep! But you know that she is living, blest with love and consciousness, with your heart's thrill; that she is beside you often; by your heart's power of joy you feel her presence; then let the bell toll on! It was the signal of an angel's birth, no sound of despairing woe.

The sun shines brightly over the calm, scarcely wind-stirred waves; the sweet south wind dallies softly 'mid the fluttering leaves; and beauty have impressed their spirit on the scene; the white-sailed skills float gracefully over that summer sea. What haunting memories invade the holy stillness? The thankful joy of earth and sky—why is it broken by that human sob? Alas! the seaweed floating on the pebbled beach, now laved by the playful waves, now left upon the sand, recalls a bitter, poignant, early grief—a father's form was buried 'neath the ocean-wilds; it was never found, but his well known cap floated ashore entwined with this memento of his fate. Not yet submissive heart! arouse from selfish mourning; wert thou pure and true and aspiring as he, thou wouldst in mortal garb behold his radiant brow and eye of triumph, his princely form in all its angel grandeur of truth and majesty; thou wouldst not weep again in presence of thy immortal guardian. And though thine eyes be veiled, thy hearing sealed, thy heart is not all closed to revelation from the land of souls. What means the pulse of rapture stirring in thy heart, as thy lips say, "Father, my earthly father, now in Heaven?" It means that unconsciously thy lips recede a spiritual truth, that thy sense cannot take cognizance of. The haunting seaweed is the earthly remembrance of the living, loving father, thus attracting his child's better thoughts and holy feelings by the strong tie of sympathy, of earthly recollection. Look, then, abroad o'er earth and sky and ocean with a cheerful spirit, and render praise unto him who doeth all for good.

I cannot see the myrtle twined amid dark or sunny tresses, without a sigh of memory—a quick pang at the heart. She, among whose jolly braids I often fastened the glistening sprigs, was false and cruel to me, to whom she had so often vowed perpetual love. That girl—all gentle as she was—with her pensive, Madonna-like loveliness, trampled on my heart with a giant's strength and recklessness. Then (it is many years ago) I felt bitter, and grew weary of life itself; now I have learned to forgive, and I think of Solita with a loving, pitying heart.

There is one strain—it is a German household melody—I hear it but seldom; yet, when heard, it nestles to my heart with all subduing, overwhelming power, that vents itself in salutary tears—an offering to home and youth; home, shadied by the chestnut trees, the climbing roses, the luxuriant vines of "fatherland," far, far away; youth, as it beckoned me from a gilded barge, sceptred and crowned with love and hope and conquering power. But, with the tears of memory, mingles the quiet joy of present happiness; the upwelling gratitude for the true friends found beneath strange skies—the kindred spirits met with on the distant strand.

See, the blue heavens are decked with fleecy clouds, quick gathering—rarely grouped. I called them "angel heads" when a child. A feeling akin to childhood's light-heartedness comes over me when I gaze—and the past, all brilliant, unclouded as it once was, returns to me—and not a household tone is wanting, not a ray of light has gone. The memories of the past are not all shadows; there is much sunlight—much heart-warmth there.

A package of letters, tied with emblematic blue; I have not opened them for years. There is friendship—love—all that is beautiful and cheering in life contained in those letters; but the hand that penned those sentiments turned from my proffered clasp, and disavowed the written pledge. That heart grew hard as marble, icy and vindictive; I never could solve the mystery. I know not is he dead or living; he tripped from me in the hour of my sorest need, and I felt stricken—an outcast from all faith in humanity, drifting rudderless upon the sea of doubt. I recovered from the chillness and the gloom; other hands pressed mine, and turned not coldly away. I found true, great and noble hearts, ever steadfast and fond; and I have forgiven—almost forgotten—the false and early friend.

There is a picture I cannot yet unclose, to look calmly upon the fair and treacherous face. I thought her too unworlily to deceive—too childlike to smile and betray. I crossed the ocean to clasp her in my arms, to hear her lips repeat the written words of love. I found her cold and artful—I knew all too soon—she loved me not for myself. I shed no tear over this new grave; but piled upon it the soft, high, winter snows, and sang its requiem with unflinching voice. I turned to my daily and absorbing duties, pleasant and congenial as they are; I turned to my holy mother—to Nature in her forest wilds and rocky sanctuaries—and she gave me her benediction, and poured her healing balsams on my wounded heart. I sang aloud with sea and wild-bird, and they cheerfully responded; I basked in the sun-rays of God's sanctuary—solitude; and felt the reviving warmth of the love that passeth not away. I questioned leaf and flower, and they responded truly; I sailed heavenward with the sunset clouds, and worshiped with the first star of night, and met with no deceptive voices, no false embraces, no broken faith. And to the few human friends I turn with quiet reverence, for they are my guiding, saving angels. From the past, I endeavor to teach my soul—to curb my yet undisciplined heart to submission and faith. In the present, I live with hopeful, ever-cheerful spirit, singing for very thankfulness—praying for grateful joy. In the future, a dazzling sun arises, a land of beauty gleams, dear familiar faces smile, and white hands beckon in the spirit-land of reunion and fulfillment.

PHILADELPHIA, November 29, 1858.

LITTLE EXPENSES.—What maintains one vice, would bring up two children. You may think that a little tea, or a little punch now, and then, diet a little more costly, clothes perhaps a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no matter; but remember, many a little makes a mickle; and further, beware of little expenses; a small lake will sink a great ship.—FRANKLIN.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HAPPY SPIRITS.

BY MRS. M. E. ALLEN.

Happy spirits, walking near, Whispering gently in thy ear; Come, my sister, come away, In full glory view our day. List! a voice is ringing near, "Never falter, never fear; Truth will bear thee safely o'er—Hence thy sorrows are no more. Come, my brother, come away, Leave thy turmoils for a day, And list to music from above, Where each breath is fraught with love. 'T will fill thy soul with love so pure That thought of earth-jays can allure; Then leave thy sorrows for awhile, And bask in angels' sweetest smile."

HOUSTON, TEXAS, 1858.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MARCUS CURTIUS.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

Night, cloudy and dark, settled upon Rome—the Eternal City. The wind howled fearfully upon all sides, while the heavy falling rain soon drove to their various dwellings such of her inhabitants as stern necessity compelled to linger late at their employments.

Nether moon nor stars relieved for a moment the ebon hue of the firmament above, whose sombre, unnatural appearance, struck a chill of terror into many a stout heart that had never before known fear.

At midnight the trumpet sounded forth its echoing peal. Cries of frenzy and affright, mingled with the clashing of arms, were now heard in every direction. Through the blinding rain and mist, men might have been seen hurrying to and fro, whose ghastly faces, uplifted to the rolling thunder, betokened signs of sudden fear and woe.

Scarcely had the cry of war been raised, when, with a low and dying moan, the tempest ceased. But sleep came not to human eyes that night.

From his marble turret, the proud nobleman peered forth into the intense darkness, while the humble peasant, paralyzed with fear, sat speechless within his cottage walls. Upon the summit of the highest mountain stood the Augur, in his white flowing robe. In one hand he held the mystic staff, in the other a quaintly pictured globe. His large and full eyes glanced rapidly from star to cloud, from cloud to birds.

Rome seemed like a terrible camp, invaded by the savage foe. Through the livelong night, "footsteps, ceaseless as the flow of water from their mountains gushing," fell upon the listening ear; while a darkness, deep as that of the tomb, pervaded the entire city, except where the Capital, in middle air, "Sent from its altar's golden frame, The whirling pyramid of flame."

At last more slowly dawned upon the thickly populated city; but alas! the long-desired light reveals an immense gulf, yawning frightfully in the centre of the Roman forum. An earthquake threatens total destruction to the city, and a common grave to her sons. On, on, the fearful chasm spreads, devouring in its mighty jaws, tower and temple, palace and cot. Can naught be done to stay the deadly work, and save a million souls from instant death? Through the dense throng comes one with floating hair, torn garments, and unsaundered feet. It is the Oracle, whose dark eyes seem flashing with an unearthly light. The multitude fall back, and listen with glaring eyes, and half-suspended breath, to the sybil's words:

"What shall fill that sullen tomb, But thy noblest treasure, Rome?"

Like a watchword, the cry passed from lip to lip, while, hurrying to the cavern's brink, rushed young and old, bending beneath the weight of costly burdens. Into the fathomless depth they threw marble statues, golden urns, fragrant spices, robes from Tyre, and precious gems from India's shores. But even these cannot appease the hungry and all-devouring earthquake. Like a huge world, that man has not the power to heal, spread the terrible gulf.

But hark! the clattering of a steed is heard. The next moment a solitary warrior is seen advancing!

"This Marcus Curtius!" shout a myriad of human voices, as, putting spurs to his horse, the weary soldier dashes madly through the trembling throng. All gaze upon him in amazement, but have not power to ask from whence he comes. His wild and disordered air seem to betoken the tired and time-worn traveler. His raven hair lays in damp and heavy masses upon his noble brow; his snowy plume is soiled and bedabbled with the rain, while stains of blood are plainly discernible upon spur and cuirass.

"Forbear!" the haughty rider cried, as reining in his panting steed, he cast a hurried glance from face to face in that vast crowd.

"Who's richer than the miser's hoard? The patriot soldier and his sword? Rome, wouldst thou fit that yawning grave? What treasure hast thou like the bravo?"

All stood aghast, as with one fierce bound that gallant steed, with its rider firmly seated upon its back, neared the brink of the precipice. At that instant, while man and horse stood trembling on the very verge of eternity, a loud and piercing shriek rang clearly out upon the morning air. The warrior's face grew deadly pale, as, turning in his saddle, he beheld his lovely bride kneeling and weeping at his side. One longing, lingering look of love he bent upon that fair, young face, then wheeling round and waving high his plumed hat, he cried,

"Rome, the Eternal, 'tis for thee I die!" then, with a lightning plunge, the noble warrior sprang with his horse into the gulf below, which immediately closed, burying from human sight "the boldest of the bold."

Centuries have passed since then, and time has crumbled in the dust the old gray stone which marked the spot where Rome's proud son so nobly yielded up his life to save his fellow-men; yet on history's page the glorious deed is still inscribed, and to the world the name of Marcus Curtius shall be a beacon-flame, a star, whose lustre ages cannot dim!

PHILADELPHIA, November 29, 1858.

The head is dull in discerning the value of God's expedients; and the heart, cold, sluggish and reluctant in submitting to them; but the head is lively in the invention of its own expedients, and the heart eager and sanguine in the pursuit of them. No wonder, then, that God subjects both the head and heart to a course of continual correction.

Though God extends beyond creation's rim, Each smallest atom holds the whole of him. ORIENTAL.

Banner of Light

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GIVE AND GET.

Men do not yet understand that the very first condition of their having is their giving. Yet no truth is more true, and no fact recorded in the soul's experience is more plain. Niggards and misers, whether in matters spiritual or matters worldly, are poorer even than those that have nothing at all.

This law of Giving and Getting, which runs through all nature, is more perfectly and more beautifully illustrated in the soul than in any of those affairs that pertain to mere worldly fortunes. In spiritual matters, one can, with patient observation, behold its uninterrupted operation.

We wonder, when we observe the selfish ways of men, that they are so inconsiderate; that they do not see for themselves how their very short-sightedness soonest defeats its own aim. Just as long as a man keeps himself completely in the good Father's hand, with all the confidence and trust a little child feels in the arms of a parent, and with a feeling of love to correspond, just so long may he expect that the divine current, which is life itself, will flow through his soul in a free and generous stream.

Give that you may get; that is the true spiritual law. In obeying this principle, or law, no gift can be even grudgingly bestowed; but all must be generous, free, and hearty. What though the gifts are more frequently spurned than gratefully accepted; it does not therefore diminish the value of the gifts, nor yet detract from the nobleness and worth of the giver, but rather certifies to the present pitiful unworthiness of him on whom the useless largesse is bestowed.

Ho who suffers himself, therefore, to stop and calculate to what limit of generosity he may allow his spirit to go, in extending love and sympathy and kindness to others, has already, by that single act, set a bound to his own capacity for expansion and growth. For it is the immutable condition that there is no influx without an eflux to correspond.

Give that you may get; we would not cease to repeat it with every breath, or pulsation of our hearts. We get only because we give; and we give

again in order that we may get. There is beautiful harmony and balance in it all. The poet receives, because he gives; and the more he receives, the more the very necessities of his soul urge and compel him to give.

It is not with spiritual wealth as with worldly riches; a man cannot hope to lay away a store against coming want. For him who receives bounteously, there can be no want in any future. He grows only richer instead of poorer. There are no disasters for him; no shipwrecks; no disappointments even. Dispensing freely, he as freely receives; God falls not to take ample care of that. And when the disembodied spirit rejoices into another sphere, how will it not possess over its recognition and obedience of this its own primary and healthful law! There the measure will be spiritual alone; and he whose spirit has enlarged and exalted itself most while on earth, will, however humble the earthly circumstance and condition, be envied by many another who turned up his nose in purple and fine linen while here, but now feels and laments his poverty and inferiority in the other's purer presence, every hour. There is a day when all these balances are finally struck.

SPEECH AND SILENCE.

More is said without talking than with. Put two souls together, that are already truly one, and speech seems at moments almost profane. More language passes from soul to soul through the look, than the tongue could ever utter, or the lips fashion.

Silence is more eloquent than speech, always. It goes deeper, and produces more permanent effects. Beauty speaks most powerfully when it is dumb; for then all imaginations are inflamed to the highest pitch, at thinking what it might say if it would.

In this country, and particularly among our own people, the theory is, that "gab" is the great gift; as if what Carlyle terms "spoken wind," were what we should all strain after and aspire to; as if the world got on more by blowing than by quiet thought, which, after all, originates, fashions, and establishes events.

Silence is sweet and blessed. It is not to be forgotten that God himself is silent; and what wonders and marvels does he not work! All spiritual growth and activity is silent in the very nature of things. Noise signifies nothing to the purpose. "Sound and fury" do not enter into the real calculation. Only they who know how to be silent, really know how to speak; for unless they have first gained an experience through the mysterious processes of silence, how can it be possible that they should have any real thing to utter? Oh, that men would receive so significant a truth into their souls! Should we not then be hedged about in our lives with fewer platforms, fewer organizations, and fewer resolutions of reform—and find ourselves directly on the way to purity, and simplicity, and truth? Who can intelligently answer Nay?

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

This document, which was sent in to Congress on Monday, the first day of the session, is occupied with more topics than any other similar document ever written. After congratulating the country on the establishment of peace in Kansas, the President goes on to address himself to the state of our foreign affairs.

With Great Britain we are at peace. She has conceded to us all that we demanded for our flag on the high seas, and, although she has proposed to us to suggest a plan whereby that flag may be properly verified, so that pirates and freebooters may not take unlawful advantage of its protection, still our government has declined taking the initiative in the matter, and waits patiently for England to bring forward a plan of her own; which it is not very likely she will be disposed to do.

We have troubles of a slight character with Spain, which it is believed may easily be adjusted; and the President thinks that if we proceed to their adjustment in the right temper, and with a truly generous disposition, the Spanish Government will be all the more willing to entertain seriously a proposition from us for the purchase of the island of Cuba. This purchase is evidently one of his favorite plans; and he does not hesitate openly to recommend to Congress to furnish advance money enough for our Minister at Madrid to lay down the first instalment of what he may choose to offer, as soon as he makes the proposal definitely. There are many who think the time has not yet come for the acquisition of Cuba; national necessities not yet urging us to that step. When, however, that time manifestly has come, there will probably be found a very slight resistance made to the measure from any quarter.

The recommendation of the President to occupy northern portions of certain of the Mexican States, and fortify them until stable governments shall be set up in them, meets with quite as much disfavor over the country as favor. Most people are agreed that there is urgent need for us to interpose in some way in Mexican matters, especially as we refuse to tolerate interference on the part of others; but all are not yet prepared to seize and hold for ourselves, how and distant territory, even for the sake of securing a doubtful guaranty for our citizens.

The President further favors the opening of the transit route across the Isthmus, and the keeping it open for all nations of the globe; also an alteration in the revenue laws, adopting in certain cases specific for ad valorem duties, and the project of a railway to the Pacific. The message is written in a fair, and displays no great amount of literary ability or force of thought.

There is not a heart that has its moments of longing, yearning for something better, nobler, holier than it knows now.

MORE TESTIMONY.

Men have already begun to doubt in politics, theology, and social science. Doubt has led to inquiry, and mankind, while still clinging to those moral truths to which nothing has been added since the time of Moses, have begun to reject the accumulations of rulers, priests and oligarchists. The divine right of kings has been discarded, the rule of intolerance in religion and politics has been overthrown, theories of class protection of all kinds have been exploded.

Even the self same presses that affect to scout and scorn free inquiry at one time, or in relation to one topic, inadvertently confess to its being the characteristic of the present age when they come to discuss other topics. The Herald above quoted, for example, would, probably never have allowed itself to make an admission of this kind, had it been speaking directly of religion and religious matters; but it finds itself obliged to make it, when, considering politics and matters of government, in order to sustain its position.

The illustration thus furnished above, is worth heeding seriously by the public. It ought to teach people that they are but blind, led by the blind, if they are satisfied to swallow all that partisan and selfish presses assert for them, without first examining into the truth of such assertions for themselves. Men ought to exercise that "inquiry," of whose prevalence the Herald makes such a boast, and not to be bullied out of their right so to do by the very papers that, like the Herald, insist it belongs to them. If really "the rule of intolerance in religion" has been discarded, then what law of consistency can the press that declares the fact undertake to howl down those honest and courageous souls that simply insist on enjoying the benefits of that intolerance? It cannot be done, either with propriety or decency. Men must and will pursue free inquiry, and the press will find at last that it will have to admit it even in practice, in order to secure that public support which is now its first and last principle.

LOVE THAT'S PURE.

Love that's pure, God-like and holy, Knows no shade of melancholy. Ah, instead of jealous hate, Oh, every step to wait, It doth court the love of all On its own loved one to fall. In the heaven that is above us, There are many who do love us. Many whom we also love; God, sweet lullabies would sing us, Into our dear fold would bring us, In the Beautiful Above. J. S. A.

MRS. F. O. HYZER AT PLYMOUTH.

Mrs. Hyzer gave her second lecture in Plymouth, on Tuesday evening, Nov 30th, to a highly appreciative audience. In a brief notice, it is wholly impossible to do her justice, but those who had before heard her, testified that it was unsurpassed by any previous manifestation of her mediumship, and none but the veriest skeptics could doubt that she was under the highest inspirational influence. For a clear, logical sequence of ideas, sound reasoning and an eloquent and persuasive style, she has never been equalled by any medium who has addressed us. Her subject was Spiritualism in its various phases—presenting both the dark and light side. The divine idea embodied in the mission of the new revelation to mankind, was set forth in a clear and forcible manner, and the conclusion of her discourse, wherein so many varied and brilliant changes were rung upon the question—"Adam, where art thou?" which Deity has been asking through all past ages to man, as the highest representative of matter, fell with a masterly effect upon the audience. We do not desire to over-estimate Mrs. Hyzer's powers as a medium, but we feel that she must be thoroughly known and studied to be appreciated. Others may be more brilliant and attractive in address, but in metaphysical reasoning and amplitude of thought she compares favorably with an Emerson or Carlyle. May God speed her in her mission, and preserve her for much future usefulness. Plymouth, Dec. 8th, 1858. A HEARER.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL ITEMS.

The long-anticipated prima-donna, Piccolomini, has at last arrived in our city. Her first appearance in the role of "Violetta," did not make so marked and decided an impression upon the large audience assembled to witness her debut in Boston, as might have been expected, when we consider the high encomiums of praise which were awarded her performance of "The Frivolous Coquette" in New York. Those of us who remember Madame Gazzinga's beautiful and impassioned rendition of the same role, had ample opportunity for observing the striking contrast between the particular merits of these two artists, on last Thursday evening. In "The Child of the Regiment," however, Mlle. Piccolomini appeared to much better advantage; her youth, beauty and petite figure, peculiarly fitting her for the daughter of the gallant 21st. The non-production of "Le Huguenot," on Friday evening last, caused general disappointment among our spectators; who were on the qui vive to witness the first appearance of several new artists, who have acquired most popularity in Europe. Brignoli and Formes are artists of the highest order, and it is needless to say that their talents are justly appreciated in the Athens of America.

"Sinbad the Sailor" continues to draw large houses at the Museum. The spectacle is superbly got up, with fine scenery, rich dresses, and excellent music. We would advise all our readers to take their children to see it, as such spectacles always leave a pleasant and lasting impression upon the minds of the young.

The orous of Nixon & Co., at the Howard Atheneum, is attracting the notice, and receiving the liberal patronage which it so richly deserves. The Tournament is a fine equestrian performance, taking one back to the glorious days of chivalry. The several members of the company are all stars of the first magnitude, in their respective positions.

F. B. RANDOLPH AT THE MELODEON.

Dr. Randolph, the "reformed Spiritualist," will lecture in the Melodeon next Sabbath afternoon and evening. We shall expect his opponent, journals to do him full justice in their reports—whatever position he may occupy—and we shall endeavor to do the same. It will be seen that Spiritualists are not afraid of opposition, and are perfectly willing to hear both sides, instead of confining themselves to the favorable side. Let Truth prevail, say we, and we know it will.

Fake Love.—A Methodist Mass leader in Troy, N. Y., has eloped with one of the sisters of the Church, who was converted during the late revival excitement. The runaway husband has left a wife and three children behind—no hyenas of our exchanges.

BOSTON REFORM CONVENTION AT THE BROMFIELD OPERA HOUSE.

Monday Evening, Dec. 8.

Subject.—Fate and Free Agency. A live and fixed law, nothing is governed by free will. Fate is law—the undeviating and uniform determination of the forces of nature. Free will we say, is to do what one desires to do without opposing influences. Free will is free agency. Man's will being exceedingly capricious, makes his free will at best but a chance. The effect of natural laws acting upon man produce certain habits, character and condition; these create what we call choices and produce action. This action is said to be the result of free will. The laws of nature lying behind all these are the causes, directly or indirectly, of every result. There is a semblance of a belief in free agency; but this does not alter the working or the credit due to the action of unseen laws. By these laws God provides every supply; the desire is only a means to an act which is in keeping with law, and which law is fate. Man cannot avoid the action of natural laws that govern him; he cannot make himself grow taller than he is; he cannot make a hair grow white or black; he cannot avoid death at a certain time. It is not possible for man to avoid the laws that govern him. If there be any freedom for man at all, it lies in the ability to modify his condition; and deeper research leads him to discover and trace this ability to the "unerring" effect of natural laws. There are two popular objections to the doctrine of fate. 1st. It is said we are "conscious of the contrary—man feels the liberty within." But consciousness is a fallible guide.—What it wove for me in my boyish days, it unraveled for me in my maturer years. The little plot of ground it surveys to-day, may be enlarged to-morrow, and the picture of yesterday may vanish in the better vision of to-day. Consciousness is as good a thing for the "Hindoo" as the Englishman, and for the Chinaman as the American. It is true, it is a sort of sun for the moral system; but like our rolling sun, has its motion—onward, upward. 2d. It is said that the "motion" of fate destroys man's accountability. Whatever is free, is accountable. What is crime? A man may break our penal statutes without being a criminal; but what is crime? Is it a violation of Nature's laws? This thing is impossible. The fire is the gentlest hint nature can give us of self preservation. Pain is hell—hell is only the negative side of life, and just as necessary as the positive. So as of sins or systems, mountains or atoms—it is for us in the world of spirit and of intellect, that to know there is a deity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.

Mr. Trask said—I cannot accept the doctrine of those who call themselves fatalists. I may at times be led to see truth in their reasoning; but, it seems to me, their doctrine be true, there is no such thing as right and wrong—we cannot help doing just what we do do—there is no responsibility. It seems to me it denies the highest idea that man has given to him—the consciousness of right. It may be well to say that a certain class of animals are governed by fate; but to say this of man is ridiculous. No man can deny that he is subject to laws—to God's laws; but because we are limited by the action of these laws, it does not argue there is no freedom. There is a certain amount of freedom that prevents a man from damning himself for all eternity. My will can make me do what I have a mind to do.

Mr. Colman said—I believe man to be a free agent. The more I think on the subject, the more abstract it seems; it involves many things we cannot reconcile. Yet I believe that God has endowed man, with certain powers and faculties, and given him the privilege of using them as he deems proper. I must acknowledge that the laws of God—the power emanating from him—limits man's free agency; yet I believe that man creates, to a greater or less extent, the circumstances that surround him.

In the performance of any act, the strongest motive governs; but the act is evidence of my free will—for the motive is mine. God has given the power that creates the motive, and it is given for our use, and man, not God, is responsible for the acts.

Mr. Newton said—The question is a difficult one. Every one must be convinced there is truth on both sides. To look at one side exclusively, will produce wrong conclusions. The question is solved in defining what the will is: Man has a dual nature—animal and spiritual. As an animal, man wills to obey his animal nature. Inside the animal he has a spiritual nature, which is pure and good, on the side of God. These two wills are acting at the same time, and the stronger triumphs.

Mr. Pike said—Man is within himself a supreme sovereign. Nobody claims that man is a sovereign outside the territory of his own soul. I never had any sympathy with the doctrine of fate; I do not like the idea of Kismet machinery; I believe that man has power to control any one of the faculties that God has given him. I have power to continue my life to go and come as I please. Man is a free agent to act to the full extent of the powers that God has given him.

Mr. Kaulback said—Man is formed in the hands of God, as clay is formed in the hands of the potter. We look on nature; we see her laws adapted to conditions, fixed and unvarying. The birds build their nests, each according to their natures—one on the ground, one on the branch of a tree, and another swinging beneath it. Their natures give each its peculiar direction and desire. So it is of human nature. Human life, in all its forms, is positive existence; there is a ruling power over each and all. Some men are remarkable as merchants, others as mechanics; some are scholars, some teachers; we find distinctive characteristics in speakers—some have levity, and some solemnity, etc. What means the difference?

It occurs to me that the Great Power of the Universe has given to each a destiny. The reason there is so much discord in the world, is because Providence left it so. God has a plan for us; for you, and for me; he has a place for every peculiar relation and condition in life.

Mr. Badbury said—What was the original cause of all things? Was there more than one cause? If there was but one cause, all things flowed from that cause. Preponderance of the development of certain organs, causes the direction of action, which is outside of the individual; and behind all is the cause—the original mind from which all things flow. From the original cause is a chain of cause and effect, which shows the possibility of any act being as free agency for man.

Many of the people are shocked at the word "fate," but let us remember that the Parental Cause has no

abandoned his productions; his love, his power, and his wisdom, still exist. Fatalism is the most beautiful of all doctrines; it takes away from life all that is "accidental" and "anxious" and brings us to a perfect calm in the consciousness of his absolute love and wisdom. In fatalism we exchange our trust in man for a trust in God; we rely on Providence, in stead of self.

Sabbath in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.

[Abstract Report by A. R. Child.] Sunday Forenoon, Dec. 12.

After a voluntary from the choir, a hymn was sung, beginning,

"O help us Lord, each hour of need Thy heavenly aid procure; Help us in thought, in word, in deed, Each hour on earth we live."

PRAYER.

O thou who art everywhere, who givest the night her solemn darkness and touchest with beauty the radiant cheek of day, "Whither shall we go from thy spirit, or whither shall we flee from thy presence! If we take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth—even there thy hand shall lead us, and thy right hand shall hold us." In the darkness of our sins thou art with us still. We know thou lovest the sinner and the sinner too. O thou who art our Father and our Mother, for time and eternity, we know that we need not ask thee to be with us, or to help us. We know that we are wrapped in thy arms of love, and thou dost visit us with thy tender mercies. We know that thou needest no entreaty, but art ever ready to do us good. We thank thee for this handsome day, for the sunlight shed so fair across the scene. We thank thee for the night, and for the bright orbs glistening, for the moon that walks in silent beauty, and the stars that twinkle thy rays of love to earth. We thank thee for our own material bodies, so curiously and wonderfully made; for every limb, bone, muscle and nerve; and for all the faculties of the mind wherein goodness is enhanced. We thank thee for the soul that ennobles this body to life and blesses it with wondrous power. We thank thee for the vast capacities thou hast given the human race to serve the needs of the body; and for the power thou hast given us, whereby the spirit is made to control and rise above the desires of the flesh. We again thank thee for the immortal soul given to each one of us, over which decay, sorrow and death can have no control, and that it is destined to inhabit those mansions not made with hands, whose joys the eye of man hath not seen, the ear hath not heard, nor the heart conceived. We thank thee for thyself—the Being of all Existences. May we remember thy tender mercies, thy justice, thy infinite wisdom and love. On thy infinite perfections may we plant our hopes and build our trust, and recognize thee in all the eye can see and the heart can feel. We remember before thee the sorrow, the darkness, the doubt and temptations with which our lives have been beset; and may we remember that by them we grow wiser and stronger, that toil and the bitter sufferings of transgression raise us, and we become brighter and better. We pray for pious love and holy trust in thee—in thy motives, means and ends. May we use every faculty of our spirits, and so live, that a greater consciousness of thee in all things may quicken our love, philanthropy and goodness day by day, until we shall attain the statue of perfect manhood, so that when the angel of death shall be sent for us, we shall be ready to inhabit that more glorious existence in thy kingdom forever.

The choir sang the hymn, beginning—

"Oh love, how cheering is thy ray! All pain before thy presence flies: Care, anguish, sorrow, me a way, Where'er thy healing beams arise; Oh, Father! nothing may I see, And nought desire or seek but thee."

DISCOURSE.

TEXT.—Ezekiel, 18th chapter, 2d verse: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Several Sundays ago I spoke to you of the needlessness of sickness and premature death. To-day I will take up the thread I then dropped, and ask your attention to some thoughts on inheritance—parents transmitting their own character to their children.

The character of each race of animals depends on the peculiar organization belonging to each. Character is an effect of organization, consequently a necessity of nature; organizations are tools of the Divine workman. Animals cannot alter their organization or character; hence to them there is neither progress or retreat. There is no change from century to century, in wolfdom or in tigerhood; and the bear can do no more than the tiger or the wolf. Man can change, by cultivation and improvement, the organization and character of animals—thus out of one species of the horse, man has produced many; it is so with hogs, and other animals; immediately under the influence of man. This is man's work, forced on the animal, not in the nature of the animal. When these animals are left again to nature, after many years they will return to their simple, unimproved condition; the varieties would vanish, the organization and character would be found yielding to nature, without improvement.

The human species has its character from its organization; a woman is a mother of babies, not of whelps or cubs. Each race of the human species has an organization and character peculiar to itself. The American Indians have children in their own type; which type has not changed for centuries. The child born of African parents has an African head, trunk and limbs. So of other races, each repeating in successive generations the peculiarity of their race. From the time—three thousand years B. C., neither race has changed its type. How quickly can you tell the Irish, the English, the French, and other nations, from their peculiar characteristics. The type of the Jews remains the same; just the same to-day that existed two thousand years ago. Not an alteration in a bone, muscle, or fibre. The race to which it belongs may be told by the form of skull bones three thousand years old, from their exact resemblance to those of the same race to-day. Similar organizations and characteristics run through families, being transmitted from father to son. Tall fathers have tall sons; the color of the hair, eyes and skin is transmitted; the transmission continues for centuries. The likelihoodness of the few New England settlers are still kept among us. One of the old Puritans had a huge, ugly, protruding lip; and his descendants had the same; this peculiarity is known as the "big lip."

Let us visit an old man after fifty or sixty years absence from his native town; go back, and he will again be looking at you as pretty maiden

he drew on a hand bleed fifty years ago. He sees new and increased editions of the Smith, Brown, and Wilbraham's had well known in early life. He readily recognizes who this and that boy's grand-father or great-grandfather was, by his walk, his speech, by many little peculiarities. As it is with the peculiarities of character, so it is with disease, insanity, gout, rheumatism, and scrofula are handed down to children by transmission. And health, strength and beauty are, too, as hereditary as black hair, and a tall stature. Nature aims to preserve the race, and keep it perfect. Women instinctively select for their companions healthy, strong men; and men, handsome and intelligent women; this is natural and instinctive. What would be the consequence if the instincts of men and women were the reverse? The race would come to nothing. Nature permits not this retrograde; she says, "no further in that direction, my little dear." No intermarriage can ever perpetuate the loss of vision, hearing or speech. Nature abhors every deformity. This world is a world of law, and its laws are executed with rigor. Each of the races has its special organism and its special character; the character changes no more than the organism. What an odds in the various nations, and yet each is about the same for centuries. Cicero describes the Celts as he found them B. C., and the description today is just the same. It is so with families. Children born of musical families excel in music; and born of parents who have no music in them, they cannot tell the odds between a dirge and a waltz. Some men are always unlucky—live from hand to mouth, always stumbling into a ditch; so are their children. Some are drunkards; some are thieves; there is a cause in the organization for the character, and the children inherit it in some degree. I knew a family where every son and daughter was a liar—this surprised me; but in my investigation I found the father and mother both the same. Fools come from special localities; law governs this, as much as it does the food-stool that grows only in certain places. Common drunkards sometimes give birth to idiots. Two boys go to college; Jacob will be a good scholar—his father's fire will light his soul; Peter will be a dull stick—his father might as well have sent any rail from his barnyard fence to college; the character of each is inherited. Success runs in some families; ill success in others, and so of all vices and all virtues. In a town which shall be nameless, I once knew a man who gave a bell for the church, and a poor-house to the town; he was a little sly, was not strictly honest; he had a son who would steal, and in the next generation the father was a common drunkard. His life bore fruits of evil. He directed that his grave should be dug alongside his father's and his wife's, at right angles with his, at his feet; so that at the resurrection she would be where he could kick her; (no one can smile at such depravity, he died in States Prison, under sentence for life. It was the peculiar organization which this man inherited from his father and grandfather, that caused his bad character. Go to our States Prison, look over the four hundred and fifty convicts there, and you will find most of them under witted; most every one has a bad shaped head, even the young. The President of a college looks over his freshman class; he can tell pretty correctly who will be expelled before the college course is ended, and the character whether one will be this or that. You may trace your character, and find it always in your ancestors. The character of Benjamin Franklin may be found in his family before him. I know not why there are many exceptions to these general rules; I know not why genius never repeats itself; why no family ever blossoms the second time with the great human flower of genius. When you see a kidnapper, a man stealer, you may know the devil has lived in the family somewhere. Proverb says it takes three generations to make a gentleman; I think it takes more. Put an Indian to college three years, and then he smells of hemlock and spruce; he loves the forest more than civilization. It is a fact that men transmit to the next generation health, strength and beauty; and disease, weakness and deformity.

who are they? It is said in America that those are well born, who are born rich; in England, of royal blood. That child is well born, who is born in health, strength and beauty marked with a knowledge of the laws of nature. The child born of wholesome industry, morality and religion is well born. The child that is born with philanthropy, integrity, liberty—though he be dropped an anonymous thing, and cradled in a barn—he is well born. A child thus born shall sow the seeds of blessing for generations who shall come after.

E. P. FAIRFIELD AT THE MELODEON.
Sunday Afternoon.

The announcement was made last Sabbath that Lorenzo Dow—the famous, old itinerant, whose name has been for the last fifty years, and more, as familiar as a household word with the people of New England, and whose eccentricities and wittoisms have made him the subject of many a homely winter evening's fireside tale—would speak through the medium this afternoon.

The Melodeon was comfortably filled, and the speaker commenced with the text, taken from the fifth and sixth verses of the eighth chapter of the first Corinthians: "For though there be that are called Gods, whether in heaven or in earth; (as there be gods many, and lords many,) but to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him." "Do you believe it?" The material mind of this material sphere has ever had a material conception of Deity—one corresponding to its own developments of sight, thought and feeling. Seers in ancient times, and sages to-day, have sought to penetrate the mysteries of God; but always as man yearns, such is his God.

In spirit, I am to enter into a history of the spirit's God, and compare it with the material or Orthodox God. A more selfish thing cannot be conceived of, than that religion linked with credulity, which arrogates to itself the worship of mankind, and then shuts the gates of heaven against the mass of humanity. Reason refuses to be its slave, and fear only makes man its worshiper. Heaven has been shut off from us by a double partition of partialism and sectarianism, and man's power to penetrate it has been weak and feeble.

All earthly sects and nations have had a conception of Divinity, which has shown itself in developments from the lowest to the highest—dependent upon the condition of the mind. All nations have had a god of armies, a god of jealousy and envy, and of destruction—delighting in cunning and subterfuge. Thus people doubted the sun, because they lived in cloisters, and shut out its light. The religions of earth have always recognized a material God, limited to the resources of a human being.

If any of my Christian friends feel bad, because I am here, I will tell them that I have come here to give facts, and they have the privilege to take off their gloves and combat me, if they see fit.

In the book of Genesis, after Adam and Eve had eaten the apple—the greatest Orthodox sin they recognize—God takes a walk in the cool of the day, when it is a pleasant time to travel, and looks after his children. These were afraid of him, and had hidden themselves where he cannot find them. Then God calls out—"Adam, where art thou?" and the poor man, in terror, has to tell the Lord where he has hidden himself.

In the book of Exodus we find this God a very careful tailor, giving directions to Aaron and his priests about their clothes and wearing apparel. Again he is a carpenter, and directs his men about the building of a temple, and outhouses.

Old John, the Revelator, was a very good medium, but was not quite rid of the notions of his youth, and in the Isle of Patmos, because he kept some books, he thought the Lord did, too, and so saw them in his visions. Judge of each of these from their own standpoint, and you will see that they have been merely the popular idea of Deity. Thus you have been fooled and humbugged by the Orthodox God; but Spiritualism comes to lift you up to a higher conception of a nobler Being.

Heaven has been represented as a magnificent city, glowing with the world's idol—gold—and a place of eternal repose to lazy souls, who can conceive of no bliss higher than sensual enjoyments. Orthodox, again, has located Hell in a subterranean region, where sulphurous smoke arises, and where the sinner sweats eternally for his temporary shortcomings on earth. But the Orthodox Church have got Hell fitted up, lately, and it is now quite a comfortable place to what it used to be.

Then the church will tell you that if there is no Devil, there can be no God, nor Heaven, nor Hell; and as he is an agent in carrying out God's ill-will, he must be on the same material plane, and so he is pictured as a living, intelligent being, going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

Thus you have the material view of God, Heaven, Hell, and the Devil, as taken by a material religion. Jesus' idea was different from this. When he was about to be hanged, as a malefactor, for preaching unpopular doctrines, Peter told him that it might not come to pass. Christ turned to him, and said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," seeming to consider the Devil only an adversary, or enemy. How many adversaries are there in Boston? A big or little devil is in every human heart—a devil of a passion, of a pride.

What and where is God—the spirit's God? The ultimate power of wisdom and goodness, he is all, and all—always further beyond us, as we rise higher and higher. The student who strives to search him out, becomes like the Arab in the sandy desert, or the traveler in the Western woods, hidden, lost, and bewildered. We need never fear that we shall go so high that we shall drop our individuality, and run into God: "If you make up your bed in hell, he is there, or if you fly to the uttermost ends of the earth with the wings of the morning, he is with you still—everywhere present. He manifests himself to the capacity of the ear, of the man, of the angel.

The children of Israel were a progressive race; got tired of Moses and his old stories, and demanded something new. They asked him to show them God. Moses went off, on the mountain, to see about it, but God told him that no man could see his face and live; but it was bargained that Moses should hide in a cleft of a rock, and when God passed, he should see his hinder parts. And the people of Israel were satisfied. It has ever since been one part of the religion of all lies and practices deception.

The material mind of this material sphere has ever had a material conception of Deity—one corresponding to its own developments of sight, thought and feeling. Seers in ancient times, and sages to-day, have sought to penetrate the mysteries of God; but always as man yearns, such is his God.

of nature is the voice of our God, and what he says is never lost upon us.

The Orthodox tell us that it is a crooked and narrow road, and full of thorns and trials, which leads to heaven, and that "It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Then who can blame the poor mortal for taking that other path, which he is told is broad, pleasant, and full of beauty and allurement?

The material mind has been forced to locate Hell, God, Heaven, and Satan, on a plane to correspond with its own grossness; but the dawning light of Spiritualism shows both heaven and hell to be only conditions of mind here and hereafter. How many hells have you in Boston—hells where the smoke of torment is rising up continually?

In all my travels I have never come across the devil; but if he is such a being as he is represented—enduring all the abuse he has had to, without wincing, and hospitable to the last extreme, it is no wonder that people have but to know him to love him.

We do not come here to flatter the vanity of any concited hypocrite. We wish to give the devil his due, of which he has been so long wheedled by his enemies, and so will say that the devil—this Orthodox Idol, next in holiness to God himself—with the spirit sustains the same relation to goodness, that the thorn does to the rose, and is as necessary for the soul's progress as the material earth is to the nurture of the bulb, or germ, which, out of rottenness and decay, sends its graceful stalk to bud, bloom, and spread its fragrance as a living prayer.

Spiritualism will gratify your demand to know of God, according to the position you occupy. It will neither drown you with an overstock, or starve you with an insufficiency. You must act no longer through impulse, but be governed by your own intelligence; allow justice to rule; blow over the cobwebs, of forms and ceremonies you played with when children; learn that God is governed by his own laws. The man who is upset in a boat down your bay, if he can't swim, and no relief is at hand, will be drowned, and God can't help himself—for he has established laws which are him, and gravitation is one of them. He is no respecter of persons—he treats the righteous and the sinner with the same protecting law. If he did otherwise, he would not be God. It is a law of God that the seed will grow, if buried in the soil. To the weed grows beside the cornhill, and God can't hinder it, for such is his established law. Our God is too good to be governed by the base passions of earthly minds; too wise to err, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. This is the spirit's idea of God, and if it is more consistent or more satisfactory than the Orthodox God you have so long been fooled about, you can accept it with us.

Many investigators of Spiritualism have pursued their work on the plane of theology, and so have been prompt to attribute the phenomena to the devil; but often the light of truth has beamed upon them, and they have been forced to admit its harmony and holiness.

Mr. Beecher took his Bible and went into the work, but found evil spirits there, and so reported; but he built a bridge to let damped souls back from over the impassable gulf where Orthodoxy had confined them before—thus doing inadvertently a great work of reforming the popular theological mind.

By the same law which makes the corn and weed grow in the same field, the good and evil spirits can return where they find congeniality.

Another Doctor of Divinity went to a medium, intending to deceive, and called for the spirit of his old horse—and three raps told him that the old horse was there. Others had had their hearts cheered by the manifestations of departed dear ones; but he was on a low plane of mind, and his affinity answered his demand. You have got men and women on earth who are horses and mules here, and such responded to his call. He got a horse-communication and he should have been satisfied.

Go into your investigations truthfully and honestly, and they will not be in vain. This dispensation is the coming of Christ, which Father Miller prophesied of, but Miller's theological materialism made him preach a material Christ, while this is an angelic visitation.

In my philosophy, God's good, and so is positive; the Devil being negative, is nothing. Heaven will eat up hell, and all mankind will be blessed in the glory of God. Light is positive, and darkness is negative. Light compasseth the darkness, and vanquisheth it. Truth is filling the place of Church worship—the will conquers the external—and we will no longer fear hell or the devil; for we know that God is everywhere, and does nothing wrong. There is no gap between God and man which spirits do not fill up. There is room enough in heaven for you all, and you will take your rank there according to the deeds done in the body.

After the sermon was concluded, the controlling power remarked—"I want to pray," and commenced: "Oh, Lord, we thank thee that the devil is dead. We pray that the mines of Australia and California may be exhausted to make him a coffin. We pray that the grave may be dug as deep as the bed of the Mississippi. We pray that the priests and deacons may be invited as pallbearers. We pray that the Alps may be piled up to the grave. We pray that the resurrection may never reach that spot!"

Sunday Evening.

In the evening, Mr. Fairfield spoke of "Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," citing examples from Holy Writ, and remarking that to take the Spiritualism from the Bible, would not leave enough else to make an almanac of. The world has always spoken of "getting religion," just as the miser "gets gold,"—for the material and selfish use that can be made of it; but it is not getting to get, but a thing to do.

The lecture opened and closed with singing from the "Psalms of Life" by a select choir.

The new Transit Company's steamer Washington arrived at New York on Saturday morning, with about seventy passengers who had set out for California, but were unable to effect a passage across the Isthmus. At San Juan Del Norte the steamer was boarded from United States and English men-of-war. Many of the passengers returned in the Washington were women going to California to meet their husbands, and the are entirely destitute. The company has voted to pay their board while in New York, and to send them out immediately.

The next of the series of assemblies given by the Ladies' Harmonia Band, will take place at Union Hall, on Thursday evening, 11th inst. Several prominent mediums are expected to be present. Music by Hall's celebrated band will be given.

New York Correspondence.

Rev. Mr. Higginson's Lecture at Dodworth's—The Conference—Personal; etc.
New York, Dec. 11, 1858.

MISSISSIPPI EDITORS.—The Rev. Mr. Higginson, in his lectures at Dodworth's last Sabbath, won for himself the position of a frank, manly, and intelligent speaker. He was listened to by good audiences, and received due and courteous attention at the hands of the secular press.

Mr. Higginson's subject in the morning was the Theory of Spiritualism—in the evening, its Facts. As to the objections urged against it, he said—for every one it makes insane, ten are made sane by it; and if the answers obtained from spirits are weak, they are as good as the questions. No great discovery is brought to perfection at once; and if Spiritualism is such a bleak and barren pasture, what must be the condition of the fields out, of which the sheep are so constantly jumping in order to get into it.

An illustration of the need there is that the present beliefs of mankind should receive a new illumination, he related an anecdote of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Of course her child had been instructed that it was wrong ever to get angry; but reading in the Bible that God is angry with the wicked every day, she submitted the problem to her mother; who replied, that God was obliged to be angry. Here was another puzzle. The child thought God could not be obliged to anything. Mrs. Stowe explained as well as she could. God was obliged by his holy law; and the child would understand it when she got older. She must wait. The little girl thought a moment, and then with a brightening eye exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I understand it now. It is because God is not a Christian!"

The speaker then referred to the progressive tendencies of the age, and the past developments of the race. From the discovery of the pressure of the atmosphere by Galileo, what an advance! What a step from brute muscle to steam! Then comes the imponderables—electricity, magnetism—and then the discovery of a power akin to these—a spiritual electricity—which enables mind to act on mind, and brings soul in contact with soul. Thus has the race traveled up from the grosser to the finer; and if the spirit-world is not yet opened to us; if all present Spiritualism should prove a fallacy and a dream, no one can deny that the antecedent probabilities are all in its favor; and that the grand discovery is close at hand. Of course there would always be doubters; men who believe in air, simply because it blows their hats off; who begin to believe in steam, especially if they have seen an explosion; and who have some faint faith in electro-magnetism; but as yet are disposed to regard the fact that communications have been sent across the Atlantic, as a pleasant fiction. It is one thing to be cautious in the reception of a fact, but quite another to be incredulous as to the possibility of its happening. Of all facts, the most momentous is a personal conviction of immortality. All other sufferings combined cannot compare with the sufferings which grow out of doubts and anxieties on this subject; and the believers in immortality are often greater sufferers than those who disbelieve in it. The hopes, doubts, fears, as expressed by Christian and Pagan writers, are the same. Our Christian theology makes death terrible. The church had tried to kill the natural faith in immortality, and to substitute in its place the historical one; and the result had been disastrous in the extreme. Compare the depression which weighs down everybody at a Christian funeral, with the state of feeling at a funeral in the family of a Spiritualist, and it will be hard to convince any one who has ever witnessed it, that the work of Spiritualism is not blessed.

There are few forms of Spiritualism which furnish absolute proof. Trance speaking and physical manifestations, with all their wonders, render its truth only probable. It is only where intelligence comes in that we are furnished with evidence. Agassiz says, in his argument for a Deity, "Whoever there is manifestation of intelligence, there is absolute evidence of intellect, from which those manifestations of intelligence proceed." So the simplest form of intelligence communicated through a table, was better proof, than all the eloquence of trance speakers, or mere movements of physical bodies. It was used against matter. Nor was it of importance whether this intelligence told the truth. The veracity of the intelligence has nothing to do with the argument.

Now, after a period of eight years, during which hundreds of thousands of facts have been piled together, and such multitudes converted, that it is feared that it may have a majority in the next Congress, the burden of proof, it would seem, should rest for a while on the other side. Fifty thousand mediums have been tested by the hardest skeptics. Two out of three of those skeptics have ended by becoming Spiritualists themselves. It was easy to sneer at mediums. It was easy to be deceived in some things, but no one could be deceived in a continuous and intelligent conversation through the raps. Such a conversation could not be sustained by trick or machinery. Were all these mediums—among them our sisters and brothers—deceivers? What could be the motive? Was it the attraction of vice, or money? For every one that had made money out of it, ten had lost.

He advised those who wished to believe, to go to the exponents of Spiritualism. They could disprove it, if anybody could. To the investigator he would say, apply the argument of Agassiz. But, after all, the best evidence that Spiritualists could adduce, to show that their faith is an advance, was the living of noble lives. Jefferson, Hamilton and Burr announced the highest intellectual truths. But they destroyed the effects of their teaching by the immorality of their lives. The world could not be reformed by truth. It is love, and not truth, life, and not light, which makes men really better.

At the Conference, last week, several interesting facts were brought out. The Rev. Mr. Benning, formerly an acceptable Methodist minister—until it came to be known that angels and spirits ministered unto him—submitted a letter from the Rev. Mr. Collingsworth, an old associate of his, long since passed to the spirit-world, containing replies to nine questions, which Mr. Benning had addressed to him through Mr. Mansfield, of your city. The letter, containing the questions, was sealed in double envelopes, by two skeptics, and came back unopened, with their seals and private marks undisturbed. Nevertheless, the interrogations were duly and intelligently answered in their order.

Mr. Benning, it appears, has been in the habit of experiencing remarkable manifestations on the part

of the spirit of Mr. Collingsworth, for some years. For instance, this spirit has, as matter, presented himself bodily before him, in his human, and also in his angelic form; and has taken him tangibly by the hand, and conversed with him. The letter and reply seem likely to convince several skeptics, at least those who sealed and first examined the packet on its return. Without occupying space with the questions, I condense the material parts of Mr. Collingsworth's replies as follows:—It was true that he had promised Mr. B. that he would yet sit visibly with him at his own fireside, when they would converse together face to face, as formerly. It was also true that he appeared visibly before him in Ludlow Place, and took him by the hand. He declared Mr. B. right in lecturing from the standpoint of the Bible; the new and the old are governed by the same law. There is no eternal punishment; and my first impulse, says this spirit, after becoming satisfied of this fact, was to fall on my face, and adore my Maker. Oh, that I could live my life over again. How I would preach to the people to purify themselves, and live holy lives.

The desk at Dodworth's, next Sunday, is to be filled by Mr. Ambler. Mrs. Farnham, in conjunction with her son, has opened an infirmary for the application of electricity, by a new method, to the cure of disease. She is a most remarkable woman, and still in the prime of life. Her room is flourishing at his rooms on Broadway, and Foster, as usual, at Munson's. Redman, I learn, visits your city for a few days, next week. Judge Edmonds' monthly soirees form an interesting series of reunions. They are held on the first Monday evening of each month, and are free to all. Mr. John M. Stirling has commenced an explanation and defence of the "Association of Movements," more generally known as the Kiantone Movement, in the columns of the Telegraph. Henry Ward Beecher, Peter Cooper, Mr. Chapin, Mayor Hall, of Brooklyn, etc., have become openly interested in the welfare of the Indians. The French Spiritualists are about calling a Convention at Paris, to see if the doctrines taught by spirits can in any manner be reconciled. Yonk.

THE MOBILE FILLIBUSTERS.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 11.—The recent escape of fillibusters from Mobile, excites intense interest in political quarters, as it is considered that if they should be arrested by the British, and other foreign forces, the volunteer feeling of this country would be aroused to the highest degree of excitement, and an immense reinforcement rush to their rescue. Hence a crisis in the foreign relations of our government would be precipitated, and a most angry and threatening state of things probably result between our government and those of Great Britain, France and Spain. The question would arise, whether European governments should be allowed to interfere for the regulation of affairs upon the American continent, to the prevention of which our government is committed. The "Union" of this morning, referring to this subject, says: "It is to be hoped that our own naval vessels may yet succeed in intercepting the fugitive Susan, bringing her back to our ports, and preserving this fillibustering question still longer as a purely domestic one in our policy. Upon the vigilance of one officer in the waters of the Gulf may depend, in a great measure, the peace of the world."

The Busy World.
CONTENTS.—First page—Poetry, "The Widow's Mite," by Lita H. Barney; continuation of "Rooky Nook." Second page—Poetry, by Madge Carrol; a fine story, entitled "My Choice," by May Ritchie. Third page—"Angel Guides," (Poetry); "The Devil in Denmark," by Jacobus; "Memoirs of the Past," by Cora Wilburn; "Marcus Curtius," by Adrianna Lester. Fourth and Fifth pages—Editorials, Reports of Lectures, Correspondence, etc. Sixth page—Spirit Messages. Seventh page—Obsession: The New Testament Theory; Spiritualism, what it is, and to what does it tend; Immortality; Creation. Eighth page—Tests and Facts; Ralph Waldo Emerson; Book Notices; Movements of Mediums, etc.

A subscriber desires to ascertain, through the columns of the BANNER, if any one inform him whether Mrs. Chester, formerly a clairvoyant and healing medium, of great power, is residing in Boston? This lady, he says, formerly resided in Lynn, but left some years since—whither, the writer is desirous to ascertain.

Mr. F. L. Wadsworth, trance lecturer, is laboring with success in Michigan, says the Spiritual Clarion.

The publication of the essay, "Life Eternal," (part seventeenth), is unavoidably postponed till our next.

The news from Europe by the steamship Percin, which arrived at New York on Sunday afternoon last, is of no particular importance. It is stated that the "Great Eastern" will be ready for her first trip to the United States next summer. The Galway Company has made a contract for three new steamers, of great capacity and speed. A portion of the Valencia end of the Atlantic Cable has been successfully under-run. The trial of Montalbert resulted in a sentence upon him of imprisonment for six months, and a fine of 3000 francs; it is said that an appeal will be taken. A French fleet is said to be fitting out for immediate service in the Gulf of Mexico.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.—The steamship Moses Taylor, from Aspinwall 4th inst., arrived the 12th inst. with California dates of the 20th ult. She brings about 350 passengers, and nearly \$1,200,000 in treasure. News important. The Panama Herald says the action of the British officers in boarding the steamer Washington had been remonstrated against by Commodore McIntosh, of the American squadron, who stated that he would not permit any more visits of the kind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
(Letters not answered by mail, will be attended to in this column.)

A. C. R. FALL RIVER.—Your favor is on file for publication.

E. P. C. PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Both letters received. We will either send you the reports of institutions, or prepare an article in reference to them from Statistics at the State House. We alluded to the subject in a previous number of the BANNER, and gave figures of one institution.

B. A. D. CHICAGO, ILL.—Should be happy to hear from you whenever anything of note occurs in your section of country. See that the BANNER is spread before the people. Our agents, Messrs. Higgins and Brothers, will supply the demand for it to any extent.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.
SUNDAY SERVICES IN BOSTON.—Dr. P. B. Randolph will lecture in the Melodeon, Washington street, Boston, on Sunday next, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. Admission, ten cents.

A Circle for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHICAGO, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Washington street. D. F. GORDAN, regular speaker. Tickets free.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the BANNER, we claim was prepared by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Cowart, Trance Medium, who allows her medium powers to be used only for this object.

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

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

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

Visitors Admitted. In order to prove to the public that these messages are received as we claim, our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend, on application to us.

They are held every afternoon, at our office, commencing at half-past two, after which time, no one will be admitted; they are closed by the spirit governing the manifestations, usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. The communications given by the following Spiritualists, will be published in regular course. Will they spiritualists, who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false? By so doing, they will do as much to advance the cause of Spiritualism, as we can do by their publication.

- Nov. 17—Dr. Henry Kiltredge, Sarah L. Barnard.
Nov. 18—John Robinson.
Nov. 19—Joseph Young, William Shapley, Deacon David Oakes, Mary Ripley, Alexander Clark, Elizabeth to Henry Woodward, Benedict Baker.
Nov. 22—William H. Miller, Benj. Adams, Charles Wilson, Ann Paul, Nancy Seaward, Moody Dodge.
Nov. 23—Wm. Barr, Joseph Parnham, Capt. James Marston, Mary Chauden, Rev. Dr. Burnap.
Nov. 24—Charles W. Matthews, William Hall, Hugh Maloney, Louis Pazzolotta, Samuel Woods, Caroline Mason.
Nov. 26—Samuel Buck, Harriet Falls, Henry Harwick, Rev. John Moore, Albert Kneland, Chas. Hutchins, Joseph Grace.
Nov. 29—Alfred Mason, Patrick Welch, George Dixon, Nancy Judson Cleveland, Light, Charles Clark, Robert to Fanny Wells.
Nov. 30—John Gage, Joseph Wiggin, Samuel Dow, Sally Wood, John Stewart.
Dec. 1—Helen, the Eastern Belle, to Julia, William Herbert, Bullock, Dr. George Rich, Bangor.
Dec. 2—Eliza Cook, Samuel Hodges, Nathaniel Weeks James Barrett.
Dec. 3—Charles Morse, John Mills.
Dec. 4—Wm. Barr, Joseph Parnham, Wm. E. Channing, Patrick Donahue, Richard D. Wind.
Dec. 6—Samuel Garland, Joseph Waters, Geo. Kiltredge, Wilcox, Richard Tombs, Wm. Adams.
Dec. 7—George Hanly, James Capen, Charles Spinney, Charles Sulevanti.

A. H. WEEKS, EXETER, N. H.—Nathaniel Weeks died in Cambridge, at the age of 24. Born in 1821, in Boston. It is not your friend.

Anonymous. How sweet a thing it is to know that by virtue of love all men are redeemed. How sublime a thing to be able to conceive of a God of love—an intelligence that lives and actuates all things.

How deplorable the condition of those who still live upon earth, clinging to foundations already marked with decay. A new and more substantial foundation has been offered them; upon which they may stand securely, but they fear to let go of the dark past, they fear to grasp Love and Truth, and seek to quench their desires from the insipid store of the past.

Ever and anon, along the margin of the dark stream, we find a pretended guide-board, pointing the way to heaven through hell, telling the traveler to take up this cross and bear it, until he shall be welcomed into the land of the Father, or doomed to dwell in the company of the devil and his angels.

Men should not consult guide boards on their way to heaven; their feet should not tarry by the way, but wherever Reason dictates, there turn their feet, and march steadily onward; and whatever light shines upon the soul, be guided by it. Light is Truth, and will never lead man astray.

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William Jones. I have a son living in East Cambridge. My name was William Jones. My son lives by making furniture; his name is William. I died most twenty years ago, at sea. I want to talk to my son. He lives on Sixth street. Oct. 29.

Charles H. Healey. What's the use of talking? There's nobody here I know. My people were to come here—this is the place, I know. That is the way I always was fooled. They were to meet me here—might have known they would not come. They live in Hartford. There they are at home in Hartford, and I am here. That is a queer way to serve anybody. I might have expected it—I was always getting fooled. You want my name—it was Charles H. Healey. I didn't die in Hartford myself—the folks are there—I worked in Williamsburg, Pa. Don't I know there is a

Williamsburg in New York? I didn't live there. I died in Pittsburg; a car of coal fell on me; I was drunk; I ain't drunk now. My trade was holding drink; a chain broke; I was underneath fixing ours; I was drunk—if I hadn't been, I should not have met with the accident. I was not carried home to be buried—they wrote to bury me there. I want to know why they would not have me brought home to be buried with my folks?

You see I left home about two years before, and was always getting drunk; they thought I had no money, but said if I had, to take it and spend it in burying me. I had been pretty steady for most two years, and had saved some little money—not much, only about four dollars and a half—enough to buy a pine coffin; I had that. Nobody cried when I died. I should like to had them feel a little bad.

My father was Irish—died about sixteen years ago—worked in a distillery, and he drank so much that he killed himself. The amount of it was, he killed himself one way by rum, and I another. I had a car drop on me, and he died in a fit. The folks said I never would be any better, because the old man was like me. I went to Hartford once, and they would not let me in. I guess I was drunk—I remember it.

Don't you know in Pittsfield how they hoist coal? The coal is brought up on to the track, to be carried to the country. It was my duty to be on top, and I went below. It was my duty to see that the chain was fixed right; but something was wrong, and I went below to fix it, and it come down on me.

Your medium was n't going to let me come at all; now I'm here, I am going to stay as long as I'm a mind to. I don't have any appetite for liquor, only as I come here to-day.

You tell those folks I came here, and they weren't here; they'll know it, though, won't they? Well, tell the folks I'm dead, and tell them, too, when I am there now, I won't be drunk, and they won't be ashamed of me, because they won't see me.

I always thought it was bad to get drunk. I'm reforming now—always was reforming. There was an old fellow come to me once, and wanted me to stop drinking—he used to preach. I see that old fellow drunk now, myself. Yes, I always did have a desire to do better.

Look here, where's God—I ain't seen him! And where's that old chap, the Devil—I ain't seen him! Guess I'm waiting till I get smart to get my sentence. God knows whether I shall get here again if he gets me.

Do you know where Sam Healey is? He and I were n't on good terms. No, he weren't my brother; he was kind of a half uncle. He and I had a brush once, and I got the worst of it. I always said I'd pay him, and all I'm afraid of, is that I shan't be able to pay my debts before the devil calls for me. The worst of it is, I can't get close to him, and when I do, and try to pitch battle with him, he don't take any notice of me.

I kept steady most two years, and went drinking about a month before I died. Yes, I was sorry all the time I lived as I did; could n't get rid of it, somehow—could n't get money enough to live, and then used to get drunk, so I thought nothing of sorrow when I was so.

There's an old fellow in Williamsburg gave me a suit of clothes, and fixed me up first rate, and I promised not to get drunk. Well, I kept the promise till my clothes got bad, and then I thought I might as well get drunk, and I did. My family turned me out of doors—would n't have anything to do with me. I died in 1853. I'll tell you how I remember—come to think of it, I was born same year Queen Vio was born—that's 1819. I guess I've been dead about five years. I know the last year I was on earth fast enough—it was 1853—that's the last year I was on earth. I was drunk, and could n't tell the last month. Well, look here, just tell them I'll come round, will you? I left two children. Oh, one was born, they said, after I went away, and that made three. One was named James, and the other Frances—one girl and one boy.

Yes, I did have an unhappy time of it in this world. Oh, it's no use trying to get along. You never saw me getting drunk when I had money in my pocket; when I had n't, I spent the last shilling for rum.

Wonder what they'll set me to doing, when I get down there. Where? Why, in hell, to be sure. I can't go to heaven. Yes, I saw my father once, when I first died. We didn't speak—I never did like him.

Yes, I signed the pledge; but was sorry for it next day, and was drunk within a week. If I happen about this way, perhaps I'll call again. Good bye, all. Oct. 29.

Edward Tucker. So this is the place where the just and the unjust are wont to gather. Some come to confess their sins; some come to receive the first kind word they hear after passing through the change called death; some come to take the first step in happiness. All come for something, and although millions come here and gather about you, I am told that no one comes without the sanction of the Great Spirit. I come here to confess. My story is a sad one. It may be some tears may be shed as they read—some may shudder at my tale, and some will say it is well he has gone from us, for now the grave covers him and his sins.

I must first tell you that the body I once called mine is scarcely cold in its last resting-place, but it has gone from me. I have no more control of it, but by the kindness of God's ministers, I am assisted to speak here to-day, that I may no longer drink the dark waters of sorrow.

I will not tax your patience or your time by giving you a history of my early life, but I will say this much—near forty years ago I was born of honest parents. I passed an honest life until I had attained my twenty-eighth year. Then commenced my sorrow. One misstep in life may bring to the subject a death that may last ten thousand years. Oh, how strange it is, that every sin must bring its sorrow. But they tell me it is the fire that carries away the dross and leaveth that only that is pure.

At the period I have just spoken of, I was engaged as an engineer of the New Haven Railroad. When I first occupied the position I found it would require much self-possession on my part to do my duty, and God, if there is one, knows I strove very hard to do right; but sometimes evil is present when it is unlooked for and unwelcome. Well, to my story—I had some difficulty with one of my employers. Perhaps it will be well for me here to state that I was naturally possessed of a violent temper and one that was not easily governed, sometimes. Yes, for some slight offense I received harsh words from one of my employers. These words aroused all the evil that had been slumbering within me, and I said, I will be revenged if it costs me my life—yes, if I buy revenge by the lives of many.

After forming my plans, I set apart a day on which I was to complete my revenge and make for myself a hell. That day I drank deeply, that I might be fit to carry out my project; that I might not make a beginning and fall to make an end. Well, I feligned sickness, but at the same time I affirmed my ability to conduct my business, although some demurred at my going on my route in my state. But I said, "I am capable of performing the work—you need have no fear."

My plan succeeded better than I expected; but when I learned that so many lives were out off from mortality, and I was the sole instrument, then I began to repent, and I said, oh God, that I had not done this thing. But it was too late. None had suspected me of playing the part I did, yet I was discharged for gross carelessness. I have kept my sorrow—my hell close in my bosom.

Wherever I went, the faces, the forms, the groans of those I cast into the spirit-life, were ever before me. Sleeping or waking, drunk or sober, in company or alone, this was ever present to me, and this was my hell.

For a time after that terrible tragedy, I resided in New York, and again, after a time, I went west; I started for California, but I could not get there. It

seemed as though all the devils in the lower regions were at my heels; I thought if I could get away from the place that had known me, I should be happy. But I seemed doomed to dwell in the valley of death, and disaster seemed to be in my pathway. Poverty seemed to be my lot. I have gone three days without food; I had no money, no friends, and I could not beg. I courted death, and hoped it might come through the medium of starvation; but it did not. I was once told that, during a drunken fit, I raved constantly about the murders I had committed. I was questioned closely about it when I was sober, but I said, you must not believe what a drunken man says. It is well they believed it, for my hell was sufficient—quite as much as I could bear.

When I had become too hot a bell for me, when poverty had me by the right hand and death by the left, I said—"Death, I will help you; you and I have traveled long together, and I'll not part with you now. Perhaps you will lead me to a merciful God; perhaps to one of revenge—it matters not to me—I cannot suffer more." But I find no God here; and I have ascertained that I must return where my sin was committed, and confess my sin, and hope for pardon.

I have come here to confess to the world. There is one soul on earth that will know these things; and I will scarcely believe that blood was on my soul; but who will say, it must be so. I hope that person will not shed tears for me, but pray that I may be delivered from this hell of torment and made pure by a merciful God.

My name was Edward Tucker. The tragedy was on the New Haven road. Oh, do not bid me repeat that story. If it is right for me to come again, I shall do so; but if it is not demanded, I shall never come to earth again.

New Yorkers will tell you I died as I lived, a miserable vagabond. Well, I have a soul, and that soul will live, and live to all eternity. Perhaps I shall frequently review my past life, and be sorrowful, and perhaps I may yet be happy. Nov. 15.

Margaret Clements. A long space divides me from my mother, but they tell me I can speak with her. In 1846, in the month of January, I died at home in my mother's house in Liverpool, England, Mercer street. I would speak with my mother. She lives there now—will you send my message to her?

They tell me I must give you something of my life, that my mother may know that it is no one else, but her child Margaret. My father died when I was seven years of age, leaving my mother with a small fortune of 1000, I think, and the house we lived in. I was the only child, and was seventeen years of age when I died of small pox, in 1846.

My mother is sick; before three months she dies, and I would speak with her by this message, ere she comes to me. Tell her how happy I am, and how there is no hell, and how I find everything so much different from what I supposed. Tell her how I will be all ready to receive her, and how my father longs to speak with her. I have an uncle in Liverpool. He is my father's brother; his name is William Clements. My father wishes him to attend to my mother's affairs as she may desire.

Tell my mother how I am with her so often, but I cannot speak, and I want her to know she will be very happy when she comes here, and that I will receive her. When I died, I had no light—all was dark. I feared something, I scarce knew what.

Tell mother that the music she was so anxious about before I was sick, I excel in now, for I have had kind teachers here, and those who were willing to bear with all my faults. Tell her I am very, very happy, and have no wish to come to earth.

She often wonders if I see one I loved so dearly when on earth. I often do, and so will she when she comes to my home. My mother is a medium, but she does not know it. I have been told I could make sounds by reason of this, but I fear it—she is so weak. She often thinks of me, and if I am to be with her, and wonders if spirits do come to earth—why I do not come, and why father does not come. And now she will wonder why I go so far away among strangers to send her a message. But tell her that I do so because I cannot go nearer and be successful. And now when my message is printed, you send a copy of the paper to Elizabeth Clements, Liverpool, Eng? She will receive it. Direct, in charge of my uncle, if you think best; but you need have no fear. My father tells me my mother will receive it, and he never lies. Good day. Nov. 15.

Nathaniel Brown. It takes some time before I get things in order, so I can speak. Can't seem to manage here as well as some folks can. I've got to tell my story—everybody has a story to tell. You need n't think I'm so very unhappy, because I ain't. How comes it there ain't none of my folks here to-day? Don't know why I should expect them. They do n't believe I can come, I suppose. It's one thing to believe, and another for me to come.

I was born in Barre, Vt. Yes sir, that's the State; I calculate I know. No sir, I wasn't born in Maine or New Hampshire. I did n't live there long, didn't die there. I died in Kansas, in a place called Onotago; do n't know how to spell it. There's two on's, and a, and a, and a, so spell it to suit you. There's a but here and there, and if you got there, you'd think there was nobody there. Tell me this is 1858, and that makes eight years. I want to know what I did with that. That's more than I can tell, and I guess nobody else can. Was sick about three weeks, and died—I suppose it was fever. I have a wife and two children—one of them is a medium, and I have been there, and said I would come here. Some of my folks have been here; one tells another he has come, and that sends more, and so am here myself now. I don't know what to say here. I only want them to know that I come—that's the most I care for, and I want them to know that it's me that comes there, and not the devil. That's hard talk, but they think so sometimes. They say it is not me; it is the devil, and that's putting me and the old fellow pretty near together.

I didn't do very well of earth, but I'm happy enough here; do n't want to be any happier. I don't have any clothes nor food to look out for, and I'm very happy.

Oh, by the way, tell that fellow by the name of Wilson, that came to my horse about three months before I died, that I ain't no farther the devil than I was. He thought, because I didn't go to meeting, and all that, I'd go to the devil. He was one of those traveling concerns, this belong to churches. He is likely to be round there, for I have heard he has been there since I died, and had the kindness to tell them he thought I'd come to hell.

Well, stranger, what does you want? Oh, my name? I knew it was myself, and I thought everybody else knew so, too. Well, call me Nat, or Nathaniel Brown, just as you please. Stranger, haven't you got some news to tell me? I ain't so mighty stuck up but what I'd like to know what's going on on earth.

You need n't pride yourself on what you get from me, for I can't talk so well as others. Oh, I could read the Bible, and such like, but I never had much learning. This is queer business, coming here, rigged up in somebody's else clothes, ain't it? Seeing as you have no news to tell me, I'll leave. Nov. 15.

James Campbell. I have been induced to come here to-day, by what seems to be a very strange purpose. I have a friend residing in Cincinnati. That friend is a believer in God, and cannot be induced to believe in a superior state of existence. The case is this: It seems that a friend of his who is in earth-life, had been conversing with him upon modern Spiritualism. My friend said, "I would like to believe it, but I cannot see any truth in it." After holding a lengthy conversation, the friend, who by the way, is a stranger to me, made a remark something like this: "Now, friend Davis, suppose that some one of your earth-life should go to some stranger residing in Cincinnati, and speak of our conversation, and that stranger would be fully satisfied that I had nothing to do with the communication, could you be persuaded to believe that such a thing would occur?" "Yes," said my friend, "if one spirit could come, I think I could be persuaded." My friend then said: "If James Campbell, who died some ten years ago, by whose body I should come, from days previous to his death—if he should come, from spirit-life, and should tell us of our conversation to-day, and should answer me one question, I should believe in a spirit-life."

The question was this: "If there is such a spirit in the name of James Campbell in existence, will he come here and answer this question—Did such a person as Jesus Christ ever live? If he will, I will believe."

My friend says that no work of ancient history mentions that such a person ever existed. I beg leave to differ with my friend. He will find mention of him in Josephus. By the way, most of my friends are of the Jewish faith. I might bring a great many reasons why such a person, as Jesus lived on earth, but I will not at this time.

I do remember my friend Davis well, and I know that in time I shall have the power to converse with him. Ponder well over these words, my friend Davis, and believe me your true friend, Nov. 15. JAMES CAMPBELL.

We thank thee oh Source of souls, for all thy benefits, and while we gather here in the earth plan to aid one portion of thy children in casting off the chains that bind them to earth, we would not forget to bless thee for the privileges we enjoy. We, oh Father of souls, would constantly stretch forth our hands to cover all those who are beneath us who are struggling to free themselves from the dense darkness that surrounds them.

We ask no more, oh Father, because we know thy mercy is unlimited, thy judgment is all wisdom. And as we have found thee developed in perfect souls in every state of life, we, oh God, will bow before thee, and acknowledge thy power there.

We ask thee for nothing, oh Father, for we know it ever pleases thee to bestow upon thy children all they need. We thank thee for these thy children who are striving to gather light from the celestial heavens. We would thank thee for them, for we find their souls are seldom offering thanks. Thanks, thanks, oh Father! And while we shall be permitted to be in this world, and to lift some souls to peace, we would not forget to ascribe all thanks to thee, knowing that thou art in the darkness, in the light—in sin and in goodness—in the wind and in the storm—thy wisdom is in everything.

We thank thee for our mediums, for we know thou hast given them to us. We will not ask thee to prolong their natural lives, for we know thy power is unlimited and thy mercy is boundless, and when one soul by reason of folly passes from this life, another is given us; inspiration is poured upon them, and thou bleisest us. We know thee for a kind parent that knoweth all our necessities.

Peace, mortals, like a celestial dove, descend from the clouds upon you. Go hence, for we are done with you. Nov. 15.

Stillman Hewins. I have a very ardent desire to speak to my sons, or at least to commune with them in some way, and I have been recommended by friends in the spirit-world to come here. Do you think I shall do as well here as elsewhere? I have been told that all must give a brief account of their earth-life, if they would be understood by those they have left on earth. Have I been correctly informed?

Between forty-four and forty-five years ago, I left my home, and friends, and wandered forth in the world to seek a livelihood. The place I called my home was Sharon, N. H. I passed about two years in New York city and vicinity. I then shipped on board a merchantman, bound for Havre. I went in the capacity of steward. Not well liking the sea, I determined to stop in Havre a while, to see how fortune would favor me in that strange and foreign land. Fortune smiled upon me; I did well, but fate seemed to urge me away from that place, and after striving against her for a while I found myself once again in New York city. I then occupied myself for a time at various branches of business. Becoming again discontent, I left New York and went to London, and when there, I was offered a situation on board an English ship, bound for South America. I took up with the offer, and again left all that was familiar to me. After cruising around some two years—perhaps it may be three, I was again offered a still better situation, would I go to Danube, Guatemala. I stopped awhile there, and then went to Nicaragua on business. I then went back again, and determined to make for myself a home in that foreign land. I had been there attending to my business some few years when I became acquainted with one Captain William Cobette, of Baltimore, he being then at that port in company with his wife. While in port he was taken sick and died. His wife also was taken sick, and for the sake of the affection I bore the husband, I took care of her. When she became well enough to travel, she refused to leave the place, saying she had no call to go home—by the way, her home was in Baltimore—as she had learned of the death of her mother, her father and only brother. She stopped there, and suffice to say, I married her. Ten years ago I lost that wife. She left me two sons; one was called William and the other was called Stillman. William is now twenty-two years of age. Stillman is in his nineteenth year. William is at Danube, carrying on the business I left. Stillman is now on his way to France, where he intends to study medicine. It will be well for me here to add that I have one daughter with me in spirit-life.

Now I have been told if I would come here and report myself as being ready to commune with mortals, my son Stillman will receive the communication at Paris, when he shall arrive there, and that I shall be enabled to commune with him through some medium in that country.

I was sixty-four years of age—between sixty-four and sixty-five—when I left earth. I died of consumption of the lungs and cancer of the liver. I was sick about two weeks—confined at my home about two weeks. My son will receive a letter informing him of my death, when he reaches Paris. I dictated a letter to him two hours before my death, informing him I was then suffering no pain, but felt myself gradually sinking—passing to another state of life.

I have one brother who, I am told, at this time is a short distance from me, but I am not able to visit him. I am also told that he has not much time to pass in this life. I hope I shall be able to commune with him ere he comes here. Many, many years have passed since we spoke together. Indeed, my friends have scarcely heard from me, I am told, since I left them.

I have many things I would like to communicate to-day, but I do not feel myself able to do so at any advantage. My name was Stillman Hewins. My friends tell me I have no opportunity to commune with my elder son; I wish so, but they tell me I shall not at present. I will bid you good day. Nov. 15.

Thomas Blake. So you receive whatever may come to you—is that it? Suppose I should come to you, and tell you a lie. I would be my fault, I suppose. Well, I don't mean to lie; but suppose should you disagree, if I do n't make a very great blunder.

To begin with, I was born in Boston. To end with, I died at Saratoga, Cal. I suppose you want more than a beginning, and an ending—something to fill up with. I've got a mother, and a brother somewhere here in Boston, and if fortune favors me, I shall get my communication to them.

I have been dead about three years. I went out in 1849. I died almost as soon as I was there. I was sick all the way. Borrowed money, and came here in Boston to go out with. Wonder how you expect to get his pay? He was in Boston when I left. I saw him at his place of business on Commercial street. I've been trying to think of his first name, and I can't; but the other was Thomas. He was a pretty good fellow—had a good confidence in people, though. When I was here, I know as I should pay him

I went, overland—that's what killed me. I took fever, and when I crossed the Isthmus, I was pretty sick. I got sick in Sacramento as soon as I got there, before I saw the elephant. I suffered so much on the way, I had just as lief die as live, and that all the prospect I had, was to work and pay up the money I borrowed, and so it did not make much odds to me whether I died or lived.

I shall never forget the shanties I saw there—they changed enough for stopping there. I shall never forget them—no paper or paint there—they were of cloth. My mother's name was Nancy Blake, God know where she is now—she was here when I left. My name was Tom, or Thomas Blake. Now if I could talk with her, or George, I should do well. They do n't know much about my death; somebody told them I was dead, but they do n't know if I died happy or not. Tell them I died pretty happy. I thought, if I die, there's a chance of my being pretty well off—there's a chance of being worse off; but I preferred to take the chance.

Well, wind up by saying that I've been here. I know just as well as you do where my folks live. I know where I left them. I boarded in North Square when I last was here. I was carried to a man by the name of Sprigg; he kept quite a place there—a cloth house—cloth overhead and on the sides; looked more like a tent than anything. I asked him if that was the best accommodation they had, and he said it was all I'd get there, and the best in the place; rather seemed affronted when I asked the question, as if it was a palace. Well, good bye. Nov. 15.

William Hathaway. To my dear friends in Boston.—Do you know, dear friends, that dear child of yours who has so long been deprived of the blessing of sight, may be healed by the power of spirit love? Do not wonder, for it is so. But we require much faith and works on your part to insure perfect success. We do not say it will be done, but we do here affirm it may be. We will call upon you again in reference to, and talk further upon the subject. WILLIAM HATHAWAY. Nov. 15.

Benjamin Young. I have been considering this matter for the last five years. I do not know whether it is right for me to come to earth, to speak, or no. I am not satisfied with my work. I have been striving for the right path, but have never found it. When I was on earth, I was constantly striving, and not gaining. I do not know whether it is right for me to come and give a communication to my friends. I thought I would come here and see how well I could control, and perhaps I might gain some information in these things.

All my life on earth I was a Christian, belonged to the church; but now I suppose if I come here I must renounce my belief, and take up with something I know nothing about. I am satisfied that all can come, but I do not feel satisfied that it is my duty to do so, yet I see no harm in it. Surely I cannot suffer for coming, for I am conscious of doing no wrong, but shall I do them good or evil?

If I could believe it was my duty to come and commune with my friends, I should very much like to do so. I find things differing so widely from what I anticipated on earth; that I really believe I shall be obliged to give up a portion of my belief; I do not find any local heaven or hell. There must be a God, and yet I do not see him as I expected.

Well, I will make a trial. I will conform to your regulations, and if I find I have done no injury, I will come again. I was born in Meredith, N. H. I resided there until I became perhaps nineteen years of age. I think not over that. I then went into the town of Claremont, N. H. There I stopped upon a farm, and intended to purchase after a time, but fate seemed to will it otherwise, and I left there, and went into a place called Johnston, Vt, and there I lived and died. I was a member of the Christian Baptist Church. Now you see I was brought up in my early life altogether different than you were. My name was Benjamin Young. My disease I am not so sure about. I have been told since I was a spirit, that it was consumption of the lungs. My earthly adviser thought it was consumption of the blood. So you see I am candid with you, and do not want to give you my knowledge alone. Now if you will be so kind as to inform me of the date of this time, I will give you the date of my death. Is it possible then that I have been dead fourteen years and three months? I think it was the last of July I died—it might have gone into August—I am not so sure about that. I think I lived about four months past sixty-seven years of age. I am not quite sure whether it was four or four and one-half—I think it was four.

Now, sir, I have a daughter in Boston, to whom I am very anxious to commune. I am not able to approach that child, for some reason unknown to me. Perhaps my scruples have something to do with it; but there is a hidden difficulty about it. I have tarried away these five years, and I have during that time heard many strange stories from those who have come to earth.

Now, my good sir, have patience with me a little longer. Do you think it is right for me to come into close communion with that child as I do with you? I think it might do her good—yet, perhaps my anxiety may overcome my prudence. Yet I hardly seem to me God would permit one of his children to go astray, who really and anxiously wants to do right. I cannot here speak what I want with that child. Would it not be well for me to state that I desire to have an interview with that child. I have been told that my child would receive this through the medium of a paper. Now I am to understand that she is to receive this paper, and that if it be the will of God, I am to speak with her in private?

Then, in conclusion, say that an anxious father, whose love exceeds that he bore on earth, wishes to speak with his child: I will bid you good day, then, sir. Nov. 17.

William Loudon. By listening to the remarks of the spirit who has just left, I have learned what is expected of me. I am a native of Fall River; or, rather, I was, before I took upon myself the new life. This was rather less than a year ago; for it took place the week following the last Christmas.

