

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IV.

{COLBY, FORSTER & COMPANY,
No. 3-1-2 Brattle Street.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 5, 1859.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.

NO. 19.

Original Poetry.

THE VOICE OF THE AGE.

BY H. CHAT REVERE.

Hark! hear ye a wailing—half moan and half shriek?
Tis the cry of the human that yearneth to speak;
Like a helpless dumb-creature, it striveth in vain
To utter the thoughts that are burning its brain!
There are signs on the waters, and signs on the land,
Which tell of a fearful convulsion at hand;
The spirit of ORROR stalks abroad o'er the earth,
As never hath been seen since Humanity's birth.
Room, room! for the stranger—and give him full sweep—
For his step wakes the earthquakes, like wild beasts asleep;
And he startsleth against with his deep thunder-tone
The priest on his altar—the king on his throne!
From the great world of Mind cometh giant Ideas,
Whose shadows were seen in the vista of years;
Soon the blade shall be drawn, and the banner unrolled,
For the struggle is near of the New with the Old.
Ah! the blind Earth may reel on her course round the Sun,
Yet deem not, oh man! that her race shall be run;
The seas may roll mountains, but cannot o'erwhelm,
For God is your captain, and Christ holds the helm!
Oh, mortals! with spirits once spotless and fresh,
Ye are shut out from God in your prisons of flesh;
Ye have sunk the last trace of the Heaven ye have lost,
And forgotten the Epic of Christ on the Cross!
The star that o'er Bethlehem shone out so clear,
Grows sickly and faint in your foul atmosphere;
Souls shrivel and die in a spiritual death—
Oh, Christ! thou art wanted now on this earth!
Too long have ye wrangled o'er dry crusts of creeds,
Which cannot supply your Humanity's needs;
Ye have bowed to the letter, and lived in your sin,
While the spirit divine was glowing within!
Ye would tie down the world to the text of its youth—
In your own narrow creeds monopolize truth;
But learn this great doctrine, blind worm of the sod—
There is no finally outside of God!
With a strong, living faith, and a soul truly brave,
Ye should reverence the Past, but not be its slave;
Ye should "prove all things"—first—"hold fast to the good,"
And recognize mankind as one brotherhood.
Christ, Christ! and then—come, Gentile and Jew—
The living—let us live in the new!
From the king on his throne, to the serf of the soil,
Ye are brothers all stamped in the image of God!
This world is no play-house for pleasure and sloth,
But a workshop for mental and spiritual growth;
Ye were not made to heap up mere anti-bills of gold,
But to rear up a temple sublime for the soul.
Of holy affection, of beautiful thought,
And unselfish action, this temple is wrought;
Have a care how ye build—its no frail earthly home,
But your soul's habitation for ages to come!
There's a law for the body—a law for the soul—
For both are but parts of one harmonious whole;
Ye dare not expose your quick flesh to the flame;
Would ye sully the soul, while ye guard well its frame?
By bread, or by meat, not alone do ye live,
But by the sweet manna a pure life do give;
Ye would barter your conscience for plunder and pelf,
But a wrong to your kind is a wrong to yourself!
Ask not to what "worship" your brother conforms,
For Jesus taught reverence, not outward shows;
Nor lifeless abstractions he sought to impart,
But preached his pure law to the warm, human heart.
Hierarchical systems were not of his plan,
But gross, mongrel offspring of animal man;
As the state of the soul, is the faith it believes,
And 'tis man's clouded vision, not Christ, that deceives.
Would ye fly to a refuge from sorrow and sin?
Remember "the kingdom of Heaven is within;"
Go ye forth to the world, and this great truth impart,
That Christ writes his gospel in every man's heart!
The man is more prized than his external looks,
And the God-imagined soul is more sacred than books;
Much truth ye may learn from your pulpit and scroll,
But more from the still, quiet voice in your soul.

With the light of the Past and the Present combined,
A glorious day will dawn on mankind;
And oh! like the flower that bursts through the sod,
The old Earth shall bloom as a garden of God!
WASHINGTON, D. C., January, 1859.

THE HUMAN FACE.

In some shape or other, when manhood has been
Attained, time has begun to set its indelible stamp
On 'us all. In all who survive the period of life
When, not consciousness, but the almanac tells us
That fifty years are past and gone, every face of man
Or woman becomes more and more a book in which
The life and thoughts are written in hieroglyphics,
To be deciphered by those who have acquired skill in
such reading. Almost at a glance we discern the
signs and quaint shapes of habitual thoughts and
occupations, of station and rank, of command or
obedience, of conscious wealth, and all the varieties
of broken down respectability; of intellectual great-
ness and calmness, or of vain assumption, or of
brazen pretensions; and, indeed, of all the differential
gradations of social and mental life, down to the
worn face of ignominious toil, and the unmis-
takable abjectness of nature or position, from which
the eyes even of the good and kind turn painfully away.
In the meantime old age keeps steadily advancing,
although usually considered so distant that its voice
startles those who find it close at hand, and who are
unwarned by falling faculties, or even by the ever
accumulating wrinkles which have curiously usurped
all the face that was once so smooth and unruined.
Year after year the sculpture of age goes on. Friends
who meet after forty years' separation do not recog-
nize one another. Every subsequent twelvemonth
has left its trace in some feature or another. The
mouth once a double arc, expressive of what medical
prose cannot convey, has perhaps become a stereo-
typed sorrow, with lines drawn down laterally from
its corners. There are griefs written in the eyes
which have never been expressed in words; nor never
can be, for language is impotent to carry to another
soul the intense passion of our own.

EVELINE'S JOURNAL.

BY CORA WILBURN.

I am old maidish and peculiar, say my friends;
odd and reserved is the verdict of strangers. Bridget
says I'm "queerlike;" many think me cold and
proud, and wonder if I ever possessed a heart. Ah,
misjudging world! restrain thy harsh decrees, and
speak not so arrogantly thy freezing words. Were
the veil uplifted from many a nature that seems cold
and unloving, how warmly would that heart be
cherished—valued as some pearl of priceless worth.
Because brows have grown placid from the reaction
of deep suffering, and eyes, long used to weep, have
resumed their calm expression; because pallid lips
have bloomed again and smiled, shall we deny these
suffered and wrestled long, and finally conquered?
Shall we deny the soothing ministrations of faith
and time, and call the meekly-resigned ones cold
and unloving? Many may think so of me, for I am
not demonstrative; there is something within me
that shrinks from all outward caressing, all pro-
testation. I can only fondle a child, a dog or a bird.
I repel all human advances in the way of kiss
and caress. This is one of my old maidish foibles.
To-day I have been wandering in the shadow-land
of the past. I have been to the Elysian Fields of
childhood; I have bathed my face in the sunny
fountain of youth; I have wandered on the margin
of the golden river of life, and seen once more the
airy castles, the rose-covered cottages, the fairy gar-
dens beaming from afar. I have again watched the
rising of a bewildering sun; the setting of a white
and lustrous star; I have prayed beside altars, and
watched by graves; have walked over buried hopes,
and beheld the slow and solemn rising of the solitary
moon; have been in utter darkness, and now am
walking in the glorious beams of a refulgent sun,
in the dawn of light and faith.
Will you read my Journal, and with me feel, and
sigh, and weep, and pray? Come, and I promise
that the glass shall be a happy one; devoid of dis-
appointment, faithlessness, gloom and death. Death?
there is no death! Life is eternal, and once its bit-
ter earth-poison drunk, even to the very dregs; its
continuation yawns before us a spiral stairway of
ever-increasing beauties, wonders, and joys. This
is the first page; read here:
I am sixteen to-day. How beautiful is the
world; what warm hearts gladden this earth! how
blest am I with friends and home. I know that my
face glows with the hues of health and youth, though
there be no beauty there; and mother says I am
clever, that there is much in me that time will de-
velop into usefulness. I have at present no desire
beyond my given lot; my home is a happy one, and
my brother Arthur is so kind and gentle; and if I
have no sister, is not my pretty neighbor, Laura
Field, all that I could wish for in sister and friend?
True, father is still absent, and mother seldom speaks
of him. He has been away four years, and I remem-
ber he used to speak loud and harshly to us all,
whenever he came home from sea—but I hope he
will do better now; at least, I shall try to do all I
can to please him. My beautiful and poetic mother,
how came she to marry one so uncongenial? I have
just finished a pretty and fanciful drawing, entitled
"The Fisherman's Daughter." The pensive face
and picturesque attitude of the girl enchants me;
mother looks at it approvingly, but she sighs, and
says I must not occupy myself with such things
when father returns; he abhors poetry, detests
painting, and will not have a flower within the
house. I suppose I shall have to muzzle Selma, and
keep the capary from singing; but I will not antici-
pate trouble. I will go and dress for my little even-
ing party.
I have always kept a Journal; silly and childish
things enough are therein recorded; now I intend to
write down all that may occur, so that in after years
I may recall the pleasant memories of my youth. I
am dressed in white, with rose-buds holding up my
sleeves and adorning my corsage; a pink ribbon en-
circles my waist, and sprigs of delicate white flow-
ers nestle among my dark-brown curls. I wear no
ornaments, though I possess a few; I admire sim-
plicity, and am happy that we live in the country.
There is Arthur calling me, and Laura Field has
come. I must hasten to my company.
Twelve o'clock. The town clock is striking mid-
night; I am alone in my chamber; I feel rebellious,
bewildered, amazed. My birth-day pleasure has
been rudely broken in upon. I could weep if I were
not indignant! I met my company so cheerfully—
dear Laura, and her city friend, Rosalie Masters;
and young Norton from the South, who is a boarder
at their house. Mrs. Grant was deep in conversation
with mamma, and I was playing a favorite Scottish
waltz, when I heard the front door open. I did not
move, for I knew Bridget was in the kitchen, and
would let the caller in. I even heard her loud ex-
clamation of surprise without faltering in my song;
when suddenly the parlor door was thrown open,
and a loud imperious voice exclaimed: "So, so! en-
joy yourselves finely, no matter whether the mas-
ter is alive or drowned!" and, stalking heavily into
the room, I beheld my dreaded father, accompanied
by a stranger, whose dark eye encountered my con-
fused and blushing face as I hastily arose from the
piano, and advanced to meet my parent. I know
not why, but the eye that met mine sent a cold
shudder through all my frame, and completely un-
nerved me. Yet the stranger's face was handsome;
his stature noble, his bearing that of a gentleman.

I stole a glance at my mother's face; it was color-
less, and her trembling lips could not frame a word
of welcome. The merry faces of the girls looked
apprehensive and sobered; all talking ceased, and
all eyes turned to the Captain and his follower or
friend.
"Well! I say, can't you greet a fellow? Is this
the house-warming you give me and my friend?
Folks will think I'm an ogre. Mrs. Hope, I have
brought a friend, Mr. Edward Chaney—Ned, this is
Miss Eveline Hope."
My mother had recovered herself, and bade them
welcome; she took my father's hand, but there was
no welcome kiss exchanged. The stranger bowed
deeply before my mother, then before me, and again
that dark, arrogant, piercing glance, sent a shudder
through my frame; I know not what I said; some-
thing incoherent, I fear, for he smiled sarcastically,
and dropped his eyes. I do not like him; how un-
like Arthur, how very unlike young Norton, this
stranger is! If I were fanatical or superstitious, I
should say this man bears with him an atmosphere
of repulsion; he will bring trouble upon me. Ar-
thur warmly welcomed his father, and was coldly
repelled to, as usual. But the stranger was soon en-
gaged in conversation with him.
Our neighbors and friends departed, and were not
once urged to stay by father. With a face all flushed,
mother descended to the kitchen, to assist Bridget in
preparing supper for her husband and his guest.
Father has announced that he will remain at home
some time, and that Edward Chaney will board with
us. I know not why, but I dislike the arrangement.
As I was leaving the room, after bidding both good
night, the young man followed me to the door, and
taking both my hands, he said, "Woman! become very
good friends, Miss Eveline!" I hastily withdrew my
hands; I felt the color mounting to my very brow;
I was alarmed, indignant, and rushed up stairs, as
if some pursuer was at my heels. Why did I act so
childishly? What was there in those simple words
to fret me? Mother came into my room, as I was
saying my prayers. She folded me in her arms, and
tearfully blessed me. "What art thou so nervous for?
I know I shall not sleep to-night, and the day was so
propitious!"
"On week later. What envious spirit of discord,
beholding the blessed calm of our united household,
has broken his chains to have full revel here, where
all was peace and contentment? I will not yield to
this tyranny! I will—oh, I cannot fly from home;
my mother—my pale, sorrowing mother! I cannot
leave her! All the week that odious Edward Chaney
has been persecuting me with his attentions; fol-
lowing me with his evil eye; smiling maliciously
into my face, and familiarly calling me Eveline!
Yesterday Bridget summoned me to the parlor;
father wanted to speak to me. I felt the present-
ment of some coming strife, and my heart throbb-
ed painfully; ere long it had a reason for its pain.
"Come here, girl!" said my father sternly. I
drew near to him. "Do you know what obedience
to parents is; has your mother installed that into
your soul? It were better than the poetic nonsense
and sentimentality I find."
"Mother has taught me practically the value of
all true principles!" I replied warmly.
"No long-winded speeches, Miss! short and to the
purpose. You are ready to obey me in all things."
"In all things reasonable—where my duty lies!"
He smiled sarcastically. "You like Edward
Chaney?"
The blood mounted to my face; the vague pre-
sentiment in my heart began to have form and sub-
stance.
"I do not like him," I answered with a firm, de-
termined voice, and I looked up into my father's
dark and strangely repellent countenance. His
brows were knit in anger as yet repressed; he bit
his lips, and said in low, decided tones: "I bid you
like him—more, you must learn to love him; he is
your intended husband!"
"My intended husband?" I repeated, and for a mo-
ment I paused, too overwhelmed to say more.
"Yes! I told him about you, months ago—
he wanted to see you; I brought him on; he likes you—
you suit his taste. You and your mother showed
your utter disregard of my life or death, by your
reception of me, after four years' absence; repair
the mischief by prompt obedience to my wishes, or
by all—I will compel you to know the master. You
have seen but little of me; Eveline; you may see
more than would be agreeable to your superstitious
tastes. I left you a child; you are a young woman
grown. I have the disposal of you; I give you to
Edward Chaney!"
To all this I only replied: "I will never marry
him!" But I must have looked fierce and hateful,
for my father arose and looked me sternly, threat-
eningly into the eye, as he judely grasped my arm,
and cried with a fury that was even yet repressed:
"You will not! You threaten to thwart me, your
father? your legal guardian? Will not? When I
say you shall! Out of my sight, disobedient bag-
gage! and see that you receive Edward with a
friendly face, or by all—I will find means to compel
you. Out of the room, I say! away with you!"
I rose from my chair, and passed across the room,
but at the door I stopped, and again repeated my
defiant "I will not!" My father rushed towards me,
but I avoided the threatened blow; I ran up
stairs, into my chamber, and looked myself in.
What wild, rebellious, bitter thoughts stirred in my
bosom! what a host of enemies arose to battle with
the filial duty of obedience! I could not invoke one
softening memory, one love-pleasure from the past; all
was bitterness, compulsion, strife; and beneath this

household tyranny my mother drooped and languish-
ed, but never, never complained.
There was a gentle knock at the door. I opened,
and my mother entered, pale, with quivering lips,
and eyes that showed traces of recent tears.
"You have been hasty and rebellious, my love!"
she said, enfolding me in her arms, and drawing my
head upon her bosom. "Dear child, when will you
learn the necessity of self-control, when teach your
feelings subjection. Why did you answer him, your
father, so rudely?"
There was so much of plaintive entreaty in her
voice, I burst into tears, and told her how tyrann-
ically the announcement was made to me; how
like a slave my father disposed of me.
"But you, too, spoke harshly, darling; you tried
no softening answer, no womanly remonstrance.
Was that right, Eveline?"
My young, indignant blood, boiled up again; but
I met my mother's reproachful glance, and the angry
reply was smothered.
"Go, my child, be yielding, gentle; speak to your
father; tell him you cannot love this Edward Chaney,
for I see that he is repugnant to you. Not for worlds
would I compel your inclination, my child; but for
the peace of this household, for my sake, show not
yourself defiant; I, too, will use my powers of en-
treaty to win his ear; you shall not be rendered
miserable, take your mother's promise for that; but
oh, my Eveline! be in all else obedient to his wishes!"
Strange she often omitted to say "your father!"
I bowed submission to her commands, kissed her
fondly, and sought my father. How cruel was the
struggle within myself! how his taunts and railings
aroused the slumbering spirit of opposition! and
when he said, "call your mother hither," I went to
obey him with a heavy heart.
August 29th, 18— Three weeks since, I last con-
fided to the safe keeping of these pages the record of
my thoughts, feelings, and experiences. In some
strange, unaccountable manner, I am delivered from
the annoying attentions of Edward Chaney; my
father speaks no more to me upon the hated subject.
My mother's face is very pale and sad, I feel, though
I know not how, that she has saved me.
Why does William Norton gaze upon me so long
and earnestly? He is handsome, talented, wealthy.
Can he think of loving the humble country girl?
Fie upon my vanity! and yet they say I sing those
Scottish ballads sweetly; and my music is expres-
sive of more than mere science; my taste with the
pencil is not all uncultivated. Oh! if he loved me,
away far in the Southern clime he speaks of so rap-
tulously, I would bear my drooping mother; beneath
the orange groves, the brilliant skies of that poetic
land, she would revive to health and strength. Am
I dreaming, that I write thus? Is my spirit bowing
to the forged links of a rosy chain I have laughed at
until now? Is my mother drooping and declining?
Oh! a fearful thought seizes upon me; a phantom
stands in the doorway—its name is death! Can
she leave me? Can I ever live without her?
Sept. 22d.—Peace and calmness dwell once more
within our home. That I should say it! I am grate-
ful for my father's departure; and Edward Chaney
has gone with him. But one sorrow, mingled with
an apprehension to which I cannot give a name,
strives with my selfish joy. Arthur has gone with
them, and I do not like to see the apparent friend-
ship between him and that brigand-looking Ned;
there is evil in his soul; I feel it. William has de-
manded a private interview of me; what can he
have to say?
Dec. 22d. Three months have elapsed since last I
penned my thoughts; I have emerged from the paths
of girlhood and thoughtlessness, into the broad way
of thinking, acting, earnest life! I know that life's
significance, and the duties of womanhood—the re-
sponsibilities of love and labor—have been revealed
to me in all their magnitude, by my dear mother's
sweetly counselling lips, as by my own heart's awak-
ening. I have won the love of one of earth's truest
hearts; I, so humble and unknown, have won to love
a mighty intellect, a rare, superior mind. Oh, world,
thou art more than beautiful! Rainbow hues from
Eden encompass, and belts of richest gold, all gem-
be-spangled, surround thee with glory; oh earth of
love and joy! Only one sorrow obscures the bright-
ness of my bliss—my mother! Her face grows pale
and wan, her step is laggard; oh, love and home,
wealth and all realized joy is not complete without
thee, my blessed mother!
Jan. 10th. The snow lies deep, and the brooding
clouds denote a tempest. The year has entered upon
its mission, bringing sorrow so soon, for my mother
is fading fast, and I know that soon I shall be left
alone! No, not alone, for the love of one true heart
is sacredly mine; but it is all untried—this freshly
found wellspring of affection. My mother's love has
been tried by fire. Her eye brightens when William
speaks to her; she trusts her child to his keeping—
he vows fidelity to the sacred charge. She has given
me a roll of papers—I am not to read them until I
am a wife; she has given me all her trinkets, and
has placed a ring on William's finger. I know not
what all this portends—ah! shrinking heart, I know
too well, and fain would conceal the painful truth!
But I am compelled to wear a serene and smiling
face in her presence, for so the physician ordered me,
if I would not shorten her days. Oh, cannot prayer
invoke the return of health, and set at defiance the
approach of the destroyer? My mother! can I not
save thee by entreaty and sacrifice?
Pass over these pages, almost illegible from the
excitement in which they were written, the tears
with which they are stained; for a moment pause to

harken to the heart-wail of anguish, the sharp, poin-
tary of bereavement:
She is gone from earth! and never will the sun-
shine gladden, and the night be hailed as before—I
am alone and desolate; the cherished love of a stran-
ger's heart is cold, cold and distant to me now; I
have a brother, a home, youth, health, bright pros-
pects—what are they all, unshared by her? How
shall I pass through the bleak world without her
smile, her guiding hand? Oh, mother, mother! let
me sleep with thee! Take me from all beside, now
that my mother lives not! take all, I will murmur
not, God! My heart and soul are crushed beneath
this cruel blow. Let me die, or live in sorrow—I
care no more for happiness!
There it stands, a written record of a daring, im-
pious prayer, that was responded to—oh, eternal jus-
tice! all too quickly!
Turn over the leaves; forgive the maniac ravings
of a first despair; see resignation, calm, returned,
ere other trials sting my soul afresh to madness. My
father wrote occasionally, and I apprised him of my
mother's death; of my betrothal to William Norton,
she, the departed, had written. His answer had been
that she could do as she pleased with the willful girl.
I lived secluded in our quiet home; Laura Field came
to keep me company, but for many days I banished
William Norton from my presence. It seemed to my
morbid feelings, a desecration of her memory, to lis-
ten to his words of love. Read here a few pages:
Lucy and Maria Thornton often come to visit
and console me; dear, affectionate hearts! They
tell me that a gay party from the South are staying
at a hotel in town—they are friends of William's;
the beautiful and dashing daughter was the belle of
his native city. What care I for this foolish gossip?
dear girls, they tell me of the world and its gay do-
ings, to revive my drooping spirits. Yes, Augusta
Delorme is beautiful, talented, witty and grace-
ful—I envy her not a single charm, not one gift of
hers—I envy her only for what I never can possess
again—a mother's love!
William came in this afternoon; he appeared ab-
sent in thought—abstracted; he said my gloomy feel-
ings infected him. Am I growing morbidly sensit-
ive and nervous? I imagined he looked at me reproach-
fully—I burst into tears, and he soothed me in his
usual gentle manner; his loving smile and magnetic
touch restored me to somewhat of my former self. He
spoke to me kindly, but gravely, of the necessity of
self-control, of the selfishness of undue abandonment
to grief. I felt the full power of his argument; I
will strive to be cheerful, and think of her only as
one gone before. Surely there is a land where moth-
er and child shall meet again!
A week since I wrote in this repository of my
thoughts; it is six months since my mother died.
Then the snows were piled high and soft upon her
grave; now summer blooms in all its brightest tints;
and beneath the genial influences of the season, I
awake once more, to the enjoyment of life and youth.
Every day I think of, and pray to thee, my mother!
but I think with a chastened sorrow, that no more
blinds itself with tears. I will live to become like
thee—patient, loving, much enduring, ever resigned
to the will of him who orders all things for good. I ex-
pect father and Arthur home every day; what a
pity my gentle brother should have been taken from
his studies to follow the rude calling of the sea. But
it may strengthen his health, which was always deli-
cate; surely he will not become coarse and rough
like father. How strange he has not written, when
he heard of mother's death; he must have suffered
terribly, poor sensitive boy! Mrs. Grant has taken
mamma's place; alas! can a stranger ever fill that
place? but the kind hearted widow has installed
herself my guardian and housekeeper until I go to
my own southern home. She was a true friend to
the departed. I yield to her as such. I am troubled
for William's sake; something annoys, perplexes
him. He is often absent minded; flashes when I ad-
dress him suddenly—starts when I appear noiseless-
ly before him. Perhaps pecuniary difficulties press
upon him; he has had news from his friends at home
—all are well. Why does he not confide his cares
and sorrows to me?
It is inexplicable. He asked me to sing a favorite
ballad; I complied, for it was a mournful song, and I
cannot sing the gay carols I once loved—at least not
yet; I sang another, after the conclusion of the first
—one my mother had composed, which William Nor-
ton had pronounced a gem of poetry and music. I
watched his face in the glass; it flushed crimson,
and paled—his lips quivered, tears were in his eyes.
He rushed from his seat, and took my hands from off
the keys, crying in a broken, husky voice:
"Not that! not that song! It sounds like a re-
proach—a voice from the grave!"
I know not what trouble stirred within my heart,
for I clasped his arm, looked up beseechingly into
his face, and wildly cried:
"What do you mean? what ails you, William?
What troubles you?"
In a moment he was himself again—pale but dig-
nified, firm and smiling:
"Forgive me, Eveline! I have frightened you; be-
calm—I meant not to alarm you; you promised me
to be strong and cheerful!"
He called me not dear Eveline; he did not pass his
hand across my brow, as he was wont when he
soothed me into quietude. There was a strange re-
serve in his manner; we conversed in a wild, dis-
connected, rambling way. I felt that his thoughts
were not with the present. My calmness was forced,
merely apparent.
August—To-morrow is my birth day—my seven-

teenth birth-day. How much of heart-experience, if not of outward event, has occurred since the last celebration of this day. Then my dear mother lived—now she is an inhabitant of heaven, and I, an affianced bride, sit in the little parlor so often beautified by her presence, and await his coming who is now all to me. Despite of myself I tremble, for I will have an explanation with William this very day. There must be no cloud between us, who are to walk through life together. There, Bridget is opening the door for him—harken to Selmo's joyous bark! No, I will not go to meet him; I will wait him here.

It is midnight. I am sitting alone in my chamber—alone with a grief surpassing all that earth can give of bitterness. Wormwood and gall have been given to me, for the bread and wine of life and love. I will write the record here, though my hand trembles so I can scarcely hold the pen; through through every vein and fibre of my being, dart lightning shafts of despair, arousing wild and sinful thoughts, quickening serpent-forms that ever slither while peace and love held sway! I know that between me and the world drops a lurid cloud, and phantom faces glare through it with fiendish, exultant glee!

Hush!—Mrs. Grant is sleeping—all nature sleeps; my mother bade me live and hope in God! I will obey my mother! She is the saving angel of this hour; but, for her, despair would lead me into the arms of a fell temptation—to cool and endless rest beneath the glassy pool! But I will live, because my mother bade me; I dare not disobey her; if I do, we shall not meet in Heaven. I know not what I am writing. The record of a great wrong—that, if I live, I may peruse it with unwavering eyes, and steely, cold heart. Where shall I begin? Oh, yes; I waited for William Norton in the parlor, and when he entered, the shadow fell closer and denser on my heart. I knew he was the bearer of evil news. I asked him if he had heard from father—if aught had befallen Arthur. His pale face expressed astonishment; he had not heard aught concerning them.

"Something dreadful has occurred," I said; and, in my eagerness, I clung to his arm.

"Gently, but firmly, put back my hands. Eveline, I must speak to you; it were dishonorable to keep you longer in suspense. Judge me leniently, I implore you, when I confess to you—that—"

"What?" I shrieked in tones so loud and startling, he drew back in alarm.

"I dare not tell you, while you are in this mood. Eveline, forgive, forgive! I despise—abhor myself! But I cannot go on in this path of deception. I cannot marry you, Eveline."

"Why?" I exclaimed; and my wild, excited manner must have frightened him, for he knelt at my feet, and implored my pity, patience and forgiveness. He offered himself to me as a brother—a friend; he endeavored to gain the door, saying he would return when I was calm.

I intercepted his egress. I stood bold, daring, defiant before him, reiterating the simple "why?"

"Oh, Eveline, do not urge me!" he prayed.

But I was inexorable.

"Not before I know the reason, can you pass this threshold," I said. "I have the right—I will have the reason."

He wavered long—his face paled and flushed—he trembled violently. Reluctantly, sorrowfully, he spoke the words—

"To love Augusta Delormaine."

I did not intercept him, then; I opened wide the door, and bade him depart. I saw him leave the room, pass down the alley of trees into the quiet village street.

I came up here to think, and write, and weep. I cannot shed a tear; I cannot collect a thought; all is confusion. Bridget called me down to tea; I said my head ached, and I desired to be alone. Mrs. Grant came in the twilight; but she could not see my face, and she thought me sleeping, so she quietly withdrew. I am alone with this new and mighty calamity. I know that I have to face a cold and bitter world—an unrelenting destiny—alone.

Nov. 16th. Three months since last I looked upon this book—what has not occurred since then! I will not write his dastard name—has left forever. The Thorntons speak not of him before me; all I know, is, he has left, in company with the Delormaine family. Oh, that I could have seen that proud and triumphant Augusta, to know wherein she excelled, and how she conquered. It was her beauty—her commanding figure—her smooth, false tongue; my heart whispers she is false—as cruel. She knew he loved me—he was the betrothed of poor Eveline Hope! I can weep, now; three months ago, I was mad. Now the icy band is loosened; I feel and think and pity myself. My mother bends over me in dreams, and says "poor child!"

Hark! a loud ring at the door. I am superstitiously expectant—nervously afraid. It is only the postman; he gives Bridget a letter. I look on all things with indifference—perhaps it is wrong; but I cannot yet arouse from the lethargy—the dismal confusion—that makes of life a blank. I am called; there is some hasty news for me.

Oh! the necessity of exertion when heart and brain would be at rest. My father is about returning home. The only feeling of joy I have for long months experienced, was when I read the announcement of Arthur's coming home—my beautiful, gentle brother! one yet is left to love me. Rest awhile in darkness, thou silent witness of my young life's trials. What have I to write about. I cannot boast of fortitude and stoic strength—of indifference that I presume not to feel. I will not fill these pages with wild plaints—with my wrong heart's clamor. I cannot gather consolation here; I will to my mother's grave and pray—I will to the footstool of the pitying God, and cry aloud to him who listeth the orphan's moan!

Turn over the dark, tear-blotted pages, and read here:

Winter snows lie deep on the earth, tempests are brooding in the leaden sky, and winter's icy desolation is within my heart! The last hope wrecked, the last light extinguished, the last blossom trodden under foot! My brother—oh, my brother Arthur! lost, lost, and by a fiend's wiles! Was that the slender form our angel mother held against her panting breast? that tottering, wasted figure, reeling drunkenly into the house? Was that my brother's face, all bloated with the damning signet of intemperance? Oh, I thanked God, who bore him was not there to witness his degradation! The lips, once uttering eloquent and prayerful discourses, emitting language too foul to record—those lips oft hallowed by a mother's kiss, giving forth ribald jests, profane words! Oh, Holy Chastener! in my cup not yet full?

It is useless to argue, to entreat, to reason with

him; for reason holds but momentary sway above that clouded intellect—that utterly obscured mind. And he, the schemer and revengeful fiend, has done all this! he is the cause that led the innocent, unwary boy to ruin—he, Edward Chaney! To day I taunted him with all my former bitterness—with all the vindictiveness of my nature aroused. I accused him of Arthur's moral ruin; I called down upon him Heaven's direst retribution; I threatened him with a departed spirit's avenging track! I know not what all I said, for I was wild; beside myself. I only know, that he, the craven! quailed before my flashing eye and loud, accusing tones. His usual pertness had vanished; he was pale and trembling, and, like a guilty coward, he left the room, not daring to look me in the face again. My father is silent—morose—subdued; it is clearly visible that he mourns my mother's loss; and he rarely speaks to me, and I unconsciously avoid him. To Arthur, he is distant, harsh and cold as usual. Yesterday he dropped some strange words regarding Arthur, and "that pale, mooping thing," as he calls me. A sudden impulse seizes me, to read the papers my dying mother confided to me. I shall never be a wife—I will read them now.

Deeply absorbed in the perusal of those pages, I twice relighted my lamp, and the first glimmer of dawn found me finishing the last leaf of that record of love and sacrifice. Oh, sainted mother! and for me, and that mistaken boy it was, thou didst bend thy heart to martyrdom! But, mingling with my reverence, sorrow and amazement, comes a sense of deep thankfulness, that I—that Arthur, all fallen as he is—are not the children of the harsh, cold, Captain Hope. He is our step-father only, and we were too young to know him as aught else. Left to penury—defrauded by mammon-serving men—that noble mother toiled for us, she who had been reared in luxury and affluence; she who had been a tender husband's idol. Captain Hope was wealthy and prosperous, when he proposed to be her protector—a father to her fatherless ones. For love for us, she wedded again; for our sakes, that we might not be exposed to a cold world's charity. Soon, the true character of the man revealed itself; the tyrant showed his despotic colors. The chain she had deemed of gold, turned to fiery links, that burnt her tender soul. Years passed on; a part of her property was restored to her. How vainly she sighed for liberty for us, and for herself! She dared not tell us that he held us by no sacred claim, for he had taught us to call him father. She purchased my privileges and Arthur's schooling, by her own means; for the captain prospered not in his undertakings, and she could only evade his brutality by bribing him with gold. When I was so unaccountably released from Edward Chaney's persecutions, it was owing to her gentle entreaties, aided by a purse of gold! Alas, beloved mother! she bids me care for Arthur in my Southern home; she bids me draw him from his step-father's influence; watch over him sacredly, even as she would. Oh, listening spirit! read thou this racked and aching heart, devoted mother! I would die to save him; but alas! I cannot; it is too late—too late!

Strange and heavy burden laid upon this weak and trembling spirit! Yet it must be done for duty, honor's sake—for the peace of the departed—in obedience to the voice of God!

Dec. 21st. I have exhausted all my powers of entreaty; I have bent my stubborn will; I have bowed my pride, and sued with tears to him, who robbed my mother's life of hope and joy. I have prayed that he would give us a little sum from our dear mother's store, for in his hands was all, that we two could begin life for ourselves. I told him of my mother's revelation, but I hinted not that she had complained of his usage. I must have been eloquent, for even this hard, cold, rough nature melted; for the first time I saw a moisture in his eye.

"Well, well," he said; "you know you're not my flesh and blood; well, it was natural for the old woman to tell you. I'll consider the matter over, and maybe let you have something. But what's the use of your going away? Stay and keep house for me, and keep Arthur alongside of you, if you want to. He's got into an ugly habit of drinking."

"Captain Hope," I replied, "I cannot remain here, though this place contains all that is sacred on earth to me—my mother's grave. But Arthur must away from here—away from all the old associations that humiliate and gild him on to recklessness; he must be taken out of reach of the influence of Edward Chaney."

"Tut, tut, girl! You dislike Ned, and you see him through green and yellow spectacles. He never forced Arthur to drink—he was in the boy. There, I do not want to hear another word. Like Ned; you settle your own affairs. You want of age yet. I could compel you to stay, but I want to maintain a housekeeper; I'll be for marrying again some day, and then, I suppose, you would not like to stay—wouldn't like step-ma'am any better than step-dad, eh? Well, well, don't cry, Eveline, I'll make some kind of a settlement with you."

I left him to his pipe, and went out to seek Arthur. Can it be that a few months should so completely change a character—so utterly uproot all traces of the moral structure so reverently reared by a mother's hand? Where are the guardian sentinels of the soul—Conscience, Duty? Lulled to sleep by the potent drug, rooted to death by the foul temptation. Every day the son that was his mother's pride reels drunkenly into his mother's room; laughs loud and coarsely in his imbecile state, where that pure presence dwelt—perchance yet lingers. On the place where she prayed his blasphemies; where she sang her touching songs, he shouts in ribald glee; he tells stories unfitting a sister's ears, from the chair wherein she sat. Oh, what was the agony of losing her, the bitterness of unworthily bestowed affection, compared with this great sorrow—this blighting sin and degrading shame! The gloom clouds of sorrow, sickness, death, dispel at last, and leave the untarnished heart-strings fair as ever, though desolate; the memories clustering there are all pure and holy, though steeped in tears. But the presence of sin covers for eye with darkness the sunny spots, and home can smile no more. I feel that I must leave this place, that I must go far away, where we are unknown. I will resume my father's name; how inappropriate to my state of feeling it is. May I when December, with its cold and gloom is in my heart. I resign the name of Hope; is it an emblematic sign that on earth there is no hope for me?

Feb. 19th. Yes, to-morrow I leave the home of my childhood and youth; the many graves of the beautiful, fond hopes I cherished; and the visible grave of my self-sacrificing mother. With tears, and prayers, and entreaties, I have at length prevailed on Arthur to accompany me. I will fulfill the first

pledged in me; I will strive, with heart, and soul, and energy, to wear him from his besetting sin. Captain Hope has given me two hundred dollars; he loudly vaunts his generosity, and says half of the money is from his own store. I know not if he speaks the truth, but I am grateful, and once more hopeful. I can draw and paint; I will make use of those talents. I can teach, too; I am—rather I was—a wild, erratic singing bird.

The following was written, months afterwards, in the distant city of P—:

I am prospering in my business; I have orders for several pictures; I have as many pupils as I can teach; peculiarly, I am well off; at heart I am sick, for brother Arthur is yet unheard from, though I have called upon him in all the newspapers. Unfortunate, deluded boy! he is dead, or sinking deeper day by day into degradation? Blessed mother! what fearful thoughts come over me in solitude! they make me shudder; for I see theft and murder at thy soul's right hand! I see him plunging into crime to escape the fiery torments of accusing conscience. Oh, brother, brother! rather would I mourn thee dead, than know thee living thus! He came with me to P—, and for a week he was himself; then again the demon-thirst possessed him; he came to our humble quarters, a reeling, shouting, exulting drunkard. I ventured upon a few words of remonstrance; his arm was raised to strike me; but he collected himself and perpetrated not that last cruel wrong. He rushed from the house—I have not beheld him since, and I have ventured into drinking-saloons and filthy cellars, for our mother's sake!

Sept.—The morning summer tints yet with a lingering glory the distant hills, and my heart beats in thankfulness, for Arthur may sleep 'neath the ocean wave, ere theft and murder stained his soul! He was lost overboard in a voyage from the West Indies. I have all the mournful particulars from the captain of the vessel, who called on me, regarding my advertisement for the unhappy youth. I pray for him nightly and I shed many tears for his untimely fate. Poor, old, shaggy Selmo crouches still beside me—I was permitted to take him with me from—; he whines when I pronounce Arthur's name; he was his favorite. I do not write often in my journal now, for I am kept too busy; the hard-working, every-day, earnest life claims me; and I feel that in occupation is found the true elixir for the mind's disease and the heart's restlessness. I have some true friends, and many patrons; my business prospers. Oh, if it were not for memory!

Dec. 20th.—What is all this talk I hear about spirits returning to earth? I always believed that the true and pure in heart, those whose vision was unsealed, could behold the forms, and hold converse with the departed. But that spirits rap on chairs and tables. Pooh! that is simply ridiculous and impossible; what vagaries will not the human mind indulge in? But I will watch the progress, if there is any of this new fanaticism. If we could establish rules of communication between the blessed and this earth, what a beautiful consolation it would be! But I fear I am irreverent and presumptuous, and am scribbling nonsense.

Read one more record, reader; the intervening pages would not interest you. Pass over several years; the following was written six years ago:

Father of love and bounty! accept the offering of a grateful spirit—of a healed, not a broken heart! Now do I know, not only believe that the departed live—that my angel mother hovers around me with a blessing and a prayer—that my poor tempted brother is advancing to the light wherein she dwells. I see the path all clear and radiant—the tangled, often-seemingly darkened way of life! I feel the purposes of sorrow—I kiss the rod that chastened me, with exultant joy! I feel as if the all-absorbing love I once bestowed so unworthily was not the boon of my spirit. Arising from hopelessness and mourning, I know that love, like life, is endless—that it awaits me—radiant, pure, exalted, exclusive, in the spirit-bowers. I have learnt with reawakened heart and energies all life-inspired, that there is no death, no grave; and I feel that I have gained a haven from which no storm can drive me. I am at anchor beneath the smiling summer skies of a faith that invites knowledge. Heaven beams on me everywhere; and my fiery spirit, curbed by suffering, arises in conscious strength to begin life anew. And that life is beautiful, as viewed from the ennobling standpoint of spiritual teachings. Blessed be God for the dawning light, for the purity, beauty and holiness of this descended angel of the Times—Spiritualism!

This is all of Eveline's Journal. There are scraps of paper lying about my writing-desk, and little books all filled with closely-written pages; but they are the records of my thoughts no longer; they are the sentiments of spirits disembodied—of pure lives, showering to earth their blessed influences. At times I pen my own reflections, but there is not much of instruction, still less of melancholy, in them. I am changed; and, thanks to Spiritualism, changed for the better, in heart and frame, in spirit and in temper. I am an old maid now; but no one thinks me cross or disagreeable—a well-spring of mirthfulness has found admittance to my nature. I cannot weep over the irreparable past, or anticipate trouble in the future; in face of my bounteous Father's glorious sunshine, and mantling canopy of light and stars. I cannot close my yearning, loving woman's soul against friendship and sympathy, because a few proved false. If I have not loved again it is not because the master-chord of my spirit has not been touched by the only hand that can draw from it the divine melodies of love. But it will be, in the future—in the lands of reunion—when I first meet my mother, exalted to a seraph's station; my pardoned brother, beatified, ennobled by his self-won angelhood.

I have not grown sentimental, nor thin, because I was deceived in my estimate of one man's truthfulness. I hear that William Norton lives in ease and luxury, with his proud, still beautiful wife. My heart it neither cold nor steeled, though I read the record of his peridy with smiling lips, with most complete indifference. Laugh, and sing, and romp; am happy at heart; taking no care for the future, beyond what earthly prudence dictates. I have outlived many great trials, and have suffered the severest pangs of heart-martyrdom. But no impress lingers on my brow, no melancholy feels upon my cheek. Sunshine, grateful, heart-warming sunshine, illumines my path, and I dream sweet, lofty, romantic dreams, of the future beyond this earth. I am what a belle in Spiritualism and a residence in New England is said of making one, a hopeful, energetic, never-doubted woman; and the friend of all animals and inanimate creation.

For the Banner of Light.
WAITING FOR DEATH.
In memory of Mrs. Susan Duckworth.

BY LIZA H. BARNETT.

"Waiting for Death" my soul has long been weary
In looking for the summons to my home.
Earth's paths are dim and shadowy, dark and dreary—
Then heavenly angels, quickly to me come!
When down my eyelids drop in heavenly slumber,
I hear the distant patter of thy feet,
Around me bends the "host without a number,"
But when shall I rav nearer presence greet?

Thy arm, O Death, is mighty to deliver;
Then in thy healing glory come to me,
Bid full disease give up its hold forever,
And place me in the mansions of the free.
To drooping spirits of my days of childhood,
But now loathed as beautiful and bright,
Now little in that time of sports in wildwood,
I thought thy midnight could be changed to light!

And now the hectic flush grows deep and deeper,
A lovely radiance thou dost o'er me shed,
I haste to join thee to thy loneliest sleeper,
And lay me down within my grassy bed.
O sisters, friends, who tenderly surround me,
Wiping the death-damp from my dewy brow,
As thus I burst from cerements that bound me,
Ye must not weep, for it would stay me now!

Yes, let me go; the morning light is breaking,
The air is vocal with the songs of Spring;
From chrysalides the butterfly is waking,
To soar forever on its glittering wing!
Ah! much and long I've thirsted for the morrow,
And now the lustre of its dawn I see;
Hold me not back by unavailing sorrow,
But from this suffering body let me free.

O, know ye not, this seeming dark Death-angel,
Which back y'd conjure, as with mischievous rife,
Is but the coming of God's pure evangel
To lead my soul from darkness into life?
And in my spirit-robes of light and beauty
I'll come to thee, and with my loved ones dwell.
Let songs of praise complete your work of duty,
I go, my dear ones; till we meet, farewell!"

And thus! 'mid heavenly strains of joy and gladness,
She passed, how gently! from our sight away,
Leaving an spirit draped in shroud of sadness,
Which our pain on her robes of endless day:
Yes, we will let thee go! thy soul's wild longing
No voice responsive found upon the earth,
And we will meet thee in a glorious morning,
And join thee in thy songs of heavenly birth!

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 20, 1869.

Written for the Banner of Light.
GIOVANNA.
A TALE OF VENICE.

BY ADRIANNA LESTER.

If changing cheek and scorching vein,
Lips taught to smile but not to complain;
If burning heart, and maddening brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful stain,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Beaten Love—that love was mine.—BYRON.

It was in Venice—dear, dreary and delicious Venice—I first beheld Giovanna Orsola. Soon after my arrival in that city, whither my extreme love for art had led my wandering footsteps, I heard frequent mention made of the manifold charms and graces of this acknowledged Venetian beauty. At the opera, theatre, and even in the public cafe, the name of Giovanna Orsola passed from lip to lip, like a watchword. By degrees I became infected with the prevailing mania, and awaited, with no slight amount of impatience, a favorable opportunity for beholding a woman, who, judging from general report, was nothing less than a paragon of female loveliness. Accident rather than intention, however, brought about a meeting, the particulars of which I will now briefly relate.

It was the close of a delightful day in July. Since early dawn I had been hard at work in my by no means spacious studio—for sculptors, like artists, who have their own fortunes to carve out, are apt to be rather restricted for means in the early part of their career. The oppressive heat of noon-day had given me a severe headache, which I had striven hard to dissipate or forget, by constant application to labor. But twilight was fast setting in, and the fresh breeze which stole in through my lattice imparted a cooling sensation to my burning brow, and wooed me forth to taste the beauties of an Italian sunset.

Throwing aside my chisel with which I had just been putting the finishing touches to a bust of Canova, I regarded my labor of several weeks with an air of complacency and satisfaction, then turned quickly away to prepare my toilet for the coming night. To substitute a black velvet jacket, white pantaloons, Byronic collar, and a small Lombard hat, for my morning negligee, was but the work of a few short moments. A half an hour later, I was reclining at full length upon a softly cushioned gondola, that was skimming along the Adriatic towards the Piazza San Marco. The gentle rippling of the water, and the low chanting of my by no means unintelligent gondolier, had a soothing effect upon my nerves, until at last, weary of watching the gayly painted boats with their precious freightage, I yielded to the caresses of the soft south wind, and soon fell into a light slumber.

How long I slept I know not, but when I awoke, my gondolier, Giuseppe, assured me that I had talked almost incessantly of Giovanna Orsola during my sleep, and had once half risen from my cushions on an excited air, crying out, at the same time, in a loud voice, "For the love of Heaven, save her, ere she sinks!" as if apprehensive of the drowning of some female friend. I laughed lightly at the words of Giuseppe, and thanked him for the pleasant jest which he had manufactured during my short slumber, for the purpose of entertaining me on my awakening.

"Your excellency is disposed to be incredulous," said the gondolier, with a slight shrug of his burly shoulders; and a serious expression of face, quite unusual for him to wear.

"And why, not, my good Giuseppe?" I replied, at the same time giving him a hearty shake of the hand, with the view of restoring his natural good humor. "Do I not know your earnest endeavors to amuse and beguile the weariness of a stranger in a foreign land? By my word, I meant not to censure, but to applaud you, for the harmless falsehood which your ever-active brain originated, and which, though not true, was told with such a good grace as to give it, at least, the semblance of truth."

"I see that your excellency still doubts the honesty of his servant. Believe me, Signor Linton, when I tell you that every word which I but now related to you, passed from your lips while apparently under the influence of sleep. If I may credit my own senses, I am ready to swear—"

"Nay, nay, no oaths, my kind fellow!" I cried, interrupting him, as the thought that I had perhaps been dreaming flashed across my mind.

only by report, should be excite my fancy and alarm.

While revolving this idea in my mind, a gayly decorated gondola shot by us with terrible rapidity, and ere I could ask the owner's name, a slight scud, like that escaping from the lips of a female, arrested my ear, accompanied with the plash of some falling object into the water.

"Push on quickly, my brave Giacomo!" I cried, in loud voice, and the next moment my gondola was near the spot, where by the silvery light of the rising moon I espied what appeared to be a mass of drapery floating upon the surface of the water.

Without uttering a single word of my intentions to my skillful boatman, I hurriedly divested myself of my velvet jacket and collar, and before Giacomo could pronounce my name, I had leaped into the water, and was vigorously buffeting with the tide.

Being somewhat of an adept in the art of swimming, I soon succeeded in seizing the drowning woman by her hair, which hung in long and tangled masses over her shoulders, and putting out again in the direction of the two boats, from which I had become strangely separated; in less than five minutes I had the satisfaction of placing my fair charge upon the velvet cushions of her own gondola.

"Is my lady dead, your excellency?" anxiously inquired a liveried servant who stood at the door-way of the pavilion, and who had evidently more heart than courage.

"Life is not yet extinct, although her resuscitation is, I must confess, a doubtful matter," was my serious reply.

For several moments my precious burden lay entirely insensible, and looking in her marble whiteness of face and neck, more like an exquisite piece of sculpture, in her classical and regal beauty, than a living, breathing woman. After considerable effort upon the part of Enrico, the youthful attendant, and myself, we at last succeeded in forcing down the throat of the unconscious sleeper a few spoonfuls of wine. This, together with the continued chafing of the temples and extremities, at last aroused her to a state of semi-sensibility, just as the gondola drew up before the marble steps of one of the largest and most elegant palaces that border the Grand Canal.

"Do we land here?" I hastily asked of Enrico, whose delight at the thought of his mistress's recovery was plainly written upon his beardless, but handsome countenance.

"Yes, your excellency, this is our place of destination. Please follow me, and I will give you safe conduct to my mistress's apartment," was his hurried answer.

To raise the swooning beauty in my arms, and quickly mount the steps, preceded by the light-hearted Enrico, was the work of but a single moment. I soon found myself in a spacious and brilliantly lighted hall, the atmosphere of which seemed heavy with the double fragrance of orange and citron trees. Obeying a motion from my guide, I crossed to the opposite side, and quickly ascended a broad staircase, whose covering was a piece of Persian tapestry of the most gorgeous dye. This flight of stairs opened into a lofty gallery filled with rare specimens of painting and statuary, illumined only by the flood of silvery light which the rising moon poured in through a number of Venetian windows, situated upon the left side.

At the extremity of this extensive gallery, Enrico paused, and opening a glass door, I soon found myself in what appeared to be the ante-room of a magnificent suite of apartments. Here we were greeted by a pretty, dark-eyed girl, whose vivacious manner and coquettish style of dress at once betokened her a child of "la belle France."

"See that your mistress's couch is in readiness, Lisette," said Enrico, addressing the young girl in Italian.

The dark face that but a moment before had been completely wreathed in smiles, suddenly paled, as the glance of Lisette fell upon the drooping and insensible form of her beautiful mistress. No second bidding was necessary upon the part of the maiden, who instantly led the way to an inner apartment, whose sumptuousness fairly astonished me. Upon a bed, fit for the repose of an empress, I deposited my lovely charge, who shivered slightly, and then opening her dark eyes, gazed vacantly about her like a person suddenly awakened from a deep trance.

How shall I describe to you the wondrous beauty of those eyes, as glancing wildly from one to another of the group collected about her bedside, they at last rested tenderly upon my face.

"Ah, signor," she said with a faint smile, and in a low and tremulous tone, whose rich music thrilled my very soul, "it is to your kindness and mercy, that I now owe my present life. Be assured that so noble an act upon the part of a stranger, will never quench my memory; and now, good signor, I must beg your pardon for having so long intruded upon your time and patience. With many thanks, I bid you farewell. To-morrow you shall hear from me again. Adieu!"

Without uttering a single word, I stooped and respectfully touched my lips to the taper fingers of the glorious being before me. The next instant I was quickly threading my way along the spacious gallery, whose rare works of art at first attracted my attention, close followed by the faithful Enrico, who, upon reaching the outer door, said—

"As your own gondola is not in waiting, signor, you will, I trust, honor my lady by the use of hers. Alessio!" he shouted to the attendant waterman, "convey this gentleman to his lodgings!"

This remark momentarily roused me to my senses. Giacomo was gone—tired, no doubt, at the length of my stay in the palace. Nothing remained for me to do but to accept the proffered hospitality of my guide; so, stepping into the gondola—which lay moored close to the steps of the palace—I was soon speeding along at a rapid rate. Upon reaching the mole, I thrust a silver coin into the hands of my gondolier, and, passing under the colonnades of the Ducal Palace, soon found myself at the door of my residence.

I now remembered that I had engaged to meet a knot of artist friends at the academy. Glancing at my watch, however, I found the hour to be nine o'clock—the time for the dispersion of our little assembly—so, donning my dressing-gown and slippers, I lighted a cigar and rang the bell for a cup of coffee.

With my thoughts constantly fixed upon the beautiful being I had so recently rescued from drowning, I sought my pillow. But sleep came not to my eyelids during the whole of that seemingly interminable night. Like a tired child, I tossed restlessly about upon my couch, until weary with my long wakefulness, I rose and paced the room. The open air seemed hot and oppressive, while an unusual fire seemed burning in my brain. Who, I asked myself, was that I had never seen, and a knew

from a watery grave, was still a mystery to me. In the midst of my fears for her safety, as well as my deep admiration for her matchless beauty, I had actually forgotten to inquire her name. The thought that I might never again behold one whom, once seen, could never be forgotten, was a saddening reflection to my excited and disturbed mind. Remembering the parting words of my fair unknown—"To-morrow you shall hear from me again," I took fresh courage, and entertained bright hopes for the future.

As soon as day dawned, I seized my hat, and went forth for a short stroll upon the Piazza San Marco. The sun was just rising from out the blue depths of the Adriatic, bathing tower and steeple, church and palace, in its golden light. The atmosphere was laden with the fragrance of newly-opened flowers, whose brilliant and varied dyes are known only to a tropical clime. The faint stroke of the waterman's oars in the placid waters, and the singing of birds, soothed my peturbed spirit, and made me, for the time being, a better and happier man.

While lingering over my solitary breakfast an hour later, I was surprised at hearing a loud knock at my door. Imagining it to be my particular friend and brother sculptor, Hoey, an Englishman by birth, and a genial, good-natured fellow, I did not rise from my seat at the table, but merely responded to the summons by a loud "come in."

The next moment the door opened, and Enrico quickly advanced towards me, bearing a delicately perfumed note in his hand. With trembling fingers I broke the seal, and read as follows:

"I am happy to write you of my complete restoration to health, after my unlooked-for bath of yesterday. To-night I shall attend the opera. Come to me in my box, No. 30, during the evening, for I have a modest request to make to one, to whom I am already so largely indebted.

Yours eternally,
GIOVANNA ORSOLA."

"Giovanna Orsola!" I murmured half audibly, as my eye fell upon the already familiar name of Giovanna. "Can it be possible," I said, turning to Enrico, "that she whom I saved from drowning—that this lady is your mistress?"

"The same, your Excellency," was the reply of the liveried servant, as apparently unmoved by my surprise, he glanced carelessly about at the various pieces of statuary which adorned my little studio. Without a moment's consideration, I seated myself at my writing desk and indited a brief reply to the fair Giovanna's note, in which I politely assented to her proposition.

With a low bow Enrico retired, and left me to meditate upon the good luck which had accidentally thrown me into the society of the loveliest woman in all Venice.

The arrival of my friend Hoey, put an end to all further reflections upon a subject which had for the last twelve hours constantly occupied my mind. "Good morning, Linton," exclaimed the light-hearted Englishman, as, with genuine friendship, he gave me a hearty shake of the hand; "how was it that you were not punctual to your engagement at the academy last night? By my word, Linton, the loss of your society was a subject of common regret among the artists there assembled."

"I fear, my kind friend, that you are disposed to flatter this morning," I replied, as, handing my companion to a seat, I begged him to give me his candid opinion of the Canova which I had just completed.

After some valuable hints, and suggestions in regard to my labors, in the field of sculpture, by Hoey—who was, in reality, an excellent critic in art matters—and the offering of some trifling excuse by myself, on account of my non-appearance at the academy, my companion took his leave, with the promise of dining with me on the day following.

To set myself to work, was impossible in my present excited state of mind, so I took up a book and tried to while away the hours intervening between my friend's departure and dinner time. But here a new difficulty arose in my entire lack of absorption. Fix my eyes as steadfastly upon the page before me as I might, I could see nought but the lovely vision of Giovanna Orsola before me, in her great and wondrous beauty. Like an impatient child, I counted the weary hours, and when at length, after long watching, "night threw her sable mantle o'er the earth," and the splendor of an Italian sunset faded from my sight—then, yielding to the holy impulse of the moment, I fell upon my knees, and thanked God for the great happiness which the future held in store for me.

Never before was so much care and time spent in the preparation of my toilet, as upon that eventful evening. To make a deep and lasting impression upon the mind of the proud Venetian beauty, was the darling wish of my heart; and as I drew on my gloves, and took from its case the exquisite pearl locket which Maud Linton, my cousin and my betrothed, had given me as a parting gift, when leaving the home of my childhood in distant America, I confessed that I did not bestow even a passing thought upon the pure, sweet girl, that from earliest infancy had been my playmate and associate. No; another face more dazzling in its beauty than Maud Linton's had engraven itself upon the tablets of my heart. A loving, noble soul was cast aside to give place to a newer idol, wearing the shape and form of Giovanna Orsola.

Long before the curtain rose, I was stationed in my box at the opera. Amid the crowd of female beauties that thronged the theatre, I saw not one that answered my ideas of Giovanna. As "Le Huguenote" progressed, I began to grow nervous and impatient at not being allowed even a momentary glimpse of the beautiful being who had so unconsciously robbed me of my heart. About half-past nine o'clock in the evening, while engaged in conversation with Hoey and one or two other artist friends, there came a low tap at the door of my box. The sudden start which I gave at the sound of it, brought a smile to the lips of my companions, who were ignorant of the cause of my nervousness and alarm.

Upon opening the door I beheld Enrico. Giving him the wink, I stepped outside the box, and quickly inquired his errand. His mistress had but just arrived, and had sent him to escort me to her box. Not wishing to relate my adventure to my brother companions, I excused myself from their presence on the plea of indisposition. From the significant glances which passed from face to face however, as I took leave of them, I began to fear that they discredited my words, or recognized Enrico as the servant of Giovanna. A second or two later, and I was ushered into the presence of my innamorata. Simply yet elegantly clad in a dress of rich black velvet, with

no ornaments save a set of milk-white pearls, and a long black veil thrown carelessly over head and shoulders, Giovanna was to my mind, the most gloriously beautiful woman that I had ever seen.

The marble whiteness of her skin, would have fairly dazzled the eyes of an artist, while the exquisite symmetry of her tall and majestic form might have served for a model to even the most fastidious of sculptors. Hair of a dark purple hue, was woven in Grecian braids above her oval shaped head, and studied here and there with pins of snowy pearl. But the loveliest feature of that classical face, was the eyes. Large and oval-shaped, of a dark color, they were at times bright and flashing, again liquid and swimming with love, and anon touching one's soul with their mournful sadness. From the first moment that they were uplifted to my face, I felt their magnetic power. All other eyes seemed dull and expressionless, compared to those of Giovanna.

My lady received me with a degree of hospitality that was quite refreshing to a stranger in a foreign land. She addressed me as familiarly as if I had been her own brother, calling me by my first name, Theodore.

She declared that I was by no means so much of a stranger to her as I imagined, as she had seen me frequently at the church of St. Mark, while engaged in her devotions. What surprised me most was the fact that in me Giovanna discovered a close and astonishing resemblance to her deceased husband, the Prince Orsola, for whom she still wore sable robes. Concealing myself from observation behind the heavy curtains of the box, I commenced an earnest conversation with my fair companion, and became entirely unconscious of the flight of time, until Enrico knocked at the door, to say that the coach was in waiting to convey his mistress to her gondola. Accepting Giovanna's pressing invitation to sup with her, we were soon sailing calmly along the Adriatic, towards the Palazzo Orsola.

"Arriving there, we found supper awaiting us in a small but exquisitely furnished room, in the middle of which stood a small centre table which seemed actually glowing under its load of delicacies. It was past the hour of midnight when I arose from my seat at the supper table, where my beautiful companion had for nearly two long hours held me prisoner by her witty and charming conversation, as well as by the fascination of her singular beauty. Upon my taking leave of her, Giovanna thrust into my hand a heavy purse of gold, as a recompense for the great service I had done her in rescuing her from the jaws of death. Pride would not permit me to receive the money so kindly offered, and so, after bidding my fair charmer a tender adieu, I took my departure, after faithfully promising to spend the ensuing evening with her.

Day after day, and night after night, found me at the side of Giovanna Orsola. The favor which I constantly received from the hands of the wealthy and distinguished Venetian emboldened me, and made me her willing cavalier upon all public occasions.

My male friends warned me of the dangers of my position, and Hoey even went so far as to whisper in my ear, "Beware, lest she prove another Borgia!" Intoxicated with the beauty of Giovanna, I would not listen for a moment to their friendly advice, thinking, naturally enough, that they envied me the love of the fairest flower in all Venice.

At the end of three weeks' acquaintance with Giovanna, I made offer to her of my heart and hand. My proposal was accepted on one condition, which was that I should renounce my own faith, and become a Catholic. After a short struggle with conscience, I consented to do this, and at the desire of Giovanna our marriage was consummated in a small chapel attached to the palace. From the first time that I laid eyes upon the priest who officiated at our private wedding, I took a strange dislike to him. Upon mentioning the aversion which I felt towards him, a week after our union, Giovanna seemed to be highly displeased, and wondered that I should feel so unkindly towards one who had been for many years her father confessor.

"For a time life glided calmly and happily on, and to be constantly at the side of Giovanna seemed to be all that I desired to complete the sum of earthly happiness. But, alas! a change came o'er the spirit of my dream. Business of an important nature suddenly called me to Florence. Upon parting with Giovanna, I had told her that I should in all probability be absent two weeks. Contrary to my expectations, I returned a week sooner than I had anticipated, and with the view of surprising Giovanna, I repaired at once to her private dressing room. Judge of my horror upon beholding my beloved Giovanna in the embraces of a man whom I had never before seen!

The blood rushed in a torrent to the face and neck of my wife, as quickly releasing herself from the arms of him who held her, she advanced to greet me, at the same time tremblingly pressing a kiss upon my white lips. Perceiving my anger and surprise, Giovanna seized the hand of the stranger, and presented him as her cousin, Antonio Linton!

My great love for my wife made me a willing believer, and before a half hour had elapsed, all three were on the happiest terms of friendship. The numerous and unmistakable attentions, however, which Antonio bestowed upon Giovanna, at last began to arouse my jealousy. In short I began to feel that his visit was protracted to an unnecessary length. Whenever I inquired the time for his departure, Giovanna seemed displeased, and teased me for being jealous of her only living cousin. While engaged in the labors of my profession to which I still adhered, Antonio would read, sing, and oftentimes occupy the time in sailing or visiting with Giovanna. These little things sowed the seeds of unrest and discontent in my breast, and made me at times the most miserable of men.

Looking over my trunk one day, I stumbled upon a miniature of Maud, which I had painted upon ivory a few months before leaving America. Her sweet and heavenly face took me back into the olden days, and made me to regret the terrible folly of which I had been guilty, in breaking my engagement with her and wedding another, who, if not unworthy of my love, was not at least sufficiently faithful of my happiness.

In the midst of my reverie I raised the miniature instinctively to my lips, but ere I had pressed a kiss upon the cold ivory, an unseen hand dashed it quickly to the floor. Rising from my wife—standing before me, behind Giovanna—my wife—standing before me, with highly compressed lips and flashing eyes that transformed her into a fiend. From that moment Giovanna's love seemed turned to bitter hatred. In vain I attempted to persuade her of my innocence; that Maud's image had long since been supplanted in my heart by her own. She would not listen to

me, but turned away with a demoniac and mocking laugh, that sent a cold shudder throughout my whole frame.

Upon returning from the Academy one night at an earlier hour than was my custom, I was met at the doorway by the confessor of my wife, who whispered in my ear that Giovanna and her lover were busy in the chapel, planning an elopement for the coming night. Thanking the priest for his kindly information, I determined to enlist his confidence. By a secret passage-way my companion conducted me to the chapel, where we concealed ourselves from observation behind a curtained recess. From the conversation which ensued, I learned that Antonio Linton was the king of Naples in disguise, and that Giovanna, the dearly beloved idol of my soul, was his favorite mistress. My blood boiled with indignation. I could hear no more, but emerging from my retreat, I drew forth my dagger and aimed it at the heart of the villain, who still held the lovely form of my wife in his unholy embrace.

The knife was unarméd, and falling on his knees before me, sued loudly for mercy. But the knowledge of my wrongs made me deaf to his entreaties, and brandishing my dagger aloft in the air, I prepared to slay him in the breast of the wretch at my feet. But just at that moment Giovanna threw her body across that of her lover, to avert the blow, and the fatal dagger pierced to the heart of my own beautiful, but perfidious wife, Giovanna Orsola.

Ten years have passed since my return to my native land. Maud Linton, the constant and forgiving, is now my wife. There are times, however, when the thought that I am a murderer, haunts my otherwise peaceful soul.

GODMINSTER CHIMES.

(Written for a Fair recently held at Cambridge, Mass., with a view to raising money for a chime to be placed upon the tower of the Episcopal Church in that city.)

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

Godminster! is it fancy's play?
I know not, but the bells sing
In my heart, nor can I say
I dreamt the name, or heard;
Yet fragrant in my mind it clings
As blossoms from the earth's breath;
And builds of half-remembered things
This vision in my brain.

Through aisles of long-drawn centuries
My spirit walks in thought,
And that symbol life its eyes
Which God's own spirit wrought;
From Calvary shines the altar's gleam,
The Church's East is there.
The ages one great minister seem
To throng with praise and prayer.

And all the way from Calvary down,
The current pavement shows
Their graves, who won the martyr's crown,
And safe in God repose;
The saints of many a warring creed,
Who now in heaven have learned
That all paths to the Father lead
Where Self the feet have spurred.

And as the mystic aisles I pass,
By aureoled workmen built,
Lives ending at the Cross I trace
Alike through grace and guilt;
One Mary bathes the blessed feet
With oilment from her eyes;
The penitent, when silence clear
For both are accents.

Morgan hymn and Roman chant
Linger devotion blend,
To praise the soul's eternal want
Of the holiest friend;
One prayer soars upwards with martyr-fire
Who bore with sinners' tears,
In heaven both slain with one desire,
And God one music hears.

While thus I dream, the bells clash out
Upon the Sabbath air:
Each seems a self-sufficing shout—
A hostile form of prayer.
Each sound is shortened, yet who knows
But in that heaven so near
This discord into music flows
In God's stupor ear.

O chime of blessed Chimes!
Feel soon that Easter morn,
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born;
That Pentecost, when silence clear
To all men shall be given;
When all can say *Miserere* here,
And hear *Miserere* in heaven.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Revelations of a Clairvoyant.

NUMBER II.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

How can I describe the sensations I experienced when I first sank into the superior clairvoyant state? I cannot; words are employed to convey known ideas, but the ideas there awakened have no words, and must remain unexpressed.

I was communing on a deep topic with my spirit-friends, through my impressibility, and writing the words as fast as they were given me, when I perceived that the sweet sensation, which felt like a gauzy veil over my nervous system, was slowly deepening. Before I was aware, earth objects were excluded from my senses. I saw not, heard not, felt not, and my tongue refused to speak. It was like dying. The blood seemed to flow in from the extremities, and concentrate in the heart and brain, and the former organ soon partook of the paralysis, beating slower and slower, until its pulsations were imperceptible.

My mind grew active. It threw off the restraint of the body; a thousand rainbows came and went in rapid change of intermingling halos, with all the beauty, diversity and rapidity of the kaleidoscope. I felt myself arising from my body—felt that I was free, at least not the weight of its physical fetters. Then my mind was quickened. Thoughts grand and inexpressible came like pulsating waves from every side, and it seemed that I was *en rapport* with the combined intelligence of the angel sphere, not till then was I aware that by losing my physical senses, I had acquired spiritual perceptions infinitely more acute. The scene which before presented around me dull and monotonous, brightened with spiritual radiance. The colors were vivid and gorgeous, and an etheriality involved all in a dreamy haze.

While transported with exulting rapture at the beauty of the change, I became conscious that a person was by my side; I turned to look at him, and recognized a guardian spirit. With a beneficent smile he took my hand, saying, "Son, I am thankful for this opportunity to show you the reality of our existence!"

I could not answer, but he read my grateful thoughts. For a long time I could not take my eyes away. His lofty brow was shaded by snowy locks of glossy hair, and his white beard waved on his bosom. His keen blue eye spoke of long centuries of deep investigation into the mysterious labyrinth of nature, yet overflowed with ineffable kindness. His robe was silver white, and fell around him in delicate drapery. Tall, noble and spiritual, he stood before me, with his great heart speaking of universal love and benevolence.

"Observe this small cord of spiritual matter, which passes from your head to your physical brain," said he, and he pointed to a fine, silvery thread, which

I looked, and saw what I had before failed to notice—a small silver line of particles flowing to and fro. "That," continued he, "is all that connects you with earth. If it became broken, death would immediately ensue. You have suffered all the pangs of death; you have taken all the steps, and sever this, and you would take the last."

"Is not death more painful?" asked I. "No," he answered; "death is never painful. The disorganization which produces it may be severe, but when death begins its work, the organization is lulled to rest with an opiate, overpowering disease itself. The contortions of the muscles, which frequently attend it, are the result of the disturbed electrical conditions, caused by the withdrawal of the spirit, and are not attended with pain. You have suffered all that is ever suffered in dying. The rupturing of this thread would not be painful, and then your body would moulder back to earth, and your spirit remain in this sphere forever."

"Why is it not broken? Why is not the process carried further, until death terminates the clairvoyant process?"

"Because there is harmony between your spirit and body. They are adapted for each other, and between them exist the strongest attractions. True, your spirit has left your body, but it has not, withdrawn the vital magnetism necessary to keep the physical mechanism in motion, and preserve it unimpaired against your return. A close sympathy is preserved by this cord, and nothing but a disaster occurring to your body can break it!"

"What a beautiful work!" I exclaimed.

"Let us go," said he, taking my hand.

We arose from the floor of the room, through the ceiling and roof, and soon were far above the earth. I thus became aware that physical matter offers no resistance to the passage of spirit organisms. They can pass through the walls of a house, through a solid rock, or into the earth, as easily as through the atmosphere. They are borne up and supported on all sides by a spiritual ether, which pervades all space, and all bodies, and wherever they enter they can go. Their organisms being lighter than this ether, their gravity is annulled, and they fly in any direction by the force of their wits rendering them positive to their destination.

As we rapidly passed to the North, I felt a strong impulse bearing me onward.

"What does this mean?" I inquired.

"It is the flow of a vast river of magnetism, which passes from earth to the spirit-sphere," he replied.

"It passes, you see, parallel with the earth's surface, until it reaches the polar opening, when it arises and becomes diffused in the spiritual atmosphere."

Above us spread the spirit-sphere, plainly discernible, as a broad belt extending each side of the equator, sixty degrees, and hence covering the whole southern heavens.

"Why does not this thick belt conceal the sun and stars, and thus manifest its presence?"

"Because it is composed of spiritual matter, which holds a different relation to light than that held by physical atoms. Light is composed of numberless elements, and while this zone intercepts the spiritual portion, which lights its surface, it freely transmits that portion which is light to earth. Our spiritual eyes are so organized that the earth light is darkness to them, for they can see only by the aid of the spiritual element; and were it not for the portion of the latter transmitted through the polar opening, earth to spirits would be involved in perpetual gloom."

We had now passed as far north as Labrador, and beneath us spread the snow-fields, the frozen ocean, and the monarch icebergs; and the terrible Odin drove across the frigid waste in biting gusts, lighting the dancing flames of his northern watchfire. We arose a distance of about sixty miles, and allowing ourselves to be borne gently onward by the flow of the tidal current, alighted on the surface of the spirit sphere.

Oh, what magnificence of scenery—what splendor of coloring! Words are inept and meaningless, and the pencil would fall from the hand of the disheartened artist. In front of us was a gentle elevation, beyond which spread the waves of a blue and boundless ocean, ruffled by the slightest breath. The sky was a liquid cerulean; in which floated great island masses of clouds, like folds of silver, bordered with purple and gold. The sun was declining in the west, drawing around him his crimson-cloud mantle, and blushing the landscapes with his golden life. On earth, winter had not left his stronghold, and a few daring spring flowers by the side of the snow-bank, alone harbingering the coming spring. Here perpetual spring breathed mild fragrances on the ambrosial air, and nurtured the flowers in beauty. The zephyrs came in invigorating breaths, scarcely stirring the delicate foliage of the palm, laden with the odors of a thousand flowers, and bearing the songs of sweet-throated warblers, chanting in irrepressible joy in every tree.

On the eminence stood a mansion, combining the elegance and delicacy of the Oriental, with the solidity, grandeur, and effect of the Grecian style. Its base was a truncated pyramid of steps, on which arose elegant, carved columns, entirely surrounding the building and supporting a crystal dome. It was a vast structure, and was discernible from a great distance. As we approached it, I observed that it stood on the shore of an arm of the sea, and commanded a prospect unrivaled in grandeur and beauty. It was surrounded with lofty arborescent trees, some loaded with blossoms, others with ripened fruit; and gorgeous flowers diffused the sweetest perfume. The leaves of an isle, by the foot of the steps, appeared to be cut from emerald, while its flowers appeared as though carved from coral. A rose, by its side, appeared to be formed of exquisitely cut rubies.

"This is my home," said my spirit guide; "here, with others who are congenial in tastes and desires, I pass my time in study, in writing, or conversation."

"There are few persons here at present," I observed.

"They are away; some on missions of benevolence to lower circles, endeavoring to reform the erring and elevate the depressed; others traveling across the vast oceans of space to other worlds, observing the various manifestations of Nature; while others, still, are visiting other societies."

We entered the halls of the temple; passed the massive carved portal, and through long corridors, hung with exquisite paintings of landscapes—scenes in the spirit land, in other globes—in earth, all the interesting localities were represented; and interspersed with them were portraits of great men, among which was a delineation of Christ, said to have been made five hundred years ago. Other halls had shelves piled with specimens from all the king-

doms of nature, where the student might retire, and, by comparing her endless diversity of forms, seek to develop the great laws of creation. It was the home of a great family, who, with pure and trusting hearts, dwell in harmony; possessing it in common, and devoting it to a common use.

As we entered one of these halls, the mate of my guide arose and embraced him. She was listening to the narrative of a noted traveler, who had just returned from a long voyage of discovery to a remote star-cluster. After they had exchanged a few remarks, the guide turned to me, and inquired—

"Are you not fatigued?"

"Yes," I replied; "I have felt a sensation of weariness for a considerable time."

"Then you must not remain in this state a moment longer. Retrace this line of spiritual matter, which you observe has remained unbroken."

It was with deepest reluctance that I left him on the brow of the Spirit Zone; but fate, stern and inexorable, compelled me to do so, and the next moment I was again clothed in my mantle of flesh, awaking with a dreamy unconsciousness—a dim, undefined recollection of the scenes of the two preceding hours. The gloom of twilight mantled the external world, strangely contrasting with the ethereal-ity of the region I had left.

MABEL.

BY W. D. GOSWORTHY.

The shining sickles the reapers wield
Are bright to the sunlit morn—
They go to the quiet harvest field
To reap its wealth of corn.
The drowsy winds of morning chant
A harvest song of praise,
And the mellow sunlight shines afloat
Through the Autumn's golden haze.
No more to bind the amber sheaves
With the reaper bands I go;
I stand where the rays in the gabled eaves
From the Orient softly flow.
The days of my life are old and sore,
But my heart is glad and young,
For the song of the singing birds I hear,
And the melodies once they sung.

I am old, but hope can never decay,
And why should my spirit care—
The sun sheds blessings on locks of grey,
And hallow an old man's hair.
My prouder and passionful days are flown,
But the light in the valley shines;
And from the odorous woodlands still is blown
The balm of the balsam-pines.

My hopes are plumed with the wings of doves
And away from earthly things,
Let the amaranth vision of early loves
Find rest for their weary wings.
O, Phoenix! hush! such rest you find
When you rise from a heart of flame
To a heaven of love, to gather around
One simple, Syrian name.

Mabel—dream of the years that fell—
That fell by the reaper, Time;
It was here in the alfalfa harvest dell
When my youth was in its prime;
It was down in the harvest pride, unshorn,
We stood with the reaper bands,
And love to our hearts was thrillingly borne
In the tremulous clasp of our hands.

The golden radiance lent your face,
The lily-white hue of the grain,
And flushing your cheek with a maidenly grace,
Bloom rose there were fair;
And love saw mysteries in your eyes,
Twin stars in the mellow morn—
And dreamed in your red lips' parted dyes,
Of pearls and the corn.

So the sweet vision of gentle Ruth
Is annulled in Orient lore,
When the Syrian nobleman gave his youth
To his beauty forevermore;
And I was the lord of the lands from whence
In the Autumn's amber pride,
Your virgin beauty and innocence
Were borne a wedded bride.

That night there was joy in the gabled manse,
When home were the harvest swains,
The young and the beautiful met in the dance,
To the bounding music's strains;
And the trusting love in Mabel's eyes,
In their clear and holy shine,
Was the love—O, spirit in Paradise!
When last they looked in mine.

Thou hast gathered home to thy garner, God!
The sheaves of my golden years—
But thou leavesst hope in the apple orchard cold,
And smiles, in a world of tears;
Two pipes are green immortalities
When the Eden blossoms die,
And the passion that sinks with sunset, sees
Sweet peace in the star-sown sky.

Softly the winds of Autumn sing,
Their chorals sung of praise,
And a prophesy thus to my soul they bring
Of its slowly parting days—
Of the sleep that that fondly and gently guide
On my eyes from a chilly land—
Of the dawn, with Mabel by my side,
In the calm of another land.

OUR POSTMAN.

I don't mean that thin, sharp-visaged little man, who for long years perambulated the streets of Boston with a huge pile of letters, and a face so uniformly sour that one could have sworn that the possessor of it had been fed upon vinegar from his birth upwards. No, indeed, I don't mean him, but the youthful and singularly agreeable successor of said him, who daily frequents that particular portion of this favored city, wherein I may safely say, "that I live, move, and have my being." You have seen him, reader—mine, hundreds of times. I have playfully christened him Apollo, because of his bright face, fair hair, waving gracefully to and fro in the morning breeze, and his quick and elastic step. A rolier or happier countenance I never before beheld, in the midst of all my wanderings, in town and out of town, upon sea or upon the shores of a foreign land. In storm or sunshine, his face wears always that bright and joyous expression, which is a never failing index of the warm and generous heart which throbs and pulsates within his manly breast. Damp and drizzly weather cannot sadden or depress his naturally buoyant spirits, and as for "the blues," he has heard of the thing, but does not distinctly remember the time when he was afflicted with that strange disease, unless it was induced, during the term of his babyhood, when chicken-pox, whooping-cough and measles were more or less the order of the day.

Such a person as "our Postman," is a perfect godsend in this dark world, where humanity is no longer the type of all that is grand and beautiful in the scale of creation, but is shrunken into a deformed and hideous thing, which we mockingly call man.

I do not wonder that the unconscious hero of this sketch is so great a favorite among women and children, or that his coming is so anxiously looked for by myriads of expectant hearts, who stand ready to rob him before his very face and eyes, of the large pile of letters which he so mischievously holds up before your gaze with an arch smile, which says plainer than words could, "Unfortunately, this is not for you." A more patient and obliging youth than this selfsame postman, (whose name I would divulge, were it not for my knowledge of his extreme modesty), never breathed the free air of America.

Unlike his illustrious predecessor, he does not snap out at you like an angry cur, if perchance you have not in readiness the required penny. But as I never like to impose upon good nature—when I meet with it—I always try to keep a few cents by me, to be used whenever occasion may require. I must confess, however, that I never hear the quick ring of the door-bell at a certain well-known hour of the

morning, without experiencing a peculiar sensation of delight.

Yet to all hearts in this great metropolis, "our Postman" is not the welcome messenger of good tidings. Many there are who tremulously take from his hand the letter, whose seal is a sure key to the dread tidings within. Others there are whose dark eyes brighten, as, with flushed cheeks and half-suspended breath, they drink in the intoxicating and eloquent language of love. The shipping merchants frown and curse his fate, as he reads of the loss of some heavily freighted vessel, from the sale of whose valuable cargo he had anticipated reaping so large a reward. The land speculator draws a long sigh at the recounted failure of a scheme which had caused him many sleepless nights to originate and mature. Wedding cards, offers of marriages, news of sudden illness, and of death by drowning or fire, together with a host of business letters of every conceivable kind, and variety, go to make up that miscellaneous package of letters which fills daily the postman's leather bag. Yet who shall say that such a merry blithe-hearted creature is not a blessing and a public benefactor. Echo answers, who?

BEL BRIGHTON.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1859.

Published at No. 31-2 Brattle Street,

LUTHER COLBY, THOS. GALES FORSTER,
WILLIAM BERRY, J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Single copies per year, \$2 00
Six months, 1 00
Three months, 60

All subscriptions must be paid in advance, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, of which due notice will be given.

CLUB RATES.—Clubs of four and upwards will be furnished at the following rates:

One year, \$5 00
Six months, 3 00
Three months, 1 50

Persons who send us a club of eight subscribers, or more, will receive an additional copy during the term, FREE.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

Persons in charge of SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATIONS, and LECTURERS, are requested to procure subscriptions at the above rates. Sample copies sent free.

Address, "BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass.

Colby, Forster & Co.

New York Office.

J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE, Junior Publisher of the BANNER OF LIGHT, has established himself at the Bookstore of S. T. MERRON, No. 5 Great Jones Street, where he will attend to the interests of the BANNER in New York and vicinity. Articles left with him will be forwarded to the principal office.

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL.

We need not be at the trouble of saying that the things which are esteemed great and small, are only relatively so; or that the standard with which they are compared is in no sense an absolute and definite one, when every thinking person understands that it does but vary with the constant growth and development of his own being. No delusion rises before the reflecting mind in such stupendous proportions, as this single delusion about greatness and great things. It takes the world captive. It is as much an idol as any ever worshipped by the natives of Ceylon. It has the more power, too, in that it is nothing but a delusion; if it were more than a disease of the imagination, to whose destroying control people love so much to relinquish themselves, its power would cease to be felt immediately. For people are ever controlled, they know not how; and they ever obey, they know not why.

We have all at one time come back yet to the teachings of Christ on this matter; the first (in popular esteem) are the last (in point of fact), and the last shall be the first. What we generally set down for great men, for example, are, when closely scanned and carefully weighed, not really great at all; but only so by the help of the trick which imagination and credulity combine to play off upon the mental vision. We accept a great many things as facts, when there is not the least tincture of fact about them. What other people think and say, we feel bound to blindly think and say ourselves; surrendering every element of our individualism without even a summons so to do. Whoever presents himself to us in the most pretentious manner, no matter how absurd may be his pretensions, is sure of the most generous reception and the most confiding admiration.

This is the habit men have inensibly fallen into; of supposing that their own thoughts were of no value, until they heard them spoken by the mouth of some other and more imposing character. Hence we really know nothing, in and of ourselves, of what is great, either of men or things,—just as much of what is small. A person, for example, becomes impressed—no matter how, or when,—that he has some great mission in the world to perform. He sets himself to work thinking how he shall best perform it. And in thinking of that, it is impossible for him to keep it out of his mind that the act of performance must of necessity be accompanied with noise and shouts, with wonder and admiration, with the playing of bands of music, and the firing of cannon. He passes by the "still, small voice" in his soul, that is ever ready to tell him what a fatal misconception of greatness is this. And he therefore brings forward all the forces of ambition and will, of pride and selfishness, and, keeping them perpetually displayed in the front, marches on in what he deems a majestic way to secure little else, at the best, but the hollowness of a disappointment.

Such is not true greatness; it is no more than great personal aiming and striving. And if the kingdom that is to come were a kingdom of force and authority, instead of gentleness and humility and love, the marshaling of such forces for the purposes of assault might be deemed perfectly proper. But the mistake lies in failing to perceive what the new kingdom is, and who and what can only be great men and great things in that kingdom. This once understood, and a very different estimate interposes; the great become suddenly the small, and the small are magnified into the great. Because simply of this; that men and things assume their real shape, stature, and relation, and are no longer made to appear of a size to which their intrinsic qualities never entitled them.

Most persons cherish a fancy that in order to do great things, or accomplish a great work, they must needs tear down gigantic impostures, and set up in their place some stupendous conceptions of their own; anything less than this is little indeed,—is not calculated to arrest the world's attention,—is, in short, hardly worth the trouble. And so, not finding

the occasion approaching as fast as they think it should, whereby they are thus to signalize their lives and transmit their names, they lose their faith in all progress, and are often willing to allow that the world is at length to be given over to the devil, certainly enough. The fault is all their own, however; their very disappointment serves at last as a severe corrector of their own misconceptions and misapprehensions.

What are popularly reckoned the small things, the things of little or no account in the world, are in truth the only great things, and the only abiding realities. It is a grand idea for a man to set before himself the building up of a new sect, or organization; the overthrow of a government; the destruction of a tyranny; the erection of costly and imposing edifices, such as colleges and hospitals, and infirmaries; the acquisition of vast wealth, or enormous power;—but to teach others the superior beauty of simplicity and truthfulness; to make the world more fit for the presence of angels by the daily purification of one's own individual life; to lift up the fallen; to exalt and ennoble the performance of the commonest and humblest duties; to make the voice a melody, because only a melodious soul utters itself through its wonderful organ; to give to the eyes an expression radiant with joy, because it proceeds only from a living and overflowing love; to go among common people, and perform common acts, in a common way, and yet lift up and beautify the deed, the people, and himself, in the doing; to make all the stations and conditions of life high and noble, because human souls are to be found in every one of them; and, after all, to depart with a name graven on no tablets, but writ only on the souls of men; this is not popularly esteemed a great plan, or a grand idea, and hence the men are few and sorely mentioned who are to be found working in so humble a field.

But the day has come when these same small things are to be considered the great things. The old order is about to be reversed. And yet, it is to be done only through human instrumentalities and after perfectly natural laws. The men and women who are destined to work out this most needed reversal are already born. They are even now preparing themselves with most assiduous care for their work; perhaps they are themselves least conscious of the true greatness of whose achievement they are to be the willing instruments, as it is fitting that they should be. They are to work more wisely, and far more grandly, too, than they now know; and it is because they are the simple, humble, yet large and expansive souls, through whom alone such a needed work can be accomplished.

Dr. Channing used to say that the one great thing needed, was to reach the masses. Christ himself said the same, when he declared that he came to heal the sick, for the well needed not a physician. This problem has exercised the thoughts and prayers of both men and angels; and we do earnestly believe that the problem is soon to be solved. But not by earthly powers; not by force and violence; not by ambitious aims after the greatness of renown. It is to be done by those noble souls, already becoming filled with the influx of the higher spiritual influences, that dwell now alone and apart, but still fold within their embrace the souls of all who suffer, or sin, or live in the darkness and death of ignorance. The work is in their hands, and this is the work. Men everywhere need to be lifted up; not by the sheer force of others, and even against their own willingness,—but of themselves, through the restless magnetism of sympathy, and philanthropy, and love. And they who assist in doing this, will everywhere be accounted in time the only great ones of the earth.

SWEET OLD AGE.

Most people look forward to the season of Old Age with an undefined sort of doubt and dread, associating it with palsied limbs, and sightless eyes, and departed hearing, and a querulous voice, and, generally, an unhappy soul. They do so because they have hardly a higher conception of what Old Age should be, from seeing only the lamentable illustrations of it that have been, from childhood, thrown in their way. But how great a mistake they fall into, a better and truer contemplation of that particular period of life will satisfy them.

A fine and thoughtful writer says of this season:—"God sometimes gives to man a guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes child-like, not childish, and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow, without sign of decay. This is that sought-for land of Beulah, where they who have traveled manfully the Christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of those not yet ascended saints! Gentle are they, and tolerant, and apt to play with little children, easy to be pleased with little pleasure."

This is a most beautiful picture—Old Age in its own home, at its own fireside, surrounded by its own family friends, and patiently awaiting the change through whose mysterious process Immortality is to be put on! This is no growling, snappish, cynical Old Age, from which all men and women are glad to flee; it is clothed with attractions that rather draw others to its side, eager to receive the last blessing and catch the dying smile from the gentle face of the departing friend and patriarch. Why cannot all men live so that their old age will be truly beautiful?

PAINE'S BIRTHDAY.

The birthday anniversary of this great moral pioneer was celebrated by his friends in Boston, in Union Hall, on Friday evening, January 28th, by a Ball and supper. Beautiful women, and men with great intellectual heads—seldom seen on the ball-room floor—were there, and happiness and harmony seemed eminently to mark the occasion. At the supper, J. F. Mendum presided, and an address was delivered by Horace Seaver, Esq., of the Boston Investigator. Songs were sung and toasts were read, and the best feeling seemed to pervade the entire company. It was in the "wet sma' hours" when our reporter left, and then the number of dancers had but slightly diminished. We wish a few of our sectarian friends could have been there, and learned a lesson or two in Christian kindness from the admirers of the man they love so much to hate—Tom Paine.

MESSAGE VERIFIED.

William Roulstone's message, published in Vol. 1, No. 6, is verified to us, after this late day.

A SUGGESTION FOR LEGISLATORS.

If any member of Congress is anxious to associate his name with services that will bring him the speediest and most abiding remuneration, he has but to give his attention to the plan for sending money orders through the mails. It is what the public would generally like to see done, and especially that large and influential part of the public represented by the newspapers. No better service could be done for the publishers of the weekly newspapers than by a movement to facilitate post-office operations in this way; and the public man who is ready to show his sagacity by introducing the plan, seriously and earnestly, to the attention of Congress and the Post Office Department, may be very certain that he will receive the thanks and hearty support of the press.

Nobody knows better than the publisher of a weekly newspaper what an advantage the introduction of a system of transmitting money by orders through the mails would be. In fact, we really believe it would largely increase the circulation of the weekly papers at once. People could send their subscriptions without the least trouble or risk. Fractions of dollars could be sent along as readily as dollars themselves. There would be no trouble, either, about broken or dilapidated banks; and of course no discount on that ground would have to come out of the publisher. Where other means are now resorted to, in order to increase circulation, the circulation would most naturally increase itself.

This system of transmitting money through the mails by means of post-office orders, has long been in operation in England, and is known to work admirably. The Post Office charges a low per centage, though sufficient to discharge the expense of making, filling, and cashing the orders, or drafts, and assumes all the risks. Each order is duly registered and numbered, and, even if lost, is not lost either to the department or the individual to whom, or by whom, it was sent. The order can be paid but once; and when once paid, no misappropriation can be presented afterwards and claim money that has been already handed over.

Where so simple a plan as this is capable of working such a large amount of good, it is to be much wondered that it is not brought into immediate service. Not one class of persons only would be benefited by it, but all classes; yet we have thought proper to speak for none but the newspapers. We propose to our friends in Congress—of whom we know we have a great many—to take up this matter while it is fresh in the public mind, and see if something cannot be done for its introduction.

SOCIAL LEEVEE.

The First Independent Society (Spiritualists) of Chelsea, will hold their fifth annual Levee on the evening of Tuesday, the 22d of February, in the City Hall, Chelsea. Speaking by friends of the cause. Social amusements; instrumental music by Halle's Quintette and Concert Band, will occupy the evening until nine o'clock. Dancing after nine. Cars and boat leave Chelsea and Boston every half hour until twelve. Tickets—Gentlemen, 50 cents; ladies and children, 25 cents.

The above Levee is to raise funds to aid the Spiritualists, ministered to by Bro. D. F. Goddard, in sustaining their society. Who can calculate the good results which will arise from a generous reply to this call? We hope our friends, who have abundance, will not let this slight call upon them go unheeded, but will go and carry with them to the Levee their kind sympathy, and the trifling pittance asked for.

OUR CIRCLES.

The readers will see that our last circle was held on the eighth of January. On Monday following, Mrs. Conant was taken sick, but not in season to enable us to give notice to our friends.

We expected she would be able to resume her labors last week, but nature otherwise ordered, and at our present writing she is still unable to attend to her duties with any success. We are aware this has been a disappointment to some of our country friends, who, not being informed of her sickness, have come to the city with the hope of visiting us. We should have given public notice of her indisposition, had we supposed she would not overcome it ere this. We hope to be able to commence our circles this week but friends out of the city, had better postpone their visits until we give notice that we have resumed our labor in that direction.

DR. LYON.

We have been requested to state that the man Lyon, who is connected with the Hatch trouble, and is represented to have fled New York, from difficulties with offended husbands, is not E. L. Lyon, who is now in New England. This we state upon our own authority and knowledge derived from Dr. Hatch. There is no necessity of any of us bearing the sins of others.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL NOTICES.

The Cataract of the Ganges has been drawing crowded houses at the Boston Theatre, during the past three weeks. It is a gorgeous spectacle, and by no means an inferior production, when considered in a literary sense. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport appear to good advantage in their respective roles, "Mokarra" and "Zamini," while Mr. Setchell keeps the audience in good humor throughout the entire evening, by his original acting and witty remarks. If such a play as this don't draw away the money from the people's pockets, there nothing ever written will. More of the same sort are promised.

Miss Jane Coombs has been playing a two weeks' engagement at the Boston Museum. She is said to be a young lady of much personal beauty, as well as a rapidly improving actress. That Edwin Forrest thought favorably of her dramatic abilities was proved, by his consenting to play Claude Melnotte, to her Pauline, upon the occasion of her first appearance in New York. Neighbor Jackwood is promised this week. This has been one of the most popular plays, and will be hailed as an old friend by the Museum-goers.

Mr. Sothorn has leased the Howard Athenaeum for a short season. Agnes Robertson, and her husband, Dion Bourcoulant, are his present stars, and will be succeeded by Miss Vandenhoff and Matilda Heron.

When any of our contemporaries consider our editorial importance enough to copy entire, we desire them to give us credit in full. Merely saying "printed in the Banner" is insufficient, in our opinion, as there are several papers in the country bearing said name.

William H. Prescott, the historian of Mexico and Spain, died last Friday afternoon, at his residence in Beacon street, Boston.

Book Notices.

Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams, through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. Boston: Bela Marsh. This elegantly printed volume from Marsh's press contains twelve messages from the spirit of J. Q. Adams, on the following topics: 1.—The fact and mode of Spirit Telegraphing. 2.—His Last of Earth and First of Heaven. 3.—The Reconciliation. 4.—Addresses and Scenes in the Spheres. 5.—Spiritualism. 6.—Temple of Peace and Good Will. 7.—Napoleon. 8.—Home of the Just made Perfect. 9.—Washington. 10.—Peter Whitney. 11.—Closing Scenes of the Reception Meeting. 12.—Sphere of Prejudice and Error.

So striking and eminently readable a book deserves even more attention than we have the room to give it in these columns. The intrinsic evidence offered in the pages of the book itself that its contents emanated from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, are, in our sincere judgment, after a careful examination into the same, quite sufficient to give it the character of truthfulness and reliability. The very direct and readable preface of Mr. Allen Putnam, narrates the whole history of the writing of the volume through the hand of the medium whose name is necessarily associated with it, and enables the candid reader at the outset to understand both the character of the ensuing pages, and the peculiar circumstances under which they were written. A few similes specimens of the medium's handwriting, while under the control of the spirit of Adams, are given, and likewise similar specimens of Adams's own handwriting, that the reader may the better judge for himself of the perfect identity of the two specimens.

It cannot be denied that Adams does not at all times, and in all respects, convey the utterances of his own spirit in his own way; or that the matter proceeding from him is more or less mixed with the organization employed in the transmission; yet, with all this, there is amply enough to convince any really candid searcher after truth, that these Messages are essentially and in reality from his own exalted spirit, and that the reading and heeding of them will not fail to result in great good.

The beatified spirit of the departed statesman and philanthropist is first anxious to convince mortals that communion is to be had with angels, and to show them the processes by which it is accomplished. Next he gives a full account of the welcomes he received on all sides, on reaching his new, celestial home. Then he furnishes graphic descriptions of the actual scenery of heaven, with only such reflections as a nature like his own could interpolate as he went on. He speaks of the many noble men and women, who came forward to greet his advent among them, and so takes occasion to describe their present condition and surroundings.

The same eminent philanthropy that was the high characteristic of Adams while on earth, still shines out in these messages from his spirit. He is as much a foe to Slavery now as he ever was. He pleads for Freedom everywhere, in the largest and most liberal sense. He implores men to cultivate the spirit of Forgiveness and Love. The teachings he gives mortals are such as might be looked for from the ascended and expanded spirit of such a man as he. The pages of the book throughout bear internal evidence that they were indited by no less a person, and no other person, than himself. Though credulists and materialists may offer these Messages their scorn, they should remember that they pin their own professed faith to "manifestations" not one whit more striking than these, and worth nothing more, as mere authority, on which to erect a truly spiritual structure.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE; by E. Winchester Loveland. Boston: Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street. New York: S. T. MERRON, 5 Great Jones street.

This Book is neatly executed, and contains over five hundred pages. The preface says: "The design of the Philosophy of Life is to demonstrate that faith in love is joy and liberty that cannot be interrupted; that faith in selfishness is bondage." Of this book, that can be said which seldom can be said of any book, viz. It possesses originality; and for this reason it may be cast down and trodden under foot—but it will rise again. Theodore Parker has said, if a pupil should write an original composition, the professor would tear it up as worthless, for he alone who wrote that which was original, at the time it was given, could appreciate it, but time would make its value appreciated by all. We do not hesitate to premise, that to the man who cherishes any creed, this book will be very absurd; while to the soul struggling to free itself from selfishness and conservatism, there will be found in it gems suggestive of deep thought, deeper and truer than anything yet suggested in religion and science. It is a mighty book; to be appreciated and loved more in the future than in the present. About one hundred and fifty gods are portrayed, which are made by the elements existing in each, peculiar to each. A man's God is his selfish love. We quote a few sentences:—

"It is selfish in man to be annoyed by any injury he may receive. It is selfish in man to become attached to any opinions or truths. It is selfish in man to suppose that his opinion or belief is superior in one moment of time to that of another. Man cannot say that his condition is superior to the most degraded; if he does, he is presuming that one condition is more ordained than another; and if one condition is more ordained than another, no condition in any period of time is ordained; for no being has the same position or condition in different moments of time."

"Can a man be free among the righteous and among the damned; among the pure and the degraded; in the church and in the play-house; among the naked and among the clothed; where they shout praises, and where they curse God; among angels and among reptiles; in the presence of Christ and Judas Iscariot; in the forest, and in the city; among flowers and among thorns; when he is pierced with daggers, or resting on a couch; amidst the groans of the dying, and the music of the angels; when praised, and when defamed; amidst the destruction of worlds, and on a pleasant morning in summer? Has a man faith in loving the infirm, children, the beautiful, the ugly, the deformed, the drunkard, the liquor dealer, the servant, the slave, the murderer, the slave master, the harlot, and all of every name, as being joy? If a man is pure, if he sees no one superior or inferior to himself; if he sees all as brothers and sisters; if he has faith that all the events of life are the manifestations of love, he is free, and nothing can interrupt his joy. Freedom is innocence and purity that cannot be tempted or corrupted; for none will go from joy to misery."

"Thank God for pleasant weather!"—G. P. Morris.

New York Correspondence.

It rains—Dr. Hatch—Warren Chase at Dodworth's—The Conference—Personal.

DEAR BANNER.—Gotham is high being flooded. The significance of this remark will be recognized by those who were finding pleasure in the outside world on last Thursday night. Down, down, came "millions of massive rain-drops," pattering, spattering and tapping on street, sidewalk, roof and spire, making that winning music which has often kept us willingly awake for hours in "the parlor next to the shingles," in some country cot.

There is little stir made here over spiritual matters, yet it is not altogether a by-gone thing, for investigation goes on silently, and everything regarding the philosophy, of a written nature, is readily sought after; and not the least among them, I am gratified to see that you hold no inconsiderable place in the estimation of those who delight to read. I owe an apology to your many readers for not being able to furnish them at an early date, as I anticipated, with reports of Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York—but with your next appearance, they may be sure of No. 1, from Dusseldorf pulpit.

I dip an article from the Herald of the 28th, which covers the ground pretty essentially as far as Dr. Hatch is concerned:

"ANOTHER LETTER FROM DR. HATCH ON SPIRITUALISM.—We have received a second letter from Dr. Hatch, on 'the moral, social and religious aspect of Spiritualism;' but it contains no facts. It is a mere essay on the doctrines of the new sect, on which we have had letters and articles, lectures and pamphlets, and books *ad nauseum*. There is nothing new in this writer's second letter—not even as much as was contained in his first, of which it is almost a repetition, but much longer, and, therefore, so much the worse. The letter would be entirely too long for our readers."

But it is on the subject of marriage that Dr. Hatch spreads himself. Some of the Spiritualists, he says, believe in the sacredness of the marriage tie, and hold that it is only in pairs men and women ought to be united in wedlock, while others contend that sexual intercourse ought to be regulated by 'affinity'—that is, by mutual liking and aptitude—so that it matters not whether the parties are single, or already married and have mistaken their 'affinities,' they are at liberty to try others till they are satisfied at last. Dr. Hatch says this leads to promiscuous intercourse and prostitution. He promises facts in his first letter, but gives none in his second; but again promises revelations hereafter, yet with a reservation and a condition. We cannot publish the doctor's letter."

Warren Chase addressed quite an assembly at Dodworth's, last Sunday. His subject was "Knowledge and Testimony." He commenced by saying that his audience might do their own praying; he did his own, but could no more do theirs, than he could eat, sleep or drink for them. One would be equally as effective in its results as the other. "We bequeath to our children all we possess of lands and personal property, but we cannot leave them our knowledge; that comes only by demonstration. The knowledge of the parent may lead the child in pleasant ways—teach it how to apply itself; but what the parent knows by actual experience, the child can only acquire by like experience. The judge does not know whether or not the prisoner is guilty; though the witness may by actual knowledge. He therefore charges upon the testimony; the jury return a verdict—the result of belief, founded upon opinion formed from testimony. This law of Knowledge and Testimony holds good in its application to the Bible. Is the Bible knowledge to the reader, or is it testimony? Is it demonstration and experience to us? or is it the testimony of the lives and experience of certain individuals? If they were inspired and influenced directly from God, it makes the narration of their lives, none the less free from testimony. And again, if it were knowledge, all would agree with it. Men would not and could not derive from it foundations for a thousand systems, and the church would have but one name. None of you differ upon the sum of six sixes, because all who know anything of mathematics, recognize by a rule the result of its demonstration—the oneness of the way in which you are to arrive at the conclusion. Science is knowledge, as far as it goes; and the distance, speed and time of appearance of a comet will be the same from every astronomer in the world, if they make no mistake in their figures. Do theologians manifest this power of certainty or agreement derived from that which they denominate the written wisdom of God, which shall be knowledge to all men? It would be a strange thing to hear a grave professor in one of our colleges, call a student up before his class, and say, 'Do you believe the sum of such and such a calculation to be so and so?' 'I do.' 'There is your diploma; you are fitted to go forth and teach.'—and send him out into the world as a guide to his fellows, without even seeing if he could demonstrate his belief. Yet men are daily sent out into the Christian world to guide, govern and control, if they can, their fellows—who cannot demonstrate aught to which they are constantly repeating 'Yes, yes.' The life hereafter is in no way a demonstrated fact to the reader of the Bible. He may believe, but he cannot know. To-day we may know—and Spiritualism does demonstrate her claims, and asks to be credited with nothing which she cannot make men experience. Testimony has always been found to be liable to error and mistake; Knowledge never. Testimony says the sun rested in his course at Aijalon; Science, with her knowledge, tells a different tale. I speak of Spiritualism as a system which demonstrates to every heart and shows that Death is no robber." And he proceeded to illustrate the claims and beauties of Spiritualism in a manner which gave general satisfaction.

And how true it is that in the ethics of the past, we have little, if anything, beyond testimony.

None doubt but nature pulses with a law. Designed and issued by a mind supreme; And those from Church and Bible who withdraw, Can with an honest question broach a theme, O'er which the two have fallen to catch a gleam.

Theology, too much like haughty kings, With little power, years far beyond its sphere It struggles with a name of mystic things, Telling in ignorance to make them clear, And hurries its thunders at each new idea.

The Bible—source of all we now enjoy: The Bible—guide, companion to the good! The Bible—source of half the world's annoy: The Bible—source of countless miles of blood. If thou art knowledge, why misleadest thou?

But it is a wide subject, made up of years and years. The Conference last night, notwithstanding the moist condition of the streets and the still falling rain, was quite fully attended. The question before last week's session, was again put, before the meeting: "The Circle—what are its scientific elements, its uses and abuses?" Dr. Gray opened the ball by alluding to the marks in the last conference, and recapitulating them, saying that he reported in the Herald, saying that in the report in the Telegraph, he found but 11-

Correspondence.

rit manifestations, as I have witnessed them myself. I commenced investigations some time in the month of March last, in company with several others, and with a young lady medium, who had just commenced being influenced by the spirits, (as some of the neighbors said.) I thought it a good time to be in the work of investigation, inasmuch as I knew the medium to be as ignorant as myself of spirit entity. This medium, when entranced, was always conscious. The first spirit that manifested itself through this medium, purported to be Benona Lovel, gave his name, residence, and manner of his birth, &c. The first feat Benona performed was, (at request) to move a common table three feet, back and forth, without a finger touching it. I know that human beings in the form touched it, or had anything to do with it.

Now, the objector is ready to say, "the table was moved by cdylic force." Very well; "odylic force"

producing more or less than spirit-power, or the
the spirits use; and Charles Beecher admitted
the same. (See Goodman's Report, pages 61-66). No
n, that spirit, without facts of successful contradic-
tion, that it was the same ordinary force by which
the spirit was enabled to walk on the water, and that
the agency of spirits.

The next thing done by Benona was, to describe
spirits, one a wife, and the other a mother, giv-
ing the names, and the number of years they had
been in the spirit-land. Two gentlemen, (both
strangers,) were present on this occasion. One
then declared that his wife had been perfectly
described, and the name given correctly. The other
gentleman affirmed that his mother's name had been
given correctly, and that she had been described with
re exactness than he could have done it himself.

Another, and a more important thing, perhaps,
in all the rest, was the rapping. I have heard
rapping when it was loud enough to be distinct.
Heard twenty rods. I have whistled "Yankee
Doodle" for the spirit to drum it (by the raps),
more than twenty times, while I do know that no
one present had anything to do in producing the
raps. I have also heard the spirit rap, on as
significant

ly, at any different occasions, the exact number of persons in one room, while the medium was in ether, and done when it was totally dark—no one the company knowing how many, until the spirit rapped the exact number. I have known another spirit to come through this medium, who was

free Mason, and give all the signs perfectly, without a mistake, (so the Masons say,) and strange to me, the spirit would order every one out of the room, except the Masons! I have done the best I could to induce the spirit to give me the signs, but I failed in every instance. This Masonic argument is converting all the Masons who come to see this medium.

Once saw this lady entranced by a deaf and dumb spirit, who conversed by the deaf and dumb alphabet. We were all, at this time, ignorant of the dumb alphabet, medium included. I went to the store and procured the alphabet; my wife learned it, and the next time we met, we conversed with the spirit—ascertained who it was—the name, and where it lived when on earth. It proved to be a deaf and dumb girl that one of the company (a Miner) knew in the southern part of this State. Now, my dear sir, you will see at once that the objection, that "the mind of some one, or more, of the company, acted upon the mind of the medium," is entirely refuted in this case. On another occasion I saw the medium entranced by a lady who was of French nativity, and she talked with French with the mother, who was present with the medium not understanding one word of it in natural state. Now permit me to make a single comment. It is too ridiculous and absurd to suppose one moment that the medium took the language from the mind or brain of the mother.

that the medium turned around, and commenced conversation, calling the attention of the mother certain subjects not on her mind until the medium (spirit) had once called her attention to it. I saw another medium who was influenced by spirit of my wife's mother. I was recognized at

as her son-in-law, and she wished me to "tell
me not to be so skeptical," and talked the Quaker
Friends' language. Chloe is my wife's name,
and she was at that time very skeptical in regard to
ritual manifestations. Now mark you the addi-

was at this time an entire stranger to myself
wife, did not know my wife's name, and had no
knowledge that my wife's mother was a Quaker;
my wife on this occasion was twelve miles
away, and when I reported it to her, she was, of
course, very much astonished.

Now, my dear Sir, I could present you any number
of facts to prove spirit agency, but I will trouble you
no more at this time. Per-^{mit} me to say you that
I am now understanding many things in the Bible,
which heretofore have been very dark and mis-
leading to me. I am now understanding the case
of the case of Paul, when he was caught up to
paradise, &c., &c. the case of Moses and Elias
at the transfiguration of Christ; and the angels

turned to John; the angels seen at the sepulchre
 of different persons; Jacob wrestling with the an-
 gel; the laying on of hands; the signs that should
 show them that believe; and I might name hun-
 dreds of cases which are now made very plain by
 lit-ageney.
 Now, sir, you have some of the evidences which
 ought me to embrace (as I most heartily do) the
 doctrine of "pure and undefiled" Spiritualism. If I
 thought it necessary, I would write an exegesis on
 the manifestations already stated, but a word to the
 wise is sufficient. I feel conscious that the day of
 alliance with me has come—I am forever free.
 Yours in truth and love,
 R. PARKINSON.

LETTER FROM NEWBURYPORT.

Mass. Exrsons.—Assuming that the knowledge he whereabouts and doings of Mr. J. S. Grimes be desirable to your numerous readers, I will, in a few words, his rise, progress and decline in vicinity. He came amongst us, issuing flaming dbills of "exposing Spiritualism." His first lec- was fairly attended. He made one or two ex- ments on subjects in a psychological state. There nothing satisfactory to the audience; but he mised that the next night he would give some ex-

tion of the subject, and so he went on for six nights, promising each night that on the succeeding night he would fulfill his promise. On the fourth night he told the audience that he was disappointed; that he did not have money enough to pay his expenses, and should lecture but two nights more. He was patronized by the clergy, one of whom was preacher every night; his method of getting an audience was giving away tickets principally to the orthodox community. One young man, a convert of last winter, had fifty tickets to distribute, and a clergyman gave me six for the same purpose.

of exposing the humbug of Spiritualism, it did not be tolerated in any decent community. The cause of his failure here, was the refusal of Spiritualists to notice him. He tried hard to induce a discussion, but the fish would not bite. We went too much to aid in creating an excitement for. As a last resort, he one night said the Spiritualists had acknowledged to him that he had produced the phenomena they had produced. He was disturbed, but at the end of the lecture, a demand was made for the name of any Spiritualist who had made any such admission. He was disappointed; the demand was unexpected. But he finally yielded, and pointed to a resident (who does not claim to be a Spiritualist) as the authority. The gentleman moved forward and pointed having made any such admission.

[illegible]

The Public Press.

[This page is opened to the public for a free expression of opinion on the phenomena of Spiritualism.]

SUBJECTS FOR SOBER "SECOND THOUGHT."

Messrs. Editors.—There seems to be among Spiritualists—at least with many of them there is quite a tendency toward, crude ideas—ideas which carry the man through the bruising and crushing process of severe and bitter experience, instead of directing him gracefully and happily along the shining and agreeable walks of that true "wisdom" whose ways are ways of pleasantness and all whose paths are peace. And evidence of this is found in the pages of the BANNER OF LIGHT, as well as elsewhere.

Thus, a writer in the BANNER of January 22d writes an essay, to criticize criticism; and objects to "objections" against Spiritualism, lest they should be "fatally discouraging to the fresh inquirer," or the "weak" Spiritualist believer. But does not this critical brother know that the "fresh inquirer," etc., ought to understand the demerits of Spiritualism before he can really estimate or rightly select and appreciate its merits? Does he not see that the very notes of warning which have long been sounded, and are now being multiplied, are directly designed to warn and save the "pure and confiding" or the "weak" from falling into the same errors and undergoing the same evils, to which many have been previously subjected, through not having taken sufficient heed, or not having been sufficiently well advised? What would not Spiritualists have gained—from how many sufferings would many have been saved, had they, before plunging into the vortex of investigation, studied well the sacred and solemn, yet beautiful lessons of the past in reference to inspiration and spiritual influence? Or, from how much that is disagreeable and even painful and pernicious, may not "modern investigators" now save themselves, by merely looking full in the face, and fully considering those results both ridiculous and horrible, which have thus far afflicted Spiritualism?

I have said, from the outset, that spiritual investigation and spiritual intercourse should invariably be associated with a close attention to the "regulating principles." I say so still. By the efficient and sometimes imperative application of those principles, I have prevented insanity—have cured insanity, even where the victim has been given over to the mad-house—have qualified and conquered ill conditions in mediums—have prevented falsities in mediumship, and secured invariable accuracy in facts, names, dates and descriptions of spiritual personages, etc., etc. This same freedom, to criticize the errors of Spiritualism, in Spiritualism, is the result of a somewhat unpleasant yet useful contest, with the direct view, by direct warning, and the plainest illustration, to guard this "fresh inquirer," as well as older believers, against mistakes and crudities to which the mass of Spiritualists have rendered themselves too much liable. The course of a "Christian Journal" in refusing to open its columns to those who do not accept its ideas, is no criterion for either a true Christian or a true man of any class; for the maxim of Christianity itself is, "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." The BANNER OF LIGHT, at this moment, honoring itself, both among the believers and unbelievers of Spiritualism, more than any merely Spiritual journal has heretofore done; and is doing more to benefit all true inquirers, whether "weak" or not, by simply acting on the principle that it is as right and needful to open ourselves to just and manly criticism, as it is to criticize others. Shine on then, and shine out, oh Lightsome "Banner," till the beacon flame of broadest Truth and Love shall be recognized and beloved of all! And let all honest sceptics, investigators and believers, fully understand and well remember, that even spirits can learn something from mortals—that Spiritualists themselves can possibly find something valuable among those who do not agree with them; and that, in this or other departments, we can save ourselves many disagreeable experiences by considering wisely the experiences of others, whether ancient or modern. Apropos to this, our good friend, A. B. C., writing in the BANNER of Jan. 22d, also seconds an idea given recently through a medium in Boston, asserting that, "transgression is but an outward evidence of the expanding spirit within, growing to fill its destiny"—that, "man has no control" over this "outworking of the spirit," and that "good" actions "do not destroy the love of earthly things so soon" as do "bad" actions. Verily, this testimony, to begin with, does not exactly correspond with other Spiritualistic teachings of a late date, (Cora V. Hatch's recent lecture in Brooklyn, for instance), to the effect that there is no such thing as transgression—that God's law cannot be violated, etc. And it would be, truly, quite a problem to determine which sentiment is purest in its character, and of the highest importance to humanity—the idea, that there can be no transgression of God's law, or the doctrine that there is transgression, and that it is evidence of an "expanding spirit," and that "bad" actions are better and more serviceable to humanity than "good" ones! To be sure, the two ideas or doctrines do not precisely harmonize with one another, but then they are not any more contradictory than many other things which are advanced in connection with Spiritualism. And both are quite as contrary to fact as they are to one another. For the fact that as falsehood is not the truth, shows that a man can depart from the sacred rule of truth; and the fact that man is capable of bitter hate, proves that man can deviate from, go beyond, or transgress the divine law of Holy Love. Or, to take the other idea, that had actions "destroy the love of earthly things," more readily than do good actions—the fact is that had actions chain and crush the soul into the very greenness of earth—have an effect that lasts for ages, in impoverishing and demoralizing nations—crowd the spirit back to earth for long periods, even after it has thrown off the body—and are seldom, if ever, broken up, except through the special interference and sometimes forceful influence of a good agency, or it may be a powerful judgment or series of judgments.

The Jews, originally a stiff-necked and selfish people, are to this day, distinguished for their rigid enslavement to their own jaundiced prejudices, and greed of earthly gain.

The Thugs, of India, signified for theft and murder, have, for whole generations, pursued their evil tendencies, until wickedness, itself, has become to them a religion.

The Catholics themselves have had enough of the bad action among them to debase and brutalize whole nations for consecutive centuries; and, like

others, more or less, they never yielded one jot or one tittle to improvement, till they were battled and driven to it by the heavy hand of religious reform and revolution.

And so, in like manner, comes from the spirit-land, a class of spirits, like that of Rebecca Nourse, (see Banner, January 22) whose "hate," even for the space of well nigh two hundred years, has not been driven out of her, and will not probably yield till some additional influence of "good" is brought to bear upon her. I, myself, have, by a certain kind of "good" action, caused the condition of hate to yield in the mind of a determined person, in the course of half a day. Does any one suppose that a persistence in "bad" action, on the part of that or any other person, would have conquered that baneful element any sooner?

Just here, there is another topic which runs in the same channel as the above, that must not be overlooked. It is broached in an article on "Hashish," (also in the Banner of Jan. 22) by "A. B. C." He affirms that the opium-eater, the drunkard, the debauchee, made so by the use of any narcotic or stimulant, is truer to the principle of forgiveness—has more charity—than those who are not in the indulgence of those habits or substances. I deny this statement, except so far as a person, addicted to such things, is of a sympathetic nature, and has been drawn down into the whirl of dissipation through the force of social influences. Many of the noblest minds and kindest hearts in the world, have been thus sympathetically led into social vices, through the more social and affectional avenues of their nature—through the mere desire of being social and companionable with those around them. But it is a great mistake to suppose that these persons were social and sympathetic because they habituated themselves to rum-drinking, opium, and tobacco! And not less of an error is it to claim that those who are in the indulgence of such articles, are superior in sympathy and charity to others. The cruel and relentless Saracen—the mercenary and exclusive Chinaman—the sensual and murderous rowdies of Christendom, and many besides in Christian and other lands, who are fattening themselves on the blood and brains of humanity; all these, and others, who are malicious and vile, are habitual drinkers, chewers, etc. And even the church was the most besotted with these vices, when it was most addicted to blood-thirsty persecution. In those days of fiery theological wrath, the clergy had their liquor in the pulpit—had their pipe and draw between services, and at diverse other times besides; deacons grew rich on the profits of rum, tobacco, and other ruin; the very dames and damsels snuffed and smoked, &c., to an extent their daughters are ashamed of now; and it is a noticeable fact, that in proportion as the body of Christian professors have outgrown these social vices, they have dropped the extremes of their vindictive and persecuting spirit, and have grown gradually nearer and nearer to one another, and approximated more toward a truer relation to humanity at large; though there is enough of the rum and tobacco element yet in the church, to insure a violent outbreak of persecution against any new form of what churchmen are pleased to call heresy.

So much in objection to the idea that drunkenness, tobacco, opium, &c., render their victims superior to others in charity and in other Christian virtues. Neither do I assent to the idea of "A. B. C." (also expressed in his article on Hashish) that alcoholic stimulants and narcotic substances, have been of special use in introducing man to a state of spiritual exaltation, "which could not be in past ages," from the fact that man, in the past, "had not grown to that condition." Such a philosophy is as contrary to the real state of the case, as previous ideas have been found to be. For "in the past" men had "grown" to a "condition" far purer and nobler than that of the wretched hashish and opium devotee, or delirious drunkard. Witness the beautiful inspiration of Daniel, Isaiah, Stephen, John, &c., and even of the "witch of Endor," to say nothing of Jesus himself! If getting tipsy on rum, opium, and what not, was necessary to the first introduction of man to the spirit world, what wretched toppers the blessed Saviour, the self-sacrificing Paul, the benevolent Annas and Cornelius, the faithful Abram, and even the humble of Joan of Arc, must have been!

But I have not space to enlarge. The providence of God in bringing good out of evil, is an admitted and hallowed truth with me, as it should be with all. But when we say that wrong is right—when we call "evil" good—when we affirm that "bad actions" are better than good actions to unfold humanity—when we declare that transgression itself is an unfolding of the spirit, beyond human control, or maintain contrary to that, that there is no such thing as wrong—no disobedience to God—then, indeed, we cast aside a saving faith, and adopt a piratical and pernicious philosophy. Opium, hashish, rum, and delirium tremens, may, through their deadly influence upon the human system, do something toward separating the spirit from the body, but I have yet to learn that they are desirable agencies in opening the spirit-land to the observation of mortals. Arsenic, equally with alcohol, opium, &c., in sufficient doses, will send a man right into the spirit world; it is therefore a thing to be desired to help him to heaven? I say again; let Spiritualists, as well as others, learn to adopt that true wisdom, which avoids the crude and crazy courses of vicious experience, and is beautiful and healthful in all its ways and walks. I have more to say hereafter.

D. J. MANDELL.

ATHOL DEPOT, Mass.

REVIEW OF W. S. A.—MIRACLES, NO. 4.

Messrs. Editors.—In the edition of January 18, W. S. A. states the following among others: "These dispensations to the nature of man as a free, unaccountable and rational being," &c. "And that when any new system of government or additional revelation of his is to be made to the human race, it must be accompanied by such evidence as is adapted to convince the reason of man and influence his conduct." And that "the gospel of Jesus Christ, was attested both by miracles and the fulfillment of prophecy." Well, if the gospel was attested, and the gospel and miracles were of God, did God fall in the proposed object? You say neither of them were of a kind to afford evidence, &c.; if not, then the God you speak of must have been at fault, and made a great mistake somewhere. For if his purpose was not gained, then is he not all powerful, all wise, and all knowledge. The theological laws of which you treat, represent him as possessing attributes entirely antagonistic to this. If he failed because they were not of a kind to afford evidence, why was there any necessity of keeping up an excitement by such mani-

festations, when the mass of the people would not receive them as of divine origin? It follows, then, that as they failed, they were of a wrong kind; and, as you state in another part, they became precisely the right kind and failed, then. Corollary—they are not of God.

Further—you say, "A free, accountable and rational being." Free to do what?—to break God's laws? Never. They are so far placed above man's reach, that he cannot touch them, cannot break them, cannot understand them. They are laws for and to himself, producing universal harmony in all creation. If you could break them, he would be dethroned. Can finny comprehend infinity? There are certain laws governing man's own organization, and all other organizations, which are as immutable and unchangeable as the laws applicable to Deity; these, applicable to man, he may violate, but not with impunity. If he violates his physical laws, the penalty is disease; if he intellectual, the penalty is insanity and other evils—and so on. There is yet another element of the soul, that springs up spontaneously within, which is not taught, that knows no law but its own, or boundary, and cannot be circumscribed; knows no limit, and understands no rules. This is Religion. You may teach this element how to manifest itself externally only, but in no other way. Man's moral nature may be cultivated, as we find different degrees of morality in different localities. The moral and religious tone of every nation is different. "Accountable," you say. To whom or what? To God? No. To himself? Yes.

Again—the reasoning adopted has been on the assumption that the miracles are the foundation or attestation of theological laws, and that they (the miracles) have never appeared, have never been equalled or exceeded, in later times. If these miracles were performed at all, they were performed only in attestation of the truth. And the truth to-day can be manifested to-day, as well as in apostolic times. What are the startling wonders and phenomena now existing, but the ushering in of evidence of the truth. These wonders of "ancient times, and of to-day, are based upon some law which has existed from the beginning and will exist to all eternity; and when mankind follows the observed conditions, he will always have evidence from the Great Spirit, of his communion with him.

T. COVENS.

THE ORTHODOX HELL.

Messrs. Editors.—Popular orthodoxy, on the occasion of a great day of judgment appointed to take place at the end of the world, winds up the external conflict between the evil and the good—separates them from each other, and assigns them their respective places in opposite spheres of the universe, erects a huge gulf which divides, and positively interdicts all commerce between them.

This dividing gulf reaches from the depths of hell to the topmost heaven, so that, should a generous angel get a fellow feeling in his bosom, he could not lift his brother from the pit. Indeed, should pity make a breach in this huge wall, it would be at the risk of angered gods, so bent is Christian justice for the rebel's blood. The dreadful sufferings of the damned are known in heaven, but they only give a keener relish for God's justice to the ever-singing saints. So the sweet delights of Paradise are known in hell, but they only give a sharper edge to the piercing blade of justice. Thus, these two states continue on, side by side, enlarging and intensifying in the agonies of despair, and the ecstasies of bliss, through the unborn, infinite years. Good and evil shall stretch forward through the endless ages, and the two kingdoms of Apollyon and Messiah shall war against each other in jealous rivalry; and justice, the noblest attribute of God, shall fan the flame of fraternal strife forever and ever.

This is the conception of Orthodoxy. It is taught in their schools, writ in their creeds, preached in their sermons, sung in their hymns, and prayed in their prayers. To them this may be an honest conviction, but it is not less the rankest of errors. They may deem it to be wholesome food, but it is not less a deadly poison. The human soul can no more grow upon this food, than the body upon paving stones.

But if endless misery is a fact, then it is a part of the Divine plan, and is inseparable from the moral destiny of the race. And this being so, it is proper to inquire what purpose it is intended to serve in the Divine arrangement.

Orthodox theology answers: it is to "satisfy the demands of infinite justice," while some of its more pious exponents raise their hands in holy horror at the impertinence of the question, affirming that it is enough that it is revealed, and if it is not agreeable to reason, it is strong proof that it is the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Alas, alas! for the stupid world, when the genuineness of a revelation is determined upon, from the fact that it contradicts the human reason.

But let us see if endless punishment satisfies infinite justice. The phrase infinite justice, stripped of its theological cant, means, simply, justice—that attribute of God, or principle in nature, by which all things in the world of mind are adjusted to an exact balance upon the basis of equity.

But it is obvious to common reason that justice can neither demand nor receive satisfaction for its claim, when that claim contemplates a debt, which, by its very terms, can never be paid. If the demand is unlimited, when can it be met? The process of liquidation may be entered upon; but an everlasting series of instalments cannot diminish the original amount. Would not the ceaseless clamor of justice always ring in the ears of the ever-suffering victim; and, as the new-born ages come forth upon the roll of time, would not the fire of justice still burn with unabated vigor? What, then, would be the result? There would be no result. That which is eternally in the process of completion, will never be finished. The contest between justice and the sinner, must be perpetual. Nothing can terminate the conflict, but the satisfaction of justice, or the exhaustion of the subject of its power. But it is set forth in the complaint against the sinner, that justice demands eternal suffering, and the power of the "throne" is pledged to supply the material, by recuperating the drooping energies of the victim, and to what the appetite of justice to a keener relish, should it become cloyed with the business of damnation.

Therefore, the ceaseless cry of justice, is, burn on until I am satisfied. While the reply of the victim is, burn away—unlock the reservoirs of your wrath, and blow your seven-fold heated breath upon me till your power is done—your satisfaction can never come. And thus the wasteless years of God shall be witness that the fire of vengeance, fed by the constant creation of his own hand, burns forever in his own bosom. The whole universe shall be witness to it. The rolling orbs in the far-off fields of space,

shall echo back the voice of woe that goes forth from the damned of this poor earth. The melancholy notes of woe shall fill the sweet strains of the morning stars, that sang the birth-song of creation. The solar worlds will be dropped in mourning, and the sun himself shall veil his radiant brow in the black ensign of death.

But again, if justice is omnipotent in its power to punish, sin is equally omnipotent in its power to resist. But neither the one nor the other can be omnipotent. It would contradict the clearest apprehension of human reason, to say that God represents in his inherent essence, and embodies in actual life an eternal antagonism.

When justice is directed to the punishment of sin, some object must be contemplated in the act, and its administration must be limited to that object. And this leads us again to inquire, what is that object? Orthodoxy is still ready as heretofore, for an answer, and replies, "To uphold the dignity of the Divine Law." This venerable and gray-haired matron has always had a marvelous taking after dignities. By the wonderful dignity of her bearing, she has won golden opinions from kings, and exalted the servile offerings of wealth.

But how can God uphold the dignity of the Divine law, by perpetrating himself the greatest crime a god could conceive of? Is it not a crime to make others unhappy, and does not God, according to the theory we are discussing, commit this crime in its most aggravated form, and under circumstances that admit of no palliation? Does he not commit a crime in the endless damnation of human souls, by deliberate purpose, at whose enormity fiends and tyrants blush, and in comparison with which their wildest dream of horrors dwindles into insignificance? Does he uphold the dignity of his law at such an immense outlay of wrath, and with such an astounding contradiction of his character—such a character as he has written in the sunbeams upon the flowers and, upon the heart within, in the life pulses which beat there, and yearn for a better life, and a nobler joy? But by what possible calamity can the love of God lose its "dignity"? Evidently only by a failure to answer the end for which it was made.

And in case of its failure that is, in its principle the only remedy is in its repeal, and the enactment of one which will secure the design of the Creator. But according to orthodoxy, an attempt was made in the sacrifice of Jesus, to recover "the law from the contempt into which it had fallen, either from its own inherent weakness and want of adaptation, or from its bad administration."

But this attempt was utterly futile—Orthodoxy itself being the judge. For, instead of reinvesting the law with new vigor, and causing it to be respected by a just and certain execution of it upon the offending party, the Divine Authority transfers it for execution to other hands, and administers it upon a new basis; that is, upon the basis that all who will acknowledge this new scheme of transfer and execution, shall be exempted from its penalty—that is, eternal damnation. But all who fail to perceive the propriety of this new piece of Divine jurisprudence, are denied its benefit.

But did it never occur to the advocates of this monstrosity of thought and opinion, that man cannot break the law of God? The first violation of the law of God would be the signal through the universe for the Deity to abdicate his government, and commit the affairs of his empire to wiser hands. No, the law of God is only another name for God. What we call law, is his mode of action, or is himself thus acting, and man can no more break these laws, or turn aside this method of action, than he can command the solar worlds to cease their everlasting motion.

H. S. CHAPMAN.

"THE BOOK AND THE ROCKS."

Under this head Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1857, has an article progressively liberal, and much in advance of the hitherto intense, Toryism, theological as well as political, of the Scotch periodical. But after showing that the accumulating testimony of the rocks is proving the foregone conclusion of the Book to be resting on a sandy foundation which the science of Geology is surely sweeping away, he turns aside in his course to throw a sop at the theological Cerberus. He fails to preserve a brave and manly front in passing, as if he feared the belching of the three-headed janitor of darkness. After telling us that "it behooves the friends of revelation to, to find some better way of meeting the facts than by venting puny and piling distilleries against the 'unscriptural conclusions of Geology,'"—after telling us that the "young science of Geology, naturally endowed with a growing appetite, now refuses to digest the interpretation which divinity had always some difficulty in swallowing, and that the later Geologists reject Dr. Chalmers's scheme of reconciliation or armed neutrality"—after telling us that "it is easy enough to laugh out of court all such well-meant, but impossible attempts to bolster up the assumed authority of holy writ," the author himself engages in the delectable task of sophistry for the old theology, by holding up hopes of discomfiting a fossil Sabbath, which shall not have its measurement in the long days of Geology. After thus giving aid and comfort to the old church, he continues—"In like manner, then, we say of the Geologic discoveries, that without denying that God could have created the globe out of nothing in one hundred and forty-four hours—or in one hour is evidence that, in point of fact, he did not. It is not a theory or speculation, but matter of historical record, written and graven on stones; proved by ocular demonstration, that these successive races did inhabit this earth before ourselves."

And now how does our Geologic soothsayer escape the dilemma of seeing the Book outwitted with Korah, Dathan and Abiram? Why, with Hugh Miller, he takes refuge in a dream. He says "he must first settle the mode in which the facts were actually communicated to the inspired writers. Several ways are conceivable; they may have been told in a dream, as many of the prophets were visited," &c., &c., according to the visionary formula, as set forth by Miller.

Now, we who are sitting in this day in the midst of the heavens opened, with the mesmeric aura or spirit poured out upon all flesh, with sons and daughters prophesying, and old men dreaming dreams, and young men seeing visions, we shall not deny the dream theory of Blackwood, nor the vision of Hugh Miller. We only ask for the modern unfolding that, if tried by the same canon which gage the old. If Moses could give an account of creation from the trance state, let us know by what process of induction the Spiritual aura refuses to flow into mediumistic flesh or conditions of to-day—how Haham was entranced by the familiar spirit of the God of Israel, and the same law and conditions not available for the entrancements of to-day? We receive neither the old nor the new as infallible, but as a way by which the correspondent Spiritual world utters its sayings to this, according to the light its inhabitants are in. The "Book" is of worth, as showing the status of Hebrew Spiritualism, as the sacred Books of other nations show the status of their Spiritual life; and it is only that the old theologians have subjected our minds that we walk with trembling steps, and slow, and fearfully grope our way under the thick darkness of the ancient clouds.

It is not meet that we fall prostrate before the ancient or the modern seer, but bravely seek, and take so much as aptly fits in the broadest harmonies of our own souls. Varying mediumistic peculiarities, physical and moral, must more or less stamp the Spiritual influx, whether through Moses, Balaam, Paul, Swedenborg, or all others through whom we have the variable quantities and qualities according to the correspondential relations of the two worlds.

C. P. P.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 24, 1859.

DEAR BANNER.—After a stormy night, the sun shone brightly on the Sabbath morn that greeted us, accompanied by the presence of Brother Ambler, at Samson street Hall. He spoke to us upon the subject of Reform, its true uses and adaptation to the social and spiritual needs of the times. I wish I could give you word for word this beautiful and thought-awakening lecture. With his usual eloquence and poetic range of thought, the medium spoke of all reform as being merely superficial and transitory when confined to the external only, and not begun within the individual man. He spoke of political revolutions as necessary, yet never ultimate in the ideal republic that men dream of, as is the case with trances, because the true meaning of liberty is not fully understood by their souls. He spoke most feelingly of the contrasts in society—the hidden miseries, vices and wrongs that form so dark a picture to the mental eye; the poor, worn, careworn, tolling in the garret; the starving, freezing outcast; the festal wreaths soon changed to the ensigns of mourning, all through perverted use of the Godlike faculties of man. In individual reform alone could the great work of redemption begin, that would save from social and moral evils such as now saddened the true reformer's heart. To teach man the proper uses of his faculties, to bring him into harmonious relations with the material and spiritual worlds, teaching him the supremacy, the grandeur and boundlessness of his spiritual nature—this was the reformer's mission. And he must not be faint-hearted, if much trial and opposition meet him; no one ever accomplished his life's purpose here; eternity was boundless, and it spread before us, beautiful and inviting; there was ample time for the fulfillment of all noble deeds.

Reducing all theories to the simple practice of worthily fulfilling our duties, earnestly striving for self-reformation, we should turn out all mighty schemes of reforming the masses, by selecting the individual, and, in the true spirit of brotherhood, uplifting his soul to higher conceptions of life and duty.

In the evening Mr. Ambler read that beautiful extract, entitled, "The Spiritual Ministry of Night"; then, with deep feeling, he read the hymn which was afterwards sung by the choir. His subject was, "Mystery," and beautifully were its uses given.

Living in a world of mysterious effects, our minds were prompted to action by the very mystery surrounding us; not satisfied with the intuitive assurances of immortality, the soul reached forth for more, and, in the struggle, gained in wealth of thought. If the darkness that enveloped us were withdrawn, the highest incentive to action would be withheld, and progression—the life and happiness of humanity—would cease to be. Some would behold the heavens unveiled, and the angels as common visitants in our streets, knowing not, that if this could be, they still would demand for more, such is the natural craving of the soul.

And as it is here, so will it be hereafter, ever aspiring, ever reaching upwards to that Divine perfection, which even the highest angel hath not seen; ever rising in the scale of being, yet always distant from that unknown source that ever is enthroned in mystery.

The astronomer, discovering a new world, cries out with joy and rapture, as the revelation comes to his soul. He has made the discovery, and to him belongs that gleaming orb so bright and far away. The very partial revelations of the spirit-world, the imperfect communion of its denizens with those of earth, serves the wise purposes of mystery, in awakening thought, arousing the mind, inciting to action. There were mysteries of heart and brain, mysteries of God and soul; and attendant upon the works of the Infinite, was ever mystery the necessary awakener of thought and action.

Mr. Ambler's invocation to the spirit-land was grandly poetical, and prayerfully beautiful. He concluded with the words of the inspired poetess, who deeply felt within her own aspiring soul, the revelations of that land of mystery:

"Dirly we move—we press upon the brink,
Hazy of unseen worlds, and know it not!
Yea! it may be that nearer than we think,
Are those whom death hath parted from our lot.
Fearfully, wonderously, our souls are made,
Let us walk humbly on, yet undimmedly!"

We would prefer a sermon, strongly imbued with the sulphur spirit, or a long-faced lecture on total depravity, after listening to the beautiful and elevating teachings of such speakers—some of whose great thoughts and stirring expressions I venture thus imperfectly to record? Hoping to give you some additional news of the progress of Spiritualism in this our Quaker city,

I am yours, for truth,

O. W.

