

EDWIN H. CHAPIN'S SERMONS.
One of the Sabbath Discourses of
E. H. Chapin, will be published in
this paper each week.

ARCAEA OF NATURE;
BY
HUDSON TUTTLE.
Price \$1.00.
BERRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

TWENTY DISCOURAGEMENTS
BY
DORA L. V. HAZEN.
Price \$1.00.
BERRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

THE GREAT DISCUSSION
OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM
Between Prof. J. S. Burleigh and
Leo Miller. Single copies 25 c.
\$15 per hundred. Published by
BERRY, COLBY & CO.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

ROMANTIC LITERATURE
A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF
GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Single copies, 25 cts. . . . \$2.50
Six months, in advance . . . \$1.00
One year, in advance . . . \$2.00
Payable in Advance.

CLUB RATES.
Clubs of four or more persons will
be taken at the following rates:
One year, in advance . . . \$7.50
Six months, in advance . . . \$4.00

All subscriptions discontinued at
the expiration of the time paid for.
Money sent at our risk; but
where drafts on New York can be
procured, we prefer to have them
sent, to avoid loss.

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.

All business letters must be ad-
dressed, BANNER OF LIGHT,
Boston, Mass.

VOL. VII.

{BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,}
Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1860.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.
Payable in Advance.}

NO. 13.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1850, by
BERRY, COLBY & CO., in the Clerk's office of the District
Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.

COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILBURN.
CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MISSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.
"I charm thee from the agony,
Which others feel or feign—
From anger and from jealousy,
From doubt and from disdain."—Hegans.

"I consecrate thee to the service of humanity, to the healing of souls, as to the soothing of the body's pangs!" Commissioned by the angel-world, go forth upon thy mission of beneficence; go, to upraise the fallen, and lead them gently to the sheltering recesses of safety; speak heavenly consolation to the mourner's heart; with inspired utterance dispel those gloomy shadows of skepticism, the utter darkness of bereavement; tell them of the encompassing glories of immortality, of the endless life joys, and the progressive unfoldings of the future. Go forth into the world, arise armed with the conscious strength of duty, the victory of self-sacrifice unto the universal good. Then will live down opposition and incredulity, thou wilt gain thousands to the knowledge of their soul's divinity. Shrink not, sweet flower of the tropic solitudes, from the life-work allotted thee. We will make thy mission glorious, and its compensations shall amply satisfy every yearning of thy lowly soul. Go into the busy walks of life, and take the restless toiler and the seething materialist of the heaven that may be theirs. Go to the lowly haunts, and to the world oppressed speak words of thrilling comfort. Take of thy soul's refinement there, and by the magic transmutation of love, change unto homes of peace and beauty the hovels of the groveling poor. Teach men of the religious element that, unwarmed, rest within; tell women of the angelic duties that devolve upon her; bid little children know the face of the ever present Heavenly Father; and this dear toiler, shall be thy soul's reward.

Ere the effluence of time shall plant one furrow on thy placid brow, ere the white threads of the human life-line shall mingle with the golden splendor of thy hair, while yet within thy bosom beat exultingly the joyous pulses of unfading youth, while thy heart is strong, thy intellect clear-seeing, and thy frame unbowing by one touch of earth's numberous ills, thou shalt be summoned to the heavenly land! Not rudely called, nor violently torn from this, thy birth-place, but invoked to come, with strains of welcoming delight, with outstretched arms of the loved and recognized, with the pearly gates of morning wide unrolled, the glory of eternity around thee! Thus, as the good and disciplined, the matured, and willing soul should go, wilt thou, with smiling lips and willing feet, obey the Father's mandate. Thy mission to the earth fulfilled, the crowning of life's greatest joy will open for thee the heavenly portals. Joy, joy to thee, Solita, thou chosen and thou early blessed!

With his hand placed on her bowed head, with solemn, thrilling utterance, Percival Wayne pronounced these words, and, as the consciousness of their meaning flashed upon him, he bent before her, as to one already a denizen of the spirit-worlds. And on her heart there rested not the shadow of a single fear; resolve, enthusiasm, holy divine, were reflected in her every glance; her heart throbbled joyously with the certainty of immortal blessedness, and she accepted humbly the duties that devolved upon her. Thenceforth she, too, became a wanderer from place to place; and her healing touch brought health and strength to the sickness-stricken, her inspired words sweet comfort to their saddened souls. The home of ease and luxury was abandoned in obedience to her guide's behests; she traveled through the land that gave her birth; she crossed the ocean, and landed on the bleak northern shores; she passed through cities, towns and hamlets, and everywhere the hearts that she had benefited "arose and called her blessed." Without money or price she dispensed the heavenly gifts in her possession unto the clamorous multitude. At her soft touch, pain departed; at her spirit's invocation, the calm of better worlds descended upon mourning hearts. The evidences of immortality, as her bidding, aroused the sleeper from his apathy, the worldly plotters from his nefarious schemes. Fever, and soul-suffer, danger, diseases of the body and the mind, departed at her earnest prayers, and strong temptations vanished from the weak one's path. The phantom horde of religious fanatics, the long train of mania-fancies, the sad throng of blighting memories—all they gave way at her approach. And though priests reviled, and many scoffers jeered, she pressed on successfully, overcoming prejudice and suspicion, arousing thought, and challenging investigation, until her fame resounded over the land, and her appearance was hailed with the expected joy of relief by thousands of the suffering. She dispensed fortune's favors with a generous hand, making no provision for the earthly future, indulging in no selfish retrospections, but telling nobly and unceasingly for the long ungodly for masses. Only from the rich did she accept of compensation for her labors; to the toiling mother, the laboring man, the poor servant, she gave unasked of the love and wisdom messages of the beyond, adding often thereto her heart's prompted donation of benevolence.

She said not to the infirm, the soul-hungry and the needy: "My price is so much; unless you pay my demand, I shall not cure your bodily infirmities, although the weight of healing is in my hand. Nor can I oblige you with the evidences of your soul's immortality, the messages of departed loved ones, unless you pay my stipulated price!" Oh, no, Solita said not this. Freely, generously, with unfeeling

love to heaven, and self-devotion to the world, she pursued her mission; and angels guarded her securely from want and danger, from aught that would have rendered all too rugged her life path of use and goodness. Kind friends received her everywhere; hospitable homes admitted her, and loving human smiles beamed encouragingly upon her. She seemed fortified with unusual strength and endurance; her kindly labors for humanity affected not her health; the fatigues of traveling ensured the sweetest repose; the changes of climate touched her not unpleasantly. The rose-tints of youth dwelt on her cheek; the rounded fullness of perfected womanhood rendered majestically beautiful her graceful form; the inspirations of the upper realms of light and poetry dwelt in the kindling glories of her large dark eyes; the living sunbeams sparkled from the broad and luxuriant hair. Bill Payche, Muse, and Grace, she was as wondrously lovely as in her earliest youth; and to the undimmed charms of youth were added rare, unclouded treasures of thought and knowledge; to her heart dove-winged peace now nestled; to her soul came visions of the beautiful, vouchsafed unto but few of earth.

She met with Percival often, in cities, towns, and in the way-side villages; for he, too, wandered in obedience to the Master's will. And when for weeks and months they met not face to face, they yet came in spirit, and the written messages of affection passed frequently between them.

The hope that his daughter lived on earth, that he should meet her, and live as her worthy of his earnest search, had grown and strengthened in the father's breast. The spirit-messengers of Love promised that earthly reunion, and the soul imbued voice of Solita ever said—

"We shall find her soon, dear brother!"

In daily communion with the spirit realm, apart and unopposed by the world, he lived in bliss and harmony; the wisdom, love, and the sublimest teachings of those upper and enfolding spheres were graciously bestowed upon him. The secrets long sought by engines and philosophers were to his discerning soul revealed. Far past the known boundaries of all human knowledge he sped unfeeling, and to the world's wondering and admiring gaze brought astounding revelations from the distant boundless of soul-life. He saw in trance and vision the first chaotic mass of which the earth was formed, struggling for the birth of individuality, the beauty of expression. From the great central source of all, he saw this infant world evolve; and with the spirit's gaze he saw the fine soul fibres of the divine life principle permeating its crude shape and striving for the light to which it was affixed. Through the atom, rock and tree, through mineral grades and numberless degrees of vegetable life he saw those fibres, golden fine and light uncolored, ascend. Coursing through the beautiful veins of the wild animals, breathing from the rose's fragrant heart, leaping onward with the flow of waves, dwelling in the twinkling earth, gleaming from the gaudy mine, flashing from the rainbow tinted gem; in all things life and spirit, soul and progress, ever tending onward and beyond.

Then from the untutored hearts of the earth's first human children he beheld the spontaneous gush of prayer arise and seek the loftiest! Ere language was established and the name of God was known, the heart was sanctified by his upraising power; the dimly burning spark of soul claimed kindred with the Beautiful, the all-Divine! Earth ever was the suppliant of Heaven; and what the heart demands, were it not for human misdirection, for the thwarting mundane influences that afflict and cripple, the Spirit realm would give, for all the soul conceives of, of its need of love and inaudible ambition, of its holy desires and blissful aspirations, your worlds contain in loving trust and boundless recompense for the toilers of the nether life. We will record a conversation that took place one day between the teacher, Percival, and the pupil of the Spirit-world, Solita.

"The conceptions of humanity have been gross and irreverent as regards the Deity," he said. "Lives of great and learned men have been expended on almost useless commentaries, while the great and ever unfolding book of Harmonical truth, as contained in nature, has been neglected. Far off and unobtainable, they have enthroned the over-present God; fear and punishment are his attendant phenomena; and they, with myths and renovated fables of Paganism, have scourged the cringing and idolatrous world into a state of semi-obedience. Fear is the despot's watchword, the priesthood's insignia of power; over the forming mind of childhood it casts the superstitious shadows that pursue the man unto the very confines of Eternity! Fear and mystery, in place of love and knowledge, rule the earth; and that wander there is moral darkness, war, conflict, and wrong! Why should they wander? The human soul is stripped of its inherent Godliness by this vile jargon of the priesthood, who declare the seeking of the intellect, the humiliation of the subject and aspiring reason, is necessary for man's salvation. He is saved by dormant faculties, by blind obedience to more outward forms, by the forced extinction of the soaring thought; the creed fetters that enslave and deny his right to investigate the holy mysteries of life and death? Is he free from sin, and fitted for happiness by this course? Do word prayers and churchly forms release his soul from bondage? Can man's forgiveness bid the soul atone unto itself for violations of its sacred laws? Where is the boasted salvation of the world?"

It can only come through knowledge, labored for and self-gained. No child of earth or heaven can save another from the inevitable consequences attendant upon transgression. Then only, when the divine predominates in the human, when earthliness is changed to heavenliness of thought and deed; then only can the attendant evils of the lower state retire; they cannot live in the angelic atmosphere of truth. Each step the soul gains is imparted to the feelings, the mind, eye, even to the physical body. Is there not a vast difference between the disfigured aspect of hatred or of anger, and the benign sweet-

ness of love and peace? The noble inspirations that flow into the soul from a prayerful love of truth; they illumine not only the inner sanctuary, but the eye and brow; they give the majesty of conquest to the bearing, and a beautiful correspondence in strength and endurance to the body as to the mind. How sweet the calm-delights that flow from cheerfulness while tumultuous joy excites, and consequently enfeebles; while sorrow and railing blind the soul in chains, and render the frame unlovely—the happy charm of an even flow of goodness, whose outer signs are beaming smiles and merry laughter, will brighten the on-casement of the Godlike, and shed the fairest dreams upon the lowliest toiler's path.

Angels Charity! In the moistened eye and outstretched helping hand, the ministering spirit of advancement, that shall lead the erring to seek once more their God! And, guided by thee, with thy sweet human accents, they will find the loving Father, not the execrable Jungo! Crawled in the arms of Divine Unity, they shall sweep their grove to rest, and know of life, and long for heaven. And in blessed reunion on the hearts that so exalt themselves and others than will bring the Wisdom angel and the Love spirit of the brighter worlds, to illumine the hearts and homes of those who, to the sufferer and the fallen, speak words of love and comfort. The eye of benevolence cannot hide itself beneath the drooping lash. The hand that gives to the needy is marked and known; not by the careless passer by, mayhap, but by the soul readers of the present time. The troubling curse of sympathy on the lips of the world's benefactors is recognized; and by the conscious love-light on their being, by the willing foot, the deep, melodious voice, we know them. They may be sad and sorrowing often, yet a happiness is theirs of which the worldling knows not.

Would mankind be erect and noble in the consciousness of alliance with divine states of being? Would all be beautiful, free from care, and disease, and woe? The outward application of the earth's store of remedies has been applied and has often failed. The dogmas of the closing creeds have failed to rob them of the fear of death, to reconcile them to the changes and the woes of earth, to save them from transgression, or to present the antidote against the poison-bite of sin. Would they know the secret of longevity, peaceful nights, and days of sunny heart's ease? Cultivate the soul; arouse, awaken, strengthen and unfold its manifold and diverse capacities; overcome all acquired and inherited perversion by the Godlike force of Will. The fervor of one aspiration for the Truth will call to the battle-ground of life the ministering spirits, whose inspirational power shall chase the evil phantasms of the heart and brain. The power to know of the vast treasure realm of infinitude, to scale the planet heights, and drink of the celestial joys; the power to ask of aether high and mighty, for the watchwords of Eternity; to unlock the secret avenues of thought, that in the soul-realm lead to hidden mines and sun-born temples whence the true principles of life proceed—all may be obtained for self and others, by the pure heart, in life and in aim.

Call into expression, life, and deed, every faculty that claims an origin with Good and Truth. The love of the beautiful, consecrated to divine use, will ultimate in glorious compensations in the inner, and in the gift of beauty to the outer sense and form. In banishing the ill shapes of envy, fear, distrust, anger and uncharitableness, the attendant physical ills will leave thy frame, in which thy mind, long brooding, has established them. In sunshine or in storm, repose thou sweetly in the omnipotent arms of Love; and fear not, though a world should totter, and the earth's foundation rock! Art thou not immortal, indestructible thy soul? Can earthquakes reach the imperishable, or mortal storms destroy that which is with and of God? Child of the infinite! cast aside, and forever, the silly fears that mock thy glorious destiny. Soul thou art young and beautiful forever, when thou hast gained thy freedom, and drank deep of love, be it on earth or in the spheres beyond. Dream not of health or beauty, power or wisdom, light or joy, while on the fervent sun-burn of thy spirit there rests one shadow of rebellion, one spot of sin or wrong. Cast out the rank, luxuriant weeds of worldliness; the upne plant of moral darkness—oh, uproot it from the sacred soil! Cast forth the vices all, and though the heart-arteries bleed, and the frail frame be shaken by the purifying tempest, by the angel dictate of renunciation, pause not, falter not! Be strong, be noble, be pure as God! Harmonious, loving, all-forgiving, what evil can assail, what ill afflict—thou who dwellest on the earth, with the heavens within and around thee?

And now, I would question of the mysteries of love and life beyond, thy intuitive and angel-visited soul! Speak, Solita, and cheer me with the messages of the supremely blessed!

"I will speak my impressions as they come. Would that all could hear and understand these lofty truths," she said; and with uplifted eyes, and illumined brow and cheek, with a rapid flow of distinct and musical utterance, she spoke:

"Wouldst thou know of Love imperishable and divine, that, an attribute of Omnipotence, no more an earthly passion or a lower sense, ever nestles closely to the great heart of Infinitude? From thence it goeth forth in a thousand thought forms, royally invested with the ideal charms of beauty, power and persuasion. In the far-off sphere realms, in the sunland of the soul's central attainment, that attribute of the Most High is manifest in visible spiritual and divine realities. There, the hand of Love has beautified the heavens, calling into life the myriad worlds of song and music that revolve around the mighty sun. There, the joy-teeming earth joins in the chorus of the singing stars; the beacon-fires are fanned by the celestial airs of Paradise. There the heart of Love has found the Wisdom that its restful purity alone can win; there, from more than light the incense of its tributary offerings ascends in winged and glorious shapes, gemmed aspirations,

toward the Source of Life Eternal, toward the creative mind thrones of the vast unseen! There, on the bowed heads of the united worshippers descend the opal tinted shafts of inspiration, that, afresh culling life with divine zeal and still holier enthusiasm, the eternally wedded souls of the ever young and glorious feet! The aromas of the beautiful they guarded, may be known to all of earth; but few are the initiated of the present; for no thought of grossness, not a tinge of lower earth may there intrude; only the pure in heart, the free in soul, may enter and be held, and learn to teach of the wondrous things they see.

I beheld there, dwelling in the bridal bowers and the sainted homes, the long-veiled forms of those who loved and parted in this world below; ever true and faithful to the dictates of the inner revelation, they bore their burdens bravely, and now reap the heavenly reward. Bound in unholy bondage, they were true and pure; guided by the soul-force that is of God, they sought for no other union; and now they wear the lily crown of conquest, and live the realization that transcends their fairest hopes. I beheld the tempted of the nether world to whom the serpent form of sin accumbent; the shield of innocence that kept unblemished the soul's virgin bloom; the crown of maidenhood, now lustrous with the added glow of stars; the wisely sceptre diamond shafted with the rays of holiness; and the won throne and trophies of the moral conqueror. I see them there; and I know that land is blessed, that it is high and dear to the creative source of power!"

"Yet there are those on earth, those even in our ranks, wearing the name of Reformers, claiming the holy gift of meekness, who declare that love is dependant on the earthly senses; who dare to teach that the lower attractions are good and lawful, that all and every prompting of the undisciplined affections, and the wayward heart, is an urging of the motive power of God within the soul! Deeply have I grieved, when have I wept, for this!"

"It is not so, dear Percival," replied the pure recipient of truth. "Compare such happiness as ours to the so-called enjoyment of the man of pleasure, the woman of the world. Bereft of kindred, home, and many friends, by my adoption of the new faith, who is happier than I? Yet no earthly love blesses me, save that which is universal. From every human heart I encounter, I gain a lesson; I borrow, I give of truth and love; and the exchange of spiritual offerings is prophetic of good and joy; there is no need for the taught soul of other expressions. The earthen and endearments advocated by the so-called followers of the lower attractions, are not needed by the advanced mind, the spiritualized affections; soul will respond to soul through distance and time; and the fraternal love, the sanctified affection, the holy and enduring friendship, need no outer token of their faith. By earthly means, the soul is led earthward; by heavenly aids, it mounts heavenward, even to the very gateways of celestial life. Few, very few, of this present age dare stand upon the pearly mount where all of Love is free and pure, and beyond the reach of the insidious serpent's trail. And to tell of this guarded mountain of holiness to men enshroued by sense, to women bound by selfishness, is to tell them of the, to them, impossible and unreal. Because the few disciplined and life taught souls meet there, it is no fitting place for those as yet enveloped in their grossness. They would feel unsafe upon that towering summit; they would gaze bewildered on the yawning chasms opening wide before them; and awed by the enfolding nearness of the sun-bright heavens, the vivid glory of the noonday splendors there, they would tell their dazzled sight, and blinded, stunned and dizzy, fall from the angel battlements down to the busy, jostling, sensuous world below.

Only by a constant watchfulness of self that never ceases; a purification of the heart, life-long and accepted of Divinity; by purity most absolute, and moral power that the blended universes cannot combine to overthrow, can the soul of man or woman reach the pearly mountain where the Love that is all spiritual sits enthroned; the purity that is omnipotent for ever dwell; the peace that is of God abides, and the joy that is of truth illumines. There alone, and then, is freedom beautiful and holy; to reach of soul attractions, affectional liberty, and angelic law, unto the masses bound in sensual ignorance, is to teach what to their practice would ultimate in grossest immorality; in the casting aside of all the restraints of decency and order, in all the horrors, present and to come, of promiscuous sexual intercourse! No; woman must become to man a teacher and a guide; and by precept and example prove to him the beauty of true chastity. The maiden must be true to the ideal dream of her first youth; the wife must guard most sacredly the duties committed to her charge. Even though the bitter life-waves wash rudely o'er her shrieking spirit, she must be true and faithful still! Not to the world, with its false conventional rules and hollow morality; not from fear or by subjection, but for her soul's bright sake, and because her God enjoins it! Every soul must be freed from the despotic sway of sensualism ere the wisdom and the love of heaven can be known.

The wife that is the sensual ideal or the legal slave, God will not hold her guiltless for the outrage on her human honor! and the children born of lawless passions in the place of holiest love, they are the criminals that darken the fair earth with crime and anarchy; they are the avenging evils consequent on violated law; they are the demons and the vampires of this world!"

"Strange, bold and startling truths to utter to conventional and worldly ears! Yet they must be proclaimed, that stunted and deformed souls no more may be sent to the progressive worlds of spirit. Why should the curse of idiocy, of madness, and of foul diseases, rest upon the race that bears the Godlike impress of the Great Creator? They should be angels born, as angels live, and go hence as spirits disciplined and beautiful unto the summer lands. But we will not despair, my sister; we will teach them of the laws of purity and health; we will portray

to the beauteous masses the beauties of the pure love-heaven of our God, the horrors of the self-made hell of man!" said Percival.

"This is the mission to touch the heart and enkindle the soul," she replied. "Thou, who canst away the multitude, thou wilt arouse the veriest skeptic to the investigation of his soul's destiny. Thine gift, to bring bright glimpses of the fair beyond to mourning and long-sorrowing hearts. Thy eloquence will charm, enrapture and convince; and thy career will be one of blessedness; and in its beauty and its usefulness our worthy brother, Almon Fairlie, will bear a part. He, too, is God-commissioned and inspired."

"And thy blessed sending to the earth, is to pour healing balm on the tortured frame, and sweet forgiveness on the burning soul. With charmed touch to call the white-winged angel of slumber, and the smiling, fairy host of dreams, around the sufferer's couch. To bent, to bless, to purify and harmonize, how many gifts are blended in thy nature! thou art like my sister, my own true friend!"

"I am greatly blessed, and I am humbly grateful! To do good unto my fellow beings, to alleviate the manifold forms of sorrow, to wean poor souls from sin, and teach the darkened mind, of God, and law, and life eternal; it is a grand, a glorious destiny! I that may not be fulfilled in the fleeting earth life," said Solita, with folded hands, and eyes overflowed with tears.

"The mission of the beautiful is eternal," was Percival's reply; "and through the countless ages it will be thine to upraise the fallen, to cheer, and bless and heal, the life of the discarnate."

CHAPTER XXV.
THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN.

"They who never ate their bread with tears,
Nor passed the long night's sleepless hours
In bitter weeping for the past,
They know no rest, no heavenly power!"
—BAGLEY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Winter, cold and pitiless in the world without and in the darkened soul within! the pitying stars look down into the cheerless room where in the reluctant grasp of poverty, sits, pale and shivering, the once tenderly sheltered child of affluence. The room is cold; for the last flickering ember has expired, and the lights of heaven alone illumine the darkness. By the window, with eyes upraised in solemn invocation, sits Cosella; the pallor of sickness and weariness upon her wasted face; her garments, loose and scanty, are damp, and whitened with the clinging snow; her hair has caught the falling shower, and her hands are blue with exposure to the storm.

Growing sadly faint and weary of the life of dependence and humiliation, she has rented a meanly furnished room, and has "taken in sewing," determined to be independent of others' caprices and commands, though she were to starve in the effort. At first, she succeeded in obtaining work; she sewed steadily from dawn till late at night, making thirty for six cents a piece, in that vaulted and benevolent city—carrying home the heavy bundles, and enduring all the fault-finding, tardy payments, and upstart commands of the illiterate petty tyrants that employed her. Not only is the seamstress cruelly wronged by starvation wages, but the language of courtesy is forgotten while dealing with her.

"Here, you?" is a usual form of address; and to find fault with the large stitches necessarily taken in the coarse garments, is a common every-day occurrence. A sent is not offered to her; and "you must come for your money next week," is often repeated; then if the poor toiler urges her needs, she is gruffly answered with—"We can't help that; we have no change at present;" and perhaps, too, there will be no work out for the ensuing week. Oh, God! that thy children should thus oppress each other! That power should lead to cruelty, and the sacred duties of humanity be thus forgotten in the busy marts of trade!

Poor Sambo! toiling in the cotton field, be comforted; for know that delicate white fingers, all unused to labor, have fashioned the garment that protects thee; and tears, salt and bitter, wrung from gentle hearts, have fallen on the swifly taken stitches. The curse of monopoly, the tortured wail of an enforced slavery clings to the work; for pride and selfishness, vanity and worldliness, have marked the toiler, and set her apart from the favored of this life.

There are exceptions, doubtless; honorable men, with the Christ love in their souls, who generously compensate, and mentally strive to elevate the laborer; there are women whom the glitter of gold and fashion has not led from the active duties of benevolence. Sometimes these ministering ones, with loving care and unostentatious hand, save from the beckoning lures of desperation the weary and faint-hearted. But often, alas! they are left to perish—to die a moral death awhile, or to rest, heart-broken, in the grasp of necessity, until the invoked death angel come!

Through all the various grades of discipline that poverty enforces has Cosella passed; for some weeks "companionship to a lady," that misnomer for a careless drudge; then assisting in the care of children; then laboring with the needle for the stores; then watching by the sick, deprived of weeks of rest, of night after night of sleep; then, in despair returning to the hated needle; and sometimes compelled to spend days of utter listlessness, when there was no work to be obtained, and consequently no bread to eat. She would then go and offer her services, at places where she had been employed before, in order to obtain a meal. Sometimes with a few pennies saved, she would buy a loaf of bread and a draught of milk, and seek a lodging for the night. At last, she rented the small room in a retired part of the city, and for awhile bore up bravely against the ills that beset her. She sold her few remaining books, in order to obtain food; she lived for many days without a fire, that inclement winter; and her scanty garments bore the marks of time, the shoes upon her feet were worn, the poetry, beauty, and refinement of life was gone.

"My God! is there no help? what have I done to merit such a fate as this?" she cried, as shivering with cold she drew her faded shawl around her. "I do not live; and I cannot die!" she continued. "Oh, how long, my Father in Heaven! how long!" She fell upon her knees, gazed tearfully up to the starlit winter sky, and from her soul, exalted by sorrow, burst one of those mighty heaven-reaching invocations, wherewith in its trial hours the human anguish approximates to inspirational fervor, and calls from love-lit home and lifted tower the ministering angels of the Father's will.

"Oh, take me home!" she cried. "Thou who hast immortality in store for all, oh, take me from this weary earth, this aimless life! But if there be in my soul one attribute of goodness, if ever I have thought nobly, acted well, and dreamed divinely, oh, my God, my Father, grant me one compensation: have! let me meet my father's smile; let me rest upon his bosom, hear his voice, and I will never, oh, never more repine!"

Then loud and thrilling, so solemnly impressed with the momentary hope and desperate resolve, that she deemed he must hear and answer, she cried unto the ear of night:

"My father come! I am cold and starving! My father, it is your child, Cosella, that calls! Come, come to me, quickly!"

Through the distance, over mountain, river, lake, and plain, sped the spirit's plaintive call, until subdued and dreamy it reached the inner sense of him it sought. Barring from his sleep, the father stretched forth his yearning arms:

"My child, my child, where art thou?"

"Peace, patience—we will guide thee," whispered the musical voice of the celestial life-guardian, and Percival turned away his face and wept.

Again, through the far distance, borne upon that night-wind, floated dreamily that call for help, until it reached the kindred heart of the watching Solita. She started up and cried:

"A voice, familiar but indistinct—a woman's cry for aid and sympathy, is brought to my inner sense! Who is it that thus invokes the heavens, and the enfolding aids of earth? With the strong attraction of the pure in heart, it calls me! Where, oh celestial monitors, shall I find that suffering one?"

"Peace, patience—we will guide thee!" was the silver-toned reply; and, moved to the utmost, Solita bowed her face upon her hands and wept.

Over the couch of the dying, bent Almon Fairlie on that memorable night; and there, too, the voice of sorrow reached him, starting him from his observant watchfulness of the beautiful process of transition. To his query, the celestial guides responded, even as unto the father and the maiden; but yielding to strong and irresistible emotion, he, too, the tried and loving friend, he turned aside his face, and wept the human tears of tenderest pity!

And Cosella slept with her head upon the window sill; and she dreamed that spirits re-visited the earth, and communed with men. She saw her mother, silver-robed and radiant; and she touched the star-illumined veil that floated on the aromatic breeze that warmly enfolded her. She saw the smiling face of Shina, beaming love upon her, from amid the thickly clustering branches of the clematis and the rose. She beheld Manasseh kneeling, with bowed head, entreating her to write forgiveness on the blank page which he held. And Cosella, wondering, dipped a golden pen in the clear waters of a singing stream, and wrote therewith, and lo! the page was illumined with a golden and an azure glow; and on the brow of the kneeling man descended a chaplet of the myrtle entwined with jasmine stars. Then a delicious melody arose and swelled in rhythmic grandeur—the beauty of the summer's night; and a hand that caused her every life pulse to thrill with a sense of divine and most ecstatic love, was laid upon her head. She saw the noble figure of a man, with a face of serene majesty; the calm and holy eyes spoke to her soul, the pensive lips uncolored, the heart's tone of recognition called her "daughter!"

When she awoke from that blessed vision, the sun was streaming in, and its warmth enfolded her for a while. Slowly she returned to consciousness; to the memory of the present, and a deep sigh heralded the soul's return to the uncongenial daily toil and struggle. But what charm has been effected in the room? What good angel has banished the gaunt and threatening form of famine, at least for that day? A cheerful wood-fire has given warmth and an aspect of ruddy comfort to the bleak, cold room; a loaf of bread, a bowl of milk and some potatoes, are neatly placed upon the table. The blessed, sympathizing hearts of the poor! Cosella's landlady, a weary toiler herself, a widow with four children, has arranged these little comforts for her sorrowful and uncomplaining guest. And Cosella, thanked the good woman with tears, and enjoyed with grateful satisfaction the first food she had taken for two days.

Again the weary weeks and months sped on, and through clouds of skepticism, through conflict, severe and internal, she emerged to the newly arisen glorious light of Truth, then pouring its first beams upon the startled inhabitants of the New World. With wonder, surprise and incredulity, she heard of the marvels of Spiritualism, of the return of the departed of the established intercourse between the planet and the spirit-realms and our earth. At first timid, fearful, superstitious, she lingered long upon the verge of investigation; then followed skeptical inquiry, and at last came the restless desire for knowledge—that desire of the earnest and enthusiastic seeker, which becomes

Her toilsome life afforded her but little opportunity for the investigation of subjects so profound. The incessant struggle for bread—the curse of labor as it is inflicted by man on man—deceases the finer sentiments, blunts the spiritual faculties, renders predominant the animal instincts, sometimes extinguishes the ideal endowings of affection, and leaves humanity alone with grossness, recklessness, and dishonesty.

purpose. Labor, as instituted by God and nature, is the blessing of life; to it we owe all that the painter has made visible of the upper and lower realms of beauty; all that the poet has seen and felt of heaven; all that the architect has dreamed, the sculptor fashioned in his heart's chamber. The actualization of the beautiful is the ministry of labor; as well fulfilled in the wayward walks of life as in its loftiest places; by the gentle housewife realized as by the grandest orator. But labor, to be thus nobly adapted to the soul's expansion, must be freed from the tyranny of the few, the monopoly of the wealthy, the despotic rule of compulsion.

As it was, Cosella found but little time for reading or investigation of this momentous subject; but what little she did read, filled her heart with joy, and gave rise to winged aspirations, lofty hopes, heavenly anticipations. And when one day she laid aside her needle, and with a fervent and unuttered prayer invoked the coming light, it came and bathed her struggling soul in the sunbeams of a diviner faith!

"Oh that some proof would come direct to sense and heart! some evidence of my soul's future destiny, some glimpses of the life beyond! Oh, for one word from the departed! for a spirit voice to tell me of my immortality! Oh, for help from heaven to lead me from this life of hardship to the sunshine of peace and love!"

The soft breeze that fanned her forehead in reply, seemed to tell every doubt to rest; as if upborne on music's pinions, her soul's petition winged its heavenly flight, and the burden seemed uplifted from her agonizing heart!

A swift current of electricity passed from her elbow to the wrist, thence to her fingers: "Write!" whispered the soft tones of intuition. She took her pen and wrote; in large, jagged, irregular letters, appeared the spirit-written word, "Immortality!"

"I thank thee, oh my God!" burst from the grateful lips of Cosella. The overladen heart found relief in a load of tears.

"Live, and love thee still; angels watch over thy life-path; be patient, faint not—soon it will be dawn!"

"God of love and mercy! it is Shina's hand—I recognize her writing!" cried Cosella, breathlessly. "Be calm, be happy!" wrote the obedient fingers; "I am thy second mother still. Yes, my beloved, I am thy Shina!"

Her eyes dilating with awe, her heart throbbing with a joy for which earthly language can find no expression, she gazed upon the writings, formed by her hand, guided by spirit-power; she knew that her mind could not have framed those communications, and she was satisfied and happy.

For weeks the consolations thus awarded cheered and brightened her life; and, eager for more knowledge, she attended the public meetings, and listened to the first exponents of the spiritual faith. For the first time she heard the noblest truths advanced from woman's lips. A humble and unassuming laborer from the far West, a meek, Quaker-like woman, was the first speaker. She over-listened to; and as her face grew beautiful in the transfigured glow of the trance, as the eloquent and thrilling sentences fell upon the hushed and wondering audience, Cosella felt that she who thus addressed them was indeed commissioned of the angel-world and inspired by spirit-words.

Oh, the storm of ridicule that poured upon the devoted head of Cosella, when employers and self-styled friends found that she had accepted the new belief! Jew and Christian alike reviled and mocked and sneered; or solemnly reminded her of the danger to soul and body she was incurring, by thus holding supposed communications with the dead.

"It is all of the Devil," said one, "and you'll peril your eternal salvation by meddling with forbidden subjects."

"Can the Devil elevate the soul, cheer the heart, brighten the intellect, and give us the desired for evidences of immortality?" queried Cosella, of her opposers.

"Satan can transform himself into an angel of light. All you need to know of the future life, you can find in the Bible," was the reply of several.

"I cannot believe that a just and good God would suffer his children to be deluded, when their aim is a search after truth. I have not been satisfied with the testimony of ancient Scriptures; and Spiritualism promises immortality."

"You are deluded by evil spirits, and will suffer in everlasting hell for your infidelity! All you see and feel of spirits is nothing but a rank delusion."

"Can I doubt the evidence of my own senses—the intuitions of my own soul? Can I throw aside the overwhelming mass of evidence, the testimony of my own departed friends?"

"The senses are apt to mislead us; all visions are optical delusions. The departed are happy in heaven, or suffering for their sins in hell. Ghosts never return; imagination takes you believe in these things; and if the dead could return, I would not want to speak with them."

"But reason—" continued Cosella.

"We have nothing to do with reason; reason is carnal, and should not be permitted to judge in religious matters. We have the Bible, and that is enough."

"Such was the conclusion of some worthy Christians; and when Cosella inquired of them whether they had investigated the subject they condemned so fully, the reply was:

"No, we have not investigated, and I do not intend to. I know it is all a delusion, a trick of Satan, and I don't want to sit in their circles, nor go to their meetings."

"If I was to see my own mother, I would believe it was an evil spirit that had taken her form to delude me," said a lady, a church-member, to the remonstrating Cosella.

"You will go crazy, if you believe in Spiritualism and become a medium," said another.

"What do you jump out of one humbug into another for?" asked an old materialist. "You cannot show us a spirit; it is all trickery and legendry. When we are dead, we remain dead; what should we do in another world?"

"Love and assist each other; do much that we have sadly neglected here," said Cosella.

"And sell dry goods, and go to market?"

She turned indignantly away, and wasted no more words in that quarter.

"I hear you have been bitten by a mad dog," said a young lady of the Jewish persuasion.

"Bitten by a mad dog?" said Cosella, in astonishment.

"Yes, you acted as though you had; you go to the Spiritualists' meeting, don't you?"

A sudden light burst upon her. She laughed and said:

"Oh, Spiritualism is the mad dog, is it? Well, I prefer the peace and consolation it brings to me, to all the dogmas that were ever invented; to all the fables of Christianity and Judaism."

One acquaintance sent her a message, that as she had become a Spiritualist, she should no more darken her doors. Cosella poured out her full and indignant feelings in a letter to the lady; and when another offered her a home, on condition that she should

renounce her new faith, she indignantly refused. A new-born strength, hope and energy seemed infused into her soul.

"I will dare and brave them all!" she cried; "but I will be free to believe as I choose and feel, and if I die, I know that death is but a name, that life is eternal!"

So, struggling with toil and poverty, with fear and apprehensions, the brave girl lived on; and few that looked upon her pale face and hunched figure, deemed her worthy of companionship, even in the crowded spiritual hall. A few humble ones spoke to her, invited her to their homes, and questioned her sympathizingly. It was not until she had won a name and a place, that the great ones deigned to notice her. She was alone and unaided in the first initiatory phases of the new life; but she was not unaided by the great ones in the land of souls. Quiet and unobtrusive, she earned to seek admittance to the houses of the wealthy; she would not ask for home and shelter, even of the new-found brotherhood. So she toiled on, cheered only by the light above; the joy and rest within.

But clouds still overhung the present and the future; still the grim phantoms of necessity lingered; still life was filled with cares, and the human world was cold. By the aid of the inspiration showered upon her heart and mind, Cosella wrote, not only messages from the departed, but sweet poems, full of the plaintive energy of sorrow. These were published, and no doubt cheered many a like-tolerer's weary heart; but they brought no compensation in worldly returns. Still Cosella toiled at the needle, and wept and hungered often, and slept on a rude bed, and was clad in humble and scanty attire. The lone heart ever seeks to cling to something tangible, however enshrouded in mysterious communion with the worlds of spirit; however deeply merged in the poetic sea, or loftily enthroned in the fairy realms of the ideal, it will in the actual life seek for an object that will respond, though it be only partially and feebly, to some demand of the affectional nature, to some outpouring of the deep heart's hoarded store of treasured love and sympathy.

Thus, in her utter loneliness, she cherished a sweet white rose, and tended carefully a fragrant magnolia. They seemed a part of her life, these floral beauties of our God; but being absent from home, for some days, they drooped and dried up for want of moisture, and Cosella wept for them as for departed friends.

She had taken some sewing to do for a Jewish family. They owned a small white dog, that was faithfully yetopaz. The little fellow formed a sincere attachment for her; he would frisk and run before her wherever she came; would lick her face and hands, and look up to her with his large, beseeching dark eyes, as if imploring her protection. She saw that he was neglected, harshly used, never petted; and the desire to possess the little animal grew strong within her.

"I promised you a present, Miss Phillips," said the lady of the house; you have done my daughter's things very neatly; and as she is going to be married, that is of some consequence. Now, say, what shall I give you? I am puzzled to think. Tell me what you want most; but mind, do not ask for anything expensive. I have so many things to get for Regina, I cannot spare much money. Shall it be a pair of shoes, or a calico frock?"

"Neither, I thank you, madam," said Cosella, a proud flush rising to her cheek. "But there is one thing I would ask you for, if I thought you were willing." She was fondling little Topaz, who looked up into her face and barked.

"Anything I or Regina have worn? Is it a bonnet or a collar?"

"I do not desire any cast-off clothing," said Cosella, in a tone that caused the haughty and ignorant woman to blush, and stammer forth, "Excuse me—I meant no offence."

"If you wish to give me a present, Mrs. L., and think I have deserved one, let me take this dog home with me; give me Topaz." Her voice faltered and her eyes were full of tears.

"Why, you silly girl!" exclaimed the lady, totally forgetting her momentary prodigies; "why you can scarce earn enough to buy victuals for yourself, and you want to be hampered with a dog! What do you want with that little beast?"

"I want him to love, for my experience teaches me there is but little love or sympathy in human hearts. My adopted mother had such a dog once; I cherish the memory."

The proud, resisting heart gave way; the tropical home, the patient Shina, the pet follower of her wanderings, that had been faithful unto death! She bowed her head and wept, and the smooth, warm tongue of the dog lapped the streaming tears from her eyes. Mrs. L. looked on in silent wonderment.

"Well," she said at length, "if you're so mighty taken with him, you may have him. I'm sure my husband doesn't care a straw about him, and Regina can't abide him. But may be you'll think me unfair, for I promised you something useful."

"I desire nothing else. May I take Topaz home with me?"

"Yes, yes, and glad to get rid of him! Please sign this receipt, Miss Phillips, so, I shall know I have paid you; and don't you blame anybody but yourself for a poor bargain, in taking live-stock instead of a gown or a good pair of shoes. Good-by, Topaz," and laughing at her own wit, the fortune-favored upstairs left the room. Cosella walked home, with the dog in her arms, a child like joy in her heart. Co-

cosella's ablutions, a thorough combing, and the adornment of a blue ribbon, caused a rapid transformation in the looks of the hitherto neglected Topaz; and between them was established a life long contract of affection and protection.

For many weeks and months he was the orphan's sole companion, her only grateful and responding friend. They suffered cold and hunger and privation together; together they took the few raiments stolen from the city's life of toil. Cosella shared with him the last crust and the last draught of milk, and often whispered in his ear, "This will not last for ever, Topaz; one day we shall find my father, and then I shall be happy and you well fed. To this great crowning of life, the Spirit-messages ever pointed; but dark and lowering the clouds of adverse fortune yet enshrouded her.

I must go to the Spiritual meeting this evening," said Cosella, one day to her companion. "I must bear the famed and eloquent English speaker so loudly vaunted, though I lose my evening's work thereby. You must keep home, Topaz, and not howl for me while I am away." Topaz looked mournfully into her face, and wagged his tail in a pleading, deprecating manner.

"I feel strangely to night; some great joy or some great sorrow is about to come upon me. Have pity on me, gracious Father, for I cannot bear much more!" She said this as she lay on her bosom to go; and kneeling Topaz, she looked her door and wended her way to the Spiritualists' Hall.

So be continued.

A wag, on being asked the name of the inventor of butter-sticks, replied that he thought it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

•••••

"THAT WITHOUT CHABING."

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY PHOEBIA.

When the day returning,
Drops her silver light,
Flings her golden arrows,
Gleaming pure and bright,

Out upon our earth-bound,
Raising it from sleep;
When first wakes thy spirit
From its slumber deep—

Oh! lift up to heaven
Offerings of praise—
Prayers for heavenly guidance
Through earth's devious ways:

Pray for all thy loved ones,
Pray for all mankind,
That in union holy,
All in love be twined.

When thou to useful labor
Dost the call obey,
Let thy soul, uprising,
Soar to realms of day.

In the holy presence
Of thy Father may—
Then thou shalt not wander
From stern duty's way.

When temptation swoopeth
With its serpent tread,
Near thee, evil whispering,
In that hour of need—

Oh, look up to heaven!
Draw more close to Him,
Who like us was tempted,
Yet who never did sin!

When thy spirit dances
'Neath bright smiling skies,
Unto heaven's all-presiding
Let thy soul arise.

When the temple gathers,
And the night comes on,
Be this still my prayer,
"Father, thy will be done!"

Whether joy or sorrow
Lifts thee unto thee,
Ever, still rejoicing,
Through near heaven may't be:

Through the active duties
Of each passing day,
With a trust all childlike
Thou may'st ever pray.

When the shades of evening
Round our earth-bound fall,
In the holy presence
Heavenly voices call.

Call thee unto prayer,
Lift thee nearer Heaven:
Let thy love undying
Unto God be given.

When lightly thou art passing
Into the realms of sleep,
Oh! let thy latest waking
Near to Heaven keep.

Thus, when Christian prayer
Begins and ends each day,
Lift, O'er longing upward,
Shall bring thee on thy way.

Thou, when death shall call thee,
Joyous thou may'st rise,
May'st thy God to worship
In spheres beyond the skies.

East Medway June, 1880.

TORN LEAVES FROM LIFE HISTORIES.

Fragment from a Page of Gold.

"I read it in the dim twilight—in the gray hour when the God's work and man's work look fitfully through the veil of gathering shadows in strange and unreal shapes. Forms most beautiful in the clear sun-light loom up mysteriously through the dimness, like grotesque phantoms and hideous distortions. The light, the truth, are wanting, and the straining vision translates phantoms, through its own ignorance, into ugliness—God's goodness into wrath, and things of loveliest perfection into terror and imperfection."

"Is not this life?" I asked. "This landscape so glorious to-day, in the broad revelation of meridian light, remains unchanged, but the medium of my vision now obscure, transmutates the beauty into strange, mysterious pictures of black phantoms, that now outstretch before me, show like God's great universe beclouded through the mists of ignorance and the twilight haze of prejudice. You lovely willow, upon whose tender green I gazed to-day with such heartfelt admiration, whose sheltering branches protected me like a mother's flowing locks, looks now in the thickening gloom, while its arms are tossed higher and thicker by the wild, and evening breeze, like a walling widow, while her stately neighbor, the noble pine, seems pointing with spectral fingers to the very skies, in whose clear sunlight it showed to-day, a thing of proud glory and rejoicing. Ignorance is sorrow, fear and doubt, and Wisdom alone is God-revelation, and in that revelation lies full trust and satisfaction, confidence and joy. "Look through the gloom," my guardian spirit whispered; "and though the light is momentarily tempered to suit thine own dim vision, 'tis full enough to read a fragment from a page of gold!"

I saw a band of men, all travel-stained and weary. They had walked so long and far their feet were bruised and bare, their garments worn and ragged; their sinking limbs almost refused to bear them, yet on they struggled still. I saw in their haggard faces the lines of desperate purpose—pale, pinching poverty, yet savage greed of gold. Hungry they were for bread, yet hunger still for gain. March on, march on! through flood and fell, through moss and briar, through wind and storm, in hardship, peril, heat, and cold! What earthly pain can stay them? for are they not the seekers for an Empire, the pilgrims of a sun—the only sun they wish to shine upon them—the sun of wealth? Gold diggers on! The goal is reached, I see them toll as never human toiled, and know, unless a magnet might as this gold attracted them, the mortal frame would never find itself in labor so appalling. They have found it now—and what a thing they've found!—a rude, misshapen lump, half soil, half stone, with here and there a speck of dull, pale metal—this is indeed the end? These wasted lives, these bleeding feet, these months of toil and effort! Some of the band are dead—perished upon the very heaps they have dug for—the ugly mounds of mixed, coarse stuff they have lost their lives to find, their cold death pillow—the black, hard earth from which they have torn their treasure, their windings-sheet.

No matter; follow the gold—this is our final aim. Again, with uncounted legions of rugged country, with months of painful toil, and jealous watching, some worn-out pilgrims reach the distant shores, where another chop-axe opens for the gold's progression. I see the mighty hammers crashing out its atoms; vast machines are there, invented long ago; the iron which for ages lay hid within the mountain—the iron which for ages man has worked upon, heated and cooled, beat and drossed, and burned, until in many untold generations he learned to fashion it to suit now, attached to sides of oak and elm, (grown in the ancient hours of youngest time, and hardened in the womb of ages, also,) this iron, with its aid de-camps of fire, and air, and water, its wheels, and cranks, and levers, cylinders, and bands—can crush and tear the shapeliest forms for which the miners died, into dust and powder. I see it in the heaps, 'tis still unlovely, a sordid yellow dust, no use nor beauty. Oh, to give life for this!

I see great fires—the product of vast mines—of ancient forests barked into coal; the work of flooding torrents, the crystallizing labor of old time, and lastly the hard won blocks torn up by thousand miners. Millions of years God labored to make these blocks, millions of men have perished to procure them, and now they blaze in vast chimerical caverns, spending their burning rage upon the candlewicks where the dull gold lies melting and fusing. Days, and weeks, and

months, great buildings are reared to shelter it—engines to work it, fires to burn, water to cool, and thousands of hands to tend it. The mighty flames that fanned these devices! The heat impinging billows of each part—how every rivet, and joint, and fitting, was all incited in some busy brain, that spun and cracked at last, thus to adjust them—and all for what? Why, just to convert the rock's rough heaps from lumps to atoms, atoms into dust, dust into liquid, liquid into bars, bars of one shape into bars of another; and in all shapes, or any, one shape lovelier than these dull, senseless, yellow lumps of earth? and still they burn, and cool, and batter on—and days, and months, and twelvemonths, on they go, from spot to spot, from continent to island, and still in every shape and every form a brighter lustre looms up, from out the hammer's blow and burning cauldron's glow.

I look at last with pleasure upon that shining face where something of the sunlight seems to peep out to-day; and now the last blow is struck and cut with in the arms of mighty tempered steel machines, a perfect circle shines, and now one more hard grip. The crushing weight descends—a regal picture leaves its impress there—and lo! the golden guinea stands complete, the Empress of the world! The sovereign's strength, the legislator's aim, the statesman's goal, the merchant's fondest hope, the beauty's conqueror, the artist's prize, the king of earthly kings, lord of the human race!

I could no further trace that guinea's destiny, unless I might with far-outreaching eye compass the breadth of earth—no only chapter could I read—it was within the circle of the gold whereon was stamped the image of a man. I saw him prophesied when first the ancient monsters lorded it on earth. Destructive and acquisitive they were, like the gold diggers; their own fierce natures preying on each other, filled up the rocks with bones, swept off the excess, and converted the rude granite by their deposits into organic matter and new rocks, thus preparing other forms of matter, each one progressing through the heaps of elms. What less than the greed of pay could have kept down the excess of these huge beasts, and what but savage natures have torn, and tent, and dug, and plunged the world when man was not to work, thus? and so the long and greedy gold leads on gold diggers to sustain a toll, which better natures shrink from. Their very evils are the plagues and horrors by which the gold is won. And then I saw when monstrous forms were dead, and nature in organic rocks and soils and vegetation at last prepared for man, how rude and shapeless was he. So like the gold in mire and quartz embedded, and yet it was all the gold.

I saw him when at first the living river washed off the soil. How the yellow metal, though all unwrought, shone out, like rude affection in savages, and criminals, and beings who, though unwrought, and bound about with quartz, with hard and rocky steps and stony vices, yet had the gold within. I saw God caring for them, making the proud and wealthy wait upon their labor, send them far and wide, like gold, in ships, and in this very scattering I saw how order grew out of disorder—how heavy hammers bruited them—the cold world's blows (the prison and the fether.) I saw them show, like stones cut and shaped, borne down by sorrow, beaten, broken-hearted, but yet the gold was there. I saw them often, in the dens of vice, like the heaps of dust—no use, nor beauty. I saw them in the fire—the fire of struggle, poverty, and hunger. I saw them burn and cool, and burn and cool; and higher yet I traced the various classes, and all were gold, still gold. I looked with growing interest upon the noble bars. Aye, these are men, indeed, these bars of gold, and yet they are not saints—more fit to strike with man, to toy, or worship—more hammering with trade and commerce. They must be beaten finer with bankruptcy's hard hammer; with sorrow's blow become more soft and fine; the depths within must be ploughed up with grief. Strife hard, on earth! the gold is not yet our rent. The circle of the virtues is not found, until at last the keen steel knife of death cuts off the corners of the square world-man, and leaves the circle perfect, a saintly shape, fit for the mind of God. Now stamp it with his image, the regal attribute of love divine, that rules the race, and lo! the Godlike man, outwrought from soil, and mud, and quartz, and crime—the golden guinea man, the current coin most valued, the thrice refined gold spirit! The twilight's gray grows blackness, but through the gloom the page of gold shines out, all love and wisdom. I saw the gold of God with in the human soul in every phase of workmanship. I saw it in the miners, whose very vices were levers to move the whole, and set the work in motion. I saw it in the earth, the quartz, the atoms, dust, and burning field, the lump, the bar, the ounce, twice, thrice, and hundredth times refined—still the same gold as in the precious guinea.

In tracing up its life, I saw how brains grew big, and minds shone out in efforts to perfect it; how arms grew strong, and muscles hard and mighty by exercise and labor; the uses of all things—all instruments, all metals, and all woods, machinery, and elemental forces—to bring it to perfection. So jails and scaffolds, prison bars, and laws, governments and systems, crimes and virtues, sufferings and joys—all, all became machinery; and hammers, fires, crucibles and axes, knives and descending weights, to coin at last the image of a God, and stamp it on the saintly soul of man. Shall I despise the means, or loathe the gold before it is the guinea? Shall I ask God to create the gold all perfect, stamped and finished? Aye, that's the word—FINISHED. Were all men guineas born, then life is FINISHED, and that which completes the circle must also end the work. If life is motion, then imperfection is the way, effort the means, suffering the goal, and even vice the motor. Perfection is unattainable, unless it becomes a point where effort ceases—only to take breath, and start anew, through higher tolls and efforts to attain a higher point, more perfect than the last, but relatively lower, compared with the higher currencies in the ever-growing mine of life eternal. The darkness thickens, but only to display the gorgeous array of silver stars. Night is adversity, on whose black pall the stars of wisdom, patience, kindness, strength, shine out in grandeur, which the day conceals."

So spoke the guardian spirit, as he closed the page of gold; whilst I, beholding through the darkness how light shone: how value grew from effort, gold from soil, responded meekly:

God's love and justice doth all things well.

EMMA HARDING.

Warning to the Intemperate.

Perhaps no soul ever suffered keener tortures from the wine madness than Charles Lamb; and he tells his own sad experience as a warning to young men, that they may avoid the rock on which his secret happiness was wrecked. He seems to cry out in his agony, when he says:

"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have not sat in the perilous flood. Could I see the youth, to whom the favor of the first mad draught has opened the gates of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered Paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is, when he shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and nerve will: to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eyes, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I lay bawling with feverish outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its maddening temptation."

During the absence from circuit of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell) on his matrimonial trip with the celebrated Miss Barrett, Justice Abbott observed, when a case was called on, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." Yes, my Lord, replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiar to his own. "It was, my Lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that," said Justice Abbott, taking snuff. "My Lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scarlet fever."

During the absence from circuit of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell) on his matrimonial trip with the celebrated Miss Barrett, Justice Abbott observed, when a case was called on, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." Yes, my Lord, replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiar to his own. "It was, my Lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that," said Justice Abbott, taking snuff. "My Lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scarlet fever."

During the absence from circuit of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell) on his matrimonial trip with the celebrated Miss Barrett, Justice Abbott observed, when a case was called on, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." Yes, my Lord, replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiar to his own. "It was, my Lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that," said Justice Abbott, taking snuff. "My Lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scarlet fever."

During the absence from circuit of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell) on his matrimonial trip with the celebrated Miss Barrett, Justice Abbott observed, when a case was called on, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." Yes, my Lord, replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiar to his own. "It was, my Lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that," said Justice Abbott, taking snuff. "My Lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scarlet fever."

A GLIMPSE IN WALES.

By Our Junior.

DOWN THE WYE—TINTERN ABBEY.

One warlike and falls to grumbling, and even gets to imagining himself the most unfortunate individual in the world, besides the greatest sufferer from cancer, even in midday.

"London, vast
And boundless as it is, a crowded coop."

The remedy for such a state as this is apparent. No collections of green fields, of flowery banks and limpid streams—of shady hill-sides, and echoing dells, rush to our relief, and the resolve to try the effects of the country air at once causes the chest to expand, the blood to start more rapidly, and the brain to throw off its sluggishness.

Such were the promptings which prevailed upon us to bid our good friends in town adieu for a short period. We first resolved with them that Wales was by far the most enticing point, and that a stroll along the banks of the Wye, as far as it kept its course on the borders of Monmouthshire, would amply repay us for the time spent. So, one fine morning, motoring, just as the capricious month was evidently contemplating that her journey must be short, and resolving to let it be said that she smiled in her departure, making room for the more marked and certain influence of her younger sister, May, we were sorry to have to say we took the Great Western train to Monmouth—no sorry, because the rapid progress of the utilitarian railway gives you little time to feast your eyes upon the interesting scenery. Still, as we rolled along we caught occasional glimpses of the apple and pear-tree, rich with their growing blossoms; of richly tiled meadows and fields; of hills, valleys and streams; of far reaches of landscape, presenting endless successions of beauties. But no time was allowed to take in the contrasts of scenery, picturesque and wild, luxuriantly fruitful, and beautifully waste and rugged. Therefore it is not strange that we had over so many fancies about a coach and four, as we were "all too quickly" missing such glorious scenes as, perhaps, are not elsewhere met with. Let us, however, make a start near Monmouth, which is the principal town in the county. It is situated on a tongue of land formed by a confluence of the rivers Monnow and Wye, at the extreme end of a beautiful valley surrounded by lofty hills, whose woody declivities lend an additional charm to the natural beauty of the place. This town is early recorded in history, and interwoven with its own private annals are so many singular and romantic relations, that almost every English poet has appropriated some of its numerous material for his sublime compositions. Henry V., the hero of Agincourt, and the proud boast of English history, was born in this town. The town is very similar to all other antiquities of its class; and in the somewhat extended description which we gave of Warwick, we gave some idea of what every ancient town may be supposed to be where modern improvement has made little or no progress. Monmouth has its ruins of an old walled castle, wherein Henry V. was born; these, however, are very considerably dilapidated, the extreme and most perfectly preserved wall at the south having, not long ago, fallen in with a tremendous crash, leaving a shattered chasm of about forty feet, discovering the walls to have been considerably over ten feet in thickness. The town has its St. Mary's and St. Thomas's Churches, its free school, market place, and county jail. Its houses are good, but not striking for architectural beauty; nearly all of them are white-washed, which gives the town a singular appearance on nearing it for the first time.

The walks in the environs are extremely pleasant, especially those which run through Chippenham Meadows, an agreeable plain, surrounded by the town on the one side, and the Monnow and Wye on the others; and at the south eastern extremity the former river delivers its waters to the latter, beneath a grove of fine elms, which give great interest to the features of the fall. This meadow, on fine evenings, is a general rendezvous for company, and forms a natural theatre for the display of Wye-boatmen beauty.

Welsh scenery, and perhaps more particularly that to the south of Wales, has many striking peculiarities of its own, which are not altogether unworthy of remark. The mountains of the southern portion of Wales, unlike even those of the north, or of the Scottish mountains, which may properly rank as an extension of the same range, are generally clothed in their garb of green to their very summits, presenting an unusual fertility. Agate, hardly a hill in South Wales is without its crowning tumulus, or its highest peak encircled by the remains of some ancient fortress. Not a spot of ground but what seems to have been sternly fought for—not a rise of ground, not a natural defence, but offers some testimony for the truth of the traditions of Welsh bravery and unflinching devotion; leaving us to conjecture the scenes which were enacted when those hardy mountaineers bravely defended their native glens and fastnesses against the invading enemy. Even on the most isolated mountains, such memorials of the Past still stand, lonely, undisturbed, and even unseen, save by the shepherd-boy or some enthusiastic tourist like ourselves.

Went with our ride to Monmouth, we rested with our desire to stroll about until the setting sun began to throw fantastic shapes on the surrounding hills, when we started out to wander over the town. Of what we saw in town we have already spoken, also some of the walks. The last spot to

