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## COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY. BY CORA WILBURN.

DEDICATION.  
To my inspirers in the worlds of soul this humble  
tribute of a grateful heart, blest with immortal cer-  
tainly, is dedicated.  
To those of earth who love and suffer, labor and as-  
pire; to the freed and the enslaved; to the mourner  
and the outcast, in love, this work is dedicated.  
And to my friend, O. B. P., of Kentucky, the heart-pa-  
ges and soul-records of this life-history are dedicated, an  
offering of spirit unto spirit, by  
CORA WILBURN.

INTRODUCTION.  
"Day dawned. Within a partitioned room,  
To the children with perfume,  
A lady lay at point of death.  
Day closed. A child had seen the light;  
But for the lady, fair and bright,  
She rested in undimmed night."  
BARRY CORNWALL.

Deep snow covered the earth, and a mighty storm  
was raging. Beneath its fury the stripped trees  
bent their spectral forms, swaying wildly to and  
fro, in mingled supplication and defiance toward the  
power that bowed their sturdy frames. Thick snow-  
flakes fell, intermingled with pattering hail; not a  
star was visible amid the midnight gloom.

There was desolation, sorrow, bereavement, within  
a spacious mansion skirting the main road of that  
retired English village, as there was desolation,  
storm, and night, without. As the shrieking blast  
hurled the descending snow, in whirling eddies,  
around the house, and the hail showers fell upon its  
closed shutters, there mingled with the midnight's  
storm-voices the prolonged wail of women, and the  
frantic cries of a bereaved heart. The low and pite-  
ous wail of a new born infant was unheard amid the  
great human anguish and the tempest's passing.

In an elegantly-furnished chamber—where a lar-  
ge taste presided, an almost Eastern luxuriance  
reigned—upon a couch of crimson velvet, that was  
piled with rich coverlets, and surrounded by hang-  
ings of lace and damask, reposed the still figure of a  
young and beautiful woman. Upon her white face  
the rosy curtains cast a mocking gleam of life; but  
oh, what rapt repose dwelt on that most serene  
countenance! The lone, dark lashes, drooping on  
the colorless cheek, veiled forever from the yearning  
glances around, the life-beams of those glorious, or-  
iental eyes. The long, wavy, jet-black hair fell in  
half-loosened, massive braids upon the richly-embroidered pillow; the sweet lips wore a smile of in-  
effable serenity; and on the wide, intellectual brow  
there rested a mysterious sign that was a hallowed  
promise. Upon that lady's brow, and lip, and cheek,  
in the attitude of that peaceful, lasting slumber,  
there dwelt the repose and all the rapture of im-  
mortality awaited! Its smile of victory rested on  
that tender face; in meek compliance the white  
hands were folded across the maternal bosom, and  
the ready spirit had followed whither the summon-  
ing angel led—far, already, beyond the storm and  
the mourners' reach, speeding away to the land of  
eternal summer, lovingly upheld by a pure life's  
influence, pressing untremblingly the unknown path-  
way. And, as the hapless infant wailed, a lingering  
gaze fondly stroked its little brow, and stilled its  
sobs.

Upon the rich velvet carpet crouched a woman's  
form, writhing in despair, uttering frenzied cries,  
imploping, with quivering, livid lips, that a miracle  
might restore the dead to life. Len, the beautiful  
young Jewess, the idolized Christian wife, lay in the  
deep called death. Hannah, her mother, called  
upon her, in pleading tones, to return to life and  
love. With the shades of night that young spirit had  
rusted its heavenlyward flight. Amid the midnight's  
form and terror, that frantic mother wept and  
raved. The women looked upon the angel counte-  
nance of the departed, and wiped their brimming  
eyes; and the bereaved infant wailed its untimely  
sobs.

A young Jewess of sweet and timid aspect, of  
light and girlish figure, tenderly held the child,  
while she gazed, with fearful reverence, upon the  
pale, dead face. Bending over her chair, her hus-  
band regarded her with a look of half approval,  
half mockery, and a furtive gleam, strange and full  
of meaning, shot from his dark, piercing eyes, as he  
looked to the crouching figure of the distressed  
lady.

The women, young and old, were grouped around  
the luxurious chamber, gasping, weeping and  
sobbing; while, outside, the storm still raged with  
unabated fury. The light of the silver lamp illu-  
minating that chamber of sorrow, swayed and flickered  
with the tempest's might, as the whirling snow  
drifted, and the hail showers fell; and the  
outbuilding seemed to rock beneath the storm's  
indignant mandate. The voices of the night seemed  
augmented with prophetic of sorrow and desolation,  
in warning tones of solemn meaning, with weird,  
resembling utterances, appalling to the guilty soul.  
From her humble, suppliant posture the mother  
the dead arose; towering in queenly height;  
reaching forth her jeweled hands, in clasped  
guilted entreaty; lifting up to heaven her proud,  
pleading face; raising high her voice, that had  
ever bent to human will or power. "Father of  
heaven!" she cried, in such low, heart-rending tones  
as the women clasped each other's hands and  
shook with a sudden fear, "return me my child—  
I cannot, she must not be dead! Give me back  
my child, oh mighty Judge, dread God, and on me  
let thy decrees of punishment—let me bear  
the burden for her soul! Go, run, call the physi-  
cian—no must try his skill once more! She cannot  
be dead! She died—my beautiful, my only one, my  
my treasured idol! She to die an apostate to  
faith of Abraham—the faith in which I nurtured  
with so jealous, so watchful a care! Lost, lost,  
and through him! Oh, curses, curses, bitter

courses on his soul, that lured my child from her  
mother's arms!"

The intensest hatred gleamed from the dark eyes of  
the zealous bigot; the religious fanaticism mingled  
with the woman's enmity, as with upraised hand  
she invoked heaven's malediction upon him who had  
won her child to the abhorred Christian faith. The  
frame of Hannah shook with an intensity of rage  
that was deep and lasting as her grief.

"He stole her from my arms, my heart!" she  
continued, in strong excitement, as she beat her  
breast, and madly rent her silken robe; "he won  
her by his smooth, false tongue, the unbeliever, and  
she deserted the God of her fathers to become his  
wife! Oh, he may thank his false Gods that he is  
away; for I would kill him—kill him—as I hope to  
reach heaven! Oh, Len, Len! my child, my child!"  
She panted for breath, and held her hand to her  
aching side.

The young woman, who held the infant, approached  
her timidly, tears trembling in her large, brown  
eyes.

"Away—take that child away!" she screamed,  
with averted head and imperious gesture.

The young woman drew back in alarm. Manasseh,  
her husband, advanced toward the lady; holding his  
fist up in his hand, with a defiance such as is used  
to princes, he addressed her; but, while bending re-  
spectfully before her, there was a mocking gleam in  
his eyes, that belied the tender solicitude of his man-  
ner.

"Madam, you forget the physician's injunctions;  
excitement is dangerous to you; permit me to re-  
mind you of your health. Dear lady, remember—"

She interrupted him with an impatient exclaima-  
tion—with a haughty, scornful glance, that brought  
the flush of indignation to his sun-burnt cheek.

"Go, all!" she said in a voice of forced calmness;  
"leave the room. I will call when I need you. You,  
Manasseh, and you, Shina, remain."

The attendants respectfully withdrew, and in pre-  
sence of the beautiful sleeping mother, the future of  
the child was disposed of.

Never was the Christian father to behold her—  
never was he to know of her existence. When he  
returned, the infant should be far away among  
strangers. Shina was to be the only mother it  
should ever know—Manasseh, its father. But she  
would provide gold—gold that should procure every  
comfort and luxury for this child she dared not look  
upon—this daughter of a Christian father—this de-  
stroyer of her mother's life!

"The nurse is in waiting down stairs," said the  
cruel woman. "Go with her to your own dwelling.  
Be secret and true! my people will not betray me.  
They have sworn by the sacred tablets. As soon as  
this child can be removed, you will leave the town—  
you will hasten to a seaport—you will embark for  
Germany, France, Italy—I care not whether, so you  
educate this child in the faith of her fathers. You  
dare not remain in England; her father—curses  
upon him!—would find her. You will bring her up  
in the strict tenets of our faith—make her observe  
the Sabbath and the fast days—teach her the prayers—  
let her become a true daughter of the covenant;  
teach her to abhor, despise, regard with horror, the  
creed of Nazareth. Be true, and the Holy One of  
Israel will bless you—but he shall never, never find  
his child!"

Hannah spoke with panting breath, with hurried  
utterances, with a changed and breaking voice. The  
hand so often pressed to her noising side, betokened  
the sharp pangs of physical suffering that rent her  
frame.

Manasseh solemnly promised obedience to the  
lady's commands, placing the two fingers of his  
right hand upon the little silver case containing the  
secret formula, which the Jewish ordinance com-  
mands to be affixed to the door-posts, with the name  
of Jehovah revealed.

Shina, tremblingly, repeated the oath.  
"Call her Cosella; it was Len's last wish," said  
Hannah, regarding them with exultant mien in  
the midst of her grief and pain. "That Christian  
name!" she continued; "but that the will of the dy-  
ing may not be disobeyed, let her wish be fulfilled!  
And now call the watchers. I will to my chamber—  
we must not leave the dead alone!"

As Manasseh hastened to obey her orders, the  
proud, unfortunate woman leant against the velvet  
hangings of the couch, and its flowing crimson  
draperies concealed the anguish, the physical tor-  
ture, that distorted her countenance and racked her  
breast, as with death of living fire.

The storm passed on, and morning dawned upon  
the snow-covered earth, and great icicles hung from  
the eaves, and dropped from the glistening  
eaves. There was more sorrow, distress and mourn-  
ing in the stately mansion of the wealthy Jewess;  
for, three hours after midnight, she had followed her  
daughter to the unknown land, stricken down by  
heart-disease, summoned by the angel, while her soul  
was filled with hatred and revenge.

Her cold, stern features, composed by death, her  
form arranged in the spotless linen armor, they had  
placed her on a low bed beside the daughter's sum-  
ptuous couch. A coverlet of black velvet, richly em-  
broided, was thrown carelessly over it, and a large  
wax candle burned at the foot, as did another at the  
foot of the young and the beautiful.

The wintry sun was faintly struggling through  
leaden-hued clouds, riders and weary pedestrians were  
wending their way to the village; but all stopped  
awhile to gaze upon the graceful horseman, urging  
along his fiery steed over the frozen and uneven  
path. Impelled by love and expectant joy, he neigh-  
ed at the gateway of the still and solitary mansion,  
revealing a tall and princely form, a handsome,  
noble countenance, radiant with the exultant happi-  
ness of early manhood. He alighted with a free  
and bounding step, and knooked loudly and im-  
pudently for admittance at the first closed portal.

Alas! alas! there was in his soul no boding fear;  
no presentiment had warned, no prophetic voices  
spoken; the blow fell crushingly and at once!  
As he entered, there passed him to the wide hall,  
a young woman of modest and timid aspect, whose  
form was enveloped in a large dark mantle. It was

Shina, the young Jewess, and a dark, handsome  
man followed, bearing a silver casket. She carried,  
beneath her cloak, the unconscious infant.

And Percival Wayne knew not that his child was  
carried out into the bleak, cold world, by stranger  
hands. Alas! he knew not that his soul's best loved  
one hovered around him, a spirit, divested of mor-  
tality!

With wondering curiosity, that strengthened to  
foreboding fear, he passed along the silent hall, and  
up the deserted stairway. There, at her chamber  
door, he met a weeping, pallid throng of attendants  
and neighbors; and the shadow of a terrible calam-  
ity unfolded his strong, loving heart.

Soon, and he knew his great bereavement; and  
the trembling, guilty servants, abashed from the  
magnificence of the Christian's grief, and avoided his  
questioning eye. They showed him a little coffin,  
whose lid was raised down, and told him that his  
child rested within. And he turned away, and wept  
upon the silent bosom of his beloved, and called in  
wild anguish upon her name, seeing naught but the  
lifeless form of his heart's divinity.

They were buried the next day, mother and daugh-  
ter, laid side by side in their own consecrated ground,  
in the adjoining town of D., and the little coffin  
laid in solemn mockery beside them. A last  
lingering, anguished look of love, the husband cast  
upon the spot, and faint and heart-broken, he was  
turning away from the crowd, when a slip of paper  
was thrust into his hand, and the weary mourner  
read:

"Christian, your child lives; she will be brought  
up a Jewess. You shall never meet with her. She  
will never know her father's name, and thy accursed  
faith shall have in her a zealous, bitter enemy. The  
soul of Len, a mother's dying curse, a child's  
own enmity, are in league against thee. From a  
true son of Israel, and thy sworn foe!"

His cup of sorrow was full, even to overflowing.  
With a groan he sank to the ground, and was borne  
senseless to the nearest inn.

The sympathizing eyes of Shina had watched his  
reading of the fatal missive. In a timid whisper,  
she inquired of her husband whether it was not  
sufficient to deprive a father of his child?

"Not when that father is an unbeliever," he sternly  
responded, and Shina wiped her accusing eyes and  
was silent.

The widowed mother of Len, the proud and ardent  
Hannah Montepeson, left no living kindred  
in her native Portugal, nor in her adopted country,  
England. A large share of her wealth endowed  
several benevolent institutions of her nation, and  
enriched the synagogues of several towns. Her  
dresses and ornaments were distributed among her  
women; the male attendants received a handsome  
legacy. What Manasseh's share of worldly goods  
amounted to, remained a secret. He it was, who in  
a week from the day of the funeral, sold the house  
and furniture. The poor, and the inhabitants of the  
village, loudly vaunted his extreme liberality. Sum-  
moned to the bedside of Percival Wayne, he acquit-  
ted himself with consummate tact and ability, until not  
a doubt remained upon the sufferer's mind, that his  
child lay buried beside the idolized wife, and that the  
evil misdeed that had so rent his heart, was an un-  
feeling trait and falsehood. While the mourning  
husband and father lay powerless in the grasp of  
sorrow and sickness, Manasseh, with Shina his wife,  
and the Hebrew nurse, left the village forever,  
bearing with them the hapless infant that was doubly  
orphaned from its birth. Many weeks afterwards,  
while Percival Wayne yet lingered, faint and suffer-  
ing at the village inn, a letter was brought to him,  
dated from a distant seaport. It ran thus:

"Percival Wayne, your daughter lives, and shall  
be brought up the enemy to your faith. You shall  
never look upon her face. She shall learn to curse  
your name, as that of a stranger. Your sworn foe!"

With a loud cry of grief, the father flung the  
paper from him, and bowing his throbbing head upon  
his hands, he wept as only the great and wronged  
can weep. For weeks he tossed about in the delir-  
ium of fever; and when he arose, changed and hag-  
ard, he sought his child throughout the kingdom,  
scattering his wealth with a reckless hand. In vain  
he found not his child!

God in his bounty, nature with her beautiful pro-  
vidence, had given to that wandering child a true and  
loving mother. Even as a spirit, that mother's love  
was deathless, watchful as an angel's care. The  
Christian father, with his noble tenderness of heart,  
his large conscientiousness and reverential love of  
the true and beautiful, with his benevolent soul and  
sympathizing nature, would have proved to the moth-  
erless one all that the heart of childhood yearns for.  
But a revengeful woman's plans cast the frail bloom  
upon uncongenial soil; fanaticism could not  
ceaselessly against nature's promptings, and overcome  
the whisperings of tenderness and pity.

Fatherless and motherless, the orphan wail  
onst upon the waters. Will spirits guide and shield  
her? Will an angel mother beckon upward, and  
God speak to the lone one's heart? Will circum-  
stances bend the pure soul to their bidding, and  
necessity stifle the divine whisperings of conscience?  
Will the inherent power of Godlike will, asserting its  
supremacy, rise superior to the evil promptings of  
despair, to the temptations of the hour, the might  
of opportunity, the weakness of tottering faith? We  
shall see. Good is all-conquering, and the angel  
hosts are strong.

Heart-broken and desolate, Percival Wayne returns  
to the world, which he has left for love and sweet  
home joys. One glorious image forever enshrined in  
his heart's deepest sanctuary, which no form of  
earth shall displace thence; one haunting, blessed  
memory is ever beside him. From the pictured face  
of Len, he turns to feel her spirit presence, to feel  
her breath of welcome, her signal of approach.  
Ever radiant with their own deep, tender light, her  
glorious Oriental eyes beam on him with the un-  
speakable love of yore; her lips lips unclosed with a  
winning tenderness, her midnight tresses flow un-  
confined, her soft footfall thrills his soul, her white  
garments flutter in the doorway. A "peace that  
passeth understanding" comes o'er his spirit. Will

earthly affection bless, and the world smile once  
more for him?

Come with me, reader, and I will lead thee through  
many lands, and over many seas, to many sunny  
places and desert solitudes—not of earth only, but  
of the heart. Come with me into the mystic realm  
of thought, and the hidden springs that flow amid  
strange flowers shall water thy feet and whisper  
musings to thy listening ear. Come, and acknowledge  
that life is beautiful, that virtue is happiness, that  
sorrow and experiences exalt and purify from  
earthly dross the spirit. Oh, come! from desk, and  
study, and bench; from the weary journey and the  
toilsome labor; pursue the life-pages here unrolled,  
that at the angels' bidding unfold their sunny and  
their shadowy records. To watch the progress of a  
human soul, the battling of a woman's heart, the  
final victory of the angel band—come one, come all!

"Look, then, into this heart, and write!  
Yes, into life's deep stream!  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn rules of the Night,  
That can soothe thee, or afflict—  
Be these heartfully thy theme!"

### CHAPTER I. A WANDERING CHILDHOOD.

"Once on 'tis lovely childhood's slip and creek,  
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought,  
Gaze what thou in that fair and meek,  
Yes, into life's deep stream!  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn rules of the Night,  
That can soothe thee, or afflict—  
Be these heartfully thy theme!"

As the swiftly changing scenes of a panorama, as  
the recurring glories of some bewildering dream,  
passed sudden glimpses of the surging life of cities,  
with their cathedral spires and lofty monuments,  
followed by idyllic scenes of perfect repose and syl-  
van beauty, sunlit lakes, towering mountains, flow-  
ery vales and forest solitudes, athwart the awaken-  
ing consciousness of a little child. Before the won-  
dering eyes, spread the wide expanse of ocean; and  
the wild-wood stillness whispered mysteriously, and  
the rivulet spoke in song. The leaping waterfall,  
from amid majestic crags, spoke in thunder tones of  
sublimity, and the blooming, vine-clad hills of home  
and rest.

On the child's earliest recollections were impressed  
lasting images of poetic beauty; an angel stirred  
the slumbering waters, and the thrilled infant soul  
responded in ecstatic gratitude for Nature's holy  
teachings; for the revelations of solitude, the mes-  
sages of immortality, brought by the wild bird and  
the singing breeze. The outline of busy life, as well  
as the grandeur of solitude, outspread before the child-  
ish vision, left their influence upon her heart and  
memory.

There was, at times, a strange abstraction of man-  
ner about this child of seven years; there flitted  
shadows, as if of thought, upon the open brow, and  
a melancholy expression lingered upon the mobile  
lips, as if some great sorrow, mighty and unex-  
pected, weighed on that yearning heart. Often the  
lips unclosed, as if in reply to an invisible question-  
er, who, maybe, dwelt amid the flowers, floated on  
the summer's air, or descended on the storm cloud's  
wing.

Strange Cosella! wild, yet docile, dreamy, and  
eager for a knowledge beyond her years, she caused  
many an affectionate pang, many an undefined ap-  
prehension to the tender heart of Shina; while the  
look with which her adopted father regarded her,  
was often one of malicious triumph, than of pa-  
ternal joy.

The timid, suffering heart of Shina made an idol  
of this child; she lavished upon her all the hoarded  
tenderness of an intensely loving nature. Cruelly,  
repeatedly repelled by her strange, morose, am-  
bitious husband, her fond affection all thrown back  
on the childless woman sought, with lavish indulgence,  
to win the love of the wayward Cosy, as she affec-  
tionately called her. With sweet, plaintive melodies,  
she lulled the little one to rest; her soft hand  
smoothed the shining mass of dark brown curls, and  
arranged them upon the wide, open brow. She it  
was who taught the orphan her prayers; who spoke  
to her of God and Heaven, in a strangely mingled  
strain of reverence and superstition; who told her  
pretty stories, and the names of the angel flowers.  
She endeavored most judiciously to instill into that  
molding spirit lessons of goodness, charity, forbear-  
ance, but she was ever most unconsciously thwarted  
by her husband, whom she had learned to fear, to  
dread, for his sarcasm and pointed contempt of her  
toilet efforts.

Often a superstitious awe almost spell-bound the  
timid woman in the presence of the motherless  
child; for it seemed to her that it held communion  
with things unseen. In the clear May sunlight, as  
well as beneath the leaden skies of winter, little  
Cosy would stretch forth her hands, as if in joyful  
recognition; and, fixing her eyes on vacancy, would  
speak unconscious words of tenderness and endear-  
ment, with kindling looks and glowing cheeks. When  
called by Shina, she would start as if awakened from  
a dream, and shrink, as it were, into herself. The  
light faded from her face, the usual paleness suc-  
ceeded the illumined rose tint; solemnly she folded  
her little hands, and timidly, mournfully, question-  
ingly, she looked around.

When Shina asked her what she had been looking  
at so intently, she replied with reluctance: "I saw a  
pretty lady, all dressed in white, with stars, with  
long, flowing, black hair, and a silver veil; she lives  
up there, in a flower garden," said Cosy, pointing to  
the sky. And Shina shuddered with fear, and pray-  
ed to God for pardon, for her guilty husband and  
herself. She dared not tell Manasseh these strange  
fancies of the child.

The cheek of Shina, once so blooming, had paled  
beneath the tyranny and disdain of him to whom  
she had given herself for life. A few years since he  
had knelt at her feet, a humble auditor, and passion-  
ately entreated for her love. She left her aged father  
and her quiet home to share his wandering for-  
tunes; too soon she awoke from the heart dream of  
life, to find the golden seeming fruit of promise turn-  
ed to bitter ashes on her lips; to find herself unloved  
and disregarded, her gentle affection returned with  
scorn and sarcasm, her prayers spurned, her young  
life doomed to restless wandering! Once only in

eight years was she permitted to revisit her native  
place, to invoke the blessing of the good old father  
who had left to a menial's care. Alas! they only  
showed her his final resting place, and she could  
weep upon his grave, and erect a tombstone to his  
memory. She returned to her tyrant, to the child  
that knew no other mother, and thenceforth accepted  
her lot without a struggle for release.

Closer and closer, around her isolated, wounded  
heart she twined the links that bound her to the  
child of her adoption, centering her all of love and  
motherhood upon that unconscious head. But, alas!  
the sorrow of retribution! Cosella responded not,  
as that lone heart desired and prayed. She submit-  
ted passively to her showered caresses; giving coldly  
the good-night kiss, the morning embrace; she calm-  
ly wiped the tears from Shina's eyes, and toyed  
with her raven curls, and called her "pretty mother";  
but there was no spontaneous outburst of filial love,  
no sudden clinging of dependence, no childlike intu-  
ition that reads the heart's demand and responds so  
warmly! The yearning childless woman wept, and  
loved her all the more. Daily, hourly, did Shina  
suffer for the wrong inflicted on a parent's heart,  
as she beheld the dark eyes of the child she fairly  
worshipped, turn coldly from her pale face and looks  
of tender reproach, to fondle a shaggy dog, or caress  
a favorite bird, or press the wild flowers to her heart  
and lips, bestowing upon these objects of her affec-  
tion words of endearment that would have warmed  
lost life and joy the yearning, motherly, deserted  
soul.

"Oh!" cried Shina with tears, ringing her hands  
and looking imploringly up to Heaven, "who calls me  
mother so coldly! she loves me not, but that useless  
image to which she stretches forth her hands—its  
answers—what can it be—a spirit! Oh, Father  
of Israel, her mother's haunting spirit! Yet Len was  
so pure, so good—though she married an unbeliever.  
She comes in robe of stars—she is in Heaven, then!  
And in her dreams, my Cosy calls upon her mother,  
not as she calls on me; oh, there is so much tenderness  
in her voice when she smiles in sleep, and says  
the sweet word mother!" When Cosella again toyed  
with those raven curls and looked at those tender  
eyes, she knew not they were dimmed with shedding  
bitter tears for her.

For eight years the once blooming and yet lovely  
Shina, had been Manasseh's wife, yet she knew him  
not yet fully; and the many traits of his character  
revealed in that time, but increased her awe and  
fear of him, though in her weak and yielding spirit,  
the love yet lingered tremblingly, hoping amid tears,  
praying from amid discouragement. He was a  
strange being, this husband of hers; commanding,  
even handsome in person and address; possessed of  
the knowledge of several languages, unaccountably  
acquired; for he avowed himself to be of humble  
parentage; a man of limited means, until his admis-  
sion to the friendship of Len's mother. He was  
peculiarly self-possessed and gentlemanly in his  
 deportment; a profound Hebrew scholar, most super-  
stitiously observant of the ordinances of his faith;  
that is, outwardly observant of all due form and  
ceremony. Was he truly religious? Shina asked  
herself the question, in fear and trembling; for of-  
ten the prayers were by him recited in so flippant  
and careless a manner, as to give pain to the truly  
religious feelings of the faithful woman. A bitter,  
relentless, unrepenting enmity against the Christian  
race held entire possession of him; he nurtured it  
in violation, not in obedience to the mandates of his  
faith; for the injunctions of the inspired law-givers  
of the Jewish nation enjoin the fulfillment of  
charity and forgiveness, and make it binding upon  
the souls of the people, as a command from the All-  
merciful Father, to cherish and succor the orphan  
and the widow, the stranger and the needy. Charity  
and forgiveness are solemnly enjoined by the oft mis-  
applied selfishly perverted laws of Moses. The heart  
of the true Jewess, no less than that of the pious  
follower of the loving Nazarene, overflows with jus-  
tice and benevolence, with pity and self-denial.

But I write of one who was a fanatic, who enshrin-  
ed ambition and worldliness his guiding stars; who  
perverted holy precepts, and quoted the sacred  
writings, the traditions of his people, for selfish de-  
signs, in bitter mockery of all that is good and true.  
He stood among his brethren a religious man, ob-  
serving scrupulously the appointed fast days and  
penances, the festivals and the Sabbath. He fol-  
lowed "line upon line and precept upon precept." He  
in the fulfillment of outer form and requirement,  
thinking thereby to lull to rest an accusing con-  
science, while the heart planned in secret schemes  
of evil and revenge.

In a retired, pleasantly situated country town,  
not many miles from the banks of the Rhine, the  
wanderer rested a few months; rested amid the  
quiet and security that was as balm to Shina's tor-  
mented spirit, which, with its home-longings, was  
happy where the morose and restless Manasseh  
fretted. For seven years—since Cosella's birth—  
they had fitted from place to place, fleeing from the  
shadow of her father's approach. As if some mock-  
ing spirit guided him on in this restless life, Manasseh  
often heard the name of Percival Wayne; now  
spoken of as one from earth departed in the fullness  
of life and genius; then, as if living, honored and  
beloved in the present.

Once he heard that the father of Cosella was one  
of many victims that met with a watery grave in  
the midst of the broad Atlantic; his name was re-  
gistered among the lost. And Manasseh rejoiced  
and gave impious thanks to Heaven. Soon after-  
wards he heard of him as traveling in Italy—as  
having rested at the same hotel in Milan, where he,  
with his wife and child, had sojourned a week before.  
Then came the rumor that his crushed and mangled  
body had been found beneath a solitary crag in  
Switzerland. Manasseh breathed freer—when chance  
directed a traveler toward him, who told him of  
the enemy that haunted his dreams, as living in  
prosperity in the English metropolis. Manasseh  
ground his teeth, and with dire curses journeyed  
on ever fleeing from that avenging presence, calling  
out loudly in his sleep—muttering imprecations on  
the Christian foe. He heard of the fame of Percival

Wayne in the secluded hamlets of the  
famed cities of France, from its gay  
wayside villages—he was known of the  
poor and suffering—who was wasting away in  
insupportable grief for the loss of his beautiful  
wife. Ever thus in fear of discovery, assuming  
various names and disguises, Manasseh sought the  
world apart town of O—, and in English  
with his co-religionists, ever loath to relinquish his  
hold upon that belief, whose letter he worshipped,  
whose spirit he practically denied, he was extended  
for his ostentatious piety and visible benevolence,  
a certain display of wealth cast an irresistible charm  
around him, and frowned into respectful silence the  
curious few who would have questioned the new  
comer. There were certain properties which had  
unaccountably fallen to his possession, from the sale  
of which he hoped to realize a fortune; so he told  
the gentle, unworshipful Shina; he was waiting for  
remittances from England; these received, she was  
to prepare for a long sea-voyage. They were to  
leave Europe and the fear of Percival Wayne forever.  
Manasseh was lavish of affection upon the child  
in presence of strangers; when alone with her and  
Shina his manner was incomprehensibly, scornful,  
sarcastic, repellent; and Cosella feared and shunned  
him. She evinced a degree of reluctance toward  
him that was at once gratifying to his feelings and  
contrary to his cherished plans. But, by degrees,  
the influences surrounding the child obscured her  
spiritual vision; and the observances of form and  
ceremony filled the place of her first spontaneous,  
simple prayer, thereby thwarting the purposes of  
the unseen guides, that sought to impress that soul  
for lofty ends. Falsehood and superstition tainted  
the moral atmosphere around her, and from a very  
child Cosella felt the antagonism of warring ele-  
ments; the strife of good with evil; felt it in her  
own soul, and in the world without. The holy, un-  
seen influences, the harmonies of Nature, the dis-  
cords of humanity, the whisperings of inspiration,  
the eloquence of Nature's silence, the voices of im-  
mortality; the talent of wrong, the angel music of  
impression, the holy safeguards of intuition, the  
solemn warnings, the silent premonitions, the sym-  
bolic dreams, and soul-bursts of heavenly warning  
signs; all, all, nearest the orphan child, and the  
tokens of their influence on the forming heart.

It was the eve of the Jewish Sabbath. In a small,  
but luxuriously appointed room, before a table cov-  
ered with a snowy cloth, and richly decked with  
silver, and carved glass dishes, sat Shina, attired  
with taste and care in a greenish silk dress; a neat  
lace cap, adorned with pale pink ribbons, concealing  
the luxuriant tresses which, according to the strict  
Mosaic law, no married woman may display to the  
eye of man. But a few dark ringlets playfully  
escaped their hiding place, and strayed about the  
pale, thoughtful cheek, or fell behind the ear upon  
the kerchief of Brussels lace that was confined to  
the throat by a costly diamond breast-plate; a massive  
gold chain was thrown around her neck, from which  
was suspended a heavy looking watch, whose com-  
plicated golden case was set around with small bril-  
lants; it was fastened to her girdle by a thick gold  
hook, studded with rubies. Her small white hands  
were covered with rings, and a bracelet, thickly set  
with rubies, flashed from her wrist, just above the  
lace ruffle that fell over the delicate hand. The  
simple country folk of that secluded district gazed  
with reverence upon these signs of affluence, and  
exaggerated the English people's wealth as some-  
thing fabulous. The house, too, small as it was,  
and only rented for a season, gave the same impres-  
sions of affluent ease that the dress of the strangers  
revealed. The beautiful hand of Shina, had  
adorned the little room, till it seemed a blessed re-  
fuge from the weariness of the world without. The  
windows opening upon the small, but carefully  
tended garden, were draped with white lace cur-  
tains, and these were looped up with sprigs of  
forget-me-not, poor Shina's favorite flower. The  
little sofa was covered with blue, of a pleasing  
shade; the alabaster vases, brought from the night  
bazaar city, were filled with fresh and fragrant  
flowers; the silver cake-basket, with early green  
berries peeping from amid their fresh, green leaves.

A bouquet of beautifully assorted roses, with a few  
sprigs of forget-me-not, was placed in the center of  
the table in a crystal vase. An oval silver-gilt  
and gilded table, with a marble top, stood upon a  
costly mirror, whose frame was veiled by cloud-like  
folds of lace; there were some rare old pictures in  
careless attitudes against the wall, in richly gilded,  
modern frames; an old-fashioned mahogany clock  
stood in a corner, the jovial face of a stout moon, with  
roughish eyes, then quite disconcerting. A pretty cage,  
so covered with grass and roses, that it seemed the  
flowery prison of



Large dressed, light silk gown, with cap of black lace, and flowing yellow ribbons.  
Shina's soft dark eyes, full and tender in their Oriental expression, were cast down upon the prayer-book she held in her hands, the long lashes sweeping the cheeks, as a plaintive melody issued from her lips the greeting hymn of the Sabbath, there should be read with such reverential joy. There was supplication in her heart, the humility of a stricken sinner in her attitude. It might have been said of her—

"A thousand and a tender dream,  
"With these long lashes sleep;  
"A native postures that seem  
"Too still and sweet to weep."

Such was her habitual expression; but oft, when the bitter waves of suffering rolled all too rudely over that meekly bending spirit, the sweet face became agitated with its intensity of grief and prayer, and she cried aloud to Him who dwells in Peace! An impress of settled resignation dwelt on the lips, but their coral hue alone relieved the whiteness of that perfectly lovely face. She felt herself an accomplice in the cruel deed of keeping from her father's arms the child he sought. She felt this sin, and its daily recurring retribution; but superstitious dread, fear of her bigoted husband, and love of the child, that was all of earth to her, restrained her from the act of justice, which, had she known where to find Perceval Wayne, would still have bound her in trembling silence. Cosella must never become a Christian; her people would spurn and spit upon her, could she deliver her to the unbelieving father's care. She dared not incur the anger of Manasseh—and to give up Cosella, oh! she could not live without her! Though he were in the same town she dared not, by word or sign, inform him of his daughter's existence; and every time his death was announced, she breathed free, and then accused herself of sin.

Shina was repeating the Sabbath hymn, and by her side stood Cosella, her dark eyes riveted upon her mother's pensive face, her lips reverentially following the words. There was a bending forward of her slight figure, a drooping of the head, as if with her, too, the attitude of supplication was not unusual. There was a strange mingling of timidity and boldness, affection and restraint, in her manner. At eight of a glorious sunset, or picturesque view, her eye kindled with enthusiasm, her cheek glowed, her heart throbbled wildly. When Shina spoke over so tenderly, tearfully even, she remained cold and unmoved. When Manasseh threatened her with punishment her eye flashed defiance, her slight figure towered with pride, and anger quivered in every lineament. The next moment she would fling herself upon the neck of the sorry terror, and weep great tears amid his shaggy coat, and call him her "friend," her "love and dear!"

Shina read, in a low, musical voice, the Hebrew words of greeting to the Sabbath, whose rest and presence is lavished as the coming of a bride; she translated the words into English, for the better understanding of her child:

"Come, my beloved! to meet the bride; the presence of the Sabbath let us receive. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride!"

"To meet the Sabbath, come let us go, for it is the fountain of blessing; in the beginning of olden times was it appointed; for, though lost in sin, yet was it first in the thought of God."

"The thought of God!" repeated Cosella; "God's thoughts must be all good, mother! He is never angry, is he, like father?"

"Hush, darling!" said Shina, reprovingly; "you interrupt the prayer, and that is a sin; and you compare man to God, and that is a great sin, dear!"

Cosella looked wonderingly in Shina's face. "You told me we are all God's children," she replied; "one time you told me God is all good, then you and father say God is angry. Yesterday you told me it was wicked to be angry; then God is wicked sometimes, and father, too!"

Shina trembled with agitation; those clear questioning eyes, the dreadful infidelity of her searching queries! She felt her utter incompetency to reply to the childish monitor. But Lydia came to the rescue.

"Miss Cosy, it is sinfully wicked to go on in that way; it is against the Bible and the law, and the holy prophets of Moses; it is against the Sabbath, and the feast and fast days; it is disobedient and immoralizing, and just like the Christians—as bad as eating pork and ham, and meat and butter, and forbidden things, all together in a mangle. You must not be sinful, Miss Cosy, or you won't go to heaven with your parents, but have to live to all eternity in a place of darkness, and fire, and brimstone, and hobgoblins."

She paused for breath, and Cosella burst into a loud laugh, that to the startled Shina, seemed the mocking glee of a lost soul. Without replying, she turned toward the book from which she was reading, and said:

"Go on, mother."

"Oh, thou sanctuary of the King! Oh, royal city! arise, come forth from thy subversion; thou hast dwelt long enough in the vale of tears; for he will now pity thee with kindness."

"Rouse thyself! rouse thyself! arise, and shine, for thy light is come. Awake, awake, utter a song, for the glory of the Lord is revealed upon thee."

The countenance of Shina glowed with enthusiasm with momentary faith and deep religious joy. The promises of the Most High to the mourning city seemed applied to herself; her eye glistened with tears; Cosella shared the faith and the enthusiasm, unknowing why, conscious only of prayer unto the good and loving God!

Shina rose from her chair, and bowing reverently to the right and left, according to usage, spoke the concluding formula:

"Oh, come in peace, thou who art the crown of thy husband; also with joy and gladness in the midst of the faithful of the beloved people. Come, oh bride! Come, oh bride!"

She sat down, and the child bent before her, invoking her blessing; solemnly, most tenderly, she placed both hands on the orphan's head, and blessed her in the name of the four saintly mothers: Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah; and silently, yet from the depths of her heart, she prayed that Cosella might learn to love her, even as she was beloved.

Far through the dream-like vista of the past, the haunting footsteps of memory glide, along familiar chambers, and in sweet, fragrant resting-places; calling there, perchance, a cypress flower. In after years, Shina often dreamed of the still home retreat and the Sabbath hymn of long ago; and Cosella turned with wild, vain longing to the little flower-room, to the consoling hymn, and the fair, pensive face of the loved and true. Memory gathered sacredly the sweet home picture, in all its freshness and beauty to the waking heart.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

When people get money without earning it, it's like taking a lot of spirit at one draught. It goes into their heads, and they don't know what they are about. There's a tipiness of the pocket as well as of the stomach.

It is easier to increase our wants, than it ever so much, than to reduce them, to be ever so little.

## THE AWAKENING.

BY REV. E. B. CORNWELL.

Out of darkness, out of this confusion,  
Lo! the light of truth reveals the way;  
And the world, delivered from delusion,  
Ushers in the long-awaited day.

Lo! the haggard tyrant, Superstition,  
Totter headlong from his bloody throne;  
Reason rears its noble mission,  
And, too long an outcast, claims her own!

Not where Mammon rears the proudest steeple,  
Not where form supports a patrician crowd;  
But the hearthstones of the common people  
Are the altars of the Christ indeed!

Lo! upon their altar pinions sailing  
From the heavenly realms above;  
Gentle spirits, from the fount unending,  
Come to cheer our souls with draughts of love!

Lo! the black and sombre veils of sadness  
Vanish back again into the night;  
Let us clothe ourselves in robes of gladness,  
As becoming those who love the light!

Lo! the dawn of a new day is no longer  
O'er the earth form obscurely moulding;  
Christ is risen! let your faith grow stronger,  
Look aloft and see the heavens unfolding!

Lo! the morning after disaster in splendor  
Every breeze a freight of blessing holds;  
And the breaking radiance, soft and tender,  
Bathes the earth in glory as its rolls!

This is not a dream of fancy's making,  
Such as on the steep of vision falls;  
We have dreamed, but we are now awaking!  
Sleep no more! for Christ, the master, calls!

New London, Feb. 1860.

## MAN AND HIS RELATIONS.

BY E. B. BRITAIN.

### SECOND SERIES.

#### CHAPTER XL.

##### The Psychometric Science.

A variety of curious phenomena contribute to establish the general fact, that both animals and men leave subtle emanations from their bodies in all places which they have previously occupied. Every object they have touched is pervaded by the invisible influence, and every sensitive nature feels its presence. Thus the dog is enabled to pursue the deer for hours without once seeing the game, following all the while by scenting or otherwise perceiving the aroma from his footsteps. In like manner he finds his master in a crowd, or pursues him with unerring certainty when he is far from home. Doubtless the dog discovers traces of other animals and of men by subtle emanations from their bodies, which pervade the earth and air. These aerial essences appear to reach the animal sensorium through the olfactory surfaces, though this is by no means certain, inasmuch as the instincts of some animals likewise enable them to perceive danger, when the causes are but indirectly, and, perhaps, very remotely related to living men and beasts. The dog has been known to exhibit great uneasiness when his master was exposed to accident from secret snares and pitfalls. In places where bloody deeds were long since perpetrated, animals have been known to manifest signs of extreme fear. In these respects it is alleged that the instinct of the horse is scarcely less mysterious and reliable than that of the dog. From the Scriptural account of Job's peculiar experience, it would appear that even the stupid beast, on which he rode, was endowed with clearer perceptions than many men; and that he was a far better discoverer of spiritual things than the false prophet himself.

If we reflect that a single grain of musk, or other diffusible aromatic, may completely permeate an immense volume of common air—so as to be perceived through an outward arena of sensation—we shall scarcely attempt to determine how far the invisible emanations from men and angels may extend; nor shall we presume to fix limits to their subtle influence on the faculties of the human mind or the functions of animal existence. The atmosphere is a principal vehicle whereby not only the purest incense of the flowers, but also the grossest exhalations from diseased bodies and unhealthy locations, are widely diffused. The impregnation of the vital air, by unwholesome emanations from corrupt forms and miasmatic districts, renders this great fountain of life and health the most efficient agent in spreading contagion and death. The invisible agents of infection are carried in every direction by the atmospheric currents. Thus certain maladies become epidemic, and great cities are devastated by the pestilence. In like manner every human being who has a sound constitution and unimpaired health, contributes to energize the springs of life in all who approach him. Sensitive persons immediately feel the sustaining magnetism of his presence. This is sometimes sufficient to relieve severe pain; to make the weak man suddenly strong; and not unfrequently has this normal magnetic power equalized the vital forces, and thus harmonized the organic functions of persons who were completely prostrated by disease. It is recorded that a surprising cure was wrought on Jesus of Nazareth, and restored a woman who merely "touched the hem of his garment." We have witnessed cures that were scarcely less remarkable, and it is time for us to attempt something like a rational estimate of the importance of these subtle principles in the present economy, and the ultimate issue of human existence. The subject is not only interesting to the metaphysical philosopher, but viewed in its moral and practical relations and aspects, it is one of vast importance. The man who passes along the highway, changes the vital elements of the very air we breathe by the emanations from his body and mind; the persons who prepare your food or share your couch, modify all the conditions of being; while the friends at the table and the friends on the earth exert a power for good or ill that remains long after the guests have departed.

The capacity of certain impressible persons to perceive, by an exquisite power of cognition, or semi-spiritual sensation, the general and particular characteristics of distant and unknown persons, by merely holding their autographs in the hand, or against the forehead, has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of numerous experimental observers. It was about the year 1812, that JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN, M. D.—widely known as a free, fearless, and philosophical investigator—commenced his public lectures on Psychometry and other subjects embraced in his neurological system of Anthropology. He was unquestionably, the first really scientific man who attempted to connect the revelations of the psychometric sense to the schools and the several learned professions. But in his intelligent and noble efforts to enlighten all the learned and the ignorant, he derived but little encouragement from the former. Professional pride often stands in the way of honest convictions, and rarely permits a generous operation. Even the members of the Medical Profession—among whom Dr. Buchanan is a conspicuous light—were little disposed to treat the subject with the respect it deserved, and the endeavor that will be found to characterize every disinterested seer after truth. But in the late Dr. Samuel Fother of New York, Dr. Caldwell of Louisville, Ky., and the Faculty of the Uni-

versity of Indiana, Dr. Buchanan met with honorable exceptions. While many independent minds became interested in his psychometrical experiments, our recognized authorities in science, with rare exceptions, thought too much of reputation and ease, and too little of the truth, to venture into new fields of investigation. Among those who manifested at that early period a becoming interest in the subject, were several literary and scientific gentlemen in the city of New York, who served on a committee of investigation, and reported through their chairman, Dr. Fother, that "they had sufficient evidence to satisfy them that Dr. Buchanan's views have a rational experimental foundation, and that the subject opens a field of investigation second to no other in immediate interest, and in promise of important future results to science and humanity."

While Dr. Buchanan's observations and experiments constitute the more important elements in the early history of Psychometry, it must be conceded that the fundamental facts and laws which the subject involves were discovered some time before the commencement of his investigations. The early experimenters in Animal Magnetism did not fail to observe that persons of acute sensibility were enabled to establish a sympathetic rapport with others at a distance, by holding a look of hair, an article of clothing, or a finger-ring, which the absent party had worn, or, indeed, by taking in the hand any small article of personal property that had been in contact with the body. While the impressions made on the mind of the sensitive investigator, in such cases, were perhaps mainly derived from the organic, physiological and pathological conditions of the person under examination, still it cannot be denied that a mysterious and unaccountable faculty was frequently displayed. The diagnosis sometimes comprehended the mental and moral, as well as the physical conditions of the subject. Crimes and criminals were occasionally discovered in this way. The smallest fragment of a cravat, worn by a thief, would hold him fast; a shirt was a better means of detection than a sheriff; and an old shoe would suffice to put the sensitive explorer on the track of those who were either concealed, absent or lost. When the search resulted in finding the object, not only physical conditions and specific localities could be described and pointed out, but the memory became an open book, that could be read in the darkness of midnight; the unspoken thoughts of men were mysteriously revealed; and the most secret purposes were disclosed before time had afforded an opportunity for their actual accomplishment. This capacity to discover the measure and to define the limits of the mental and moral powers, did not necessarily depend on information derived from autography. Similar information was otherwise conveyed to the mind through the channels of psychometric perceptions; and thus the organic combinations, the peculiar moods, and the superficial aspects of the human faculties, affections and passions, were clearly revealed.

The fact that accurate pathological information was conveyed through the processes already described, was quite sufficient to warrant the presumption that a knowledge of the mental exercises and moral qualities of the individual might be obtained in a similar manner. If the ordinary emanations from the body indicated the existing states of the several organs, it was reasonable to infer that a thought, expressed through the nerves of voluntary motion, would possibly carry along with it to the paper a subtle principle which might serve as an index to the whole character, or a key to all the treasures of the mind. And this amazing suggestion has been literally verified by numerous experiments! Dr. Buchanan claims to have demonstrated the fact that a subtle aura, in some respects distinct and peculiar, proceeds from every separate organ of the brain, and records, in invisible but ineffaceable lines, the essential nature and precise measure of each mental manifestation. Having placed one end of a metallic conductor in the hand of a very sensitive subject, he proceeded to touch the different organs of the brain of another person with the opposite end of the conductor, through which the influence, proceeding from the organic action of the separate faculties, was transmitted with such force and distinctness as to be clearly perceived by the psychometer, though he was not allowed to see what portions of the brain were touched.

When the multitudes are divided between unreasoning skepticism on one side and blind credulity on the other, the friends of a recently discovered truth are fortunate if they have a representative qualified by nature and education, to conduct a scientific investigation of a new subject with candor and discrimination. Dr. Buchanan did not fail to exhibit the requisite qualification—neither rejecting facts when they were new and strange, nor yet rashly accepting results because they are specious, while there remains a chance to prove that they may have been chimerical.

The ability to discern the real character of persons, by merely holding a letter against the forehead, certainly reveals a faculty that may be frequently employed with great practical advantage.

Language is often used to conceal the essential character and real intentions of the speaker or writer; but the psychometric power penetrates the frail disguise. With the aid of a simple autograph the soul-measurer lifts the moral veil, strikes down the glittering shield, and reveals the naked falsehood that lurked behind it.

As the subject does not appear to call for a statement of illustrative facts and experiments, recorded at length, the circumstantial details may be omitted. A brief reference to the following examples will suffice to show that, not only the general character and habits of thought are revealed by the psychometric process, but the temporary moods of the mind, the existing thoughts and the present action are liable to cast their shadows over the sensitive soul. While Mrs. Mettler was holding a sealed letter from Dr. Buchanan—who was at that time editing the

"The Eclectic" and anticipating that any great truth would be revealed at once, merely because they had been logically and practically demonstrated, it is especially authenticated by experience and observation. Under our unphilosophical systems of education, pure reason is but little cultivated, and in the daily course of life there is so little disinterested reasoning, compared with the great number of acts proceeding from habit and the impulses of feeling, guided only by simple partiality, that the mind is rarely brought to a state of free and independent moral action, and is consequently liable to be misled by the most powerful influences of prejudice, association, example, and a misinterpreted self-interest. While the mind is thus under the power of such influences, the facts of Animal Magnetism, and especially clairvoyance after being demonstrated before scientific medical committees, in Paris and before tens of thousands, if not millions, of intelligent observers, throughout the civilized world, are still comparatively ignored or rejected by the leading medical authorities and reviewers, without any conclusions inquiry into the reality of such facts. They are simply dismissed, with a sneer, without honest argument or inquiry, with a vehement array of human intelligence and human vanity, which might be appropriate in a court of inquiry, but which is inadmissible in the members of a scientific profession, and still more in those who aspire to be the leaders of human thought. That mesmerizing and soul-binding influences, which create the human race as a vast assembly of slaves and fools, from which no word of truth should be expected, and whose testimony is utterly inadmissible in places where a scientific and noble standard of the medical profession, that it is vain to expect its abolition in the present generation; and under such a system it is vain to expect, even the authorities, who profess the profession, the recognition of any wonderful facts when their supporting testimony is rejected, and the parties who reject exclusive evidence either totally refuse to make any investigation themselves, or else open it with a determined and stable party spirit, determined to sustain their own foregone conclusions.—Introduction to Buchanan's Neurological System of Anthropology.

Journal of Man—she declared that the chief study of the writer was "Man, in his whole nature." When an envelope, enclosing some stanzas written by a poet, was placed in her hand, she observed that the author had a double character—the sphere was unpleasant, but that the person could "write poetry tolerably well." A letter written by Kossuth, immediately after the delivery of a powerful speech in St. Louis, caused her to gesticulate as if she were addressing a multitude, and this was followed by a feeling of extreme exhaustion. The letter of an insane man who had killed his own child, occasioned sympathetic delirium and convulsions. Some irregular pencil lines and scratches, traced by the hand of an infant child, gave no impression. A very delicate picture on silk—painted by Miss Thomas, of Edwardsburg, Mich., and presented to the writer—was handed to Mrs. M., under the cover of a sealed envelope, whereupon she affirmed that the author of the contents of the envelope had painted her, instead of expressing it in words.

Twelve years since the present writer published a number of mental and moral portraits of distinguished persons in the *Universalist*. They were living pictures, drawn with remarkable strength, beauty and fidelity, by Miss Parsons, of Boston. When a letter, written at Chelsea, England—by Thomas Carlyle—was handed to Miss P., she said, "The sea is not far off; or a thought of the sea is in his mind." When her hand was unconsciously resting on the autograph of Washington Allston, she pronounced his name. A letter from Ole Bull produced great exaltation of feeling. For some time she appeared to be immersed in a sea of music, as a few lines from her work-picture of the inspired Norwegian will plainly indicate. On clasping the letter in her hand, she at once exclaimed:

"Impetuous and enthusiastic! He seems to me to be all soul, yet all expression. He would be heartless and heartless! I would have perfect silence about me. I cannot bear to hear my own voice, it is so discordant. Language is so stiff, and cold, and harsh! Oh! could you but hear the stars, as they roll to music—the flowers as they grow—the rhythm of the streams and birds! This exquisite music calls up such admiration! This is worth it. At first he is absorbed in prayer; then he is silent and solemn; and self is lost in the Infinite."

It will be perceived that the historic characters are not the only ones that exert an influence on human affairs, long after the earthly drama of life is over. Every man leaves a record that time cannot obliterate. Every work of the individual heart and hands is an enduring monument of his soul's ideal; and his moral image is indelibly stamped on everything which his thought, affection and passion have prompted him to touch. The conclusion is startling, but inevitable. It is, moreover, full of beautiful suggestions, useful instruction, and solemn warning. Every secret not recorded, and may be openly reviewed by those who shall come after us. It has been proved by experiment that the vital and mental influences which emanated from the actual life and thought of the buried nations, still linger about the enchanted ruins. The psychometer may decipher the hieroglyphics on the ancient tombs and temples, and thus interpret the spirit of bygone ages. In this way we may yet learn respecting the ancients what History did not chronicle. While we are daily preparing the life record, that to-morrow may be submitted to this searching ordeal, it may be profitable to consider that wherever we go, and in all that we do, we either grope in darkness, among the thorns we have planted, or we walk in light, scattering fresh flowers by the wayside, to cheer and bless those who may succeed us in the journey of life.

The idea of the ancients, that certain localities were especially consecrated, was not all fanciful. It is well known that in those places where spiritually-minded persons are accustomed to meet frequently for social and sacred purposes, the invisible powers manifest their presence with far greater freedom and in a more tangible manner. Where true hearts meet and are united in pure affection; where great thoughts shine out from the temples of the mind; where the aspirations of congenial souls mingle and ascend in spiritual worship, then, and there, will kindred natures from the Inner Temple assemble and the place will be consecrated by their presence. Their divine emanations fall on the altar of the heart and quicken the latent powers of the worshiper. Thus, by a law of spiritual attraction, the powers of the immortal world assemble in such places as are consecrated by pure love and devotion, by noble deeds and sacred associations. They walked by the haunted streams; they met the old Druids in the solemn forests, and appeared in the lonely mountains by the altars of the ancient Prophets.

When one is gifted with a keen psychometric sense, he at once perceives the nature of the emanations from his visitors, whether they are visible or invisible. If he enters the haunts of deception and vice, clouds darken the spiritual vision, and he finds the trail of the serpent in his way. Those who are distinguished for their exquisite susceptibility, seldom fail to perceive the genial sphere of the houses they enter. Not unfrequently are these psychometric impressions, or intuitive revelations, made as soon as they cross the threshold. Sometimes harsh discords fall on the inner sense, and the nerves vibrate under the painful pressure of domestic and social antagonism. But the mansions of domestic peace and true fidelity of soul, disclose Elysian fields of the affections, where angels walk in light, or recline amid scenes of blissful repose. The senses are all refined and exalted by a pure moral and spiritual atmosphere. Every object seems to be pervaded by a subtle, mysterious power, that gently sweeps the inmost chords of being. We feel that we are in one of the concentrated places. The lively scene that elsewhere revealed the serpent's trail, here finds the radiant footsteps of Angel-visitors and heavenly emanations that make the place holy.

"The pure in heart" meet in heavenly places, always. The Angels stand by them in their transfigured beauty, and surround the loving heart with a sphere that is full of light and melody. They come to lead the weary pilgrim from the rude scenes of outer life and consciousness, to mansions of rest. They leave their pure emanations behind them when they depart. Every object they have touched is made luminous, and continues to scintillate with starlike radiations. To the spiritual eye their very foot-prints are visible in the light on the floor. The glory of their presence dissipates the darkness of the world; their smiles dissolve the frosts of years; they restore the spring time of the affections, and make life's barren wastes bloom like the gardens of Paradise. While I write I am inspired in music, soft and soothing as the gentlest strains from *Æolus*, when the expiring winds whisper their last benison to the trembling chords of the lyre.

#### AT PEACE WITH ALL.

How pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections blest,  
Should be the man whose thought would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.  
In vain shall thou, or any, call  
The spirit from their golden slat,  
Except, like him, thou too, dost say,  
My spirit is at peace with all.  
They haunt the silence of the breast,  
Imaginations calm and fair,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The conscious soul a sea at rest,  
But when the heart is full of sin,  
And doubts beset the portal wide,  
They can but hover at the gates,  
And hear the household jar within.

## IMMORTALITY AND NON-IMMORTALITY.

NUMBER ONE.

BY PROF. FAYTON SPENCER, M. D.

"Enter ye in at the straight gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leads to destruction; and many there be that go in thereat; because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—MATTHEW 7, verses 13, 14.

The views which will be presented in this and the following articles, were penned in the fall of 1855, while the writer was residing in Peru, Illinois. They were read, at that time, to a couple of friends whose minds had already become interested in the questions as to what constitutes immortality, and who are immortal and who are not. To one of them, Mrs. McC., a lady of a remarkably spiritual and intuitive nature, my conclusions seemed correct, and they brought to her mind the passage of the New Testament above quoted, which appeared to us to confirm the opinions which I had expressed. Such is the history of my text, which I do not expect to comment upon, or any another word about, but will simply let it stand where it is; and if others think with us, that it does confirm the views expressed in these articles, well and good; if any think that it has quite another meaning, and does not confirm the opinions herein contained, it is unimportant, as in either event they must stand or fall upon their own truthfulness or falsity.

The doctrine of the non-immortality of some human beings is said to be cold, heartless, unfeeling, inhuman; and those who pronounce such sentences upon the doctrine, make their judgment sufficiently broad and comprehensive to cover, not only the doctrine, but also its advocates, and hence they, too, are regarded as cold, heartless, unfeeling, inhuman. Thus a question of fact is tested by their feelings and sentiments instead of their reason and judgment; and if it grates upon their tender emotions and sympathetic natures, they at once conclude that it cannot be so, that nature would never thus violate their conceptions of what is kind and merciful. Yet the least reflection must satisfy them that nature does often violate our limited conceptions of things, and that if man's feelings and emotions were permitted to rule and to reconstruct the machinery of nature, the millions of sad scenes and heart-rending facts which mark her processes with disease and suffering, death and desolation, would never occur. A fact is a fact, however much we may shudder at the announcement of it; and neither a knowledge, nor a belief of that fact, can rob us of any benevolent element of our nature; and even if we believe it to be a fact, when in reality it is not, our generous and philanthropic feelings are not therefore diminished. If, for example, it is true that one-third of the whole number of children born die in infancy, is it cold, heartless, unfeeling, or inhuman to announce the fact? If it is not, neither is it cruel or inhuman in any one to announce his simple belief, and give his reasons for that belief that two-thirds die in infancy, when, in reality, only one-third die thus prematurely. In fact, if I have discovered something which, at first sight, seems unpleasant to be known, or if I only believe that I have discovered such a thing, and if it bears any relation to humanitarian interests, benevolence would at once say, disclose the discovery as a positive truth, if it is such, or announce it as a subject open for investigation and worthy of investigation, if, to me, it is not yet clearly established. It is highly important for us to know that one-third of the number of children that are born die in infancy; because a knowledge of the fact will awaken us to the necessity of ascertaining and removing the causes of premature death. Still more important is it for us to know, if it is so, that many germs of immortal life are blighted—that many a promise of an immortal soul is never redeemed; for, be assured that such knowledge will not chill the stout heart, but will rouse them to a deeper interest in humanity than they ever realized before; it will stimulate their sentiments and their benevolent feelings to an energetic action in the right direction—not to an usurpation of the province of reason and judgment, to sit in their places and pronounce upon questions of fact and science, but to an action in accordance with the dictates of reason and judgment—in accordance with what reason and judgment have pronounced to be truth; and it will furthermore stimulate them to pursue the investigation a little further, and inquire into the causes of soul annihilation, and into the means of removing those causes.

The world is full of stereotyped notions, and among these we may truly class the world's opinions as to what the soul is, and how and why it is immortal. Certain it is, that, during all the past, we have had the expression, substantially, of but one opinion upon those subjects by those who have believed in the soul's immortality. Surely, then, the opinion is well stereotyped; and, judging from the fixed and settled form which it has assumed, I know of no error more likely to become eternalized than it, if it were possible, in the great interchange of universal thought and intelligence, for any error to become eternalized. A very brief formula will express all the regular routine of traditional thought upon this subject. It is this: "The soul is a donation from God, or nature, and it is immortal because it is a soul." This is a truthful concentration of all that the past has given us, and upon these simple assumptions humanity seems willing to rest. It is so simple, so positive, and has taken such deep root in our affectional nature, and has become so interwoven into our every day thoughts, that both our affections and our philosophy spontaneously rebel, without knowing why, against anything that throws a doubt over the formula, or is at all calculated to take from us our positive errors, and substitute in their stead the uncertainties necessarily attendant upon all primary investigations of any department of nature. Yet there are many deeply penetrating questions in relation to the soul and immortality, to which religion and science give us no answer, and to which the above formula furnishes no response but blank nothingness. What is the soul? At what stage in the course of man's development does it really become a soul? Is the soul a slow formation, which is immortal only when it has aggregated to itself elements which are superior to all the destroying forces of nature? Or is it a sudden creation, immortal simply because it exists? With these questions we approach the warm-hearted Spiritualists and the deeply emotional religionists of every stamp, and they answer us according to their desires, and not according to their reason; they tell us how they would like to have things, provided the powers of nature were in their hands, and the destinies of humanity under their control.

I know of nothing in nature which is a sudden manufacture, moulded into full form and perfect type, at one run, as it were, like the casting of a piece of statuary, or the moulding of a brick or a bullet. On the contrary, all the works of nature are the results of a growth—a gradual aggregation of elements. The diamond is an aggregation of atoms of carbon; the ocean attracts to itself particles with which its nature affinitizes, until the oak is formed; and, judging from the manifestations which the soul makes of itself, we conclude that it also grows; and,

reasoning from the analogies of nature, we feel assured that it grows by an aggregation of elements similar to its own.

Furthermore, we know that everything that grows begins as a germ, which germ, though possessing within itself the power, or the possibility of being developed into the full form of its type, is yet a very different thing, anatomically and potentially, from the matured form which it is capable of producing. Thus, the acorn is not an oak, neither does it contain the oak in miniature, as is often supposed. The germ of a human body is not a human body, nor the miniature of a human body; but it is simply a dynamic centre of force, which, if supplied with the proper elements under the right conditions, will, eventually, build up a human body. So, the germ of a human soul is not a human soul, but is simply a centre of force—a possibility, which may grow until it is a soul. Then the question arises, "When is the soul-germ sufficiently developed to be an immortal soul?" Before taking up this question, however, let us illustrate both the question and its answer by a comparison taken from that department of our nature which is more easily observed and analyzed than the soul.

When is the germ of man's body sufficiently developed to be called a man? and when is the physical man sufficiently developed to be self-sustaining and self-preserving in the midst of elements which, at the same time that they are elements of life, are yet elements of decomposition, destruction and death? Not every child that is born—not every child that reaches the adult form, passes safely through those destroying elements, and ripens with old age into the grave. The chemistry of nature is constantly struggling to restore all crystalline and all organic forms back again into the general stock of inorganic matter and simple elemental existence; and if those forms have not sufficient powers of resistance to that destroying chemistry, they must be dissolved—they must return their elements to the general stock—there is no escaping their destiny—there is no God of miracles to save them; and as nature knows not what she does, as she knows no difference between life and death, as death is as much her life as life itself, as she is as well pleased with a work of destruction and decomposition as with a work of repair and of aggregation and organization, she cannot stretch forth her hand to save anything; for to her all things are saved, the dead as well as the living. If she fails in making a race to-day, the elements with which she failed drop into her own lap, and with them she may make a race, or something better, to-morrow, or next year, or next century, perhaps. What is it to nature whether this odd of mine is immortal or not? If it lives, it is hers; if it perishes, its elements are still hers; and though I shall never be again, yet other souls shall come and build themselves up into an immortality out of the same elements which I had not the power to retain; and with their immortality nature will be as well pleased as she would have been with mine. In our circumscribed littleness we love our blood relations, and our particular friends, and our special affinities; and, if they are taken from us, we roll upon the ground in agony, and curse the power that could be so cruel as to take our loved ones from us. But nature has no blood relations; nature has no particular friends; nature has no special affinities. The form that now is, is no dearer to her than the form that is to be. See! the sun shines forth, and gilds and glorifies nature's universal rejoicings, but, in the midst of all, she strangles the babe at the mother's breast; yet we do not see that nature's gilded glories are therefore draped in mourning, nor are her rejoicings muffled into silence, or changed into lamentations; the sun still throws a robe of light over the broad, green earth, while the herbs, the grasses and the flowers, feed upon that strangled babe, and its elements are thus transported far away down the track of time, revolving upon the axis of life and death, of destruction and reproduction, until, lo! they reappear again; oh, come and see! a living, laughing babe at another mother's breast. Which mother and which babe shall nature love the best—the first or the last?

The oak may live a thousand years or more. Let us plant an acorn. In the moist, warm earth it germinates; but repeated, overwhelming showers descend upon it, and it perishes; yet the full grown oak, near which it was planted, still lives. Why this difference? Because the oak has an aggregation of power within itself sufficient to resist the effects of the excessive moisture, while the germ had not. I plant another acorn. Its tender leaves soon appear above the sod; but the protracted drought and the parching sunbeam consume it; yet the old oak still lives and flourishes in the full tide of life. The oak has the power of self-preservation under conditions which prove fatal to the tender leaves of the young plant. So it is with all organic forms, whether spiritual or material; the latter live only so long as they can resist the chemistry of nature; the former are immortal only when they have become superior to all elements of destruction and decomposition.

We return to our question. When is the germ of the physical man sufficiently developed to be called a man, and when is it sufficiently developed to sustain and protect itself in the midst of the decomposing and devouring elements that surround it?

Let us begin at the beginning, and what do we find as the dynamic centre of force—the germ from which the human form is ultimately evolved? Imagine a very thin, transparent membrane, a bladder-like sack about one five hundredth part of an inch in diameter, filled with a clear fluid, in which float a number of exceedingly small particles, or granules of matter, and upon the inner surface of which membrane is a distinct spot about the one three thousandth part of an inch in diameter, and you have the germ of a human being. Of course, no one will contend that this little bag of fluid and granular matter is a man; yet, it may, under proper conditions, by the aggregation of suitable elements to itself become a man. Let us suppose it has those conditions, and those elements, and that it begins its development. It very soon shows an appearance of organization; yet, strange as it may seem, the first decided organic type which it assumes is that of a fish; not that it becomes a fish in shape, but its brain, spinal marrow, heart, kidneys, and all its internal organs, and their functional activities, correspond with those of the fish type, and not the human type. No one will contend that this thing with the organization of a fish is a man. By degrees it assumes the organization of a reptile. Of course it is not yet a man. In the course of its further development it assumes, in succession, the typical organization first of the bird, and then of the mammal; and still the man is not yet manifest. All these changes of organization take place before birth, and at birth, the whole organization is human; still there is no man yet; and not until many years after birth do all the organs attain that full degree of unfolding which constitutes true, adult manhood.

Now to the second part of our question: "When is the physical man sufficiently developed to be self-sustaining and self-preserving in the midst of elements which, at the same time that they are elements of life, are yet elements of decomposition, destruction and death?" Nature promises to every germ of a human body a life of three score and ten







Written for the Banner of Light.

# AFTER AIL.

BY JOHN M. ADAMS.

The clouds hang heavily o'er our way,  
Around as drearily the wind and woe,  
Our hopes grow faint with a long delay,  
Our hearts are sad, and worn our feet,  
Slowly we walk our weary path,  
Drooping along mid the daylight dim,  
Hoping to grasp the helping hand  
Of God, and trembling alone in Him.  
Our breath comes low—our feet grow weak!  
Merciful Heaven—shall it be so well?  
"Nearer," we hear a firm voice say—  
"The sunbeam cometh—after all!"  
The hand of Poverty close doth press;  
The skeleton hand stands at the door,  
And she who would with abundance bless,  
Sees famishing children on the floor,  
The fire flies smouldering on the hearth,  
The candle has given in its socket burned;  
The mother hath given the last hard crust  
To the child, and her face to the cold wall turned.  
She prays and hopes—"the last faint hope  
That God will lift the widow's call,  
When a voice be heard at the open door—  
"Enough and to spare cometh—after all!"  
We struggle in life with its bitter cup,  
Each soul its sorrow alone doth know,  
We would pass it by, but we must sup,  
Of what seemeth to us a dark, dark woe,  
We question the "good" that will come of it,  
Too often turn with a sad complain,  
And think our Father has closed the door,  
And shut us out in the cold, cold rain;  
But when, from the top of the beautiful hills,  
We see, escaped from the valley's thrall,  
The whole of life, we shall all confess  
To a wealth of goodness—after all.

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### PRESENT AND TO COME.

The thousands in all parts of the country who have extended their sympathy and lent their cooperation to the establishment of a journal, which, like the *Banner of Light*, proposed to espouse the cause of rational progress and a perfect spiritual freedom with whatever zeal and ability it might command, may well congratulate themselves on their accomplishment to-day. Because they have so willingly, their eyes at this moment rest upon a sheet, with whose external appearance certainly they and we have good reason to feel satisfied, and of whose liberal, catholic and thorough character these modern times stand greatly in need. We cannot say that our feelings at this moment are akin at all to pride, but we can scarcely refrain from giving frank expression to our satisfaction. Nor is it, either, the satisfaction which implies a willingness to fold the hands and review the work already done with placid contentment, but rather that which stimulates the desire to perform many times more than what has hitherto been undertaken.

On an occasion like this, when reader and writer enter upon a new lease of sympathy, as it were, and all are better pleased with the freshness of regard that perfect success secures, the right moment has come for the old acquaintances to take a larger form, such as its present ripeness warrants. The parties chiefly interested may sit down and chat in a very friendly and even intimate way, on the score of their common experiences together. This is what we propose to do in the present article; we have selected this particular time as the one most fit for the mutual interchange of sentiments and the search for a still more close and thorough understanding. In a work like this in which we—both reader and writer—are engaged, nothing can be done if it be attempted from only one side; unless both parties sympathize and heartily co-operate, the practical results must needs be few and feeble. And here it is that we have always felt strong, and feel particularly so today; if we had suffered for the aid and comfort of the friends of a genuine rational liberty of spirit, we should have been able to work none of those results, for which, altho' as they may be at most, we have too great reason to be grateful now.

What the present position and standing of this paper is, it is hardly necessary for us to attempt to say. If it has come short, at any time, of its prime and original intent, to avow and defend principles which are as broad and deep as humanity, or to throw wide open the doors to the discussion of weighty topics in human life, and the expression of every variety of individual experience, or to proclaim the beauty, the need, and the rich rewards of a charity that is as sweet as the heavens and as wide as God's own creation—then the fault is chargeable to a lack of ability to execute, and in no sense to a want of steadfastness of purpose on the part of its conductors. The immediate past is hung about with a tapestry on which are embroidered recollections and associations which our hearts will live to glance at forever. What little we have done, insignificant as it is by the side of what it is our desire and aim to do, is nevertheless of priceless value to us for its countless suggestions, and the powerful stimulus they offer. But it is much to begin. The French have a pithy proverb, that "it is the first step that costs." Had a paper like the *Banner* been started on its circulation not very many years ago, it would soon have reached the sorry end of it. The fact that a paper composed of such strong and liberal elements, however, to-day keeps the popular ear and holds a fixed place in the popular heart, is satisfactory evidence that it is a paper whose characteristics are exactly in demand by the many thousands of souls that are struggling and striving, praying and aspiring to be free.

It is almost an overpowering thought, that one is made, even by circumstantial aid, the exponent of such souls as such an age; yet we must not forget that Heaven selects its own proper instruments to work its own will, and that each should assume his place, and hold it persistently and bravely, whether it be high or low in degree, honored or not. We believe that the mission of the *Banner* is a peculiar one, as we likewise know it to answer the want of the masses, whose souls secretly testify that hitherto they have been unheeded. Pulpit preaching exerts but a very limited influence in this country, at best; the professedly "religious" newspapers fail to get hold either of the popular mind or heart. Something is wanting to feed hungering souls. Books are powerful, but all cannot and do not buy books. The newspaper is the universal courier of tidings. All men purchase it. It penetrates to every household, however humble, in the land. Upon its pages may be spread just what the great common heart needs. Not contenting—not in homely, though ever so deeply suggested—not with stiff didacticism of preaching, that is at once offensive to the better instincts of all men, and so closes the mode of ingress to the much-needed truth—frankly, freely, as familiar conversation with the sweet spirit of confidence, and therefore earnestly and without selfish reservation. This spirit it is that makes friends at first sight, and by its conciliatory manner, paves the sure way for all good things and true to come.

## LITERATURE.

### TRINITARIANISM NOT THE DOCTRINE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

This is the title of two very able, if not somewhat learned lectures, delivered by Henry King, of Boston, to the Middle Church Church. They are partly in review of Rev. Dr. Huntington's Discourse on the Trinity, the latter gentleman having recently left the Unitarian denomination, discarded its fundamental doctrines, and gone over to the Episcopal Church. It is enough to say of these lectures of Mr. King, that they are very eloquently and forcibly written, and will repay thoughtful perusal by those who aspire to larger and more liberal views of God, and our relations to him as children.

Published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

### FRATERNITY TRACTS.

We have on our table four tracts, published by the well-known "Fraternity Society" of Theodore Parker's congregation, containing selections from some of his abliest and most thorough discourses. The topics are—"Natural Religion," "Errors of the Popular Theology," "Man naturally loves God," and "Three Mistakes of the Christian Church."

For sale by Rufus Loughton, Jr.

### THE MATERIAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The above is the title of a handsome pamphlet, a reprint of an article by Theodore Parker in the *Christian Examiner*. We remember the impression made on us by the article on its appearance in magazine pages, and are glad to see it reprinted in so good a form for circulation. The people of the Commonwealth, and people outside its limits, too, will find a great deal in it to stimulate thought about common and most necessary concerns.

For sale by Bela Marsh.

### THE HERALD OF LIGHT.

We have the March No. of this sterling publication, which offers a readable table of contents.

### HOME PASTIMES, OR TABLEAU VIVANTS.

This elegant anecdotal volume directs the members of every household in the land how to extemporize those delightful little family tableaux which everybody desires to witness, but so few know how to get up. Between these covers the whole of the art is made known to the reader, so that he or she may at once set to work and have all these pleasant representations at home. Subjects for scenes are furnished, together with minute and tasteful directions how to proceed in executing them. The aim of the author is, in his own words, "to extend the influence of a pure and ornamental art," to "awaken in the minds of many a quicker sense of the grace and elegance which familiar objects are capable of affording, and to encourage all to cherish a taste for the beautiful." The author is Mr. James H. Head.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

### ADELA, THE OCTOBER.

The plot of this story is laid on a large plantation, in one of the rich cotton districts of the Mississippi. Though the subject of this novel is slavery, yet it is not of the character of Uncle Tom's Cabin. It makes no appeal to our morbid sensibilities; the characters are all natural, occupying true, unimproved ground. There is no extension of slavery, no deepening of its dark hue. It is a fairly wrought story, interspersed with beautiful passages, each chapter weaving its own fascinating spell around the mind, until the last paragraph is read.

Although complete as a novel, it is a sort of triangle; it is an epitome of the slave agitation at our National Capital, the workings and policy of the Southern mind on the subject, and Northern political timidity and treachery; and, as such, is valuable. Not only so; it is a very specious and ingenious plea for Colonization, showing that the black race cannot arrive to their proper condition among the whites; that a wicked, unjust prejudice, existing among the people of the free States, forbids the idea of a political or social equality of condition; that we do the slaves but little good by mere emancipation; that this bettering of their condition is doubtful; that true benevolence requires more, and the principles of eternal justice demand of us, as a people, to colonize them; "that Northern sympathy is morbidly fed, and injudiciously exercised." Thus, while the negro is theoretically free, prejudices and passions, neglected and wronged, step in, lacinating their feelings, fettering their souls, and cutting them off from all the glorious realities of freedom, rendering them practically slaves, without even the small mercies that slavery breaks to them.

Without endorsing the writer's convictions on this subject, we remark that they are highly suggestive and worthy of thought. The author is H. L. Hooper. Published by Follett, Foster & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and for sale by Brown & Taggart, Boston.

### Thackeray and Macaulay.

Even "History" are timid, at times. The greatest orators in history have quivered and trembled like girls, on rising to open a speech, though they afterwards surpassed themselves in what they accomplished. An anecdote is now related of Thackeray, going to show how he was quaked and feared in the presence of Macaulay. Upon the occasion of Thackeray's first lecture in London, he saw, on looking over the house, before going forward to the desk, the well-known person of Macaulay on the third bench from the front. Turning to some friends, he said: "A five-pound note to any man who will get Macaulay out of the house." "Egad, sir," said he, in relating the circumstance, "I felt like a fellow with a sixpence in his pocket, in the banking-house of the Barings." And while on the subject of Macaulay, we may as well add the story of his only known joke. It has but recently come to the light. It is said he met Mrs. Beecher Stowe at Sir Charles Trevelyan's, and rallied her on her admiration of Shakespeare. "Which of his characters do you like best?" said he. "Desdemona," said the lady. "Ah, of course," was the reply, "for she was the only one who ran after a black man!"

### Dr. Hayer's Polar Excursion.

The intrepid doctor is determined to set out this spring for the Arctic regions, to verify the discoveries of Dr. Kane. The rush of applications from persons desirous of going along with him, from one motive and another, is beyond all precedent. Among the names are those of artists, physicians and geologists from all parts of the country. Few, if any, of the gallant fellows can be gratified, as the doctor proposes to take only the following force: One astronomer, one surgeon, two mates, one steward, one cook, and six sailors. This party will be all that a schooner of one hundred tons will require, or can accommodate. Such is the size of the vessel and the number of voyagers, a settled upon in case only \$20,000 can be raised. If twice that sum could be procured, a vessel of double the tonnage and at least twice the number of sailors and assistants would be taken. The doctor hopes to get away by the 10th of May, though it will not be too late to start by the middle of June. He expects to be absent two years and a half.

### An Endorser.

An exchange informs us—we forget what particular exchange, in the sea of our papers—that Lola Montes has come out in a Cincinnati newspaper. In defence of the piety of a reverend gentleman, now preaching against Spiritualism in England. This is thought to be something new for Lola to undertake—defence of the clergy.

### The Realm of Sleep.

A popular writer says, with much force and beauty: "Every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the ante-chamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world."

### Renew Your Subscription.

This number will be sent to all those whose terms of subscription expired with the last issue, Vol. 6, No. 23. We hope our friends will lose no time in forwarding their subscriptions. Those who wish the *Banner* continued, but who do not find it convenient to remit at once, will confer a favor upon us by notifying us of the fact. Those who wish it discontinued, will return the paper with their name and post address upon it, according to law.

### The Pope on This Side.

There was a meeting, some few weeks since, in St. Johns, convened by the Roman Catholic Bishop of that city, to express sympathy with the Pope. The meeting was numerously attended, and Louis Napoleon was denounced as Pontius Pilate, while Emmanuel was called the impotent thief, while Palmerston, Derby, Gladstone and Russell were favored with any amount of abuse.

### Reported for the Banner of Light.

### BROMFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

Wednesday Evening, March 21st.

QUESTION—Do good spirits influence us; and what do we know of their influence?

Dr. CHITT.—In our past discussions we have inquired for the devil, and, for one, I have failed to find him. We have reached out our hands to grasp the "evil" in the influence of "bad" spirits, and in this reaching I have been as industrious as any one; but I have found in my grasp, nothing. Now we will reach out for the influence of good spirits.

In conformity with past distinctions made between good and bad spirits, I shall speak of the influence of spirits that everybody calls good, though all spirits are too good for such a spirit as mine is to call bad.

How good and how kind is the better side of human life! How generous and noble are its manifestations of goodness! It is the influence of good spirits, out of the body and in the body, that makes these manifestations of goodness.

Watch the influence of a mother's spirit, acting upon her child, from its infancy to its mature manhood. What an unmeasured volume of goodness is poured out to influence her child through all the stages of its early growth, to feed and nurture its material existence for usefulness and beauty! It is the spirit of the mother that sends forth these emanations of goodness, and it is the spirits of departed men and women that pour into her soul the streams of goodness that she sends out upon her child. You may ask me how I know that the spirits of departed men pour streams of love into the mother's bosom? I see them do it. This is enough for me. I do not ask any one to believe this. Look yourselves if you desire to know, and see it. Every one must see for himself and for herself.

To see spirits is only to have the desire. But do not ever expect to see them with sensory vision. Behold them in thoughts, in feelings, in desires—in the imagination, which is more real and more enduring than the facts of arithmetic, or the reality of a granite rock. The soul's desire to see a spirit, is the spiritual consciousness of the reality. Desire is spiritual vision. Thought and imagination is the reality of spiritual existence.

Do good spirits influence us? They do—in every effort of goodness, kindness and love, the influence of good spirits directs us. And what a volume of the manifestations of human goodness every one of us may read in the practical details of our past lives! Humanity goes for goodness, always. There is a fountain of goodness in every human heart, which, when touched, will call forth manifold deeds of goodness that would almost make angels weep with joy. And it is always the influence of disembodied spirits that call out these streams of goodness that flow through mortals, to make the beautiful manifestations of human life. I know it. It is a privilege that I have to know this without being under the necessity of proving it to every man I meet, by the science of a plate and a plumb-line, or the plummet of a judicial countenance—or the creed of a pulpit where one man stands up to tell a thousand other men, who know as well as he does, what they must do. In spiritual parlance, what I know, I do know, and that is for me; and what you know, you do know, and that is for you. For one man to instruct another man by telling him something, belongs to material things, not to spiritual things. Spiritual knowledge comes to the soul as air does to the lungs—each one breathes for himself. Spiritual knowledge is not cold philosophy—it is *feeling*, *desire*; it is spontaneous thought—it is imagination, if you please to call it that; it is a consciousness that grows out of the longing soul.

The soul-desire and the soul-longings of men and women are for goodness, and these desires and longings grow forth unseen to sweeten and to beautify human life. Every heart is a channel of goodness sending off emanations of love in darkness, and like the dew of heaven that fall unseen, they water the tender buds of spiritual existence on earth. All the springs of earth have an unseen fountain that feeds them. In every living soul is a spiritual spring of goodness, and every spring of goodness has a fountain of goodness, that feeds it. There is a fountain of spiritual goodness that pours its waters through human souls. Angels' bosoms are the channels, God's love is the fountain. Through every human soul comes the influence of good spirits which we see in every good and generous deed of life.

Everybody desires to do good; and everybody does deeds of goodness to one deed of naughtiness.

What do we know of the influence of good spirits? Let the answer to this question be another question—viz., What do we know of the kindness and love exhibited every day and every hour of life in our intercourse with one another? How kind and good our father and our mother have been to us! How innumerable are the deeds of love that they have done for us from our helpless infancy to the present time! How our hearts swell with gratitude when we recount, even but a few of the many deeds of a father's and mother's love written in the book of our past lives! How many anxious tears has a good mother dropped for each of us? Good spirits have influenced our fathers and our mothers to do for us what they have done. How many deeds of kindness have our brothers and our sisters done for us in the home of our childhood? Angels made them do those deeds—and angels are messengers of God's love.

How kind our friends and acquaintances are! how multiplied are the influences of goodness we have received from them! Angels do this. How good, how civil, how respectful, are the manifestations of society all around us! How good-hearted and kind is all humanity! How beautiful is life! What makes it so? It is the love of God, borne to us on the wings of his angels and spirits. What makes Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. May, Mrs. Barrett, and a hundred other good women, that I know, and am glad to know, go on in silence and carry new leaves of bread to the hungry, and new, warm clothes to the naked? Is it less than the immediate influence of angels that makes good women do such deeds? No, I know it is not. What influence is it that makes all the Patricks, the Michaels, and the Peters, the Joggles, the Harveys, and the Kates, willingly and faithfully do all the hard work for us, and submissively live an earthly life of toil and drudgery? Is it less than the influence of the holiest angels? If heaven has a dowry bed for rest when this wearisome life of toil is over, such as these are shall find rest upon it. I tell you angels guard them now, and influence them to do the noble deeds of life they do.

What influence is it that makes ten thousand obscure people relieve human suffering, and tell it not to the world? It is the angels of God that do this. What makes Charles Spear, John Augustus, and every other prisoner's friend, industriously labor, day and night, to heal and bind up the bleeding wounds of crime, and mitigate the intensest suffering that humanity knows? What influence does this, if it is not the influence of good spirits and the angels of God? There is not a deed of life that is done independent of the immediate influence of spirits and angels; and

human volition is for happiness; and efforts for happy ends are efforts in goodness always.

Mr. CONANT.—Life, what and where it is, and whether it tends, is a momentous question, and none are so wise that they can answer it. Dr. Gardner truly said, last week, that every man must be his own judge—each wrong shall bring its own punishment; each good its own reward.

Mr. EASON.—Dr. Child seems to look at the question from the natural, or normal position, which I like, and I might relate one or two instances of the control of good spirits, to influence men to good deeds. Years ago, before I became a Spiritualist, I used to be troubled with the blues. I was one day on the Common, walking around in a fit of despondency, and I was made to turn out of my way and buy some fruit of an Irish apple-woman. I didn't want the apples—I had no appetite for them; but in another moment along came a few poorly dressed, hungry-looking, Irish girls. I was induced to give the apples to these girls; and as I did so their gratitude made the cloud of melancholy fall away, and left me happy. The deed was nothing, but the result was worth worlds to me. The fruit seemed to me apples of gold in pictures of silver. [Mr. E. told other instances of a like nature, which had equally harmonizing results.] I believe in each of these cases I was normally induced by good spirits to do as I did. It is not absolutely necessary for us to know much, to be very wise men; I depend upon what we make of what we do know. I believe we dwell in three phases; we act in the external and natural; we live in the spiritual, and we aspire in the celestial and divine.

Mr. THAYER.—There have been times when I should have thought such things absurd; but now I am fully persuaded that good spirits do influence us to acts of kindness and deeds of charity. [Mr. T. related instances which had come under his own observation; he told those present of a professional gentleman of Boston, who had been compelled to leave off the habits of drinking and smoking, by spirit control.]

Mr. RUFUS ELMER.—At first thought this seems hardly to be a question, and the argument is all on one side. The question is whether spirits do influence mortals in a normal or abnormal condition. We do not know of any good spirits. Christ was probably as good as any that ever lived; but he said, "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but I, that is, God." Relatively, however, some are good and some are bad. This is what is called human depravity. It grows out of human weakness by misusing the means of being happy. [He related incidents of the influence of spirits on men, to do things whose results were of incalculable good.] Christianity is not to produce in man religious emotions, but to put our souls in harmony with heaven, and in rapport with the influence of the good. We can so tune our lives that we can catch from heaven a gleam of glory, and spread it in our deeds. Let us do this thing, and we shall be happier, more beautiful, and less apt to kill the world by our attempts to correct it, by finding fault with it.

Mr. VON VILK.—The majority of people here on the earth are neither exceedingly good nor extremely bad; as regards morals, they are about "mildling"; and I do not believe that so-called death is an event that will essentially change their characters. When they go into the other world they will doubtless seek to communicate with those they leave behind them; and it would be folly to suppose that the means any one of them might use to effect a communication with mortals, would not be all available to all of them. We are as really spirits now as we ever will be, and by means of the law of sympathy, we can spiritually commune with one another without any physical or external manifestation. In like manner do departed spirits commune with each other, and with us.

The mortals or spirits who would do us harm, have no sympathy with or for us, and therefore cannot commune with us, in the strict sense of the term. They may annoy us by some physical manifestations of a disagreeable character; but they cannot invade the sanctuary of our souls: that is a place that must be peacefully entered, or not at all. Human sympathy will prevail over time and space and every condition of sentient being. There are none but feel it in a greater or less degree. It is the source of our greatest joy, and the only means of communication between man and man. I should rather say it is the communication itself. A person may talk to us ever so fluently, but the extent of the communication of thought depends entirely upon our sympathetic relations. What I thought further than that it has to do with our feelings? I might converse with some people several hours, and yet there be no communication between us than there is between my wife and myself, when she sits in the corner sewing, while I sit affectionately gazing upon her, without a word being uttered by either. Some people understand each other without much talking; while others, with a great deal of talking, never come to an understanding.

I have many dear friends in the spirit-world, and they almost constantly commune with me. To-day I was feeling very much depressed by material circumstances, and might have rashly done myself an injury, had not good spirits come to my aid with words of encouragement and a sustaining love.

If I can reason clearly, and am able to justly judge with reference to anything, then I am prepared to positively affirm that good spirits do commune with mortals, or at least one mortal, and that is me.

As direct spirit communion is dependent on sympathy, all spirits who would do us harm are debarred from intercourse with us unless it be through the medium of a spirit in the flesh. We cannot afford spirit communion. As social beings, we are dependent upon it. If there was no other communication between human beings than mere talk, every one would be extremely selfish, and even a stranger to his fellows. There would then be no sociability. The relation of man to man would be strictly a business one. But such a repulse to feel, is not the case. By the mysterious law of sympathy, we are compensated for all incongruities or discord. Strong currents of good feeling are continually passing between all human spirits. It is thus, and only thus, that the soul grows. Of what is called mediumship, the highest phase is impossibility, that is, the power to feel.

What are called evils, are the accidents of life, which every one would rather avoid. They are, however, inevitable, and enable us to better enjoy the incidents of life.

There is no such thing as separating lovers or friends, unless it be in a strictly material sense. Therefore our loved ones who have left the earth, and are of course spirit, in our estimation, are constantly with us in spirit, and over us exert an influence. In a local sense, too, we are accessible to them; both of which statements none but outright infidels can doubt.

Mr. WALCOTT.—The friend who has just spoken seems to doubt whether death dissipates or strengthens spirit power. It seems to me that the spirit, disencumbered of the body, has a greater power—has greater nervous energy, and, therefore, power to accomplish any act it may have in view, with less obstructions in the way. I have been saved from suicide by the interposition of my spirit guides. All great artists and architects acknowledge the influence of a power in their productions vastly beyond themselves. It is nothing but the work of spirits through their hands.

Miss LAURA DEFORE.—I can only substantiate what has already been said of the influence of good spirits, by similar instances. There are good spirits both in and out of the body. I think a great many Spiritualists and mediums have a habit of attributing to the influence of spirits what in reality belongs to themselves. If they are doing wrong, they give bad spirits the credit of it, and if good, the angels have all the praise. Brother Edison's good deeds were not the doings of spirits, but the outpourings of his own warm heart. [Miss D. related to the audience an account of the manner of her development as a medium, as a proof of the influence of good spirits.]

Da. WELLINGTON.—It is hard to separate evil and good spirits, in the body or out. The soul of man is an outgrowth of his own divine being. Read the laws that govern society, and there is the condition requisite to God heaven or hell. There is no principle of

mathematics I have tried so faithfully to solve, as that which underlies the philosophy of spirit-life and action. It is as much a science as geometry, and as capable of demonstration. You may put some susceptible persons on the floor above, and I will stand here, and by my spirit's action I will transfer to their minds any words which you may write on paper here. I have exerted this power for miles' distance, and impressed my will upon the minds of others. I remember the first fact which called my attention to Spiritualism. A lady was a somnambulist. I mesmerized her a few times, and rendered her susceptible to observation, or inflection. Becoming nervous, she was possessed, and was beyond the control of any person in the house. If confined, she would pull off the door-lock, and wrench the window from its frame. The family were frightened, and she was brought home. I asked the controlling power what it required. The answer was, to be mesmerized three times by the spirit's former minister. [Dr. W. related several other interesting facts, premonitions, forewarnings, etc., coming through this lady, who was shortly afterward developed into one of the best clairvoyant mediums.]

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH.—The man who, in three times, affirms that good spirits do not communicate with, and influence us, is not posted in the remarkable achievements of this remarkable age. The era of common sense is fast superseding that of transcendentalism, philosophical triviale and hyperbolic moonshine. God is at work, and perfectly understands his business. Spirits are his agents, self-preservers of their motives; they wish to render themselves happier by bringing man nearer to truth, goodness and beauty. They cannot be perfectly blessed till they are free from mortal stains. To this great end they labor. Beyond all doubt good spirits do influence us, and we feel their secret, silent power in the hour of our greatest need. When earthly friends drop off, and all things else shall fall us, God, through ministering spirits, draws near, saying to the troubled woe that is over us, "Peace, be still," for which let praises sound from all human tongues, upreaching from all true human hearts to his holy name. The universe, below and above man is a vast telegraphic system; the sympathetic chords or wires extend to all beneath, and through the bending heavens to the Eternal God above, and whatever goes wrong is felt through the great expanse. We should, therefore, be good, and do good, for God's sake; and, because we do so, all the heavens rejoice. Spiritual intercourse is a sacred and holy truth; when properly understood, and its teachings followed out, it will lead our souls to a true religion—one that will warm the heart, cheer the spirit, and illumine the soul, heal the body, bring us near to God and one another, and make a happy family of all the nations of the earth. So long as one man is bad on earth, so long will the wine of heaven be drenched with a drop of poison gall. For our happiness is reflected back to us from those whom we have rejoiced on the other side of spirit. Spirits are engaged in the work of self-preservation, conserving their own happiness by preserving us from sin. Let us labor for the true spiritual Christianity.

Miss LYON.—From my own experience I have not a doubt but good spirits do communicate. I had the evidence seven years ago. I was at that time gloomy and sad, and had a vision of Washington. He gave me advice; I followed it and won the victory. When I enter heaven, shall never rest content till I see that noble spirit again. I have seen spirits standing around those with whom I came in contact, and I know that good spirits come to every child of earth.

Mr. HARRIS.—I virtually endorse much that has been said. I am ready to answer the question for myself in the affirmative. I have been influenced by bad spirits who would take my life, were it not for good spirits who have interfered. I can see spirits as clearly as I can see the audience here. Were it not for the influence of good spirits, I should not be here to night. Since I have been under spirit influence, I never have felt alone in the world; and I am now willing to stay and work out my little work, if I have one to do. The same subject will be continued on next Wednesday evening.

### LOCAL BRIEVITIES.

#### Melodeon Lectures.

Miss Annie Davis will lecture in the Free Hall, in the Melodeon, on Sunday, April 1st, 1880, at 2:30 and 7:30 o'clock. Miss Davis is the young lady who some four years since was entranced for the term of forty-five consecutive days, during which time she did not partake of food or purloinment of any kind, and finally was restored to comparative health by spirit agency. She at that time resided with her grandparents in Lansburg, near Troy, N. Y. This is one of the most remarkable cases on record, either in ancient or modern times.

#### Rev. T. W. Harris.

We call attention to William Howitt's letter in reference to Mr. Harris's celebrated sermon. We also take occasion to notice the reception from George Leach, Secretary of the New Church Pulpit Association, of extracts from a letter written by Mr. Harris to him, explanatory of the same, which is in type for our next issue.

#### "Glimpses in England."

Mr. Egbert, our junior partner, has commenced writing a series of letters, with the above caption, from Europe, number one of which is on the third page of this issue. They will be found extremely interesting.

#### Meetings in Cambridgeport.

Are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7:30 o'clock, at the City Hall, Main Street. Seats free to all. The following persons are engaged—April 1st, Mr. L. R. Munroe; April 8th and 10th, Mrs. Fannie Burdett; April 22nd and 25th, Miss Lizzie Little; May 8th, Rev. John Pierpont; May 30th and 27th, Miss L. E. A. DeFore; June 1st and 10th, Mrs. Amanda Spencer; June 17th and 24th, Mrs. M. S. Townsend; July 1st and 8th, Jos. Miller, Esq.

#### Whatever is in It.

A book with the above title is now being prepared by A. D. Child, M. D., and will be published by us as soon as practicable. This book will elucidate and fully explain the position that Dr. Child has taken on the question of *Good and Evil*, which now agitates so much thought. Dr. Child solicits any queries that may arise on this subject, which may be directed to our care.

#### A Movement most Commendable.

Miss Emma Harding, with her characteristic nobleness of heart, and by the aid of holy spirits, is executing a plan by which outcast and destitute females shall have a self-sustaining home. We shall present the plan of this movement in our next.

#### Phrenological Lectures.

Our readers in Boston will not forget to refer to the advertisement of Prof. Fowler in another column of the *Banner*. This gentleman is a well known lecturer on Phrenology, and has















