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SERMONS.
One of the Sabbath Discourses
of H. W. DeCoursey, will be pub-
lished in this paper each week.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN'S SERMONS.
One of the Sabbath Discourses of
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this paper each week.

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GORA L. WATSON.
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COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY GORA WILBURN.

DEDICATION.
To my inspirer in the worlds of soul this humble
tribute of a grateful heart, blest with immortal cer-
tainity, 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. S. P., of Kentucky, the heart-pages
and soul-records of this life-history are dedicated, an
offering of spirit unto spirit, by
GORA WILBURN.

INTRODUCTION.
"Day dawned. Within a curtained room,
filled to radiant 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 undreaming 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 piteous
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 lavish
taste presided, an almost Eastern luxuriance
reigned—upon a couch of crimson velvet, that was
piled with rich coverlets, and surrounded by hangings
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, orien-
tal 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 achieved! 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 summoning
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
angel fondly stroked its little brow, and stilled its
cries.

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
veiled its heavenward flight. Amid the midnight's
form and terror, that frantic mother wept and
cried. 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
beautiful dead. 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
mother.

The women, young and old, were grouped around
a luxuriant chamber, gossiping, weeping and
crying, while, outside, the storm still raged with
unabated fury. The light of the silver lamp illu-
minating that chamber of sorrow, shined and flickered
with the tempest's might, as the whirling snow
drifted, and the hail showers fell; and the
out building seemed to rock beneath the storm's
mad mandate. The voices of the night seemed
to blend with prophetic of sorrow and desolation,
with 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,
glorified content; lifting up to heaven her proud,
pleasable face; raising high her voice, that had
ver 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
lectures for her soul! Go, run, call the physi-
cian!—he must try his skill once more! She cannot
be dead! She died—my beautiful, my only one, my
my treasured idol! She is in an upright
faith of Abraham—the faith in which I posture
with so jealous, so watchful a care! Look, look,
and through him! Oh, curses, curses, bitter

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

The intense hatred gleamed from the dark eyes of
the zealous bigot; the religious fanaticism mingled
with the woman's sanity, 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
fur cap in his hand, and with a deference such as is used
to princes, he addressed her; but, while bending re-
spectfully before her, there was a mocking gleam in
his eye, 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 exclamation—
"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 pres-
ence 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
utterance, with a changed and breaking voice. The
hand so often pressed to her aching 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
sacred 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 will 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 drags of living fire.

The storm passed on, and morning dawned upon
the snow-covered earth, and great icicles hung from
the stripped trees, 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 arrayed in the spotless linen armor, they had
placed her on a low bed beside the daughter's sumptu-
ous 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
feet 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 alighted
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 knocked loudly and impa-
tiently for admittance at the dust-covered portal.

Alas! alas! there was in his soul no budding 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 developed 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 calamity
unfolded his strong, loving heart.

Soon, and he knew his great bereavement; and
the trembling, guilty servants, shrunk from the
magnificence of the Christian's grief, and avoided his
questioning eye. They showed him a little coffin,
whose lid was called 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 B., and the little coffin
lowered 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
as 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
lost soul of Len, a mother's dying curse, a child's
sworn 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 aristo-
cratic Hannah Montepose, 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, and left
a doubt remained upon the sufferer's mind, that his
child lay buried beside the idolized wife, and that the
cruel missive that had so rent his heart, was an un-
feeling taunt 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 pa-
per from him, and bowing his throbbing head upon
his hands, he wept as only the great and wronged
can weep. For weeks he tormented himself in the delirium
of fever; and when he awoke, changed and hag-
gard, he sought his child throughout the kingdom,
sentering 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 provided for the mother-
less one all that the heart of childhood yearns for.
But a revengeful woman's plans cast the frail blossom
upon uncongenial soil; fanaticism, cold, self-
consciously against nature's promptings, and overcame
the whisperings of tenderness and pity.

Fatherless and motherless, the orphan wail it,
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 experience exalt and purify from earth-
ly dross the spirit. Oh, come! from desk, and
stair, and bench; from the weary journey and the
toilsome labor; peruse 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 brighten—
To these beauteously thy theme!"

CHAPTER I. A WANDERING CHILDHOOD.

"Gaze on 'tis lovely! childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought,
Gaze—yet what soothest thou in that fair and meek,
And fragile thing, as best for nothing wrought?
Then rest, what grief must nurture for the sky,
What earth must fashion for eternity!"—HAYNARD.

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, thwart 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 lumbering 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 emblem of busy life, as well
as the grandeur of solitude, outsped 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 hearted
tenderness of an intensely loving nature. Cruelly,
repeatedly repulsed 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 affection-
ately 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 unaccountably thwarted
by her husband, whom she had learned to fear, to
dread, for his sarcasm and pointed contempt of her
lovely 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, Hete
Cosella 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; sighingly 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 prayed
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 suitor, 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
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
she 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 dearly
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
life and joy the yearning, motherly, deserted
soul.

"Oh!" cried Shina with tears, ringing her hands
and looking imploringly up to Heaven, "she calls me
mother so coldly! she loves me not, but that viewless
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 unbelieve-
r. She comes in robe of stars—she is in Heaven, thou
I! 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 truthful 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 Israelite, no less than that of the pious
follower of the loving Nazarine, overflows with jus-
tice and benevolence, with pity and self-denial.

But I write of one who was a fanatic, who embrin-
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 fill 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—suffering imprecations on
the Christian foe. He heard of the fame of Percival

Wayne in the secluded hamlets of the
famed cities of France, from the gay
wayside villages—he was known as the
obolous traveler, who was so lavish of his
to the poor and suffering—who was waiting
in vain 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 mingled again
with his co-religionists, ever loath to distinguish his
held upon that belief, whose letter he worshipped,
whose spirit he practically denied. He was esteemed
for his ostentatious piety and virtuous 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, unworthy 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 fore-
went.

Manasseh was lavish of affection upon the child
in presence of strangers; when alone with her and
Shina his manner was incomprehensible, enor-
mously 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
obedient 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
dreams, and soul-bursts of heavenly warning
songs; all, all, nurtured the orphan child, and left
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 fringed 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 open
kerchief of Brussels lace that was confined to
the throat by a costly diamond breast-pin; 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-
liants; 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 indica-
tions of affluent ease that the dress of the stranger
revealed. The beautifying 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
boring city, were filled with fresh and fragrant
flowers; the silver casket-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 table, carved
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;
careless attitudes against the wall, by richly gilded,
modern frames; an old-fashioned mahogany clock
stood in a corner, the jovial face of a smiling moon,
with roguish eyes, then quite discarded. A pretty cage,
so covered with grass and moss, that it seemed the
flowery prison of some fairy changeling, contained
a little earthly singing bird—a golden, sweet-voiced
canary. A shaggy, curly, but most affectionate ter-
rier, kept watch at the door. And at the window,
watching the master's return from the synagogue,
stood Lydia Elster, the attendant of Shina and
Cosella—a strange, contradictory, superstitious
woman, who had come with them from England. She
was of English birth, but foreign parents; re-
membered not her parents, but had been brought up
by an aunt, and had lived as ladies' maid, com-
panion, child-nurse and seamstress, with each of
the wealthy Jewish families in London and the
country. Manasseh met her in a country town, and
his liberal offers of remuneration and apparent
wealth, quickly decided the necessary creature to
follow their fortunes. She had been with them
three years, submitting to their wandering mode of
life; looking to "the master" as the only authority,
she was repelling to the sensitive Shina; but her
queer ways, strange expressions, and ludicrous crea-
tions of countenance, amused the child. With
her characteristic subsilience, Shina tolerated this
evil with some forbearance.

Large dressed, light silk gown, with cap of black lace, and fastening 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 colorless cheek, 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 sad and tender dreams,
"Heath these long labors sleep;
A native postiveness that accents
Too still and sweet to weep."

Such was her habitual expression; but oft, when the bitter wares 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 her lips, but her 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 sight of a glorious sunset, or picturesque view, her eye kindled with enthusiasm, her cheek glowed, her heart throbbled wildly. When Shina spoke ever 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 surly 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! It 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 immoral, 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 in 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 gypsy 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 shino, 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, she concluded her 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 wail, vain longing to the little flower-room, to the consoling hymn, and the fair, pensive face of the loved and true. Memory gazed sacredly to 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 caring it, it's like taking a lot of spirit in one draught. It goes into their heads, and they don't know what they are about. There's a tipsters of the pocket as well as of the stomach.

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

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE AWAKENING.

BY REV. R. B. BRITTON.

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, Superstitious,
Totter headlong from his bloody throne;
Reason rears its noble mission,
And, too long an outcast, dates her own!

Not where Mammon rears the proudest steed,
Not where form supports a palmed creed;
But the hearthstones of the common people
Are the altars of the Christ indeed!

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

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

Let the downcast mourner weep no longer
O'er the earthly form obscuring moulding;
Christ is risen! let your faith grow stronger,
Look aloft and see the heavens unfolding!

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

This is not a dream of fancy's making,
Such as on the stealer's 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 R. B. BRITTON.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER XI.

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 effluence, 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 aromas escape 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 Balaam'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 interpreter 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 avenue 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 malarial 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 went out from 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 each 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 unorthodox system of Anthropology. He was unquestionably, the first really scientific man who attempted to commend 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 seeker after truth. But in the late Dr. Samuel FERRY 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. FERRY, 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 extent 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 lock 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 numberless experiments! Dr. Buchanan claims to have demonstrated the fact that a subtle aura, in every respect 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 qualifications—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 of the sentiment, 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 consecrated places. The lively sense that cleaves 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.

Journal of Man—she declared that the chief study of the writer was "Man, in his whole nature." When an envelope inclosing some stanzas written by a convict, 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 idea, 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 *Unicerebralium*. 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 brilliant and heroic—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 no work! 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 general sphere of the houses they enter. Not infrequently 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 felicity 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 consecrated places. The lively sense that cleaves 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 bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
A brother's communion with the dead.

In vain shall thou, or any, call
The Holy Spirit a deceitful bag,
Except, like him, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

IMMORTALITY AND NON-IMMORTALITY.

NUMBER ONE.

BY PROF. PATTON SPENCER, M. D.

"Take 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 there; 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 1858, 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 processions 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 in us 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 hearted, 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 true; 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 religiousists 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 atom attracts to itself particles with which its nature affinitizes, until the cak 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 rose to-day, the elements with which she failed drop into her own lap, and with them she may make a rose, or something better, to-morrow, or next year, or next century, perhaps. What is it to nature whether this soul 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 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! she shines forth, and gilds and glorifies nature's universal rejoicings, and, 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! I am 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 lures 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 time 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 developments 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

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TEST MANIFESTATIONS.

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PIECE OF MINDS

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER... We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life...

Answers of Letters.—As one medium would not be able to answer the letters we should have sent to us...

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to say one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.—The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course...

Wednesday, March 14.—I am on the way, the truth, not the lie. We'll have a grand meeting...

Is God the Author of Sin?

Our questioner will hardly be in harmony or sympathy with our answer, for he hath pleased unto himself a God not like unto ours...

God dwelleth in heaven, and manifesteth there. But he is manifested in hell also. His power is unlimited. He is not confined to the plane of material life...

Modern Spiritualism and the Christian Religion.

"Why are the believers in Modern Spiritualism so constantly with the Christian Religion?" We would ask our questioner if he can tell us why day follows night...

So, then, we believe our God to be the author of sin, as of good. If we give him his due, we give him this, for he claimeth all things...

And yet we would not bid man throw off that responsibility that rests about him. We would not bid him at all side all day long, when God hath so much for man to do...

I am a stranger to all spiritual manifestations—a stranger to the laws that govern these things, and almost a stranger in the spiritual world.

My name was William Simpson; I was born in Burlington, State of Vermont; I lived there some thirty months...

BANNER OF LIGHT. I will be "Pat it into my hands." He held it before me. He said: "This paper is published in Boston. If this paper is true, and you are able to return, do so as soon as you can find an opportunity...

I am at a loss to know what to say to the person, as he was a stranger to me; and I suppose spoke with me as he did, being prompted by curiosity. I suppose this is the right place. I am hardly settled in spirit...

I feel very quiet to-day; my spirit is occupying, to say the least, quite a pleasant situation. I have been continually assisted by numerous friends of the cause I espoused...

Before I leave, I have a word to say to my enemies. They may assure themselves of one fact which is this: Now, that I know my power, and am able to use it, I shall do so to the utmost of my ability, by God's help...

The visitors, with one consent, throughout the delivery of this message, attributed it to John Brown, and his name was audibly spoken by several. The name was written as follows: E.—a Copple. Jan. 6.

Coroll.

My dear friends I—My great anxiety leads me to you to-day. It is a source of great annoyance to me to see a shadow of doubt, depicted upon the minds of any of my friends...

A Spirit's View of Prof. Grimes.

We find a question before us which it may not be amiss to discuss at this time, considering our former arrangements were broken into. The question is: "Why do spirits fail to produce certain manifestations in presence of Professor Grimes?"

When the light is held up by Professor Grimes, each one turns and looks witherly. There is a going into one's self, one's acts and faults. Now what is the result of this? If the man sees any fault, will he not set himself at work to purge it from himself?

When that class of spirits come within the circle of his influence who are disposed to produce the manifestations, they find their power is inferior to his, for he is possessed of certain psychological powers which immediately overcome their will to produce them...

The Christian Religion is the foundation of Modern Spiritualism. The religion of Jesus is the one we speak of—not that found in your churches. We have no fellowship with this, because it is not of Christ.

My name was William Simpson; I was born in Burlington, State of Vermont; I lived there some thirty months; they said: my folks then moved down east. Do you know where East March is? Well, they moved there; and after I got to be a little shaver, so high, my father died. He followed the sea. My mother took it into her head to go off with somebody else...

er took it into her head to go off with somebody else. I did not turn out very well, was in New York some time, in Boston some time, and went three voyages to sea. Twice I went out of New Bedford, once out of Boston. I was, I expect, pretty good to twenty-seven; I expect that 't was about the right thing. I did down here, a little way off from the Square—In an street. It wasn't a very good place to die where I was; but I died there.

My mother's name was Ann Simpson. I don't know what name she takes up now; but if she wants to hear from me, can't she call for me? I heard she was in Boston. I have been dead three years, or pretty nigh that time; I don't know what disease I died of; and I got into a kind of a mass, and got the worst of it; I died, at any rate. I am just that sort of chap that would go in for a fight any time; you don't care do you?

Henry Ansley Wilds. I am not used to controlling mediums in any way. I have been an inhabitant of the spirit spheres for six months—some seventeen days over six months. I left this mortal sphere at Savannah, where I had gone with the hope of recovering my health, which had been declining for nearly two years.

I have a mother, a brother, and three sisters in New York. To them I wish to commune. I was told of your publishing messages from any spirit who might come to you, that their friends in mortal of the spirit, might receive in that way.

I was twenty-one years of age, I died, as was supposed, of consumption. I am well aware that everything depends upon the truthfulness and correctness of my message; and I am aware, also, if I would be recognized, I must give some positive points to be recognized by one of my brothers, and three physicians, or surgeons, who were procured by him.

It is this: On examining my body, after my spirit had left it, my liver was found to be entirely consumed. There was an abnormal growth between my stomach and bowels, which it was thought had caused my death; but I died of consumption of the lungs, probably. My mother and sister are not aware that there was any examination of my body after my death.

My brother will please be kind enough and just enough to me to tell them I am right. He will also be kind enough to open communication with me through some medium in New York. I am anxious to speak on things domestic and private, which I do not care to speak of here. Again, I feel an excessive weakness, I am quivering to know whether it will be right for me to give more in this public way. If I did not feel quite sure of a hearing in a more private way, I should give more here. If I should be unaccountable, allow me to beg the privilege of coming here again.

My name was Henry Ansley Wilds. The Henry Ansley was for my mother's brother. Perhaps such little things as these may aid me in returning here again. Good afternoon, sir. March 13.

Evil as a Principle.

The enclosed communication on "Evil as a Principle," was communicated through Miss Ada L. Hoyt, the subject also being selected by a spirit-wife to her husband. Inquire.

Evil, as a principle, exists in spirit life as in earthly life, only differing in its manifestation. When a spirit in the body desires to carry out his evil principles, there are a thousand temptations by which he can receive a degree of satisfaction; by not only effecting his purpose in relation to himself, but by controlling in a measure the immediate surroundings of his being.

There are many spirits in the spirit-world who do not wish to see those happy with whom they have had unpleasant associations on earth, for their feelings of vindictiveness are so intense. Thus it is that you see many impressive persons seemingly void of reason, their better nature perverted, and exhibiting many anomalies of character, which are not understood by mortals who surround them. Such persons are possessed, or obsessed, by a class of low, undeveloped spirits, who, degenerated with themselves, are desirous of dragging these within their reach down to their own plane of development.

When that class of spirits come within the circle of his influence who are disposed to produce the manifestations, they find their power is inferior to his, for he is possessed of certain psychological powers which immediately overcome their will to produce them...

When the light is held up by Professor Grimes, each one turns and looks witherly. There is a going into one's self, one's acts and faults. Now what is the result of this? If the man sees any fault, will he not set himself at work to purge it from himself? Surely he will. Now, then, Professor Grimes is necessary—necessary in occupying the position he does.

Why do not spirits perform these manifestations before him? One reason we have given you. But as there are many minds occupying spirit-life, there are many classes of mind—many phases of thought. Each individual in spirit-life is an identity, growing up to a better life by virtue of his own law. Now, then, certain spirits may be bringing others who surround Professor Grimes to give him the manifestations he asks for. But perchance the circle that has surrounded him immediately, are not so disposed. They see the light from him is good, and they do not see it time to show him a better light, for his light is showing the shadows of the past to some, and the spots on Spiritualism to all.

to the way of heaven, nevertheless, he shows you many paths which would be totally dark to you without his light. And while he casts the firebrand in your midst, oh, about aloud for joy, for a light is born in the seventh heaven, and thousands shall be led again from that which is evil to you.

Contention is a mighty staircase to heaven, and many there who are traveling this staircase. Contention, therefore, is good, and War is good, for Peace is her offspring, and although many lives may be destroyed in the conflict, yet God shall care for all.

Believe us, and render henceforth unto your brother opponent all that is due him, claiming again all that belongs to you, and from out of the temple of your soul pray that rich blessings may be shed upon him and his mission. Oh, pray that he may be sustained in his mission, that health and strength may be given him, and that much good may be done through his physical form.

To Wm. Armstrong, Lawrence, Mass. I have a favor to ask of you, good sir. It is this: You will give me one which was known to one of my brothers, and three physicians, or surgeons, who were procured by him.

It is this: On examining my body, after my spirit had left it, my liver was found to be entirely consumed. There was an abnormal growth between my stomach and bowels, which it was thought had caused my death; but I died of consumption of the lungs, probably. My mother and sister are not aware that there was any examination of my body after my death.

My brother will please be kind enough and just enough to me to tell them I am right. He will also be kind enough to open communication with me through some medium in New York. I am anxious to speak on things domestic and private, which I do not care to speak of here. Again, I feel an excessive weakness, I am quivering to know whether it will be right for me to give more in this public way. If I did not feel quite sure of a hearing in a more private way, I should give more here. If I should be unaccountable, allow me to beg the privilege of coming here again.

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There are many spirits in the spirit-world who do not wish to see those happy with whom they have had unpleasant associations on earth, for their feelings of vindictiveness are so intense. Thus it is that you see many impressive persons seemingly void of reason, their better nature perverted, and exhibiting many anomalies of character, which are not understood by mortals who surround them. Such persons are possessed, or obsessed, by a class of low, undeveloped spirits, who, degenerated with themselves, are desirous of dragging these within their reach down to their own plane of development.

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good thing, too, thus: "Every sinner should feel that it is unjust to the medium, and to those who are writing their terms, to detain her beyond the prescribed time. The medium may be in a trance, but they are not, and know when their time is up."

KILLAWAG, UNOHOM CO., N. Y.—J. H. Randall sends excellent counsel to mediums everywhere, and adds as follows: "I find our cause is gradually gaining ground wherever I have been; but one thing is clearly indicated, viz., the spirit of curiosity appears to be withdrawing from the field, and candid inquiry is becoming the rule; therefore the prospects are better than they were, and we must stand a little taller; for if we would be from men and women, we must labor to set men free from ignorance."

DART, MR.—JANE HALEY SHAW is desirous of obtaining admission into a circle where "more inquirers" are allowed. Cannot proper provision be made in the circles formed there, for all who are anxiously seeking for the light? It is a pity that even a single soul should want, when the dispensation from Heaven is so large and free.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—H. B. STORER reports increasing interest in Spiritualism in the Elm City, and speaks of a successful lecture there by Mrs. Willcox, a sister of Mrs. Middlebrook. Mrs. Storer says: "We propose to hold meetings every Sunday at Union Hall, afternoon and evening, for some time to come, and I trust that lecturers will not hereafter feel as though they had a 'right call' to go somewhere else, when they find themselves in our region."

PENNSYLVANIA, WOOD CO., OHIO.—J. R. Martin, a young man of but seventeen years, writes a touching letter to a sister, who seeks to turn him from the light his eyes have already discovered. He reasons with her well, and, above all, betrays that grace of Christian charity, without which all profession is vain.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—J. C. Hall and Charles H. Read, mediums, furnish us with a very full and interesting account of the manifestations through them, to which we only regret that we can not more than allude at this time.

POEM. DELIVERED AT THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF SHAW'S SPEAKING DIVISION, No. 46, S. OF T. BY JOHN W. DAY. How strange the thoughts that flood the soul, When slow the grey mist-veil curtains roll, And the dead pass in brightness by, Like those golden moments few, Like precious drops of Hermon dew, Shed downward from the plying skies!

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