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Written for the Banner of Light.

COSELLA WAYNE;

OR,

WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILBURN.

[Conclusion of Chapter XI.]

In three weeks from the day she had received Salvador's promise at her mother's grave, Cosella, with her father, embarked for England. The Señora Teresa and her husband accompanied the voyagers on board. Of Salvador, the young girl had caught a passing glimpse from her balcony. He waved his hand, and smiled adieu. On the morning of her departure he sent, by Carmela, a choice bouquet, and amid its glittering leaves lay hidden a tenderly written farewell—first and last missive of his love—long was it guarded by the faithful heart that trusted so fully—long were the faded, scentless flowers treasured, above all gold and gems!

With many tears, Teresa folded Cosella in a parting embrace, and whispered in her ear: "Return to us, whatever befall you, my daughter! Come to the Virginia's bosom, to your second mother's loving heart!"

And Cosella gave her sacred promise.

One more upon the sea; Manasseh plotting busy, dreaming of wealth and worldly honor, exulting in the success of a part of his plans; for he had borrowed a sum of money from the Señora Teresa, unknown to his child, who would have warned the lady. He never intended its return; but Teresa, for Cosella's sake, was willing to oblige him—to lose the gold, if necessary—for the pious hope predominated in her soul that she would be won, a willing, zealous convert to the Mother church.

Dreaming of things more beautiful than gold or earthly treasure, Cosella, too, plans for the future, and exalts in the blessed consciousness of the loved and loving.

CHAPTER XII.

LIGHT ON THE PATHWAY.

"I could have loved these—could have yielded all my heart's best, warmest feelings up to thee, truly and willingly, without reserve."
With real, unfeigned, perfect sincerity;
Did I not with instinctive feeling know
This love of mine thy heart could never return?"—MAY.

"But thy deep peace doth on me fall,
The frenzy of my love is gone—
The holy love remains alone."
Where comes a solemn calm o'er all,
The storm is hushed within my breast,
Beneath the quiet stars I rest!"

The epistolary dialogue was crowded with its Sabbath worshippers; the ancient, unchanged prayers ascended to the God of Israel; the chant of youth and maidens was the same that echoed through the mountain passes of old Palestine, and sang victoriously from the Red Sea's banks, the desert's solitude. A stranger and a Christian, clad in deep black, the insignia of mourning around his hat, he amid the zealous worshippers; and as his eye turned to the gallery above, where the richly clad and jeweled daughters of Judah sat, his glance rested again and again, with a pleased, strange and new emotion, upon the face and figure of a young, pale girl, wearing also the mourning garb.

There was something inexpressible and tender in the expression of her face, in the sweet firmness of the finely cut lips, in the deep lashes veiling the dark, soft, brilliant eyes, that, upraised only, had sent a thrill of strange remembrance to the gaze's heart. Sorrow, premature and heavy, was impressed on the speaking face, but hope and faith and trust were there also. Almon Fairlie, a deep reader of human character, a man with intuitions largely unfolded, read much of that undisciplined, aspiring nature; she was so like one he had known and loved in early youth—the memory, the resemblance, was thrilling, startling! Alas! no angel whispered more; he knew not that the face he gazed upon would be led to Portici Wayne's seeking, longing sight, the richest boon that earth or heaven could give. He knew not that he gazed upon Cosella Wayne!

The maiden's thoughts were far away with him who vowed his love beside her mother's grave—with him she deemed so true and loving. From the customary worship, the familiar scene, the remembered orison, her spirit wandered to the tropic land, beside the fair Madonna's shrine; her heart was with the prayer upon her lips; and in her soul a new conflict raged; her spirit cried aloud for help and light.

The psalm was chanted, with thanksgiving joy; the young, fresh voices rendered praise unto the mighty Lord of Hosts.

"Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever."

Oh, give thanks unto the God of gods; for his mercy endureth forever.

To him who with understanding made the heavens; for his mercy endureth forever.

To him who stretched out the earth above the waters; for his mercy endureth forever.

Who formed the sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars to rule by night,
To him who smote the Egyptians in their first-born,

With a mighty hand and outstretched arm; for his mercy endureth forever.

To him who led his people through the wilderness,
To him who smote great Kings,
Who remembered us in our low estate; for his mercy endureth forever.

Oh, give thanks unto the God of heaven; for his mercy endureth forever.

Then, lower and more solemnly, the reader sang the hymn of Sabbath praise, and the congregation joined in fervor.

"The soul of all living bless thy name, oh Lord,

our God! and the spirit of all flesh shall continually glorify and extol thy memorial, oh our King! for from everlasting to everlasting thou art God, and besides thee we have no King, Redeemer, or Saviour! Thou art God of the first, and God of the last; the God of all creatures, the Lord of all generations; who is adored with all manner of praises; who governeth the world with tenderness, and his creatures with mercy. And the Lord slumbereth not and sleepeth not; he rouseth those who sleep, and awakeneth those who slumber; he smothereth the dumb to speak; he looseth those that are bound; he supporteth the fallen; and he raiseth up those who are bowed down. Although our mouths were filled with songs, as the fountains of the sea, and our tongues with hymns, as the multitude of its billows; and our lips with praise, like the wide extent of the firmament; and our eyes with brightness, like the sun and moon; and our hands extended, like the eagles of heaven; and our feet swift as the hinds, we should nevertheless be incapable of rendering sufficient thanks unto thee, oh Lord, our God, and the God of our fathers, or to bless thy name for one of the innumerable benefits which thou hast conferred on us and our ancestors. For thou, oh Lord, our God, didst redeem us from Egypt, and release us from the house of bondage; in time of famine thou didst feed us; and in plenty thou didst provide for us; from the sword thou didst deliver us; from the pestilence thou didst save us; and from sore and heavy diseases thou didst relieve us. There fore the members of which thou hast formed us, the spirit and soul which thou hast breathed into our nostrils, and the tongue which thou hast placed in our mouth—behold, they shall thank, bless, praise, glorify, extol, reverence, sanctify, and ascribe sovereign power unto thy name, oh our King! For every mouth shall adore thee, and every tongue shall swear fealty unto thee; every knee shall bend unto thee; and every stature shall bow down before thee. Who is like unto thee? who is equal unto thee? who delivereth the poor from him that is too strong for him, the poor and needy from their oppressor? Oh, thou, the great, mighty, and tremendous God—the most high God—possessor of heaven and earth! We will praise thee, we will adore thee, we will glorify thee, and we will bless thy name; as it is said by David: 'Bless the Lord, oh my soul! and all that is within me bless his holy name!'

Also in the congregation of the tens of thousands of thy people, the house of Israel, shall thy name, oh our King, be glorified throughout all generations; for such is the duty of every created being in thy presence, oh Lord, our God, and God of our fathers, to thank, praise, extol, glorify, exalt, ascribe glory, bless, magnify, and adore thee, even beyond all the songs and praises of thy servant David, the son of Jesse, thy anointed."

These praises read and chanted in the ancient Hebrew tongue, they contrasted strangely with the modern garb, the shaven faces, the changed worship of Israel. And Almon Fairlie, dreaming of the past ages, stood in spirit in the consecrated temple, so lavishly decorated with gold and precious stones. Now, past were all the offerings, the sacrifices of that ancient people; the high priests divested of their dignity, the march of progress forbade the soulless offerings of beasts and birds, and conservative Israel still bound by formal rules and olden precept, amid their wandering lot maintained the given law—upheld that most beautiful of all doctrines, that star of love and lustre, burning brilliantly even amid the night of Judah's banishment—the unity of God!

Then from the worshippers around, from ark, and desk, and hymn of Sabbath joy, the stranger turned to the pale, pensive face above, that so singularly attracted him. His upward glance met the young girl's wandering eye. She smiled faintly, for his look was not that of insolent admiration or rude curiosity; then her flowing curls covered her face; she was bending again over her prayer book.

He sought Manasseh, that benevolent featured stranger, and when the services were closed, and Cosella descended from the gallery, she was met by both.

"My daughter, Rachel Cohen," said the father. Again another name, assumed she knew not why. It was because with necessary prudence Manasseh foresaw that it would not be well for him to call his child by her peculiar name in her native land; and then the English metropolis was not far from B—

"My Christian friend, here, who will honor us with a call—Mr. Fairlie," he continued. Cosella bowed; the stranger looked long and earnestly into her face, sighed deeply, bent reverently before her, and she passed out of the house of worship, leaning on her father's arm.

From that hour Almon Fairlie loved the Jewish girl; with his matured and world tried heart, with all the hardened tenderness of his nature, with all the strength of his advanced manhood; it was to him the crowning effort of experience, the last sharp sorrow overcome; his spiritual self unfolded rapidly, and he became a world's fit teacher. In after years Cosella knew he loved her, and in her soul dwelt a sweet, tender, and sisterly love for him; but she never knew how he had loved her first; she never knew what agony the conflict cost him, nor how grand and victorious his soul became through her.

He called upon them often; he read much of Cosella's soul, and somewhat of her sufferings. He spoke to her of his new-found belief, of the proofs of spirit evidence, the beautiful demonstrations of the life to come. These conversations, lofty, mystical, and deeply religious, charmed the young girl. Oh, that she had confided to him all, that she had had time to make of him a still closer friend!

He told her of the maiden he had loved in early youth; the beautiful in soul and feature, the intellectual and the gifted Emma Ashton. He wistfully and uncomplainingly yielded to the fatal disease that bore her to an early tomb. Cosella's tears fell fast as he told her of the maiden's dying words and peaceful transit to the other life.

"And you are so like her; so very like!" he said, "her voice, her gliding motions, the expression of the varying face, the same bright, yet tender eyes, of the same shade of color, but her hair was lighter,

here were ripples of gold upon the chestnut curls. Let me call you friend, for her dear sake." And Rachel, as he called her, acquiesced.

One morning, when her father was absent on business, and Almon Fairlie called, she came into the room holding a sealed package in her hand; her face was suffused with blushes, the voice with which she addressed her friend trembled with agitation, but the firm lips were curved with resolve; she was about to ask a favor of her friend.

"He would be happy to oblige her."

It was not the usual manner with which conventional phrase is accompanied. She felt the tones sincerity; tears started to her eyes. "I know that I can trust you," she faltered. "I need a friend and my heart tells me you will be one."

"For life and eternity," he replied, taking her hand; "confide in me, that package?"

"It is my journal; a diary of my uneventful life, interesting to one person only; here is a letter to go with it. Will you forward these—without the knowledge of my father?"

She saw his surprised look, she was grieved and silent.

"Will you not be candid, sister, with me, Rachel? may I not know your heart?"

"Yes," she replied with a sudden impulse. "I would not do a clandestine thing, but you know not my father. You think me happy, beloved, and cared for by him; you know him not. It pains me to speak thus of him—my father—but it is truth. Do you doubt me, Almon Fairlie?" She addressed him thus familiarly, after a three months' intercourse, and he called her sister Rachel.

"Doubt you?" he said in a tone so strangely fervent it caused her to start. "No, no, I believe all you tell me, but it is new, surprising. Your father?"

"When you come again, and he is absent, I will tell you all, and you will play me. I cannot live this life much longer, and he who waits for that letter is—"

"Your affianced lover?" said low and tremulously, Almon.

She bent her head in acknowledgment. She saw not the sharp spasm of pain that passed over his features, she beheld not his sudden paleness, she dreamed not of the conflict and the victory, within the breast of the strong, noble man before her.

"My sister," his voice had regained its calm; "give me the package; the heart of him who loves you shall be rejoiced with its tidings. I go at once to fulfill your wish; remember your promise, confide in me, your brother!" and so saying, he hastily left the room. Cosella turned her grateful glance to Heaven.

Several weeks passed, and Manasseh was ever present; the young girl could not find the opportunity she sought. But one day he was absent on urgent business, he might not return that night, he said. She dispatched a messenger to Almon Fairlie, and he promptly obeyed the summons.

"You may think me bold and unfeeling," she said, with a slightly faltering voice, "but I will not blame him when I tell you all, even of my father. Oh, friend! he is kind to me only in the presence of strangers. Because I revealed my heart to him in obedience to the dictates of truth, he curses and reviles me! See, brother Almon, the marks of his anger;" she held out her rounded arm, and pointed to a scar upon her neck. His face blanched with grief and terror.

"Your father?" he exclaimed, "impossible! this man can have no feeling of parental love! But forgive this outbreak; go on, dear Rachel."

"To whom I am pledged," she continued with unfeelingly veiled eyes, and cheeks suffused, "he is not of our faith, and for this my father denounces me, and swears to keep us parted. He knows not my name; he could not wring it from me by menace, cruelty, or violence; but Salvador has promised, and I know he will fulfill his solemnly given word—he will come for me, no matter where I am, when my eighteenth birthday is completed. And in this hope I live; else life were valueless, for it is embittered by discord, by contest and cruelty. I shall forsake my father's faith, but I shall gain a home, a true heart's love, and is not God the father of all?"

"Assuredly he is," replied Almon Fairlie. "But this young man—have you known him long, my sister?"

"Not many months," she said, softly.

"And you feel that he is worthy of your love, your trust?"

She answered not in words; she raised her earnest, truthful gaze to his face; it was eloquent with love and faith. Almon said a rising sigh, and gave not utterance to the doubts and fear within.

"Let me tell you all while I have time, for I know not how soon my father may prepare for our departure; I feel impelled to tell you all, for I have never met with such a friend! Oh, Almon, brother! it grieves my heart, it pains my soul—not even Salvador knows all I have endured—still suffer! The father I should love and reverence, he is dishonest, mercenary; revenge and fanaticism occupy his soul! For gold he would sell me, his only child; he would have me seal my bondage and misery for this life to ensure him a luxurious old age. Oh, brother Almon! the falsehoods and deceptions I have witnessed have embittered life and darkened my faith! My poor mother! the weight of wrong rested gloomily upon her gentle heart. For his sake she submitted to treachery, deception, falsehood. Oh! in what an atmosphere have I lived! and yet my mother worships truth, and honor, and feels the glory of obedience to the right."

Truly a votary of the beautiful and the true! she stood with clasped hands and eyes kindled before him; the strength of her spirit beaming gloriously from her illumined face.

"God bless, and shield, and save thee!" he uttered fervently, and his hand rested upon the young girl's head in benediction.

"I must hasten to tell you all before he returns," she continued, seating herself by his side and looking confidently into his face. "I will tell you of my mother's sufferings, and my own, and you shall

judge betwixt my father and me. You do not blame me for my apostasy to the faith of my fathers?" she questioned suddenly, an anxious shadow stealing over her animated countenance.

He took her hand, and said:

"I would have rejoiced to have beheld you free from all creed shackles, but I see that it may not be; perhaps it is well. There are great ideas, lofty thoughts, stumbling energies in your soul, that will, must awaken into life, expression, action. You do not at present comprehend my belief; your heart is filled with the external beauty of a new, false religion. Forgive me, Rachel," he said, as he saw her grieved look. "You know I would not offend you; forgive me if I utter an unpleasant truth. Some day you will awaken from this dream, which is of the imagination only, dear child! You will find sorrow, disenchantment in life; only in the soul can peace and heaven be found! You will find it; my spirit foretells that you will one day accept a faith that makes life beautiful, that banishes the fear of death, brings angels to our homes and hearts! But listen; tell me all of your past life and sorrows. Where were you born, dear wanderer?"

"I have been told in England, not far from the Metropolis; my dear mother left a package of papers, that I know not why she attached much importance to. I feel that a mystery concerning myself was connected with those papers; I believe they were the dear departed one's handwriting. Before my eyes, in triumph and in mockery, my father cast them into the sea! Brother Almon, dear, true friend! I have had strange thoughts come upon me of late—listen!" she lowered her voice to a whisper; drawing close to him, she said: "I have dared to think, to dream, to imagine, hope, that he is not my father!"

Almon Fairlie started with surprise! He seized her hand, looked long and intently into her face. She was trembling with the disclosure that had escaped her. In his brain strange, wild, and thrilling ideas chased each other rapidly; a vague, indefinite hope and fear rose in his heart, and took away the strong man's breath!

"There is no resemblance!" he murmured.

"I have heard strange words fall from my mother's lips," she continued; "but whether it was the truth she uttered, or the mere ravings of fever attending her last illness, I cannot say. She incessantly accused my father of a great wrong toward a Christian boy; of that Christian's injured spirit she piously demanded forgiveness. Oh, Almon! mine is a strange, wayward destiny. I say my father—I fear that even she had not that claim upon me. She whispered of such strange and fearful things in her unquiet sleep! Yet, oh! I loved her dearly! and yet, and yet—there always seemed a gulf between our hearts. Of these things I have written to Salvador, and now I speak to you; but the papers are lost, and he will never tell me! Oh, that my dreams were true, that at least I were not his child!"

"Father of humanity! Father of spirits!" prayed Almon Fairlie, "give me light—oh, give me hope!" Cosella was startled by the paleness of his face, the agitation of his manner.

"Tell me, sister, dearest—have you overheard the names—no, not yet!—have you ever borne another name? Is Cohen, your father's, his real surname?"

She was about to reply, to confess to him that her name was Cosella; that her mother's name had been Shima; that Manasseh Mosheim was her father's name, for this she had heard in conversation between him and the departed.

"I will tell you all; trust you as I would my mother," she said. "My name is not Rachel, my father's name is not Cohen. Mine is—"

He held her hand, looked eagerly into her face, and trembled for the coming word, trembled with uncertainty, the overhanging glory of a near and priceless joy! There was a rolling of carriage wheels, a loud knocking at the portal. Cosella paled and the tears rushed to her eyes. Dread and coldness, the anguish of disappointment, fell on the spirit of Almon Fairlie!

"It is my father returned!" she whispered. "Another time I will tell you all!"

Already his footsteps were heard upon the staircase. Cosella turned to the window by the window, and bent over to conceal her emotion. Manasseh entered gleefully.

"Ah, friend Fairlie here? I am happy to see you, sir! Rachel, my love, I have returned much sooner than I expected. Come, kiss your tired, old father!"

The young girl advanced reluctantly and received the false embrace. Almon Fairlie's breast was heaving with indignation; he bowed, but did not take Manasseh's proffered hand.

The quick eye of the plotter saw that there was something wrong; the unusual coldness of his Christian friend, the restraint of his daughter, and anger rose within his heart.

When Almon had departed, he sat aside the conventional smile and the smooth manner, and addressed Cosella in the loud, harsh, imperious tones that had become familiar to her ear:

"What have you been telling the cursed infidel? Have you been wallowing and repining before him, say? His manner is changed and distant; instantly tell me the reason, or—the maledictions he invoked, the curses that fell from his lips shall not be recorded upon this page. Cosella remained silent, pale, seemingly unmoved.

"Will you speak?" he thundered. "Perhaps," and a gleam of malice shot athwart his face, "perhaps he is in love with you, and I interrupted his confession. Perhaps my exemplary daughter, having forgotten her Catholic lover, is willing to accept this free-thinker, this fanatic, this enthusiast! But before you shall wed a Christian—no, girl! I will destroy you, thus!" he broke into fragments her ivory fan, Teresa do Alimira's parting gift, and threw the broken pieces toward her.

Cosella smiled with bitterness and defiance:

"Almon Fairlie is my friend and brother," she said, "and her cheeks glowed, her voice faltered with indignation. You may spare him and me your

jealous surmises. I was speaking of my mother, of my past life—"

"You dare to reveal the past to a stranger? Without my permission to speak of your travels, of her, God rest her soul! Have I not expressly forbidden you to mention the countries you have lived in? What have you told the Christian? I insist on knowing all!"

"I cannot, and I will not repeat every word I said," replied the defiant and indignant girl.

With a savage cry he rushed toward her; his arm was uplifted to strike, but Cosella evaded the blow. With averted face and flashing eyes, she cried to him:

"But once again touch me in anger, and by the Lord you impiously invoke, by the Father I believe in, I quit your roof forever! I thought it to be beg my bread from house to house! Strike me if you dare! One blow, and I am no more your daughter!"

She gained the door, and fled weeping and despairing to her chamber.

The next day, when Almon Fairlie called, Manasseh was as studiously polite, as cordial as error; but Cosella entered not the room. Her father said she was indisposed, and desired her friend to excuse her.

They conversed long and earnestly. When Mr. Fairlie left the house, Manasseh, casting aside the mask of friendliness, self-control and indifference, rushed into Cosella's chamber with almost frantic mien, and, storming, railing and cursing diabolically, accused his child of treachery, deceit and faithlessness to him, her father, and sole guardian.

In vain the poor girl wept, and defended her motives, and sought from the infuriate man an explanation of his incoherent words. In vain she protested that she had not given any of their former names to Almon Fairlie—no clue to their past lives. He spoke wildly of imminent and pressing danger, of escape and vengeance. He threatened the innocent girl with death, if the pursuer overtook them.

Alarmed beyond measure, breathless with fear, deeming her strange father crazed, she listened, comprehending not, guessing not, alas, of the cause of his guilty terror, dreaming not of the possible nearness of relief and joy.

He left the house, looking in the bewildered girl in her chamber. He was absent until late at night. Then, with savage triumph, he announced their departure on the morrow.

"Where, oh Heavenly Father, where are you going to drag me?" cried Cosella.

"I?" he mockingly replied. "The ship will do the dragging; and you ought to be sincerely grateful to me for taking you out of London fogs, and snow-covered streets, back to your beautiful tropic shores. Ah, I see you are pleased, Miss Rachel."

"Return to the tropics!" she cried, in joyful surprise. "Are you in earnest? Where—to what port?"

Hope, fear, trembling joy, impeded her further utterance.

"Back to Santa Lucia. There is a vessel ready to start early in the morning. It is not my choice to return there; but it is the first opportunity, and I have not a moment to lose. But I shall not remain there a week. I shall go to the island of C—, among our people."

"And I will remain," said Cosella, mentally. And she hastened to commence preparations for the hasty departure.

Next day at noon, when Almon Fairlie called, he was told that Mr. Cohen and his daughter had left for the country. Stunned and bewildered, that true friend cried in agony:

"Too late, too late! I shall never behold her again! Oh, Portival, the hope, the joy is past! Uncertainty and dread return. Oh, gentle, loving girl! perhaps all child! Shall I ever look upon thy face again?" And he returned to his lodgings, weary and worn with grief.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRACINGS OF THE FATHERS.

"By no means the law divine
Is hidden far from thee;
That heavenly law within may shine,
And show its brightness here!"
—FALCON OF LEVE.

The stormy voyage over, the familiar shores of Santa Lucia have met Cosella's longing gaze, and the balmy zephyrs of that land of bloom and fragrance have caressed her brow as with a greeting sign. With loudly throbbing heart she stepped on shore, and, overcome by the thronging memories of her first landing there, she wept afresh for the beloved one gone, the martyred one at rest from strife. As she turned to look upon the familiar scene, to be recognized by some lounging negroes upon the wharf, she saw, amid the figures strolling upon the beach, enjoying the sunset's glow and coolness, one form that sent the tide of joyful recognition to her face, suffusing it with a grateful blush. It was Salvador del Monte; but he was not alone. A lady, seemingly young and beautiful, leaned on his arm. Cosella could not distinctly see her face, but the white robes form was pliant and graceful, the long black curls waved sportively around her face, and the lace veil, that bounding head covering of the women of that clime, fluttered upon the wind, caressed her cheek, and fell to her waist, like a softening cloud. His head was bent toward her; their attitude was loving, confidential. A strange pang, a sudden terror, swept across Cosella's heart, a blinding mist of tears obscured her vision. For the first time, the demon of jealousy invaded that pure soul's sanctuary; the ever attendant phantoms of doubt and distrust flapped their black wings exultingly, as they passed the open portal, hither so guarded by love and hope. A burning blush overspread her face, and still the sharp stings of pain contracted her breast, as her father's voice harshly called her from the spot. She looked again, she was still fondly looking in the lady's face. Even from the distance, she felt that it was with looks of love he regarded her. How carefully and tenderly he readjusted the veil, so rudely dealt with by the evening winds! A deep, dry sob burst from Cosella's heart as she followed her childing, impatient father.

They took rooms at a hotel for a few days, and

then removed to a small and nearly furnished house that overlooked the sea; for Manasseh, forgetful of his vow not to remain over one week at Santa Lucia, became immersed in business cares and intrigues. Associating much with his fellow Hebrews from the neighboring islands, he forgot to strictly watch Cosella, whose silent sufferings and pining cheeks he scarcely deigned to notice. He led her to her mother's grave; and when she threw herself, bitterly weeping, on the ground, and cried to God for help, he deeded it but a renewal of her grief, caused by the memory of the departed. He knew not that she wept for blighted hopes, in all the anguish of a loving heart's disappointment.

Carmela, the shrewd and crafty woman, had again been taken into their service; but she too was changed. She evaded the young girl's inquiries concerning Salvador del Monte; and when, at her desire, she took to him a few hasty lines, that were blotted with tears, she returned, bringing no message, no token of acceptance or remembrance; nor could she assign a cause for this sudden change, this cruel and inexplicable silence.

Days, weeks, passed on. Cosella knew that Salvador was in the same town, and yet he came not, though her father was often absent, even for days. He sent no message; he had forgotten her!

The hitherto light-hearted girl, whose sunny temperament upheld her amid all the trials and changes of her wandering life, now bent beneath this last and heavy blow of destiny. She cared not to go abroad, and Manasseh, beholding her quiet and obedient, deemed her past dreams forgotten, and laid his plans accordingly. He was harsh and stern as usual, but he was abstracted, also—often plunged in deep reverie. The girl was becoming a heavy burden upon his hands. He could not bend her to his will in all things—that he clearly foresaw. He could not make of her an accomplice in his dishonest, mercenary plans, as he had done of Shima. Error in opposition, in bold defiance, she had arrayed herself against him, strong in her feebleness, triumphant in the knowledge of justice and truth. He feared her secretly, and formed wild, vague projects of deserting her—for she was not his child, and her soul had wandered from the faith he had hoped to bind her with forever. Her persistent opposition to his plans, her steady defiance of honesty and just dealing, her denial of

Original Essays.

ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER TEN.

As "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," we trust, in this series of papers, so to stir up thought that the wayfarer may look out in wider vision, and so grow wiser unto salvation. To the extent that we can let in sunlight and pure air, we shall have healthy growth; for these things are needful to the soul. If we would reap capital crops in the harvest, we shall, then, in our field of operations, we shall have healthy growth; for these things are needful to the soul. If we would reap capital crops in the harvest, we shall, then, in our field of operations, we shall have healthy growth; for these things are needful to the soul.

"Of tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
And many a fen where the sorrent feeds."

In the shape of a priest-class, whose labor for the most part, is to perpetual submergence of the outcast, and to make continuous a stagnant and stultified condition of things.

Those who dislike our sphere of operations—and there must be many such, for we are all of various growth—will find a far more beautiful status and agreeable condition in Lydia Maria Child's "Progress of Religious Ideas," which she moves in the archangelic step of all the spheres, while they do so created a little lower than the angels—pretty considerably so.

Now to our work on both grounds—Judean and Gentile—for there is yet a great deal of ground to be won; and, according to advanced agriculture, it is ascertained that the soil is vented to newness of life by thorough draining—so

"We off with our coat, and roll up our sleeves."

And cheerfully betake oneself to stumping and renovating the holy lands of old time. By no analysis have we yet discovered that Judean is more holy than Gentile land; but should it thus appear, it will be found in the making up of our reports as we go along. Liebig pushed chemical analysis to a fractional six hundred thousandth part to discover the why and wherefore of two contiguous pieces of land; but failed in the analysis to detect why twelvemile should not have been twelvemile. So, too, in our own researches, we do not discover any essential difference between the primates and climates of Hebrew and Gentile soils. The first fruits appear about the same in aspect and taste, except the ayes given by the priesthood, who appear to have been rather fond of grafting abnormal growth upon simple and natural stocks—so that, if not well followed, the clue is lost to the true unfolding, and the amalgamation of exoteric grafts, taken as the true measure of the primeval status. This has led to too much confusion were confounded; but modern magnetic, clairvoyant and spiritual phenomena supply the key to unlock the various labyrinth of the ancient mysteries; and we now stand face to face with all the holy of holies of early days. In the lack of this knowledge, old Jewry has been able to project, with authority, her "Thus saith the Lord," even to our own time; but now the day has dawned upon us on such wise that the assumptions of old Jewry sink simply to their proper level.

Plutarch informs us that Caius Marius had a Syrian prophetic in his camp to prophesy the way of the Lord to him; and it appears that he prophesied truly; for contrary to all seeming of outward knowledge, in the most stormy events, he passed through the various violent stages in the full assurance that he should reach the seventh Consulship, before death could be able to molest him, as predicted in the oracles. Per contra—Octavius, a man of good principles and one of the most upright men among the Romans, put also his trust in the prophets, who were certain Chaldean soothsayers and expositors of the Sibylline books, who promised him all would be well. The result was quite otherwise; and Plutarch is rather grieved at such illusive manifestations of the spirit. He says, "It seems unaccountable, that of two such generals as Marius and Octavius, the one should be saved, and the other ruined, by a confidence in divination."

Neither Octavius nor Plutarch appear to have been so wise into salvation as to have learnt that in "the manifestation of the spirit," the "profit without," is somewhat on this wise: that in seeking the Lord by Urim and Thummim, or by propheta, you must neglect to keep your power dry—else, as in the Bible while "carefully waiting for good, evil may come down from the Lord." Ezekiel also informs us that "if a prophet be deceived, I, the Lord, have deceived that prophet." The Lord sent a lying spirit to Ahab's prophets, and the mediocritic old Jeremiah exploded in a terrible burst of indignation at the falsity of his familiar spirit or Lord. He exclaims, "Oh, Lord, thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived; thou art stronger than I, and hast prevailed; I am in derision daily." "I am called by thy name, Oh, Lord, of hosts." "Will thou be altogether unto me as a liar and as waters that fail?" "Curse be the day wherein I was born; let not the day wherein my mother bore me be blessed. Cursed be the man who of our equal claims to humanity. We ought to be ashamed of allowing Moses, or Paul, or anybody else, their usurpations of authority in the name of the Lord; for at most, "Thus saith the Lord" is only the familiar spirit of him who utters it, and it may be simply the medium's own mind, more or less modified by mundane memories and fancies. The truest Lord is only to be found in fullest outgrowth of light, liberty, and love.

It is related by Plutarch of the Roman Sylla, who was as pious as bloody, and as mediocritic as Moses, Joshua, or David, "that in the Commentaries he wrote to Lucullus, he advises him to depend upon nothing so much as what heaven should suggest to him in the visions of the night." He further informs that "when he was sent at the head of an army against the Confederates, the earth opened on a sudden near Laverna, and a flaming fire shot up to the heavens. This

BANNER OF LIGHT.

equal to the Hosanna opening of the earth to swallow up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. Sylla, flanked by his visions of the night, dipped his hands as readily in blood, as Moses, Joshua, and David, flanked by their Lord, speaking face to face, by Urim and Thummim, by dreams, and by Gad the Seer. As spiritual claims are thick about us in these days, it behooves us to beware of a "Thus saith the Lord." This voice may be very high on the scale—it may be very low, or pitched upon any of the intervening notes. When it requires us "to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly," and we can respond in fullness of life, there is good development of the God-head; but when the direction is opposite to this, the development of the Lord is on the corresponding plane. God is essentially one in every human soul, though the outer rind may be thicker or upon some than upon others, making the influx of light the more difficult, but not the less sure in the ultimate unfolding. God can only shine brightest where there is readiest receptivity of his light; and he appeared as daily manifest in old Jewry as in any of the regions round about.

Sylla found the Lord on his side in sacrifices and visions, on a similar wise to the God men of Palestine. Before marching upon Rome, he "inquired of God," as per Bible, through "the soothsayer Posthumus, who stretched out his hands to Sylla, and proposed to be reserved in chains till after the battle, for the worst of punishments, if everything did not presently succeed." according to the word of the Lord. Sylla, also, had proof, in confirmation strong as holy writ, in a dream, and was more successful in his way of the Lord than was Helios Samuel in his first estate of prophecy, though "all Israel, from Dan even unto Beersheba, knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord." But when the word of Samuel came to all Israel, and Israel went out against the Philistines to battle, the Philistines proved too hard for the Lord, and slew about four thousand of his men; whereas the chosen people came running into the camp, exclaiming, "Wherefore hath the Lord smitten us to-day before the Philistines?"

Before the battle of Cheronia, the word of the Lord again came unto Sylla with promise of success. "From Lebada and the cave of Trophonius most agreeable accounts of oracles that promised victory were received. Sylla himself writes, in the tenth book of his Commentaries," says Plutarch, "that Quintus Titus, a man of some note among the Romans, employed in Greece, came to him one day after he had gained the battle of Cheronia, and told him that Trophonius had foretold another battle, in which he should likewise prove victorious. After him came a private soldier of his own, with a promise from heaven of the glorious success which would attend his affairs in Italy. Both agreed as to the manner in which these prophecies had been communicated: The Delty, they said, that appeared to them, both in beauty and majesty, resembled the Olympian Jupiter."

Here we see that the Gentile seers, mediums, like their Hebrew brethren, when they saw a spirit, supposed they had seen God. They also supposed him to be in rapport with God, and to animate their God-esses, such as Jacob, Moses, Joshua, and Samuel set up—whether rough hewn from the Judean quarry, or exquisitely chiseled by the Grecian artist. Other manifestations of the spirit which there were in old time, as by the serpent in Eden, by the ass of Balaam, and by Syrian Devas. We are very partial to the dove line of telegraphing, as by something akin to that we receive our more private and delicious messages from heaven.

Swedenborg saw a fire raging at Stockholm when he was some three hundred miles away. Sylla states that "an inspired servant of Pontus met him in the town of Silium, announced him victorious, but informed him, at the same time, that if he did not hasten the Capital would be burned. This actually happened on the day predicted, which was the sixth of July."

The close of Sylla's earthly life was miserable. Though he had all along been open to spiritual impressions, through his own mediocrity and that of others, yet in grossness of development he may well take his place by the side of Helios David, the man after his God's own heart.

Heeren, in his "Historical Researches," says: "It is proved by a multitude of examples that every nation is easily led to adopt certain Gods as its tutelary and peculiar deities. Such an idea—of a tutelary deity, the common protector of the whole nation—is obviously an invisible bond of interest and alliance." In the infancy of the human race, such communities could not have been held together except by the more durable and powerful bond of religion. On the present occasion I use the term religion to express the barbarous reverence which uncivilized nations have always paid, by certain rites and customs, to imaginary deities, under whatever form they may have been represented or conceived to exist.

In this manner the temple of the Tyrian Hercules became the centre of the Phœnician League; that of Jupiter at all the Latin confederacies; and thus it was that the Grecian States, discordant in their forms of government, and disunited by frequent wars, yet felt themselves to be members of one community, when assembled to celebrate the festival of the Olympian Jupiter."

And the same may be said of the contemporary plans of Jewry. When Jephthah would venture into a league of treaty with the Ammonites, he stipulates on this wise: "Willst thou possess that which Chemos, thy God, giveth thee to possess? So whosoever the Lord our God shall drive out from before us, them will we possess." "And Jephthah uttered all his words before the Lord in Mizpah." It was at this time that the spirit of the Lord came upon Jephthah, and he vowed a vow unto the Lord that if the Lord would, without fail, deliver the children of Ammon into his hand, he would offer a sacrificial burnt offering to the Lord. Jephthah's daughter was the victim to the Hebrew Lord, on the similar wise of burnt offerings, in immediate neighborhood to the Phœnician Moloch.

"—a hard kind, beset with blood
Of human sacrifices and parental tears;
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries are raised, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol."

The religion of the Ammonites appears to have been somewhat similar in its formulas to the Hebrew, except that there was a womanly aspect in softer outline than was manifest in the grim visage of the Jewish Jehovah. We also miss the bloody sacrifices, libations of wine, and other "skins," of the Hebrew God. "In the first compartment," says Heeren, "is offered a gift in a vessel, probably dates, to Ammon." The second gift, offered to the Goddess alone, seems to consist of ostrich feathers. The third, of frankincense, in a vessel, again to Ammon. The fourth is very singular; it is a vessel, upon which lies a tressel bearing the form of an eye. To these offerings follows, in the first compartment, the purification. Two priests sprinkle the candidate for consecration with water; in the sixth he stands with the priestly head-dress on, between two priestesses, who rest one hand upon his shoulder, and with the other seem to consecrate him." This consecration by the laying on of hands, marks the metamorphic current of the Lord from earliest times. Upon the whole, the Ammonitic rites appear to have been in advance of their Hebrew neighbors in their offerings and incense, and in consecrations by water instead of blood. This was not, however, exclusively so in times when it was the common custom to seek the Lord through bloody sacrifices; but the Ammonites, at least, show progression in the acknowledgment of womanly divinity, who would naturally turn from blood of bullocks, fat of rams, and libations of rum, to the more genial surroundings of flowers, dates, and ostrich feathers.

These relations of Heeren are from the sculptured remains of the Ammonites. In the centre of the group, he finds the man with the *hinnu* equivalent to the red of God which Moses carried in his hand. "The woman on the side has the *modius* on her head. Everything about them seems to prove that they are priests and priestesses." In the temple of Ammon, he finds the procession of the holy ark represented in the sanctuary. A king is offering in sacrifice a captive he has taken. This shows that though the Goddesses preferred the more refined sacrifices of dates, fenshers and perfume,

CAUSE OF GOOD AND BAD ACTIONS.

BY W. H. BROOKINGS.

It seems to me in condemning or approving men for their good or bad acts, we are too apt to overlook the very important fact that we are all so constituted that we are obliged to act just as we do. Some may say that we can cultivate our organs—so we can if we have the power; but that power must exist in the brain. While some have the power to cultivate organs, others have not. The person that has the power, only does the best he can, and the person that has it not, does the best he can. But, says one, how is it that a person will be bad for a long time, and will then reform? My reply is, that all such cases of reformation are sudden; and some powerful influence has been brought to bear upon him which has excited his organs of Conscientiousness, and perhaps other organs, which forced him to do right. Now it is a fact, that the brain is only called into action by circumstances; combativeness by opposition; benevolence by suffering, etc. Thus we see that the brain cannot act only by the outside influences, which are brought to bear upon it; and while one organ is active, others are inactive; and it is impossible for the person to call them into action just at the time they are most needed. Suppose, for instance, a person laboring under a violent fit of passion, (caused, of course, by some extraordinary circumstance.) It is impossible for his organs of cautionness to act, because the organs of combativeness and destructiveness have full sway, and he is likely to slay his brother; but if benevolence is large he will resist, and thus be saved from a crime that his very soul would abhor when he is himself. It is like a riotous multitude whose turbulent passions are so excited that they cannot hear the voice that calls upon them to desist from their criminal designs; but as soon as the noise subsides a little, so that they can hear his voice, they listen to the voice of reason and benevolence, and disperse quietly to their homes.

I believe that every person does just the best he knows how. For instance, take an idiot; can he be made more intelligent than he is? But, says one, this is an extreme case; he has had nothing given him and of course nothing can be repaired. Just so, and where *life* has been given, little can be repaired, and just in proportion as the size and quality of the brain, just so far will a person be moral or immoral, intellectual or ignorant.

It is impossible to teach a person beyond the capacity of his brain to receive truth. You might just as well try to learn a dog to be a lawyer, as a man with an ordinary mind to be a statesman. We will take two persons whose brains are precisely the same. One may steal, and the other not; one will be condemned as a thief, and the other will be called honest; whereas the only difference between the two is, that one was poor and yielded to the demands of idleness, alimentiveness, or, perhaps, benevolence; while the other was rich and had the means to gratify every faculty, and acquiescence being satisfied, the demands of the other organs are not imperative, and he is called an honest man; when, in fact, if he was placed in the same circumstances, he would have done the same thing. By this we see that every man is governed by his brain, and that it is impossible for him to cultivate his organs, unless he is assisted by influences outside of himself; and that he would act the same at all times were he not governed by circumstances. But, says one, if your ideas are correct, it is of no use for us to try to reclaim our brother. Not so; by appealing to his moral organs we are bringing an influence to bear upon him, which leads him to examine himself, and makes a better man of him. Man's life is made up of circumstances, and every good influence that is brought to bear upon him helps to form his character and keep the animal passions in subjection. Now, if we can always keep the moral faculties active, although they may be moderately developed they will grow in time, so that they can control the animal without the aid of others. Our faculties were not given us to subserve our own selfish ends, but to assist others; and I think that, if instead of rewarding a person for doing good, when he does more pleasure in it than he does in evil deeds, or punishing him for doing that which his brain and circumstances force him to, we would try to assist him, and encourage him onward in the path of progression, we would all be much happier than we now are. But I do not find fault with others for not doing this; but I find fault with those who are only obeying dictates of their brain; but if these few lines will lead others to see these things in their true light, it may lead to a more charitable state of things, and bring about the time when man will "love his neighbor as himself."

As fast as a people come into open vision, and seek oracles for themselves, without the go-between of a priest-class, will their freedom from superstitious rites and vain ceremonies be secured. As this class have consequence and pecuniary resources in proportion as they are yelled from vulgar observation, it must ever be their supposed immediate interest to shroud the common eye in darkness and fearful mysteries, which dwarf the common mind, and deprive it of its heritage of light, fullness and beauty.

P. S.—Among the typographical errors which necessarily occur in manuscript so illegible as mine, it may be well to correct one which would be rather apt to occur as often as the same word is used. Where we write God the seer, you print God the seer; and though God, as prophet or seer, would be regarded in old Jewry as man of God, and, interchangeably, as God himself, yet this is not very well understood in modern comprehension; so that the name better remain distinct—God referring to the seer, or man of God to David, whether in issuing oracles from the Cave of Engaddi, or in flanking David in making him victor of enemies by passing them under axes of iron, or to passing them through the brick-kiln as a burnt offering to the Jehovah-Moloch of Judea. The name of God, Jewry-wise, has various meanings, for which see Mackay's "Progress of the Intellect," and Dunlap's "Mysteries of Spirit History." The name sometimes refers to a stone or pillar, carved or otherwise. It sometimes refers to the sun, the heavens, or a ghost, or according to the multifarious views of the different beholders—for the most part rather smoky than otherwise.

C. B. P.

TIME IN REFERENCE TO GOD.

There is an idea prevailing that time, as applied to the Deity, has no meaning. It is said that with God there is no past, no future, but only the present time. It is said that with him it is one eternal now. Just that this notion is altogether unphilosophical and untrue, it will not be difficult to prove. Time is occupied by a succession of events. Take, for instance, the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Now these following in succession, it is impossible that with any Being they can all be present at the same time, for they do not occur all at the same time. One must be present, and the others either past or future, with all beings. So suppose that they are all present with God at the same time, it is to suppose that Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter can all exist together, which is a contradiction and an absurdity.

Take, again, a tree. At one time it is covered with blossoms, then with fruit, and then again without either. Now it is impossible that the blossoms and the fruit should be both present with him at one and the same time, for the latter do not appear till the former are gone.

It is said that time consists of a succession of ideas, and that with God there is no succession of ideas. But even supposing this definition of time to be correct, which I should dispute, how does it appear that there is no succession of ideas with God? On the contrary, I contend that there must be a succession of ideas with him as well as with other beings. A succession of events must produce a succession of ideas. For the ideas, corresponding to the events as being present, cannot exist with him until the events occur. The other supposition would involve a perfect absurdity.

It is said that it is declared in Scripture that with God a thousand years are as one day. But this evidently does not mean that the thousand years are at the same time present with him. It undoubtedly means that in comparison with the whole period of his existence of eternity, a thousand years are a very brief period. It can mean nothing else.

That all future events may be foreknown by God, I do not dispute, although this is incomprehensible to us. But that these events are actually present, until they happen, is an absolute impossibility and an absurdity. It would seem to be hardly necessary to reason out a proposition so clear and self-evident as that there must be a past and a future time with God, as well as with men. But still surprising as it may seem, this idea is entertained by a large number, and perhaps generally by mankind.

W. B. A.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

tained by virtue of three things, namely, the law, divine worship, and active benevolence.

Antigonus of Socho received the tradition from Hillel the Great. He used to say: "Do not like servants who serve their masters for the sake of receiving reward; but be like servants who serve their master without a view of receiving reward, and let the fear of heaven be upon you."

Jose, the son of Jozzer, of Zeredah, and Jose, the son of Jochanan, of Jerusalem, received the tradition from them.

Jose, the son of Jozzer, said: Let thy house be a house of assembly for the wise men; and cover thyself with the dust of their feet, and drink in their words with thirsty avidity."

"This," continued Manasseh, in explanation, "alludes to the custom of scholars sitting on lower benches than the teachers, who thus scattered, as it were, the dust which their sandals-soiled feet had gathered in their walk to school, on the scholars."

"Jose, the son of Jochanan, said: Let thy house be wide open as a refuge; and let the poor be familiarly received in thy house; and do not hold too much converse with womankind; the wise men say, whoever converseth much with women, bringeth evil on himself, and thus neglects the study of the law, and at last will inherit hell."

Joshua, the son of Perachiah, said: Procure thyself a master; and acquire thee an associate; and judge all mankind favorably.

Shimon said: Love labor and hate dominion, and seek not to make thyself known to those in power.

Abtalyon said: Ye sages, be cautious of your words; perhaps it might be that ye be doomed to captivity, and be carried captive to a place of infested waters, (a place where learning is rare and crime prevails); and the disciples who follow you might drink of them, and thus the name of God would be profaned.

Hillel said: Be of the disciples of Aaron, loving peace, and pursuing peace; loving mankind, and bringing them to the study of the law."

"There!" exclaimed Manasseh, exultingly; "this is wisdom, such as their Christian Scriptures cannot boast of. I will not read the entire chapters, but give you sentences here and there, from the blessed traditions, the sayings of our wise Rabbis of Israel."

"Reflect well on three things, and thou wilt not lapse into the power of sin: Know what is above thee; a seeing Eye, and a hearing Ear; and that all thy actions are written in a book."

Hillel said: Separate not thyself from the congregation; nor have confidence in thyself until the day of thy death. Judge not thy neighbor until thou hast renched his situation; neither utter anything which is incomprehensible, in the hope that it afterwards may be comprehended. He also said: The rude man feareth not sin; the ignorant cannot be pious; the bashful cannot become learned, nor the impatient be a teacher.

The same Rabbi also once saw a skull floating on the face of the water, and said to it: Because thou didst drown others, thou wast drowned! and at the end will thou who drowned them, also be drowned.

He also used to say: He who increaseth his flesh, multiplieth food for worms; he who multiplieth riches, augmenteth care; he who multiplieth wives, increaseth superfluous; but he who augmenteth his knowledge of the law, augmenteth life; he who attendeth much at schools, increaseth wisdom; he who increaseth in reflection, augmenteth prudence; he who exerceleth much charity, multiplieth peace; if one hath acquired a good name, he hath acquired it for himself; if one hath acquired a knowledge of the law, he hath obtained for himself immortal life in the future state.

Rabbi Jochanan, the son of Zaccai, had five disciples: he used to designate their respective merits: Eleazar, the son of Hyrcanus, is like a well plastered column, which leaseth not a drop; Joshua, the son of Chanayia—happy is the mother who bore him; Jose, the priest is very pious; Shimon, the son of Nathaniel, feareth sin; and Eleazar, the son of Arach, is an increasing spring.

He once said to them, Go and consider which is the good path in which man is to maintain himself. Rabbi Eleazar answered, A good eye, (contentment); Rabbi Joshua said, A worthy companion; Rabbi Jose said, A good neighbor; Rabbi Shimon said, One should foresee the probable consequences of an undertaking; Rabbi Eleazar said, A good heart. He then said unto them, I prefer the sentiment of Eleazar, the son of Arach, to yours, for in the scope of his words are yours included.

They said three things: Rabbi Eleazar said, Let the honor of thy companion be as dear to thee as thy own; and be not easily moved to anger; and repeat one day before thy death. When asked by his disciples how this could be strictly followed, as no one knows the day of his death, he answered, Then be ready every day, with penitence and good deeds, as though it were your last. Warm thyself by the fire of the wise; but be careful of their heat, that thou be not burnt; for their bite is as the bite of a fox, and their sting as the sting of a scorpion, and their hiss as the hiss of a poisonous serpent; and all their words are as coils of fire.

Rabbi Joshua said: Discontent, unbidded passions and hatred of mankind, remove a man from the world.

Rabbi Jose said: Let the property of thy companion be as dear to thee as thine own, and prepare thyself to study the law, for it cometh not to thee by inheritance; and let all thy actions spring from a reverence of God.

Rabbi Shimon said: Be careful of reading the Shema, and the ordained prayer; and when thou dost pray, look not on thy praying as a task, but let it be a sincere supplicating of mercy in the presence of the Supreme; as it is said, For he is gracious and merciful, long suffering, and of abundant kindness, and repenteth of the evil. And never regard thyself as an unworthy person in thy own mind.

Rabbi Eleazar said: Be diligent in the study of the law; and know how to reply to the unbeliever.

Rabbi Jacob said: He who journeyeth on the road, meditating on the law, and interpreteth his study, and saith: how beautiful is this tree! or, how handsome is this field! is considered by the Scriptures as gaily, as having by his sin forfeited his life.

Rabbi Dossa, the son of Harkinas, said: Morning sleep, wine drinking at noon, conversation with children, and spending one's time in the places of assembly of the ignorant, remove a man out of the world.

Rabbi Eleazar, the Modai, said: He who profaneeth holy things, despiteh the half festivals, putteth his neighbor to shame in public, breaketh the covenant of our father Abraham, and expoundeth the law contrary to its true sense, although he be well learned in the law, and possessed of good deeds, will yet have no share in the eternal life.

Rabbi Akiba said: Tradition is a fence to the law; fithies are a fence to riches; vows are a fence to abstinence, and the fence to wisdom is silence. He used to say, man is beloved of God, because he was created in the image of God, but it is an additional love that he was informed that he was created in the image of God. Every thing that is done, is seen by Providence, though freedom of choice is given to man; the world is judged with goodness, though every thing is judged according to the multitude of deeds.

Whatever man doeth, is done on a strict accountability.

▲ 實地考察與口述史。

Looking at the human race in different periods of the world, we see a great contrast in the standard of morality. Polygamy in the time of Abraham was a moral code; now it is the immoral code. Immoral conduct does not depend upon the connection of the sexes, but one's thoughts may be as immoral as his deeds. Immorality is no more a sin of the flesh than of the spirit; and deeds of the flesh are just as apt to beset the soul of the Christian minister as the Spirit

not find relief till some other nature has been made to

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