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One of the Sabbath Discourses of H. W. Beecher, will be published in this paper each week.

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COSELLA WAYNE; OR, WILL AND DESTINY.

BY CORA WILBUR.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STEP INTO THE WORLD.

"Grows dark thy path before thee
Press on still undismayed;
Heaven shines radiant o'er thee,
Though earth be wrapped in shade.
And God, thy trust, hath given
With words from heaven's throne,
The angels of high heaven
A charge concerning thee."—PSALMS OF LIFE.

"I will bear no more! I will go out into the world—beg, starve, die, if I must! But, tyrant and torturer! I will submit no more! My wasted childhood, my feeble youth, passing in sorrow and in darkness—my imprisoned soul, my torn, racked heart—my spirit, that you strive to darken and demoralize—all call for deliverance, and I can bear no more! You make me cold and calculating, selfish and false—you would sell my soul for gold! My very being shrieks from you, my love is extinguished—it cannot be, if there is truth in nature's voices, that there is one tie of blood, one link of spirit between us. I can stay no longer; I must go forth—away—into the world!"

With cheeks crimsoned with her strange excitement, with eyes aglow with daring resolve, with determination impressed upon her face and figure, Cosella stood defiantly before her reputed father, and as the wild words fell loud and piercing from her lips, his face grew livid in its expression of hatred and malignity; the bitter mockery, the ringing sarcasm of his first inquiry, startled her, she knew not why, as with an electric shock.

"Into the world?" he said, slowly, scanning the fragile form before him, curving his lips into a sardonic smile. "What can you do there?"

"I can work, I can toil for a livelihood. I can ply my needle, or do the vilest drudgery, if there be need. Anything, everything, for peace and home and rest!"

"Work?" he repeated, in the same sneering tone. "You work? You indolent, helpless, wild, untaught thing! Zow! ply the needle? Six months of sedentary life would kill you, you stormy petrel! You unworshipful! You work in the kitchen—with those dainty hands, that never brushed away a cobweb! See, I will unfold to you the picture of your future life, such as you can make it by due obedience and submission to my will; such as it will be, with the curses of offended God upon it, if you disobey. See, I have reared you tenderly; the mistaken indulgence of your mother, has kept you aloof from household knowledge, from the kitchen drudgery you think yourself so fitting for. Your wandering life has deprived you of the advantages of steady attention to study. You know nothing of life, of the world, of science, of human nature, and I have kept you thus ignorant, for a purpose. You might have become a painter, a finished scholar, a wit, or a poetess, had you followed your bent, had your native talents been cultivated. But such is not your destiny. You have dared to step outside of the boundaries marked by our holy laws, by the commandments that restrain your weaker sex; you have dared to think, to speculate, to reason, where you should yield implicit faith. Would you weak girl, be wiser than your forefathers? Go back into your place, become the loving and submissive wife of one of our own faith, and pray that God may pardon your rebellious strivings for unreal things and forbidden themes. You are fitted by nature and your mode of life, only for the luxurious ease of a tropical life; for the ease of wealth, the comforts of fortune. These can be yours if you act wisely!"

"If I perjure my soul and immolate my conscience on the altar of your God, I can be rich and happy?" cried Cosella, with blazing eyes.

"Not so loud, girl! or by Heavens, I crush you to the earth!" exclaimed Manasseh. "Blasphemous! fallen, wicked soul! how dare you take His holy name in vain?"

"I meant not the holy, ever-worshiped name of Him, my Heavenly Father," cried Cosella, with reverentially folded hands and fervent upturned gaze; "I meant the demon that you sanctify in words, and elevate above Him; your idol, law, and Deity! your worshiped Master—God!"

He ground his teeth in fury, his fingers twitched convulsively, as if longing to silence with their murderous clutch the truthful utterances of the unfeeling girl thus braving him. With a violent effort, he folded his arms, composed the quivering lip, and said, again in the slow, measured accents that distilled their venom of sarcasm and blight upon her listening heart:

"Now for the other side of the picture; in place of home and ease and honor, wealth and plenty, you throw yourself upon the tender mercies of the world. Fool! idiot! romancer! the friends now smiling upon you, bow to you as my daughter, the representative of my wealth and position; take away your silken gowns, your diamonds and your adornments, and who will claim you as their equal? You may take some menial occupation; oh Israel! who will then acknowledge you? And when toil and misery and privation press upon you, you will turn to what the world provides in such cases; from starvation labor and humiliation, from servitude and necessity, you will turn unavailably—and mind it is a prophecy I speak—to some glittering temptation, and the pure, proud, chaste Ella—well, never mind your surname—will become Ella—well, never mind your surname, the branded outcast of earth, the scorned of heaven—a fallen woman!"

A piercing cry of indignation rang through the room; with wildly uplifted arms, with eyes that

burned and flashed with consoling power, cheeks crimsoned anew by the wrong heart's denial, with spirit quivering from the inflamed, cruel outrage of these words, she came so near to him; that her dark curls almost swept his face. Manasseh started back in fright; at that moment he actually feared the dauntless, inspired girl. For they were prophetic tones in which she made reply; that on her brow was the sign of angel promise; the strength and exelling power of resistance upholding that girlish frame was from a foreign and a higher source; the vow then registered was prompted by unseen and wise and pure intelligences, who, when they left their charge, left in her keeping the memory and the influence of truth and right:

"I score your prophecy of evil! I trample under foot your imprecations for my soul! I may toil and battle, starve and die, but I shall never sin for bread, for life, for aught that earth can give. You are not the exponent of God's will; my own soul is the best translator of His will and power. You cannot mold my destiny; it is in His hand. My fate is to do right, not justly, and doing right, I shall be happy. Never, while my conscience lives, my reason is retained, will I willfully forfeit my Father's favor, or relinquish my inheritance to the blessedness of immortal life! Never shall I become what you so wickedly portray. I will be true and pure and good, so help me God, forever!"

Even he, the cold, unscrupulous dissembler, was for a moment awed by the solemnity of her voice and manner; but he had taken too many steps in wrong to retrograde his way. That bold, courageous, dangerous girl! So unapproachable by artifice and menace, how should he that proud, unquarreling, unshrinking spirit? A dark and fiendish plan formed suddenly in his whirling brain; he balled it with a sudden joy.

"You persist in refusing to accompany me to the island of Canada—do you still continue in that determination?"

"I do," she firmly responded, "and no promises or threats can move me. Leave me here with friends, or abandon me as you will. I will no longer travel with you. I love you not as a daughter should, I shrink from your religious teachings—your dangerous maxims; I will be free! I am, as you often say, a burden and a tax upon you. Relieve yourself, let me go free into the world!"

"Into the world!" he repeated, scornfully. "You would soon go out of it. I care not for your love; your submission is all I need, and that I will compel you to give! Next week we go to Canada."

"I go not with you!" said Cosella resolutely. He scanned her again from head to foot.

"You persist in this mad resolve?" he questioned.

"So help me God!" she replied, and quailed not beneath the searching lightnings of his eyes.

"So help me, the sinless shades of my holy ancestors!" he burst forth, "if you persist in this, you shall be rendered homeless, friendless, and penniless through your own words. Listen, girl! hitherto I have shielded you from the world. Leave me, and I abandon you to its scorn, its malice, its detractions! I brand you with a father's curse, I proclaim your disobedience to the world. You are not yet a day old, even there? I will blast your prospects, curse the pure and good to turn from you in holy horror. I will tell tales of you, that shall cause you to blush to meet a fellow-being! Ha! you tremble, dare you bravo this?"

"All, all, that you, and such as you dare tell! My actions are open to the day; I fear you not."

"Not yet cowed down," he murmured; then, in a loud voice he continued; "I will brand you with the stain of infamy! I will proclaim you as a bastard to the world!"

For a moment she stood against and breathless, gazing upon him with dilated eyes, a wondering, her lips impressed upon her face. Drawing a long, deep breath, she cried—

"It would be but another falsehood added to the list. I defy you! I believe you not; your story will not meet with one moment's, one soul's belief."

"But I tell you, girl, it is true! You have forced me to this revelation, which would have gone to the grave with me, were it not for your provocations. I swear to you, upon this holy volume, the hypocrite plumed the Jewish scriptures to his lips, that this is so!"

She felt as if consciousness was about to forsake her; strange, wild suggestions, flitted athwart her throbbing brain; her heart beat violently; the erst warm, indignant blood seemed to congeal in her veins and freeze the bounding life currents. At length, her pale and quivering lips said faintly—

He looked upon her in silent triumph, with a fiend's malignant joy.

"She was a poor, rough, uneducated girl—a servant in my father's family," he replied.

Cosella shivered as if a cold northern blast had reached her.

"Is she living?" she asked imploringly.

"Long since gone—long since sleeping in her grave," he said.

The young girl sighed; mingled feelings of pity and regret, of relief and thankfulness, assayed the troubled heart.

"Will you consent to re-visit with your father now?" he again inquired.

"Never! Now, more resolutely than before, I say again, never, never!"

"Swear it upon this volume, the holy record of our people."

"If an oath be necessary, I will take it. By this, and by what is holier far to me, by my own consciousness of right, I swear! I go not from this place with you."

She kissed the book, and placed it on the table. Manasseh saw that he was foiled in every effort; he could not cope successfully with that indomitable spirit. His face grew livid with rage, for his prey was about to elude him; he saw the danger of the present, the looming terror of the future, and his self-control was gone!

Seizing her slight frame in his strong arms, placing one heavy hand upon her mouth, he plied the other with infuriated force, and left the orison impress on her slender neck and bared white shoulders! She struggled violently to release herself, but he held her close; showering between his fearful curses those relentless blows upon her shrinking frame. He unrolled the long, dark hair, that lay in a massive coil around her head, and by it dragged her through the room! Her small, white hands vainly struggling in self-defense; the glossy, floating ringlets that concealed the death-pale face, the bending form, all that could remain him of the sainted Len, touched not one chord of feeling, awoke not one stray gleam of pity in his soul!

At last he removed his murderous grasp and cast her from him, and her loud and piercing cries for help rang through the house.

"Silence, or I shall kill you!" he cried, with a rapid glance around. "The servants are away, and if you call in strangers, you pay for it with your life!"

She found her scarf, and wrappled it around her; she fled to the inner chamber and brought thence her veil; she threw it over her disheveled head and tear-stained face.

"God will protect me!" she said, with a faltering voice. "I go, forever!"

suspicious eyes, or curled their lip in derision, or turned coldly from her proffered salutation. For, true to his word, Manasseh, with great show of grief and wounded feeling, bewailed his daughter's disobedience, her love of the world's gayeties, her boundless extravagance, and desire for change and travel, that caused his paternal heart so many pangs! Of what he had revealed to her concerning her birth, he said naught, for good reasons of his own; but with well simulated sorrow he insinuated much, that, in the world's hasty judgment, branded forever, with deepest stigma, her maiden fame.

This wound, deeper of all, inflamed by that cruel hand, rankled deep and sore for years. A haunting specter on her path of life, a terror and a looming woe, it was the nightmare of her pure, proud soul.

Fearing that proceedings might be legally commenced against him for personal violence against his daughter, when the first tempest of his fury was allayed, Manasseh Moshem (for that was his real name), packed up his remaining valuables and departed for the island of Canada, without seeking to behold again Cosella. At the demand of the Seneca Tereza, whom he feared, (for he yet owed her a sum of money) he sent the young girl's wardrobe and her jewels, retaining, however, the most valuable portion of her diamonds.

Every day Cosella studied the catechism and the prayers of the church, preparatory to her admission to its sheltering fold. Let us awhile to another scene of earth; and beyond that, to glean of experience, spiritual truth, and better knowledge. Come!

The ever beautiful and unselfish Solita sits watching the slumbers of the now rapidly recovering Percival Wayne. His face is yet pale and laggard with the ravages of illness, but the clear and powerful intellect rests in its accustomed place. A sweet placidity veils on his brow; in his sleep he dreams and murmurs:—"Len!" and the mention of that name causes no more a pang to the husband and happy heart of the patient watcher. As a child, reverently listening to a father's tendering words; as the peepings of old bent to their sage's admonitions, so she, of the aspiring heart and cultivated spirit, drank in of the angelic wisdom flowing from his unconscious lips. As health and strength returned, the benign influences that taught and counseled, ever leading him upward, resumed their control; and wise, and pure, and loving intelligences, spirits of the redeemed and advanced, angels of the music and the poetic realms, gave, through the favored and fitting organism of that true man, their earnest counsel and their loftiest themes.

At first, Solita, startled and alarmed by these strange revelations by the seemingly unnatural condition of her friend, dreaded the hours of his entrance; but as time sped on, and her heart awakened to those angel teachings, and her soul expanded to the magnificence of celestial love and heavenly wisdom; as her intellect unfolded to the comprehension of mighty truths and spirit laws, she linked these grandly beautiful revelations with the dreams and vague prophecies, the foreshadowings of her childhood, the visions of her earliest youth. And with tears of gratefulness, with quiet ecstasy and holy fervor, she welcomed what the world denounced; what material minds derided as the impossible and the visionary. By her own heart's responsive beatings, by her own soul's acknowledgment, she knew these things were truth.

Thus, when the ever-unfolding spirals of the love and wisdom spheres of knowledge, the advanced minds, from realms of beauty, light and wonder, spoke through the mortal organism of her dearest friend, Solita, often clasping her hands with thankful joy, cried in her fervent gratitude:

"Of this have I dreamed, and thought and pondered; such hopes have come to me at morn and at twilight! So have I imagined, the spirit-world; such the emblematic colors of the celestial rainbow; this have I asked of life!"

One day the controlling intelligences said:

"This new philosophy, this faith appeared upon the granite foundations of reason and nature; these laws upheld by the inherent power of God within them, shall be proclaimed to earth; and studied, revealed and acknowledged, by numbers now resting in religious indifference, or rocked upon the sea of educational prejudice and blind belief. The bigot and the atheist, the scholar and the unlearned; maidens and youths; matured minds and gray-haired laborers by the wayside; all shall become participants of the knowledge of immortality; many shall become His teachers unto their fellow-men.

Listen to our prophecy of the coming time, ye, its first exponents—ye moral pioneers of a cause unheralded by trumpet tones, or waving, kingly flags! Many aspiring and poetic minds shall give, through heavenly aids, to earth the inspirations of the Lyric heavens. The music of far distant spheres, translated, as it may be, into mortal tongue, shall delight the listening, wondering thousands, assembled in the free, vast temples of God's nether world. Ye shall be told of love, and heaven, and home, of the soul's glorious transmutations, of the power of spirit and the wondrous force of law. Eloquence and might, and genius, shall unfold their shining, varying garb, and earth acknowledge the superior wisdom of the heavenly spheres. And, as time rolls on, to the selected, trial chosen souls of the purified and victorious ones, the highest revelations of the purest spirit-life shall come; fraught with such overwhelming glory, it shall kindle into songs unheard of since the world was born—into such music as the seraphs of the upper realm delight in. From the inspired lip the gemmed discords shall fall, and through their influence, erring souls be ransomed, and aspiring hearts be led through the valley-shadows of life and trial unto the land of realization, the music-world of delight! But they who stand upon this moral height of angel power have climbed there step by step, through densest glooms of sorrow; their feet have bled, passing over the cruel rocks; their brows have been lacerated by the trial-crown; their souls have called in anguish unto him who ever hears! For them, earth's every joy has receded, that

heaven might come near; for them, the joy and hope of life has faded, that immortal hope and joy bled; for them, the desolation of orphanhood, the stings of poverty, the desertion of friends, the removal of love, the destruction of home and peace; for them, the bitter waters of a thousand Marsh fountains, the scorching wastes of utter hopelessness, the wintry plains of desolation; for them, the tempest and the deserted ship, the desert isle and solitary cave, the daily crucifixion and the burial of earth's choicest hopes. But, oh, triumphant victory theirs, too, will be, the ascension of the spirit from the material dregs of life, the removal of the soul from selfishness, the uprising of the heart unto the nearness of Omnipotence! The victor over temptation and wrong, the moral conqueror, the truth-sworn, charitable and forgiving, the brother of the lowliest, the humbly great, the childlike and the pure—these, and these only, shall be the guiding, battling, truly winning spirit of the age.

In vain the inspirations of the higher life, the revelations of its power, shall come to men, if their influence be confined to mere externals. If the angel mandates of purity and truth be not fulfilled in daily life; if from the public rostrum only the presence of the countless host is heralded, and the inner consciousness respond not to the thrilling thought of spirit-witnesses; if in language only is religion taught, and love proclaimed, vain is the advent of the new era, vain the labors of the myriad hosts! But, if the soul entranced by the descriptions of beauty, love and power, will respond in sympathy, in effort, self-denial—then truly will the spirit-hosts draw nigh, and earth shall sing her matin song of redemption soon.

Self-denial, even of all the heart demands, the soul has yearned for, when the angels of discipline command. Down with thy battling will that would confront defiantly the immutable laws of Deity. Undisciplined affections, worldly attractions, selfish aims, all, must yield beneath the fiery ordeal that purifies and leads to God! From the human soul divine all that would darken and degrade must die, as withered leaves drop from the healthy branch. Where there is suffering there is sin and wrong, perversion and misdirection of the Godlike faculties. Tears and pain and woe, disappointment and gloom and care, are of the earth—the progressed spirit, the regenerated soul, knows them no more. While the least particle of earth's grossness clings to the robe of love, while wavers yet its heaven ascending flame with one breath of low desire—while yet one taint of selfishness rests, glimmering in friendship's breast—there will be suffering; for not all of heaven is there. While slender, airy and detraction lives, ye cannot breathe the airs of paradise, if but their faintest reflections linger on your souls. Untiring effort, therefore, for the good and true, and all the aided resistance of the God-like will to wrong, and man shall ascend into a higher life, and taste of heaven's beatitudes. Know you not the right by its pervading holy thrill of divine consciousness? Feel you not the degradation and the conscious sense of wrong, that is not educational, not the effect of prejudice, but the whispering of soul and Deity? Oh, ever, those moral combatants, distrust the argument repulsive to thy soul's highest intuitions; discard the doctrines that would enthroned self above thy brother, that would miscall thy lower nature's promptings, the voices of thy God!

Through innumerable changes of matter has the inherent life-principle worked out its glorious mission, and now the spirit-man stands lord of all upon the tributary earth. And it is for the full development of spirit, for the subjugation, complete and entire of the animal, that thou must labor and strive unceasingly, ever guarding the portals of thought and sense, ever exerting, expanding and elevating affection, until it beam a star-wreath from thy brow, a glory from thine eye, a promise of celestial compensation in thy heart. Ever must thou conquer passion, until a willing slave to spirit, it crouch obedient at thy feet, oh, angel-maid—oh, seraph woman!

Ye, the first laborers in this field of action! ye, the first receivers of the light and truth of other worlds—oh, guard well your hearts! treasure well your soul's best impressions. A power and a magnetic force is breathed o'er earth, that may attract unto high heaven itself, or enchain relentlessly unto the dust. Beware of all that recognizes self as pre-eminence; trust not the voices that tell beguilingly of rights that are not soul laws. Believe not in mere attractions of the external; trust not the allurements of sense; they are false and deadly, all! Give to the angel-world thy heart for keeping; build in those upper realms thy fane of soul worship, thy shrines of consecration, thy permanent abodes. Cast from thee all that would retard thy spirit's advancement; that all would upraise a barrier betwixt thyself and angel visitants.

The problems of life may trouble and perplex thee often; they are thy needed discipline; thou mayest walk solitary through the earth-life, and the coming of love be as a sorrowing angel to thy breast. But faith not, water not! have faith and hope; such is thy needed discipline, and solitude for thee is good. The tears and sufferings, the doubts and fears, the earth-life's usual accompaniments, are its angel purifiers. Through their ministrations, affection is spiritualized until it glows with light and power divine; until, submissive as a babe, it rests at the good Father's feet; willing that trial should come, that sorrow should enfold, that it may grow more intensely beautiful, more angelically wise. When thus the human heart is sanctified, it is ready for translation to the higher spheres, and it lives its spirit-life even on the earth, and meets its Ideal in the communion of the soul. Then is the brow of earnest and unfolded manhood, the pure and truthful brow of woman, fitted for the bridal chapter of the skies, and the star of love, burns lustroously, the guiding beacon of their souls.

Yes, gentle sister, thy earliest thoughts, the sud-denly-occurring poetic fancies that winged their way to thee in sunbeam, shower and blossom, wind and waftle-ton, and rainbow's message, they all were impressions from the upper worlds. Thou hast

heard the dying cadences of celestial song, the whispered watch-words of the spirit hosts. The fragrance of our lifted bowers has been wafted to thy sense; immortal roses, unseen by thee, have decked thy innocent breast. Yes, dear intuitive one! thy dreams are true, the fore-shadows of thy earnest soul will all be realized. The flowers in celestial land, are gemmed and musical. Our tall trees bend to sweetest melody; the grass is inlaid with sound. The emerald's deepest lustre tints the unfolding leaves; the rubies' blindest rays flash from the rose's heart; and pearl-like gleams the lily's stately cup. The harem-bell glitters with the sapphires' glow; the diamond's splendor breaks from the envying crown of foliage in rainbow shafts of light; and the topaz beacons from the tufted meadows. And each one has its own God-given song, its own thanksgiving hymn uprising, musically fragrant, an offering of love unto the beautiful.

At morn and eve, this floral concert, uniting with the songs of birds unknown to earth, charms ear and heart with an unrivaled harmony. It were too much for mortal ear and heart, these triumph songs of soul, these glad refrain, these heavenly welcomes; once, thou and all shall hear them.

Here beauty reigns, crowned Empress, before whom adoring nature bends in reverential homage; before whose scepter might she brings the tributes of her wealth; the offerings of genius, fame and love. But it is the inner beauty that is thus worshipped here; it is usefulness, love, unifying faith, hope, truth, and charity, that wear the angel garb. In emblematic colors, gemmed and radiant, gleam the woe trophies of the soul; the lowly virtues, the lofty aspirations, the meek self-denials, the sweet amities of spirit. There are destinations here for those who have lived the purest, noblest lives—those who, in humble walks amid the daily toil and weariness, yet fed their souls on heavenly manna, and lived for sacred duties, well fulfilled; these are the highest, because the happiest, here.

Awailing and thirsting spirit, eager for the draught of life, the gift of vision, and the dawning of inspiration, be a patient laborer yet awhile; slowly thou art working for thy soul's advancement, for the future's culminating joy. Walk patiently, in hope and faith; for love and knowledge, heart-rest and home-peace, shall be thine—thine when thou hast earned their possession, when thou shalt be fitted, in the angel's sight, for thy peculiar mission."

Three months passed on, and with hospitable joy she watched beside, and tenderly waited upon, the best loved friend. In that short time, aided by the unseen influences, she was led to the inner light that was so beautifully cheering, so life warm, new, and inspiring; and sweet Solita, understanding as it were, intuitively, the glorious spirit theory, and rapturously thankful for the boon accorded, ceased to fear the angel visitants, that, in the guise of impression, brought great and often startling thoughts to her musing hours, inspiring her with poetic fervor, with musical delight, that improvised sweet songs of Heaven to the accompaniment of her plaintive voice.

Soon, and she had charmed all weariness and pain from the brow of Percival. He called her often Cosella; and she, without one tremor of embarrassment, bade him look upon his cherished image, guarded so long and faithfully upon the household shrine. And he told her of Almon Fairlie, his friend and brother, the pupil of the spirits, and the expounder of the truths of immortality.

Strange it was that Solita should not think of the young girl that had so strongly touched her heart in Santa Lucia; strange that she never mentioned their meeting to Percival. It seemed to be obliterated from her memory.

"You look so little changed, dear sister," said he, one day; "only I miss your flowing curls. This braided hair gives you a majestic, a queenly grace. Your picture smiles more than is now your wont; but you are unchanged in heart; you are stronger, lovelier and wiser, though, now than before."

He took and held her hand, looked tenderly and earnestly into her face, and with a consciousness of perfect trust, she calmly returned his gaze; those pure and intuitive souls read each other fully. He knew that she had loved him in sorrow and in tears; that she had been her guiding star through life; that she had entertained the glowing hopes of earth, and feared with a maiden sense and dread of wrong. He knew that she had prayed and supplicated heaven as do the loving and impassioned souls for whom so earthly fruitless blooms; that sometime, in the discipline of the past, a fitting of jealousy and despair had passed over that love-warm and vestal heart; that she had appealed to heavenly justice against the law that bound him to the spirit Len; that often, with outstretched arms and longing soul, she had called him, far across the sea, to come and brighten all of life and love for her. He knew it all, and she felt that he read the inner tablet of her soul-life; yet, although the rose-hue of acknowledgments dyed her pearly cheek, she averted not her calm and steady gaze. In those clear wells of deepest feeling and holiest thought, he saw it written:

"The struggle and the pain is past. I love thee still, but not with earthly longing. I know that all of fraternal love and confidence thou givest to me, and to me alone on earth. Gratefully I acknowledge the gift, and accept thy right; thy highest love is for that one beloved, my spirit sister, Len."

"Am I now truly thy brother?" he asked her, tenderly.

"For life and eternity," she fervently replied, and smiled. "And she, your wife, your progressing and awaiting angel, she is my sister, is she not?"

"Forever!" he responded. And a kiss of pure, fraternal love sealed the compact, holy and divine, between those kindred souls.

There are those of this world ever smiling in derision of what they have not learned to comprehend. Hence, from the lower standpoint of conventional adhesion and customary denial of the, to them, "far, bright and unattainable," will mock this portrayal of a soul's experience, this picture from reality. But she who, commissioned by her spirit guides, ventures to portray in earthly and imperfect utterance, the disciplining process whereby human hearts are

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. BROADFIELD STREET CONFERENCE.

The Boston Spiritual Conference is held at the Hall No. 11 Broadfield street, every Wednesday evening. It has been discussed the following...

QUESTION.—What is it that is denominated Intuition in Nature? What is the difference, if any, between them? Do Animals have the faculty of Reason?

Mr. WATKINS.—The subject of intuition and instinct all persons have thought upon, more or less. Everything in nature blends—there are no dividing lines in nature. No one can tell where mineral existence ends and where vegetable existence begins...

Dr. PATON.—If I speak I shall speak from instinct or intuition. For I have given the subject under discussion no thought. Fixed laws control all matter and all mind.

Mr. TRAYN.—Great injustice has heretofore been done to the animal world by man. We have thought that animals had no mind, and we have neglected their cultivation.

Dr. LEON.—The question opens a vast field for reflection. Men of science may trace out certain facts, and know something of science; but it is important to know the causes of these facts.

Dr. PAIGE.—Spiritualists have got at the root of one of the most beautiful trees in God's creation, that is, that the spirit of man is not the result of organization. The mind is an element filling immensity, and it flows in matter, and is manifested as conditions of demand.

QUESTION.—Do animals have a cerebrum, or front brain?

Mr. LEONARD.—I have a great desire to know what spirits can do. We know that spirits do have an influence over us, and I want to know how far their influence extends in the government of the material world.

Dr. LEWIS.—Everything is governed by necessity and adaptation. Instinct and intuition are only manifestations of mind, and mind is spirit, it is life. I believe that the cerebrum and cerebellum exist in all animals, as well as in men.

Mr. SPOONER.—I wish to say something corroborative of the idea that animals are immortal. Some here say that animals are as perfect when born as at an advanced stage of their lives. I cannot see this as a fact.

Dr. PATON.—We may account for all the different manifestations of life in the varieties of material organizations.

Mr. HINTON.—I desire to say a word about Mr. Spooner's remarks on intuition. Admitting the del-

ation to be correct, he got of it. It cannot be expected that a subject can be handled by a man that has never perceived its existence. Mr. H. says that he knows not of the existence of such a thing as intuition. Dr. C. says that he does. I have felt the existence of intuition, and thence I have reasoned. It is not as if I were to me. We have often uneducated young persons who will go beyond the powers of science in the presentation of truths, which are claimed to be intuitive. How can my friend Spooner say anything of intuition, when he knows not that such a thing exists, and has had no experience in it?

The same subject will be continued next week.

Banner of Light.

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THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

How low seems the wall, how little the gate, how narrow the door, to the one who went out from Home a boy and comes back to-day a man! The world has fewer sweet illusions with which the years love to make such cruel havoc.

But the fireplace is as wide, and the wooden mantel is as high, and the fire-dogs are as erect and watchful, and the twin corners of the hearth as cosy, as when the tea-kettle used to stang on the hob in the winter of yore, and the Old Folks sat and let the fire-blaze shine in their own fading eyes.

We all sit true Fire Worshipers. Parsee never offered more genuine adoration to the flames in which he sees the Soul of light—no lion below the tropics ever paid more faithful homage on a solemn morning to the great Sun-source of existence, than does the man of bleak New England, in his secret heart, to the honest blaze that flickers on his hearth and goes out by his chimney.

Fire is social. It has playful and tender sympathies, though its heat is ravenous and its tongue fierce. We sit down at the open hearth in the evenings, and look into its pure face to find our long-sought revelations. Our fancies trip on the tips of the mimic waves of flame, and become excited till we can hardly keep them company. Our imagination plunges into the white and red heats, wallowing in their swelling and retreating tides, and dragging out—net wrecks always, but drowned images possibly cast—new dreams, and dripping with the molten sheen of a brighter beauty. So we all love to sit at the hearth, whose brooding silence is most intensely social.

But the Age invades every nook and corner, however quiet or dreary. Like the tax-collector, it forgets no man's door. And the Age has brought along an army of masons, and stone-dealers, and pipe-fitters, who have come into the pleasant rooms up and down the land, equipped with their ugly implements of innovation. They have drawn curtains of slightest masonry across the old fire-places, and shut out spirit-vision from the chimney altogether. They have walled up all the delightful memories in a dark and deadly imprisonment, where their blackened skeletons will be found some day, overgrown with the nettles, weeds and long grasses that beautify homestead desolations. They have mounted a gim and dark looking instrument, with a single glaring eye, perhaps, but often with none, and bid the household crowd around, and with faith their benumbed fingers; and this they denominated the Stove!

Henceforth, Penates, sorry away to attic and cellar as fast as you can! You are wanted here no longer! The corner now, best post bench seat, in the middle of the floor. The cedar tray, half-filled with rag-balls for the carpet, will be under everybody's feet. There are to be no household gatherings in the evening; for the vestal fires are all gone out. A Stove is not a Hearth; Heat is not Fire; Warmth is not Blaze. The crowds that came and went for us in chariots of frolicking, have taken their seat and leave forever. The cities beneath the long forest, bristling with spires and steeples, substantial with walls, and towers, and cathedrals, and castles outlying, and washed on this side and that with rivers such as never shone in the sun of heaven—are all faded, and dark, and dead. Heroicisms are not more silent throughout its long-buried thoroughfares; the cities and people of the plain are not more thoughtless forgotten. It sends its tendrils aspirations to heaven through no roof-lined pipes, it walls upon the ears of no man's chimney—"the chimney-sweepers." Unless its sentiments are warmed in the blaze and brightness of a genial heat, they cannot be made to all up the wings of white and blue smoke skyward. Down the chimney is direct and open; but through a double-kneed stove-pipe, the road is black and tortuous indeed. By looking up a wide-throated chimney, one may catch a sky-glimpse as big as his hand; but through the long and narrow neck of a stove-pipe—never!

We see them still, exactly as they sat, years ago, in the hearth corner—the Old Folks, always "at home," and—bless us!—how bright seems the space that bridges the yarning intervals!

A Homestead without two Old Folks in the chimney corner, would hardly be a homestead at all. With them, the charming picture is complete. There they are, day in and day out, steadfast in their places and to one another. When the eaves drip in the middle of the winter forenoons, Grandmother leans her post and the Saturday's newspaper to make the safe tour of the kitchen, the stove-room, the sheds, and the barn-floor, stopping on his route to throw down a handful of corn for the poultry. Grandmother is always sure to caution him against going out without a plenty of coats, and stout enough shoes, and to welcome his return with as great apparent joy as if he had just come back from a long voyage to Cathay. And when he has nestled down in his cushioned chair again, and thumped the glowing forestick a little with the tongue, he will tell tales of the keen air outside, suggesting Arctic memories such as no living listener could call in question, that will find the silver-haired old couple topic of earnest talk till dinner.

The children always find the train there, when they come home from school on the winter afternoon, the pale sun lying sleepily across the floor—the gray carpet curled before the hearth—and the little spirits "pegged in the knotty entrails" of the oak logs, singing the drowsy hours away. It is a picture that Wilkie would

go distracted over. The wind is buffeting with tremors on the bleak and snowy roads, tearing at their hats, their cloaks, and the robes that so meagrely protect them—but no winds blow in the haven of this life; all days are halcyon days, and there is no atmosphere but that of peace, and heaven. The nettles in the old man's plump cheeks is as fresh as it ever was; the features are nowise pinched with the cold; no snows enter to numb his attenuated fingers.

"Mother" and he, too, form the family tribunal, and are always to be found on the judicial seat, ready to give audience. Many is the domestic problem brought to them for solution. They decide cases, especially for the younglings, with a promptness truly wonderful; and if Grandmother only said thus and so, there is no use in hunting for higher authority; she is conceded to be the "word of the law." Or Grandmother prepared to mend the broken sled; and never was sled repaired with such surprising dexterity. All about the house he goes, filled and adorned with the dear old home feeling, from morning till night. And when one pair of eyes fixed entirely from the hearth, and one stooping form is carried forth forever from its cherished corner—what a vacancy is there not in the very heart of the household! Grandmother looks up from her forenoon knitting over into the opposite corner, but the chair stands there empty, and a great tear rolls down her cheek as she newly adjusts her needles in the knitting-needle. The fire is not hot enough to warm her chilled heart any longer. She hears the wind roar without, and she thinks of the one whose grave is rounded beneath the pines!

The Chimney Corner is in its greatest glory at night. Then the fire-spirits love best to assemble. In the late Autumn days, when the evenings are beginning to lengthen, and the cricket sings as he were heard in the corner, and the soddie leaves lay trampled and dead in the walks and yard, the fire-blaze of the fire is very welcome; for it calls together again all the worshippers at this household shrine, and gives hints of the promises that cluster about the long months of the winter. There is just enough of chill in the air to make one seek the fire, and just enough fire on the hearth to make the chill enjoyable. We know no other fires, through the whole year, like this first hearth-blaze in the Autumn. The vital group of wily delights then shine out as upon a canvas.

Father and mother are in their places, in the long evenings, and the children range themselves around. Whatever the occupations their attentions are, they are not to be described for their entire absence. Then the masks that each was wearing through the day are untraced and fall off. Face answers to face, and heart speaks to heart. The round world has nothing like this to offer for pure and true enjoyment; students, philosophers, men of coarse ambition, travelers—throw longing eyes, from the midst of their busy career, to this innocent and humble picture, and secretly acknowledge its possession to be the single dream of their hearts. But they drift further and further from it, instead, till the picture is only a picture, and has little life left but in memory.

The smoky shadows that belong to these evening groups around the hearth are not to be set down as the days are in the calendar; they are themselves the gay children of the peaceful hours, and troop forth only when wanted. But no Dutch kids and troop half so crowded with their Scripture records and illustrations, as our commonest fireplaces winter evening scenes that belong to the homely memory of the young. The youngest boy is no more under the spell than is his oldest brother. They mount the stairs to bed at last, in strange company. The girls feed the coals with wisps of paper, and watch, as the sparks leap up and down the burnt heap, to see the folks go the logs poppin; the shadowy faces of the spirits peer forth from caverns in the sticks; their forms flit across wailing seas of flame; they climb into towers and steeples, and beckon at windows through which pour the floods of yellow sunsets. All this, and many, many times more, can a story of a ghost evoke from the logs that were so lately chopped on the night wood-loot.

It is at the hearth that the heart bids up its aboves for harvest. Here all its joys, domestic and foreign, are gathered in. Here the sombre wood is gaily shot with bright figures and patterns: The self-communion at this altar is searching and thorough; a man sits down face to face with himself, and thinks no more of guile.

If there might be a hearth in every heart! And such dear old memories as one carries away with him—seasoned well with time, rich for their ripened colors, mellow for their surpassingly sweet flavors! The chimney-corner has been the district school-house for all the virtues of this present generation. What is tender in popular sentiment, what is direct and simple in popular preaching, what is well-grounded, and strong, and homely, in popular phrase, has its healthy and enduring root there. Tear up all the broad hearthstones in the land, to-day, and take every memory would start up, around them, like tender blades of grass, to beautify the places whence they sprung and keep them green forever!

The Right Way.

A story has been travelling through the newspapers, in relation to an ingot of gold that was recently forwarded from San Francisco to Paris, and sold for \$2075, but which afterwards proved to be nothing but a gilded mass of lead. The forgery was perpetrated through the agency of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, who, when the leaden ingot was returned to their office in San Francisco, set to work to discover the swindler. It was found to be a fancy goods dealer named A. Kohler, and he was let off upon the payment of the amount of the ingot, \$2075, and \$2000 for expenses incurred. But the matter did not end here, although the government officers concluded not to prosecute him, on account of a defect in the law. To protect Kohler's recalcitrance became known, his bankers immediately paid him his balance, and declined to have any further transactions with him. The insurance companies also cancelled their policies upon his property, and the man stands before the community a convicted swindler, shunned by all honorable men. This is a pretty sure and swift justice, and we are not sure that it is not as handsomely administered as in any case that has recently come under our notice. If the whole community would unite to frown down wickedness of every kind, instead of pursuing the perpetrators with a revengefulness that only stimulates their own, it would not be long before there would be an end of all practices but just those proceeding from the best and purest intentions. A man would then have the readiest motive to be honest—self-interest.

The Duchess of St. Albans a Spiritualist.

The late Duchess of St. Albans (Harriet Martineau) sent for the good Chaplain to inquire into the character of a young woman, whose mother had befriended Harriet when they were actresses, and the following conversation is reported by the chaplain to have taken place between the Duchess and himself—

My interference hardly cancels the debt I owe her mother's memory—that mother, my early child, and firm protector. Alas! alas! that she herself should be forever beyond the reach of my gratitude.

Chaplain.—But you may possibly be conscious of your kindness to her child.

That said she, starting—now we meet on common ground. You believe, then, that she departed in cognizance of what is passing in this world of care and sorrow? That has long been my conviction. But, think you further, that they are permitted to retrace this following scene—that the veil which surrounds the invisible from the visible world is ever withdrawn—and that they have long since departed from amongst us return to those whom they have loved, to assist and to warn them? I fully believe they do. You look at me not Oh, yes! I am aware it is a creed which is ridiculed, despised and scouted by the million, but nevertheless it is mine. It is a desirable subject, and I would rather not meet it, &c.—The Good Chaplain, p. 104.

Thomas Giles Foster

Was in this city May 4th, on his way to fill an engagement at Worcester; but the East winds caused an attack of rheumatism, and he was advised by his spirit friends to leave for the South as soon as possible; he accordingly returned without filling his engagements at Worcester and elsewhere. He is still confined to his bed at Philadelphia.

The Japanese Embassy.

There is nothing like disappointment to bring a man to his proper senses. It was not such a great while ago that Johnny Hull would have been raging red with anger, if he had been told that the Japanese Emperor was going to send representatives to America before he had to England; but now that events have taken the turn they have, and the bearded gentlemen from the opposite side of the globe are really over among us at last, Johnny very ably makes a virtue of necessity, and talks, through a recent number of the London Times, as sensibly upon the subject as we care to hear him. Says he:—

"Whether the embassy will be welcomed in every part of the world with the same enthusiasm is another question, but we may assure our American friends that we are in the least degree jealous of their priority in these arrangements. If their squadron first secured the Japanese to sociability, they had a claim to the first treaty, and their geographical position was a pretty good guarantee for the honor of a first visit. It was no more than natural, indeed, that the first efforts of the Japanese in the way of commerce should be directed to the shores of China or California, instead of being addressed to the more distant regions of Europe. We can little in what way the current flows so long as it flows freely, it is already clear that Japan may become an exporting country to the more distant regions of Europe. We are quite satisfied with the beginning. The early navigators hugged the shore before they ventured out upon the deep, and the Japanese merchants may feel their way to profit in the same manner. The fact that Europe has not been so successful since the opening of the trade, the business transacted with China has been on a very extensive scale. We are quite satisfied with the beginning. The early navigators hugged the shore before they ventured out upon the deep, and the Japanese merchants may feel their way to profit in the same manner. The fact that Europe has not been so successful since the opening of the trade, the business transacted with China has been on a very extensive scale. We are quite satisfied with the beginning. The early navigators hugged the shore before they ventured out upon the deep, and the Japanese merchants may feel their way to profit in the same manner. 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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner was claimed by a person of the name of the person who wrote it.

Answers of Letters.—As one medium would in no way answer to the letters we should have sent to you.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend.

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

From No. 1890 to No. 2000.—Wednesday, April 19.—Mrs. Ann Brewster, Boston; Mary Louisa Patten, New York; Emma Phillips, Boston; Ann Atkins; Samuel Joubert; Charles; William Thompson; Thursday, April 20.—Wm. H. Hart, New Haven; W. P. Johnson, New York; D. H. Nelson, St. Louis; Captain Joseph Emerson.

The First Resurrection.—Blessed are they who shall have a part in the first resurrection.

"What is the first resurrection, and at what time in the life of the individual does this occur?"

This is the subject we have received for this day's discussion.

Blessed are they who shall have a part in the first resurrection. "What does this mean? Can Old Testament tell us? No; we find no solution to this problem there.

The soul, when dwelling in spiritual darkness here, enters the second state of life with all its spiritual shadows clinging to it, unless it has part in the first resurrection.

The spirit is clothed in the second resurrection. The spirit is clothed in the second resurrection.

The spirit of man should ever be clothed with freedom. Chains are not necessary for its development.

Men should know by everything in nature, that the past will not answer the requirements of the children of the present.

William Lathrop.—My Bible taught me to believe that those who died in Christ should have a part in the first resurrection.

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I have sister Mary. If she gets this, will pray to the Blessed Virgin for me; and know that it is my mother who has come here and tell her this.

Joshua Prescott.—Are your terms very strict here? Are you willing one should say just what he wishes to, and no more?

Margaret Ellen Wilson.—I did not want to see anybody but you here. My name is Margaret Ellen Wilson.

Noah Blanchard.—My son, if you will meet me at the room of the medium, you give us the privilege of coming to her.

George Lenson.—Let not your heart be troubled. You believe in God. Believe also in me. George Lenson, of Jacksonville, Florida, to his father.

William Armstrong.—Tell Ozias I am well and happy, and will soon come to him. I am much obliged to you for your kindness.

Spiritual Gifts.—Now concerning spiritual gifts, I would not have you ignorant of this.

Harriet Stacy.—I don't like to come over with my folks as the gentleman who has been talking to me says I can do here to company with such folks.

Question and Reply.—I believe we are not to take all to see if we receive from spirits, but are to try them, as true if they are of God or not.

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I was born in Montgomery, State of Alabama. I live with my mother and father. My name is Josiah Prescott.

My wife Elizabeth is free; born in St. Louis. Lucy, my wife before I came to St. Louis, was born in Georgia.

I have a son named Josiah Prescott, Jr. He is now in the family of young folks here out of the family when he was young.

I have a daughter named Elizabeth. She is now in the family of young folks here out of the family when she was young.

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ABOUT A CASE, AND HOW I BECAME ITS OWNED.

About three months since, a friend died suddenly while on a visit to New York. I read an account of his death in a Monday evening paper, and on the following morning, I called at his former place of business.

It is not difficult to my purpose to relate all he said. He could not see well; there seemed to be a haze before his sight; had no body, but was in full possession of his faculties, and if he did not see so many of my friends who he knew were in spirit-land, he should not realize the change; but had only waked from a sleep in a natural state, &c.

I remained with him till he could see clearer, and was conscious of having a body, and he made some humorous remarks about his tall body being encased, as he supposed, in one so small, but thought it "better than nothing."

About a week or two after, at another sitting with the medium, I was told by one of my children that the old gentleman, who was walking about the room with a cane, wished to speak to me, and soon after, with the aid of Dr. Fisher, as he said, he obtained control.

And here again I shall omit most of the conversation, but the mention of the case induced me to ask him what he had done with his cane—the one I had seen on the steps of the Astor House in the summer.

He said he had it with him wearing it. I said, "No; you cannot have that with you." He said he had—insisted upon it: "Why, do you not know your own cane?" I told him again that he was mistaken—that that which he had with him was but the type of the one he had left behind.

He said, "You must be right. Strange—is it not? I was positive that I had with me the identical stick that I carried on earth."

He was then anxious that I should have it, and wished me to find where it was, and he would put me in the way of having it.

Soon after this, I was absent from the city for several weeks, and subsequently I called at the medium's, and he again got control. He was still anxious about the cane—wished to know if I had found it, and wished me to call on his widow and say to her what he had said to me. I did so. She had never investigated, but said that she had no doubt it would have been his wish, as it was hers, that I should have it, and so it came into my possession.

But this is not all about the cane. Shortly after, I had it with me, and was again at the medium's. She was in the inner room, where she receives communications; and, when she came out, seeing the cane against the table, she took it up and said, "I have seen that cane before; is it yours?" I told her she had never seen it before, that this was the first time I had carried it, and she did not know the former owner. But she declared that she had seen it before, but could not tell where; had tried to see if she could tell what all the little carvings meant. Then I said, "You must have been in a trance," and she replied, "Yes; it was in that manner, and I saw it in the hands of my friend."

The medium that I have referred to is Mrs. Kirkham, and I do not believe there is a more truthful one living.

Now how will the learned sceptics account for my being the owner of the cane, apart from the truth of spirit-communication? I had never seen it but once, and had no conversation with its former owner afterwards. It was not given me by will, and I did not gain possession of it from the widow of my friend a fiction to get possession of it.

And how could the medium have been so positive that she had seen and examined the cane she held in her hand, (but which she never had seen before,) if she had not seen the type of it in the possession of my friend while under spirit-influence in a trance state? PAUL PAT.

Messages Verified.

ELIZABETH TRAVIS, BRAINTON, MASS., APRIL 21.—In the second number of the current volume, is the message of Lydia A. Hartwell, of Dedham, to her mother.

She was the daughter of Mr. Fisher, of Dedham, Mass. He kept an oyster saloon on Church street. He was often called "Oyster Fisher," by way of distinction from another Fisher, on the other side of said street. She says: "Much of my early life was shadowed in shadows." &c. Truly it was, and this simple expression is sufficient to identify her spirit to all who were acquainted with her brief and sorrowful earthly life. She was overwhelmed with grief, till the glorious angel, Death, bore her angelic spirit to the realms of light and peace.

Another message, from Edward L. Keyes, in number three, of the same volume, also of Dedham, is characteristic of the man in his earthly life. He possessed a very positive mind. He would never yield to another one's opinion, as he says: "For I can never give what I feel to be wrong." Again he says, "I want you to understand one thing, and that is, I shall decline giving my message until I can give a statement on my own responsibility." Some of the people of Dedham are somewhat skeptical as to its being given by the Hon. Edward L. Keyes, of Dedham. They must admit that he was insane for about two years before his death; but they can hardly understand that time with him was all a blank, during that period, as with an idiot. Mr. Keyes was an editor and publisher of a Dedham paper for some time after he came to Dedham, and was afterwards Secretary of the Norfolk Co. Agricultural Society, the duties of which office he performed with strict fidelity and punctuality. He was also a Senator from said county in the Massachusetts Legislature. Perhaps it is too late, now, to record his virtues, although he may have been once worthy of a monument to his memory. "Sic transit mundus." His infidelities they do not forget.

From a Spirit Bride.

My Dear Husband—I am delighted to see another drop to your ocean of faith; your new spiritual strength and responsibility, and to receive all you can from your own spirit-land, Katy.

I am over by your side, striving to instill into you, breath, truth and love, and to feel that you do not reject any word, but drink in all truth from us, as the flowers drink in the dew from heaven.

You may find much to cause doubts and unpleasantness in conversing, but you will find with every other a rare, and every storm a sunshine, and every a severe tempest of doubt you will better appreciate truth.

Do not feel that I am over and have you only, and remember, eternally in our honeymoon, and no unpleasant feelings can mar the happiness here in our spirit home.

You and much happens in spirit-communication, and we, as spirits, are glad to be able to assist you. Your Angel Guide, KATY.

Question and Reply.

I believe we are not to take all to see if we receive from spirits, but are to try them, as true if they are of God or not.

To which was received the following reply: "In relation to that, I will say, that you should always use the reason God has given you to select the chaff from the wheat, or select that which is good, and let the rest remain. God never made anything without something to counteract it: the day and night; the row and moor; the storm and sunshine—all are necessary. So in Spiritualism, much it grows; but remember it is but in its infancy. Perfection never was reached by any special law."

Notes from "MOMUS."—The person alluded to in the Drunken poet should confine their compositions to civility.

Best Certificate of Character. A certificate of deposit. Something to Amuse. Love is a labyrinth in which every man is a Mississipi.

Henry Charge. Our Cockney contributor suggests that some of our poets ought to be named of themselves. They write apparently only for the purpose of making bad worse.

The editor of a sectarian journal expresses the opinion that a man requires a great deal of grace to edit a religious paper under favorable circumstances, but especially when by his rheumatism.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To Mrs. Sarah A. Kings.

I have read with interest, in the BANNER OF LIGHT, of the 6th inst., your brief communication on the subject of "Immortality and Non-Immortality." If there is any one thing settled amongst Spiritualists beyond all peradventure, I suppose it is the immortality of the soul of every human being.

Like yourself, I have had two children, a son and a daughter; and if I had any doubt on the subject of their immortality, I should feel with you that annihilation was preferable. But I have no doubt, I venture, however, that such a doctrine should be put forth. It is, in my judgment, most pernicious in its tendency, calculated to disturb, if not unsettle, the comforting belief of individuals; to drive from the investigation of Spiritualism thousands who might otherwise embrace it, and do irreparable injury to a good and holy cause.

It is not my purpose to go into any argument on this subject. But I will refer to the views presented in "The Healing of the Nations," which I believe to be from the highest Source of Inspiration, and, therefore, authority with me.

It has ever been an unsettled question with philosophers and theologians, as to the time when the individuality of the spirit in man commences. Some have said at quickening, others at birth. But "The Healing of the Nations," says of conception:

"Every man at his conception—at the point where spirit and flesh united—received a passport which might keep him from the presence of God. He entered into Life, an existence fresh from the hand of God."—434, § 10.

At conception, Individuality commences in Man. Earth, in a measure, molds this individuality. The highest point of Earth and the essence purity—purity of Divine Presence—unite in Man."—434, § 11.

"Individuality is eternal. The fruit of eternal essence, which centering in their descent outside earthly or material form, at last find their pure cause to be in the Fountain of Divine Perfection."—238, § 77.

The following address to the "Outcast," a murderer, shows that Individuality is not only eternal, but cannot be merged into the essence from whence it came:

"Thou dost not return into the essence whence thou didst emanate and give up thy spirit, again becoming naught save a general atmospheric existence in the presence of Deity. Thou art an individual existence, given into being by a perfect God and Father, and cannot return to that whence he gave thee, else at Death thou wouldst cease entirely to exist, which would prove the whole plan imperfect."—433, § 40.

Thou art returned to God, who gave thee being; but thou art separate from the essence whence, at conception, thy spirit was given. The Parents whence thy body came, and its decay or changing life, did not give thee spirit: it was a free gift, induced and asked for by laws of his creating, and thus didst come forth his child unto all eternity—the child of his love, earth—yet the germ of Life in Heaven."—433, § 50.

May 12, 1850. N. P. TALLEMANT.

DEAR BANNER—Twice yesterday was the gospel of common sense proclaimed to two of the most intelligent auditors through my lips, to whom I have spoken lately. It seemed to me a fair forecast of the great life to come, when all shall be on the other side of time. As usual, when my health is good, THORNTON, the blessed—who was an Egyptian of great account—gave me the fire of inspiration, that poured forth words that reached home to the hearts of the people.

Truly we live in a blessed and wonderful age, when all men alike can, if they will, drink from the rich streams pouring daily down from Heaven.

The treatment I received from the committee, and Alderman J. N. Gage, the polite and generous host of the "Randolph House," was such that my heart swells with grateful emotions.

As usual, I had some talk about the BANNER, and the way in which it is conducted. The great marvel to the people and to myself is, how such a paper can be got up, week after week, without deteriorating in the quality of its contents; but when I speak after week, it goes on steadily improving, wonder gives place to a deep sense of admiration, for which I have no name. That its folds will long wave big folds, too, is past belief—it is absolute knowledge, for the people know too well the immense value of such a sheet, to ever let it go down—except to the bottom of their hearts—where, by the way, it already is.

This is a remarkable locality. The energy of capital is here well displayed. Already the Pemberton Mills, which ground up so many human hearts and hopes, is like a phoenix, rising in proud grandeur from its ashes, the best of care in this time being taken to prevent such an awful catastrophe in future. This is as it should be.

In this place I saw, for the first time, something which I hope will be limited all over the land, for the good that must result from such a course, is indeed incalculable. I refer to the Spiritualistic Sabbath and Singing School. For the first time in my life, I had the exquisite pleasure of listening to some of our best hymns, sung by a choir of juvenile voices, and indeed it was a rare and beautiful treat. By all means let us have Spiritual Singing Schools. Who will be the first to start them in Boston?

While here I have had the pleasure of seeing some fishing, beneath the falls of the Merrimack, which put to flight all previous notions on that subject. A. Mr. Noyes, who lives a lone "hatch-ery" (he catches large batches of fish,) in a cottage all his own, and a valuable one it is, farms the privilege of fishing, and I never saw fish—shad, eels, &c., taken so fast in my life. I stood by his side one hour and ten minutes, and saw him catch two hundred and forty-seven eels, not one of which weighed less than two pounds, with a hook on a pole. There eels are awful looking vermin. They are called "Lampers," or Lampreys—I should call them sea worms, for they have no bones whatever. I asked a fisherman if they were good food, he replied, "Yes—for other people; I can't eat 'em," but when you come to swallowing on 'em, why 'em 'em!" I didn't purchase any "lampers" eels, as I had intended.

Leaving "my ancient fisherman," I strolled to bed in the house close by the falls, but didn't get much sleep, for the reason that I, like George Greenwood, found it impossible to do so with such a dam roaring in my ears; the "dam" is not profane, dear Banner; it refers to the mill-dam. Although I had a very pleasant time; and that you and everybody else may never have a worse one, is the sincere wish of yours ever, P. B. RANDOLPH.

Lawrence, Mass., May 14, 1850.

Mrs. E. A. Ostrander's Discourse.

"CORRESPONDENCE." BRAINTON, MAY 12.—We still continue our lectures, at Washington Hall, in this beautiful part of our city, connected with full houses, notwithstanding the open denunciations of our opponents, as being all the work of the devil. Since Brother Fairfield and Dr. Lyon have finished their course of lectures, Mrs. E. A. Ostrander, of Troy, has occupied our desk for the last five weeks, with new and awakening interest in the philosophy of a future existence, as elaborated through this chosen speaker. The subjects of her discourses were chosen by the audience, and taken up instantly by the unseen intelligence, and unfolded in a manner entirely satisfactory to her auditors. She is an interesting and well-developed medium, and is destined to make her mark, and reap a full reward in the great vineyard of this country.

In Berkshire County.

"D." CHESTER, MASS., MAY 14.—The Rev. Uriah Clark, editor of the Spiritual Clarion, Auburn, N. Y., has spent a few days in our town, and given us a brief course of lectures on Spiritualism, and one of his public test examinations, all of which have been well attended, and passed off very pleasantly. Mr. Clark's

Beneficial Vision and Prophecy.

Messrs. ESTON—I have been a reader of your columns but a short time, but that time has been fraught with a great degree of pleasure. And as you are open to the experiences of many, I presume to add a leaf from mine, trusting that by so doing, others will be brought to realize the presence of those who have passed on.

I never was chained eternally by creeds, but for thirty years have been a believer in universal salvation, for the reason of its rationality and truth-giving propensities. With it I was satisfied, not desiring to investigate Modern Spiritualism, but supposed it all a fancy and delusion; for then all my treasures were with me, and of a consequence, I had no attractions beyond this sphere.

In November, 1838, a daughter was called to spirit-land; one I treasured as the jewel of my heart. When I passed my whole desire for life on earth, but a constant longing for the future took its place. In vain I turned to the Bible for consolation. My great desire was to know where my daughter was, and realize that I should once more meet her here, or beyond the tomb. Constantly would I spend an hour in weeping and prayer on retiring for the night, during the fall and winter after her decease, for then I loved to meditate alone, and feel, if possible, her presence. In this I was not disappointed; for a great degree of confidence was given me in these meditations, that sometime I should know of her I loved.

On the night of the 30th of June, 1850, I retired as usual, and soon a quiet rest came upon me, when immediately my child came softly to me and gently pressed a kiss upon my cheek. I distinctly saw her form, for I awoke from the sleep. She then turned to her father, who was asleep, and kissed him; then turned from us to the door, again beckoned to me with one of those rosy smiles as was wont to give me when in the form, and said, "My mother, in just six months I will come again." The voice I know to be perfect, the looks her own, and I was most assuredly awake and fully conscious, and would have distinguished her among thousands; for the room was as light as day, although there was no moon; it was a soft, silvery light, such as poets sing of, but which I never before realized.

You who have thus been benefitted of a child can give an idea of my joy at knowing that I had seen the joy of my life—once more been able to press to my bosom the beautiful rose that I had so shortly before laid in the tomb. And thus the promise from those benighted eyes, that, in just six months, I should again enjoy sweet communion with her.

Let us pass to a visit of a few friends, when I received several tests, and, for the first time in my life, saw the tips, which I had heard of so long ago, which was given with the old months—also, how long she had died. I then asked if she would come, as she had agreed, and see me. She said she would. I then asked how many were at home. She said she would soon tell me, which was that there were four—my son and three others, which I thought could not be correct from what I know; but on returning home I found it rather unexpectedly true. She further said she should not come just as she had before. She then spoke by the tips, "Do not mourn for all is well." All this was strange to me, yet I treasured it highly, though not fully satisfied it was not my mind; but I felt that the next meeting was to decide, and anxiously I waited for the 30th of December. At that time I retired late, sunk into a gentle slumber, when I was awakened by a busy rustling in an adjoining room. I thought, "She has come!" and immediately there came into the room several spirits; and again the same melow light appeared, in the form of a small cloud, and I heard the most beautiful music ever emanated by angels; and, what is more strange than all, I was actually taken from my bed and placed upon the floor, with those forms—my child and three others. The music continued, while they all joined hands and danced joyfully around me three times. Then I noticed two large ones had yells over their faces. My daughter had by the hand a cousin that had passed before her, and seemed anxious for me to notice by instead of herself. Then the cousin stepped toward me, and looked wishfully at me, as if to say, "Do not you know me?" I turned to the clock, and saw that this was the hour she had promised to meet me. I have since learned the names of

